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THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

JANUARY 1824.

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EDINBURGH:
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HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

Days.	Morn.		Even.		Days.	Morn.		Even.	
Feb. 1824.	H.	M.	H.	M.	Feb. 1824.	H.	M.	H.	M.
Su. 1	2	55	3	11	M. 16	3	19	3	37
M. 2	3	25	3	40	Tu. 17	3	57	4	15
Tu. 3	3	54	4	10	W. 18	4	35	4	52
W. 4	4	24	4	41	Th. 19	5	11	5	28
Th. 5	4	57	5	14	Fr. 20	5	47	6	9
Fr. 6	5	31	5	52	Sa. 21	6	30	6	56
Sa. 7	6	14	6	39	Su. 22	7	25	8	3
Su. 8	7	9	7	44	M. 23	8	50	9	41
M. 9	8	26	9	14	Tu. 24	10	29	11	9
Tu. 10	10	3	10	53	W. 25	11	42	—	—
W. 11	11	30	—	—	Th. 26	0	7	0	31
Th. 12	0	6	0	34	Fr. 27	0	51	1	10
Fr. 13	1	2	1	28	Sa. 28	1	23	1	43
Sa. 14	1	53	2	17	Su. 29	1	57	2	13
Su. 15	2	38	2	59					

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

	D.	M.		H.	
First Quart...Su.	8.	5	past	3	morn.
Full Moon,...Sa.	14.	26	—	7	after.
Last Quart...Sa.	21.	16	—	5	after.
New Moon,...Su.	29.	38	—	10	after.

TERMS, &c.

February.

3. Candlemas.
24. Duke of Cambridge born (1774).
27. Hare-hunting ends.

To Correspondents.

The Essay entitled "*The Influence of the French Revolution on English Literature*" will be left at the Publishers, as the author desires. The "*Young Shepherd*" must really be a tender-hearted swain, much addicted to the melting mood ; the production of his "beloved kinsman," which affected him so much, is every whit as silly as—we were going to allude to a certain performance of an OLD *Shepherd* ;" but really we must not be cruel at the commencement of the year.—The "*Lines by an Invalid*" are inadmissable.—"*Luther, a fragment*," won't do.—"*A Lament for the Balladers*" has some good things in it, but lacks deplorably the *novissima cura*.—"*The Journal of my Voyage curtailed*" might really have been interesting, if the author had ever been at sea : but there is a slight difference between a voyage to the Parliament House, and one round the Cape.—The work to which C. calls our attention has already gone, we sha'n't say where.—The able article entitled the "*Edinburgh Pulpit*" is inadmissable, and for this reason, which we hope will prove satisfactory, that the author, not afraid to blame, has been too parsimonious of his praise. We cannot afford to expose ourselves to every species of misrepresentation and obloquy by publishing it. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians"—Great is the "Triton of the Minnows!" We have no time to notice a multitude of flying leaves, the productions of embryo sonneteers and weanling rhymsters. In the next edition of his able System of Chemistry, Dr Thomson means to class them among the "supporters of combustion."

At the commencement of another year, we beg leave to offer to our friends and the public our most cordial felicitations, coupled with hearty acknowledgments for the liberal support we have received from both, and which cannot fail to prove a motive for additional efforts on our part to merit the continuance of the favour and patronage we have already experienced.

THE
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY MISCELLANY.

JANUARY 1824.

PLURALITIES, AND DR. MACFARLANE *.

I AM decidedly of opinion, in spite of all that Burns of Paisley has so forcibly urged to the contrary, that, previous to the sentence of the Supreme Court upon any one subject of appeal or reference, all public and *ex parte* discussion or pleading is an evil. It is at once unconstitutional and inexpedient, inconsistent with the great ends of justice, and calculated to form a very dangerous precedent. Yet, notwithstanding this decided and unmodified opinion, as to the great point of expediency, it so happens, that, in a free country, and under the blessings as well as inconveniences arising from a free press, such a suspension of discussion and opinion is not practicable. The Periodical Press of the day, unless expressly and constitutionally interdicted, reports the proceedings of Inferior Courts, adding various commentaries and statements. The matter at issue, particularly in cases where the interval betwixt the original agitation and the final decision is protracted, becomes, of necessity, a subject of general conversation and discussion; and even those who were, by law, constituted as judges in the case, are exposed to all the biases arising from party pleading and partial statements. In such a state of things, which is the actual one, and which, though not the best, has still its advantages, it becomes the duty of every Judge, of the Supreme Court in particular, to hear both sides, and to endeavour, betwixt those two extremes into which special pleading is apt to run, to strike a kind of moderate or balanced decision. "I cannot avoid," a member, for example, of the ensuing General Assembly may say, "I cannot altogether avoid hearing and reading the statements and views which are now, and have been, for some time past, in circulation, respecting the case of 'Double Livings,' in its application to Principal MacFarlane; and thus situated and circumstanced, my best plan is, to put myself, by all possible means, in possession of the whole facts and pleadings."

It is with the view, therefore, not of prejudging this interesting question, which I am neither entitled nor disposed to do, but of giving, in all humility, and with unfeigned deference, to the awards of the venerable Assembly of the Church of Scotland, about to meet in May next, what appears to me a fair and an unprejudiced statement and argument of the case, in its leading and essential facts and bearings, that I have brought myself, in the absence of a more qualified pen, to the resolution of addressing you upon the subject.

In the first place, then, I pledge myself, to discuss the subject at least with charity and temper. Removed at a distance from all local and personal feelings upon the occasion, and, in as far as such a thing is possible, elevated, I hope, above that party spirit from which not even the Church of Scotland is exempted, I read with something bordering upon surprise and regret, those expressions of controversial heats and animosities, in which some publications, which now lie before me, abound. "The gross misrepresentation of the principles and motives of the Presbytery and Synod,"—"An utter disregard to truth and every honourable feeling,"—"An absurd and malicious calumny,"—"An unmerited slander *," &c. &c: these, and similar phrases, however expressive of the excited and indignant feelings of the worthy individual, who, in the quietude of his closet, and under all the advantages of his official situation, makes use of them, fail, I am afraid, from their very strength, to convey the impression intended, and prove, incontestably, that a cause which relies upon its own intrinsic merits, is generally injured by all such expressions. The venerable author of these strong terms talks in this manner, in consequence, however, of provocation, of which I have not thead vantage to be informed,—for, with the exception of the above-mentioned pamphlets †, which are principally occupied with his own speeches, or with those of his adherents and supporters, I have not yet even heard of any publication *upon* the subject. Situated as I am, I cannot help contemplating the Professor in the light of one who has, what in Scotland is termed "the sair chap, and the loud cry;" for, whilst he is smashing away with the fore-hammer of Johnson's Dictionary, and dealing about his "verba sesquipedalia" *con amore*, he is ever and anon making the roof of his *study* ring with direful and doleful vituperations and complaints.

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* Although the term Pluralities, on the South of the Tweed, is generally understood as implying *two* or *more* clerical livings, its acceptation, in the following discussion, is more general and popular, including the Union of Professorships with Church Parochial Charges in particular.

In the next place, I beg leave, before entering upon the merits of the question, in its application to the case of Principal MacFarlane, to observe, that I verily believe both parties, on this occasion, are not only perfectly in earnest, but have very plausible grounds upon which to found their reasonings; and, at this moment, with all my decided leanings towards the general principle on the one hand, and the application of this principle to the particular case under consideration, on the other, I find myself not a little embarrassed betwixt the two. On the one hand, the inexpediency, upon general grounds, of such a union of offices of the most important and laborious description, presents itself strongly before me; whilst, on the other, the clear and distinct deliverance of *the law* compels me to hesitate, and to consider whether or not it be safe and proper to make an Act of the Church give way before the expediency of a particular case. I see an object which I myself wish, I have no hesitation in stating, to reach, and which the Church has been trying, at intervals, for years to reach—the abolition, namely, of "all Pluralities"—I see this hanging, as it were, upon a particular case; and yet, when I cast my eye upon the very last deliverance, not of the General Assembly alone, but of the majority of Presbyteries legally consulted, and this deliverance confirmed by a solemn and printed Act of Assembly, I am staggered in my aim, and begin to consider whether or not the thing can be accomplished without doing an act of injustice to an individual, who is entitled, as every son of the Church, and every British subject is, to the benefit and cover of the existing laws, whether these laws be good or bad, founded in wisdom, or concocted in folly.

The question, then, as the case now stands, seems to amount to this: Does the existing and unrepealed law of the Church render imperative, upon the Presbytery of Glasgow, the settlement of Principal MacFarlane in the High Church, or does it not?

I am quite aware, and have already admitted, that it can be shewn, both from Acts of Parliament, and from those of the General Assembly, that Pluralities, except in cases particularly specified as exceptions, were uniformly considered as inconsistent with the original character and best interests of our Church; and I willingly admit, likewise, that those exceptions which have from time to time been made, have originated in a real, or supposed necessity, and have afterwards been permitted to multiply *per incuriam*. I will go further than this, and aver, that of late in particular, (within these last forty years,) this inattention on the part of the Church has been construed into a sanctioning, as it were, of a practice, which that Church, under the existing laws, and in reference to the spirit of her constitution, had no authority to sanction. And now that the matter has come to a crisis, as it were, and that the evil spirit of innovation and plurality is rallying on the one side, and the old and better principle of residence and complete efficiency has been brought up into array, and into contrast over against it—I say distinctly, that it appears to me to be the duty of every true son of the Presbyterian Church to look to the bulwarks of Zion, and to blow the trumpet of alarm and of defence. Yet there may be more haste than good speed, even in a good cause. "Festina lente" is good Latin; and, by a blindfold precipitancy, the interests of the very best cause may be injured, if not finally ruined. "Fiat justitia ruat cœlum." Let us execute justice or law to the best of our judgment *in the meantime*, and then let us legislate, if legislation appears necessary, with the view of preventing the recurrence of the like evil in future. This, then, conducts me at once to the jet and key-stone of the argument. Is the Church of Scotland authorized, under the existing law, to deny Principal MacFarlane induction into the High Church—yes or no? What is that existing law? The last, namely, which has been passed by the Assembly upon the subject; for, in all cases, *specified or implied*, it either confirms or supersedes all others. It is, in short, the rule, to the full and fair amount of its import, which the Church is bound, in *this case*, to follow; and it is conceived, in as far as concerns the matter before us, in the following words:

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* *Vide* Professor MacGill's preface to Dr Chalmers' speech—*(Passim).*

† The publication of the Speeches of the Presbytery and Synod of Glasgow, compiled by Mr MacPhun, together with Dr Chalmers' Speech, given to the public under the patronage and sanction of the very Reverend Professor MacGill.

"*Act anent Union of Offices.*"

"Whereas, apprehensions have been generally entertained, that the *permission* given, in a few recent instances, to Clergymen holding a Professorship in an University, to hold, at the same time, a parochial charge in the country, may introduce abuses hurtful to the interests of religion and literature; the General Assembly, conceiving that it is their duty to watch over both these interests, and feeling a becoming solicitude to maintain, inviolate, the residence of Ministers in their respective parishes, which the fundamental laws of this church require, and by which the people of Scotland enjoy, in full measure, the comfort and edification of a Gospel Ministry, direct all the Presbyteries of this Church to employ the means competent for them, in order to prevent *the same person from holding, at the same time, a Professorship in an University, and a Parochial charge which is not situated in the city which is the seat of that University, or in the suburbs thereof*; and that this direction may be uniformly carried into effect, the General Assembly do, with the consent of a majority of the Presbyteries of this Church, enact and ordain, that if a Professor in an University be hereafter presented to a Parochial charge *which is not situated in the city that is the seat of that University, or in the suburbs thereof*, he shall, within nine months after his being admitted to the said charge, resign his Professorship, and at the next ordinary meeting of Presbytery thereafter, shall produce to the Presbytery a certificate that his resignation has been accepted;" and—(here follows the converse or the election of a Minister to a Professorship, in which case, the Minister's resignation must take place within six months,) then it is observed in conclusion, "that Chapels of Ease are included, and that the Old and New Towns of Aberdeen shall be held as forming one city, so far as respects the provisions of the overture."

Now, it is asserted by those who

oppose the settlement of Professor MacFarlane, that this "Act" does not, in fact, refer to the case in question; but that it refers to that of residence, and to that only, leaving all other points connected with settlements, except that of residence, which, to the extent of the import of the Act it enjoins, to *be determined as formerly*, before the passing of this Act, and according to the then existing "rules of the Church."

That this preliminary question, which still "leaves these rules" of the Church to be considered, may be determined, it is necessary to take a short retrospective view of the circumstances under which, and in consequence of which, this overture was sent to the Presbyteries, and passed into a law. It is well known, and indeed not denied by either party, that however hostile the spirit of Presbytery might be to double offices, these have, "*in every period of her history, under one form or another, existed*," and it is likewise equally unquestioned, that, for many years past, Professorships and Principalities, which are, in fact, Professorships in all but the title, have actually existed in connection with Church livings, and this, too, unchallenged. Abuse, however, is apt to advance upon use, and an indulgence, or accommodation, has ultimately been converted into a distinct and most unconstitutional accommodation, to the convenience and interests of individuals. Professorships began to be united with Church livings, not, as formerly, in the same city with the Universities, but in the country, and at a very considerable distance from the University seat. The cases of Dr Arnot and of Mr Ferrie were, at a considerable interval of time, keenly contested, and were with difficulty carried, on the avowed and expressed ground, *that no law of the Church existed to prevent the General Assembly from sanctioning such unions*. The individuals, it was said, had, from the absence of any distinct and explicit law upon the case, and from a practice which had crept in, in favour of such unions, acquired a right of *expectation* which it was not expedient, though it might, in strict *law*, be competent for the Assembly to disappoint. There was, in short, as the Church in general is well aware, an almost universal outcry for "a new law," for the express purpose of preventing in future any such glaring *abuses* as had then occurred. That new law was immediately overturned, and remitted to the various Presbyteries of the Church, that it might be regularly passed, by receiving, at last, the sanction of the Assembly, which actually took place in the year seventeen. Now, this *Act* thus obtained, was, after all, a mere compromise, for there were some members of Assembly who argued loudly for the restoration of things to what they conceived their primitive state, and were for cutting off all pluralities whatever; whilst other members boldly and explicitly justified the established custom, upon the ground of expediency, as holding out an encouragement to Clerical eminence, as well as to Professorial soundness of faith *. The "medio tutissimus" was adopted; and whilst the *abuse* of an old custom, sanctioning the union of Professorial and Clerical offices, was clearly and explicitly provided against, the former *use* was left still in force—in other words, things were brought back to the state in which they were previous to these *extreme* cases, which had so deeply interested, and so widely agitated the Church. In Ferrie's case, the two parties, each contending for their own favourite schemes, were so equally balanced, that both were disposed to depart something from the extent of their full demands, and hence the "compromising spirit" which is evinced in the Act 1817. It is from this circumstance, provisioned in the Act in as express terms as could be adopted, that "all Presbyteries of the Church shall employ the means competent for them, in order to prevent"—what? not the union of Professorial and Clerical of-

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But I may still be told, that there is a difference betwixt the situation of those *included* in the Act, and those who are *excluded*; in as much as the former are *positively* prohibited from holding such offices; whereas the latter are still left *in the power of the Presbytery*, with regard to double livings.

It is not true, however, that those who are excluded by the limitations of this Act remain precisely in the same situation in which they would have been had no such law been passed. The express title of the overture is, "An Act anent the Union of Offices;" and if, whilst it expressly abolishes one species of union, it as distinctly excepts from this abolition another species of union, then it would appear to follow, as a matter of unavoidable induction, that the instances excepted are to be considered as exempted, at the same time, from the disqualifications upon which this law of "prevention" proceeds. Residence is the law of the Church, and to prevent an infringement of this law, it is enacted, that no Professor shall be permitted to undertake a Pastoral charge at a distance from the city where his University seat is: and does not this, by a plain, and a common-sense inference, imply, that if the Pastoral charge is *not* beyond the limits marked out by the act, such a union of offices may be at least *tolerated*? Take any other similar case in illustration. A custom has crept in, I shall suppose, of spearing fish during what is called close, or spawning time; and in order to prevent this outrage in future, a new law is passed, by which every person is expressly prohibited from spearing fish "*before the 23d of February*." What is the inference which will naturally be drawn from such an enactment? May it not be reasoned in this manner: "my right to spear salmon was formerly a matter of doubt; there was nothing but use and wont in its favour; but now, in the specification of this new law, it is, by implication, ratified, as, after the twenty-third of February, there is no penalty announced upon my exercising my fish-spear as formerly." Or view the matter thus:—You are in the habit of walking by a footpath across your neighbour's field; out he comes, however, of a morning in harvest, and tells you plainly, that after *such a day*, you are not to walk, or, that *beyond such* a boundary you are not to come. Is not this intimation of his tantamount to a permission to walk up to the date, and to the extent specified, particularly as the *man transgressing had been known to be in the habit of exercising this privilege formerly*?

But granting, after all, every inch of ground which Professor MacGill has demanded, and allowing that, even after the enactment of this law, in the year 1817, the general question comes still to be tried by the laws and the usages previously existing, it appears to me, that *even here* Principal MacFarlane's right is a clear one. I would ask, how came the Principal's predecessor into his double offices? and how happened it, that, possessed of the power to prevent, in consistency with the laws of the Kingdom and of the Church, such Unions, the Presbyteries, and the General Assemblies of former times, were so supine and inefficient, as, in the language of act seventeen, not to *prevent them*? The fices in general, *and in every particular case*, for that is not submitted, by the Act of the Church, to their cognizance,—it is left, in other words, precisely where it was before; but it is competent for the Presbyteries to prevent *this thing* in particular—"the same person, namely, from holding, at the same time, a Professorship in an University, and a Parochial charge *which is not situate in the city which is the seat of that University, or in the suburbs thereof.*" And, lest any person in the circumstances described should receive prejudice from the definition of city and suburbs mentioned, it is added, that the New and Old City of Aberdeen are to be considered as one city, so far as respects the provisions of the Act. Now, I ask every impartial person, wherefore all this guarding, and definition, and limiting, if these Clergymen who are *not* placed without the city in which the seat of an University, where they hold a chair, is, are to be considered as *precisely in the same predicament*, and under the same incapacity with those who *are* so situated?

But I may still be told, that there is a difference betwixt the situation of those *included* in the Act, and those who are *excluded*; in as much as the former are *positively* prohibited from holding such offices; whereas the latter are still left *in the power of the Presbytery*, with regard to double livings.

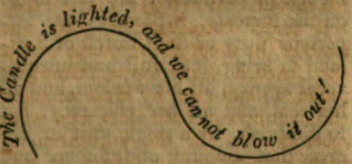
It is not true, however, that those who are excluded by the limitations of this Act remain precisely in the same situation in which they would have been had no such law been passed. The express title of the overture is, "An Act anent the Union of Offices;" and if, whilst it expressly abolishes one species of union, it as distinctly excepts from this abolition another species of union, then it would appear to follow, as a matter of unavoidable induction, that the instances excepted are to be considered as exempted, at the same time, from the disqualifications upon which this law of "prevention" proceeds. Residence is the law of the Church, and to prevent an infringement of this law, it is enacted, that no Professor shall be permitted to undertake a Pastoral charge at a distance from the city where his University seat is: and does not this, by a plain, and a common-sense inference, imply, that if the Pastoral charge is *not* beyond the limits marked out by the act, such a union of offices may be at least *tolerated*? Take any other similar case in illustration. A custom has crept in, I shall suppose, of spearing fish during what is called close, or spawning time; and in order to prevent this outrage in future, a new law is passed, by which every person is expressly prohibited from spearing fish "*before the 23d of February.*" What is the inference which will naturally be drawn from such an enactment? May it not be reasoned in this manner: "my right to spear salmon was formerly a matter of doubt; there was nothing but use and wont in its favour; but now, in the specification of this new law, it is, by implication, ratified, as, after the twenty-third of February, there is no penalty announced upon my exercising my fish-spear as formerly." Or view the matter thus:—You are in the habit of walking by a footpath across your neighbour's field; out he comes, however, of a morning in harvest, and tells you plainly, that after *such a day*, you are not to walk, or, that *beyond such* a boundary you are not to come. Is not this intimation of his tantamount to a permission to walk up to the date, and to the extent specified, particularly as the *man transgressing had been known to be in the habit of exercising this privilege formerly*?

But granting, after all, every inch of ground which Professor MacGill has demanded, and allowing that, even after the enactment of this law, in the year 1817, the general question comes still to be tried by the laws and the usages previously existing, it appears to me, that *even here* Principal MacFarlane's right is a clear one. I would ask, how came the Principal's predecessor into his double offices? and how happened it, that, possessed of the power to prevent, in consistency with the laws of the Kingdom and of the Church, such Unions, the Presbyteries, and the General Assemblies of former times, were so supine and inefficient, as, in the language of act seventeen, not to *prevent them*? The answer is simply this,—these men, looking, at the same time, to the practice and to the laws of the Church, did conceive that there was a discretionary power committed to them, which, (whether rightly or erroneously it is not necessary to say) they exercised, and by this exercise they created a *reasonable expectation* in the mind of Dr MacFarlane, and of all whose talents or interest might place such contingencies within the sphere of their ambition, that the practice of past Presbyteries and Assemblies would still continue to regulate the practice of those to come. Dr MacFarlane *was entitled* to expect, that if any change should take place in the views and in the conduct of Presbyteries, in regard to such unions, of this change he should have due and timely warning, as, without "a declaratory act," at least, the use and wont of the Church was decidedly in his favour. When Mr Ferrie's case was under consideration, this was exactly the tenor of argument which the learned Law Lords uniformly pursued; and even by those amongst the members of both sides who were most anxious for the prevention of such occurrences in future, it was distinctly allowed, that the law "about to be made" could not have "a retrospect," and that the Professor of Civil History was entitled, from several precedents which were adduced, to enjoy his double living. The case of MacFarlane is nothing to this. But, were it even more aggravated than it is in all its features and circumstances, yet still, as the practice stands, and has long stood, altogether independent even of the express act of 1817, Dr MacFarlane is entitled to all the benefits of induction into his Pastoral charge at Glasgow.

Is, then, it will be asked, and indeed has often been asked, in a tone of triumph, Is the Church quite helpless on such occasions? Has she nothing for it but to admit one case, to carry into execution one presentation after another, till the evil has attained that head and maturity against which it may ultimately be vain to struggle? By no means. What did the Church do in Professor Ferrie's case? They ordered the Presbytery to proceed with his settlement, whilst they were employed in devising and concerting an overture, to prevent the *like settlements* in future. And has not the measure which they then adopted been successful? Where is the man who, whilst the law of 1817 stands unrepealed, will dare to insult a Presbytery, by demanding admission into a church, under circumstances similar to those in which Arnot and Ferrie were placed? And what have we to do more, but to follow out, in the year 1824, what was partially, and only partially, accomplished in the year 1817? Let the 1824 Assembly direct the Presbytery of Glasgow to proceed with the settlement of Dr MacFarlane, and then address themselves incontinently to the reparation of that breach through which *he*, along with so many more, has passed. Let them concur in remitting an overture to the Presbyteries of the Church, in consistency with the Barrier Act, providing, that, in future, no pluralities, in any case, shall be tolerated, or at least that they shall be declared illegal in all cases not particularly and specifically exempted. Should any stand be attempted against such an overture as this, *then* there will be a most opportune season for overwhelming the Assembly with arguments of expediency, with those deductions from scripture, reason, history, and common sense, which may all be brought to bear most urgently and directly upon this point. *Then* the venerable and patriotic Professor MacGill may urge "the ministrations of the sanctuary," the important duties of "visiting and catechising," "the visits to the house of mourning," "the duties to the sick and the dying," "the consideration of personal duties," "the need of improvement" and "more extended knowledge," "the dreadful consequences attending negligence"—"weaknesses, corruptions, sins," and all *this* with an opportune and overwhelming effect. *Then* the fervid and irresistible Chalmers may talk with propriety of churches built and to be built,—of an encreasing population, and an encreasing demand for efficient and Gospel Ministers,—of the "independence of the Patron on the Presbytery, and of the Presbytery on the Patron, and of the inefficiency of any species of eating in procuring an encrease of appetites. *Then*, too, the scarcely less eloquent and erudite Burns of Paisley may crown the work with the "authority of Scripture" and the "statutes of the Church." And the candid and amiable Mr Smyth may acknowledge, without any risk of injury to the Principal's cause, his disposition to support Dr MacFarlane's presentation, together with those conscientious scruples, which, put in the opposite balance, serve to outweigh this favourable disposition. *These*, I say, together with the Taylors, and Lesslies, and Gibbs, and Lockharts, and Rankins, of the other side, may, *on such an emergency*, all unite, in one harmonious effort, in carrying into effect this most desirable object.

I have already stated, that there are two things, after the dismissal of Principal MacFarlane's case, which will probably occupy the attention of, and occasion some discussion in, the next Assembly. To leave the law and the practice in a state of inconsistency with each other, as *they seem hitherto to have been*, is manifestly inexpedient; and accordingly the debate will not unlikely turn upon the alternative of a *partial*, or of a *total* and *unlimited* abolition, in future, of all clerical pluralities whatever. Against a *partial* abolition it may be plausibly urged, that, so long as one single exception is made, the *spirit* of the Constitution has not been carried into full operation. And against an unlimited abolition, it may likewise be stated, on the other hand, that, in some instances, the Professorships are so poor, that without the addition of a church benefice, or some such accession of income, no individual properly qualified will be found to undertake the duties and the responsibility of the office. To this, however, it may be answered, Let Government be applied to, and the same liberal and enlightened policy, which has placed all the incumbents of the Scottish Church upon a comparatively independent establishment, will not, assuredly, hesitate in doing as much by our national and venerable Universities.

My own decided opinion is, that a spirit of reform has been excited, which *will* not be repressed,—a spark has been struck out by collision, which *may* not be extinguished: "Dumus ardet, nec tamen consumitur;" and wo be unto him who shall endeavour to extinguish the flame! I remember a device upon a Lutheran Bible, which is, in some degree, figurative of the sentiment I wish to convey. A candle, newly lighted, is placed upon a table, at which the Devil, the Pope, and his Cardinals, are seated, each blowing with all his might in order to extinguish it; but, from the oblique and indirect manner in which their breath is emitted, it is evident that it falls reciprocally upon the blowers themselves rather than upon the luminated object of their antipathy. Over the whole device, a label is floated thus:


The Candle is lighted, and we cannot blow it out!

"The candle," then, which our forefathers, in spite of the Devil, the Pope, and the Cardinals, contrived, at the expence of burning their fingers, and even of singeing their beards, to light, and which has been transmitted to us, as "a lamp to our feet and a light to our path!"—*that* candle let us preserve, unextinguished, from age to age. And if, occasionally, it may require a little trimming, let us do the thing gracefully, and without throwing the *snuff* in *any body's* eyes. Old and established law,—the spirit and character of our national church,—together with that expediency which originates in an undivided application of time, talents, and acquirements, to the faithful discharge of the most sacred and important duties which were ever devolved upon man,—all these reasons seem to concur in demanding of our Church an immediate and unreserved *abolition of all pluralities whatever*. By following out the law of residence, and by insisting upon every parish, according to the Act of Parliament, being possessed

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of "its ain Minister," the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland will do herself immortal credit, in the eyes both of rulers and people, and will clearly evince, that no motives of selfishness, or individual interests, can have any influence with her whatever, when the paramount and vital interests of religion and duty are under consideration.

At a period too, when the State has set so honourable and so praiseworthy an example of every species of retrenchment, where offices purely, or nearly sinecure, were concerned,—at a time when the number of expectants for Church-preferment is increased beyond all former precedent,—and at a crisis when licentiousness and immorality, the natural consequence of peace, and of a reduction of our military and naval establishments, in particular, are felt to be on the increase, it becomes the imperious duty of the Church of Scotland to bring, into full and unequivocal agency, all her wisdom, and all her zeal, and all her efficiency, not to diminish, by a single unit or degree, that amount of influence and exertion of which she is possessed, and which she is now so loudly called upon to put forth. This is not, in fact, a *party* measure, and God forbid that it should ever become so! It will be taken up, it is to be hoped, and triumphantly carried into execution, by that *independent and intermediate body of men**, who scorn to belong to any party, and who think it neither inconsistent with their duty nor their character to occupy either sides of the House, as their own consciences or convenience may dictate. Would to God, Sir, that, in an Assembly convened together for the purpose of providing for the spiritual good and edification of a whole nation—in an Assembly which meets, deliberates, and dissolves under the most solemn and impressive appeals to Almighty God,—that, in a meeting, I say, of this character, more moderation and less party-spirit prevailed,—that questions which come before it were uniformly decided, not according to the previous arrangements of orators, however distinguished, or of leaders, however far-sighted and sound in their political creeds—but, that Ministers of the Church of Scotland, under a recollection of her past celebrity, and in reference to her future prosperity, uniformly and sternly voted in consistency with their own individual apprehension of the merits of the case before them! I am far, Sir, even from *insinuating* improper motives or conduct in the General Assembly, or in any party or individual thereof; but the trammels of habit are strong; and men, unaccustomed to think, in matters of legislation, for themselves, are, from mere indolence, as well as from a confidence in others, apt to give up all self-management. My wish and prayer is, that "every member may do his duty," and then pluralities shall soon become only a matter of historical record.

FRATER.

Song—To Mary.

AND canst thou then believe that I
Could e'er prove false to thee, Mary?
Stars may desert the midnight sky,
And birds the shady tree, Mary;
But by the glance of that soft eye,
And by that gentle bosom's sigh,
Thou'lt ne'er know change in me, Mary!

Oh! some may seek for wealth and pow'r,
And some for fickle fame, Mary;
But I'd resign for one short hour—
And he who likes may blame, Mary—
For one short hour in yonder bower,
A monarch's throne, a kingdom's dower,
Or hero's glorious name, Mary.

Soft cradled in thy fond embrace,
Does not my soul beat high, Mary?
Show me on earth a fitter place
For raptur'd bliss to lie, Mary;—
Be't mine, when clos'd my mortal race,
To gaze on every nameless grace,
To match the Eden of thy face,
And, heav'n before me, die, Mary!

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* Verbum sat. Amicus mihi, Dr J.—amicus mihi, Dr T.—sed magis amica veritas. A third party in the Assembly would render the other two more moderate!

SOUTH AMERICA.

In looking at the present state of Europe, degraded as it is under the thraldom of the Holy Alliance, there is little to cheer or to comfort. We see the principle of force completely triumphant, freedom every where met by the sword, and its friends persecuted, as if they were the enemies, and not the friends of the human race. Nor have they any asylum to which they can fly from their oppressors, except Great Britain or the United States; so that Continental Europe somewhat resembles the Roman Empire, under some of its ancient tyrants, when it was described by the historian as a large prison, in which there was no escape from the imperial frown. Naples, as we saw, was the scene of a short struggle for liberty. But its fall was nothing more than what was to be expected, before the powerful attack of Austria. It was in the poor and contemptible figure made by Spain that the friends of freedom were disappointed. A highly defensible country, with a numerous population, and a popular Government, fell back without a struggle, under the dominion of priests and monks, from whose yoke it had been emancipated, and now lies like a log on the water, helpless and degraded,—a victim in the toils of despotism, there to remain until a new and brighter era dawn upon Europe.

We turn, then, from those boasted regions of improvement, where Freedom is forced to hide her diminished head, to the New World, where a new and interesting scene of improvement begins to open. There we see the cause of freedom flourishing and making progress. The brave and patriotic inhabitants, after a severe struggle, have nearly triumphed over the mercenary hordes that were sent out to reduce them under the yoke of Old Spain. In Colombia, a vast country, which includes the kingdom of New Granada, the Caraccas, and Quito, they have just been expelled from Porto Cabello, their last stronghold; so that this vast country, which has long been, *de facto*, independent, and has exercised all the powers of sovereignty, is now at last freed from civil war, and will have full leisure to complete all those great improvements which were begun even under the pressure of severe domestic difficulties. We understand that the Congress of Colombia, which has held regular sittings, during all the late struggle, has already carried into effect many important reforms. Schools have been every where established—the liberty of the press has been secured—newspapers have been multiplied—and every expedient for disseminating knowledge has been eagerly adopted. In all the different parts of this vast continent, Representative Governments have been established; and the leading men, no doubt, duly consider, that, to give effect to those free and popular institutions, it is necessary to have an improved people,—and they are therefore extremely anxious to train the inhabitants to the new duties which they are now called upon to practise.

But the advantages of all these improvements will redound, not merely to the countries themselves, but to the world at large. Growing in resources both moral and physical, in wealth, population, and industry, those countries will afford a great and beneficial outlet to the commerce and manufactures of Europe. To Britain, more especially, their intercourse will be extremely beneficial. In the present state of our industry, with such an overflowing capital, with such skill in every branch of ingenious industry, and with such amazing powers of machinery, all that we want is a sufficient market for those productions which we cannot use at home; and this is precisely what a free trade to South America will give us. In most of these countries, industry has made but little progress; there may be coarse manufactures of cotton, of wool, and of various other necessary articles; but the traders of those comparatively infant countries could not, for a moment, withstand the competition of British industry and skill. There is great scope here, therefore, for an extension of our commerce, not only to our own great benefit, but fully as much to the benefit of those South American coun-

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As this country is at present the subject of so much discussion,—as it is so very interesting in every view, whether we consider its physical structure, its vast ranges of mountains, its prodigious rivers, and the singular disposition of its population; or whether we consider the political changes of which it has been the scene,—and as it is, besides, but little known, we have thrown together some details respecting its population, productions, trade, the manners of its inhabitants, &c., which, as they lie scattered in various publications, it may be useful to bring together, that, when South America is mentioned, we may know what it is that we are speaking about; and that, in place of some vague and obscure notion of a vast and unexplored country, ideas, precise and intelligible, may be presented to our minds.

This extensive Continent is divided, 1*st*, Into the Viceroyalty of New Granada; 2*d*, Into that of Buenos Ayres; 3*d*, Peru; 4*th*, Chili; 5*th*, The Caraccas. In North America, we have the Kingdom of Mexico.

New Granada is the most northern division of South America, and, with the addition of the Government of Caraccas, constitutes the new Republic of Colombia. To the north, it has the Carribbean Sea; to the west, the Pacific Ocean; on the east, the Caraccas; and, on the south, Peru. It includes the kingdom of Quito, and extends from lat. 3° 30′ S., to 12° N., being 930 miles in length, and 210 in breadth. Its population amounts to 1,800,000. The country is diversified in its aspect, the coast along the Carribbean Sea, and the Pacific Ocean, being level, and the ground rising gradually to the snowy heights of the Andes. The great ridge of those mountains, it is well known, runs through America in a direction north and south, and rises to its height at the distance of from 200 to 300 miles from the Pacific Ocean, the intervening country being a continued descent to the sea. Here the first ridge of the Andes commences, and there are two ridges to the eastward: these mountains, when they pass through New Granada, dividing into three parallel chains, with vallies intervening. These high vallies, embosomed amid the snowy Andes, possess an elevation which gives them, even under the Equator, a mild and delightful climate, and an ever-blooming vegetation. They are accordingly the seats of cultivation, and contain many flourishing towns and villages. There are also several considerable towns on the plains on the sea-coast. In two of the vallies which lie between the parallel ridges of the Andes, the two great rivers Cauca and Magdalena take their rise. The Cauca joins the latter, which is an immense stream, having a course of 900 miles, and falling into the Carribbean Sea. It is on these rivers that the Congress of Colombia are about to establish steam-boats. The chief towns are,

Carthagena, on the Carribbean Sea, the chief place of the province of Carthagena, situated on a sandy peninsula, joined to the continent by two artificial necks of land. The bay of Carthagena is one of the most capacious and safe on the whole coast, being completely land-locked, and perfectly smooth. It is estimated to contain 25,000 inhabitants, and is the port through which goods find their way to Santa Fé de Bogota, Popayan, and Quito.

Mompox, situated in lat. 9° 19′ N. lon. 74° 11′ W., on the great river Magdalena, 110 miles south-south-east of Carthagena. It is a small place.

Tolu, a small sea-port on the Spanish Main, in lat. 9° 32′ N.; lon. 75° 30′ W.; 50 miles south of Carthagena.

Baranca*s*, a small sea-port near the estuary of the great river Magdalena, 25 miles from Carthagena.

Santa Martha, the chief town of the province of Santa Martha, 100 miles north-east of Carthagena, situated in lat. 11° 19′ N. lon. 74° 4′ W.

Merida, situated in a valley surrounded with lofty mountains, containing 11,000 inhabitants. Lat. 8° 10′ N. lon. 73° 45′ W.

Pampeluna, 170 miles north-east of Santa Fé de Bogota.

These towns are chiefly in the northern provinces of New Granada. When we ascend the Andes, and penetrate into the vallies, we have,

Santa Fé de Bogota, containing 40,000 inhabitants, and situated on a spacious and luxuriant plain, on the eastern ridge of the Andes. It is only four degrees north from the Equator; but being elevated 8694 feet, or about a mile and three-quarters above the level of the sea, the climate is temperate, and even cold. Its plains are covered with luxuriant crops of wheat, and all the fruits of Europe; while, at a little distance in the lower vallies, is seen all the brilliant vegetation, and the finest fruits of the tropical regions.

Popayan, 195 miles south-south-west from Santa Fé, containing 25,000 inhabitants, and elevated 5905 feet above the level of the sea. There are many other smaller towns and villages in its district. The great river Cauca is about a league from Popayan, and, from the sudden melting of the snows in the Andes, is subject to the most dreadful inundations. To the south is the kingdom of Quito, stretching 600 miles along the Pacific Ocean, while it is 1800 miles in breadth. It contains Quito, the capital, on the eastern slope of the western branch of the Equatorial Andes, 35 leagues distant from the Pacific Ocean. It is immediately under the Equator; but, being 9510 feet above the level of the sea, it enjoys a mild temperature. It contains 70,000 inhabitants. Quito rests on the volcanic mountain of Pinchincha for its basis, and is surrounded with all the highest peaks of the Andes, many of them volcanic, and still burning: that of Cotopaxi, 18,980 feet, or about 3½ miles, above the level of the sea, is only 36 miles distant. This is the most formidable volcano of the Andes, and the inhabitants of Quito have frequently been alarmed by its eruptions, the noise of which is so loud, that it has been heard at Guayaquil, on the coast, 150 miles distant. The climate at Quito, though temperate, is liable, from the vicinity of the mountains, to the most dreadful torrents of rain. The whole morning, and, generally, till two in the afternoon, the weather is extremely delightful. A bright sun, with a serene and clear sky, are commonly seen but afterwards the vapours begin to thicken, the whole atmosphere is filled with thick clouds, which bring on such shocking tempests of thunder and lightning, that all the neighbouring mountains tremble, and the city too often feels their dreadful effects. Lastly, the clouds discharge themselves in such impetuous torrents of rain, that, in a very short time, the streets appear like rivers, and the squares, though situated on a slope, like lakes. This dreadful scene generally continues till near sun-set, when the weather clears up, and Nature again appears as beautiful as in the morning: sometimes, indeed, the rains continue all night, and they have been known to last three or four days successively: and, on the contrary, three or four days of fine weather sometimes succeed one another.

Fifty miles south of Quito is the town of Lacatunga, with 12,000 inhabitants; farther south is Rio Bamba, almost ruined, in 1698 and 1746, by the eruptions of the volcano of Cotapaxi; utterly destroyed, in 1797, by an earthquake, when the peak of a mountain falling on the plain, not a vestige of the town remained, and of 9000 inhabitants, only 100 survived. In the same convulsion, about 30,000 or 40,000 Indians are supposed to have perished in the neighbouring districts. The town has been since rebuilt, and contains 20,000 inhabitants. Hambato, situated in an extensive plain, has 6000. All these towns are situated on the heights of the Andes, in the interior, from 150 to 300 miles from the Pacific Ocean. Near the coast of Quito, 150 miles south-west of that city, we have the important sea-port of Guayaquil, which contains 20,000 inhabitants, and is the great maritime emporium of the interior provinces. This low district of the coast is burnt up with excessive heat, and is exposed to all the evils of a tropical climate.

The produce of New Grenada is various. Its mines, which are extremely rich, are of the greatest importance to its commerce. The provinces of Antioquia and Choco are alone richer in gold than any other, and the silver which they produce is also remarkably pure. Gold is collected in great quantities on the banks of various rivers. Lead and copper are found, though but little sought after; emeralds, and other precious stones, are sent to Europe. Platina, &c. is also produced, and mercury has been lately discovered to exist in the province of Antioquia, and also in the mountains of Quindiu, near the village of Cuenca. Salt is also found in great abundance. New Grenada produces, besides, excellent cotton, tobacco, cochineal, coffee, medical drugs, dyes of various sorts, and other articles of less importance. The secluded situation of great part of this country, amid the lofty peaks of the Andes, lays it under the necessity of manufacturing for itself many articles of domestic use which it would be difficult and expensive to transport from abroad, over the mountainous deserts which environ it on all sides. The trade with Europe must, of necessity, be limited, 1*st*, by the heavy expence of freight in the long voyage round Cape Horn, and afterwards along the whole west coast of South America, as far as the Equator; and, 2*dly*, by the still more tedious land voyage into the interior. The chief port of New Grenada is Carthagena, about 900 miles from Quito, and 700 from Popayan; a distance so great, as greatly to impede the transport of European goods, more especially in such a country. Guayaquil, then, is the chief port through which Quito and the surrounding districts send out their surplus produce for what they require at home. The great difficulty of transportation here arises from the passage across the mountainous and snowy deserts which separate those elevated regions from the low country. In many parts, the sides of the Andes are beset with frightful crevices of immeasurable depth, which have to be crossed by pendulous bridges, formed of the fibres of equinoctial plants. Over these frail and tremulous passages the natives convey the traveller in a chair attached to their backs, and bending forward their body, they advance across with a swift step; but, when they reach the centre, the oscillation of the bridge is so great, that, were they to stop, inevitable destruction would ensue; the native and his burden would be dashed to the bottom of a precipice to whose profound depth the eye can hardly reach. These bridges being, from the nature of their materials, frequently out of repair, present to the shuddering European, who visits these countries, frightful chasms, over which the Indians step with undaunted confidence. Here is also the region of cataracts, some of which are truly magnificent. That of Tequendama dashes a volume of water, from the plains of Bogota, through an opening in the mountain, to the depth of 600 feet, into a dark and unfathomable gulf.

In many places, the travellers must wait for a favourable appearance of weather before entering on the everlasting snows of the mountains, for, if they were caught in a snow-storm, they would never again emerge from these deserts. There are, besides, no roads except for mules: in some places the traveller is carried across the defiles of the mountains on men's backs, there being no other mode of travelling; and the perils which occur in those wild regions are as numerous as they are new and unexpected, and frequently expose the unwary traveller to swift and inevitable destruction. The vast body of water which lies locked up in snow on the higher Andes may, by a sudden thaw, be let loose, and thus the moisture, which has been falling for months in an immense extent of country, suddenly pours down, in an irresistible deluge, upon the lower grounds. All the mountain-streams, which are the channels into which the whole accumulated moisture of the year may be suddenly poured, in its passage to the vallies, are liable, in a moment, to be swelled into immense torrents, sweeping down from the mountains, in all the majesty of irresistible power, roaring and foaming between their steep and narrow banks, until they break out over the plains. When we reflect, for a moment, that the whole collected waters of a vast expanse of country are thus suddenly collected into one common channel, we may conceive the vast force of such a mass, suddenly precipitated from the mountains on the plains below. The passage of rivers, therefore, is one of the great obstacles to a free communication, in those countries, during the summer, for, in winter, they are insulated from the rest of the world. Various contrivances are adopted for securing a safe passage over these rivers. Where the stream is very narrow, with high banks, bridges are constructed of wood, consisting of four long beams laid close together over the precipice, and forming a path of about a yard and a half in breadth, being just sufficient for a man to pass over on horseback. Where the breadth of the river will not admit of any beam to be laid across, bridges are thrown over, constructed of a kind of thin elastic cane, twisted together, so as to form several large cables of the length required. These are placed together, with planks laid in a transverse direction, over the lower cables; and the two uppermost are fastened to the others, in the form of rails, for the security of the passengers, who would otherwise be in great danger from the oscillation. Mules and horses cross these rivers by swimming. Other rivers, again, whose rapidity, and the large stones continually rolling along them, render it impossible for animals to cross them in this manner, are provided with a rope, connected by two posts on both sides, along which the animal is swung to the opposite shore. Besides these obstacles, many parts of the road are entirely desert, and the traveller has to carry a large store of provisions, lest, by a sudden thaw, and swelling of the rivers, he should be prevented from either proceeding or returning. It will be at once perceived, that the transport of goods, if they are at all bulky, is scarcely practicable in such a country, and that its commerce must therefore be confined to such articles of export to the lower country, on the sea-coast, whence is derived, in exchange, a supply of its produce. We have but very imperfect accounts of the commerce of Quito, Popayan, and these sequestered regions; and it may be doubted whether British manufactures have yet penetrated to this distant market. But if the country were settled under a free Government, the enterprise and industry of the people would soon be called forth, the roads would be improved, more practicable communications would be established with the surrounding districts and with the sea-coast, commerce and manufactures would advance, and the whole country would rapidly improve, by a freer intercourse with the world at large, from which it is at present separated, by the physical obstacles of its singular position.

To the south of New Grenada lies Peru, formerly larger, but diminished, in 1778, by the loss of Potosi, and several of its richest districts on the east, which were annexed to the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres. It has Quito on the north, Chili on the south, on the west the Pacific Ocean, and on the east the vast and desert plains which, under the name of the Pampas, spread out from the Eastern Andes. It extends along the coast 375 miles, and eastward, into the interior, 690 miles. It is divided into seven intendancies, namely, Truxillo, Tarma, Guancavelica, Lima, Guamanga, Arequipa, and Cuzco. Peru is divided into the upper and lower country. There are two chains of the Andes which run along the country parallel with the coast and with each other. The one is the great central chain which rises above the limit of perpetual snow, and contains vast deserts, where everlasting winter reigns. The other ridge, which does not rise so high, is nearer the coast; it forms an inclined plane towards the coast, from 30 to 60 miles in breadth, and is called Lower Peru. It consists, for the most part, of sandy deserts, or of cultivated spots on the banks of navigable rivers, or such as are within the reach of artificial navigation. In this low track the climate is sultry. The chief towns in this track, which are situated on the sea-coast, or on the banks of rivers, are

Piura, with 7000 inhabitants, 480 miles to the north of Lima, 208 north north-west of Truxillo.

Sechura, which contains 200 houses, in lat. 5° 32′ S.

Paita, a small place on the coast, consisting of mud houses. The bay of Paita is famous for its pearl fishery.

Sana, a small town, 80 miles north of Truxillo.

Morrope, consisting of 60 or 70 houses, 105 miles north-west of Truxillo.

Lambayeque, on the high road to Lima, in lon. 79° 56′ W., lat. 6° 40′ S., containing 8000 inhabitants, 95 miles west-north-west of Truxillo.

Truxillo, on the coast, 480 miles south of Quito, 268 miles north-north-west of Lima, surrounded with a low brick wall, and containing 5800 inhabitants.

In Upper Peru, which consists of a valley between the two parallel ridges of the Andes, already mentioned, there are very productive silver mines, some of which are almost 2300 feet higher than the city of Quito. We have in this district the towns of

Tarma, 103 miles east-north-east of Lima, in lat. 11° 35′ S. It contains 5600 inhabitants.

Guamalies, 150 miles east of Truxillo, and 240 north-east of Lima, noted for its manufactures of serges, baizes, and other stuffs. It is situated in a cold climate.

Guailas, 150 miles from Lima. Some gold is found in the mines of this district.

Caxatambo, 105 miles west of Lima, where baize is manufactured, and, in the neighbourhood, silver mines are wrought.

Conchucos, 120 miles north-east of Lima, also a manufacturing place, and containing, in its district, numerous silver mines.

Guancavelica has long been famous for the productive silver mines in its neighbourhood. It is 120 miles north-east from Lima. It stands in an elevated situation, 12,308 feet above the level of the sea, and is liable to storms of snow and hail. It has declined from its former importance, having been one of the richest cities in South America, but now only containing 5000 inhabitants. The mines of quicksilver formerly produced 100,000 pounds of mercury annually. The bottom of the mine is 13,800 feet above the level of the sea.

Guamanga is 188 miles south-east of Lima. It contains 26,000 inhabitants, and is situated on a beautiful river. Its district contains 60 mines of gold, 102 of silver, and one of quicksilver.

Guanta, 20 miles north of Guamanga. Near it were formerly very rich mines, now abandoned. South-east of Guamanga is the district of Vilcas Huaman, whence great quantities of woollens and manufactures are sent across the Andes to Cuzco. There are several other districts in this neighbourhood, situated amid the heights of the Andes, and abounding in mines of gold and silver. About 550 miles east-south-east of Lima is the city of Cuzco, containing 32,000 inhabitants, and adorned with various magnificent edifices. Its district contains nineteen mines of silver. North of Cuzco, 60 miles, is the town of Abancay, in a district of the same name, skirted with the snowy Andes. Among those mountains there are various other extensive districts, many of them cold and inhospitable, with warm and fertile valleys interspersed, and but thinly inhabited.

The commerce of Peru is carried on through three channels; namely, by the straits of Magellan, from Europe; through the North Pacific, from India and Mexico, or Guatimala; and through the interior, with the southern provinces of Chili and Buenos Ayres. Since the trade was unshackled, in 1778, its exports and imports have been doubled; and the principal branch of its commerce is that carried on round Cape Horn. Its exports are chiefly gold, silver, sugar, pimento, salt, Vucana wool, coarse woollens, and some trifling manufactures. Its imports are generally all sorts of European manufactures, which can be sold cheaper than the same articles can be manufactured at home. The produce of the country is carried, on the backs of mules, to Buenos Ayres, across the mountains, by the route of Arequipa and Cuzco. The chief exports are brandy, wine, maize, sugar, and woollens. Buenos Ayres used formerly to import woollens from Quito, but, since the intercourse has been opened with Europe, the woollens of Quito have been superseded by those of Europe. Paraguay tea is a great article of import, which is infused in the same manner as the China tea, and is in as general use as the China tea is in Britain. It is in such universal request among the natives, that, it is said, the mines could not be worked without it. One great article of import from the Eastern districts of the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres, such as Tucuman, &c. is mules, for the use of the mines. About 20,000 of these beasts of burden are annually imported into Peru.

The most valuable produce of Peru is its metallic wealth, with which its mountains everywhere abound. These are interspersed with veins of gold, and with veins of silver ores, in which pieces of pure silver, solid copper, and lead ore, occur, frequently intermixed with white silver ore, and virgin silver in threads. In many parts are rich veins of gold ore in quartz, and gold is also obtained by working the mud found in the beds of the rivers. The gold is generally deposited in the higher grounds, which, being washed down by the violence of the mountain torrents, is carried, by the impulse of the stream, until it reaches a lower level, where it is deposited on the banks of the river, and is easily extracted, by the simple process of washing, from the clay or sand in which it is deposited. The ores found in Peru are extremely rich, yielding from 5 to 50 lbs. of silver for every hundred-weight of ore, while the average produce of the Mexican mines is not above 3 or 4 ounces to the hundred-weight.

The province of Guancavelica contains many very rich strata, and veins of gold, silver, copper, and lead ores, the greatest part of which lie quite neglected. The mines of Pasco, 167 miles south-west of Guancavelica, yield the yearly average produce of 131,260 lbs. Troy, of pure metal. These mines are 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. The bed of metal is 15,000 feet in length, and 7200 feet in breadth. About six miles distance from this is a mountain which contains a prodigious mass of ore, of fine porous brown ironstone, interspersed with pure silver. In a soft vein of white metallic clay, about two to ten lbs. of silver are found in every hundred-weight. In some places, the country is filled with silver ore. At one place, it is so abundant, that silver ore is found whenever the turf is moved, adhering to the roots of the grass in filaments, for more than half a square league. The district of Truxillo is remarkable for its rich mines, which have furnished to the provincial treasury of that place about 44,000 lbs. of silver annually. In the province of Arica, near the small port of Iquique, in a desert, destitute of water, are mines which produce from 42 to 52,000 lbs. Troy of pure metal annually. Gold is found in almost all the silver mines.

All these mines are under the worst possible management. Those who have the charge of the works are both ignorant and careless. The great art of mining consists in extracting the metal from the substances in which it is imbedded, at the least possible expence, and in losing as little of it as possible in the process. In both these capital points, the management, in the Peruvian mines, is extremely defective. Not only is a great proportion of the metal left in the dross; but an enormous and unnecessary quantity of quicksilver is consumed in the process of extraction. The expence, and the trouble of extracting the precious metals, depends on the nature of the substances in which they are deposited. If they are found in soft porous stone, or in clay, there is nothing more to do than to mix those substances with mercury, when the metal and the dross is separated, and it only then remains to separate the mercury, and the silver or gold; but when the vein occurs in hard rocks, as frequently happens, the expence is much increased, not only in quarrying out these hard rocks, but in afterwards grinding them down to powder, by expensive machinery, which it is necessary to do, before they can be subjected to the process of amalgamation. In the mines of

Germany, the most ingenious and perfect methods are in use, for bringing the ore safely, and at the least possible expence, through the ordeal of refinement. Formerly, it is well known, that nearly all the quicksilver employed in the operation was sacrificed. Now it is mostly preserved; and here, in this one article, is a great saving of expence. But not one of these improved methods are in use in the Peruvian mines. There is, in every department, the greatest possible waste, and in those which were formerly worked for the benefit of the King, or rather for his loss every species of gross malversation prevailed to a great degree. There was not only ignorance, but the most shameless and glaring corruption. In the royal quicksilver mine of Guancavelica, the King was charged 166p iastres for every hundredweight of quicksilver; which was about sixty-six piastres above what it really cost; and all the errors and unskilful operations in use were so obstinately adhered to, that when Mr Helms, the German miner, sent over by the King of Spain, to inquire into the management of the mines, proposed a new construction of furnaces, by which a smaller quantity of quicksilver would have been used in the process of extraction, he was opposed by the whole host of the miners, superintendants, and workmen, from the highest to the lowest; all joined against him, being artfully persuaded, that his contrivances would abridge manual labour, and, in the end, render their services unnecessary. The rich delegates, or judges, in the mining districts, are more especially represented by Helms as the greatest villains, who enrich themselves by plunder, and by continual acts of tyranny; while they have always numberless pretexts ready to screen themselves from any complaints made to the Viceroy against them. In many parts, productive mines are overflowed, which might be drained by the use of proper machinery. In other parts, where the ground is rich in metallic wealth, no skill or science is displayed in searching after the ore; but hosts of needy adventurers are collected, as if for mere plunder, who pierce the ground with innumerable holes, without order or regulation; so that they are frequently buried under ground, from the falling in of their pits; and these accidents are so common, from the carelessness and avidity with which they remove the earth, without providing the necessary supports for the mine, that they are little regarded. In the midst of this waste and confusion, much valuable ore is thrown away, and what is got is procured at a vast and disproportionate expence. There is great scope for reform in the working of these mines; and when the independence of the country is once opened, and the Supreme Congress has leisure, from the cares of war, to attend to domestic improvement, there is little doubt that this great staple branch of industry will be prosecuted with increased vigour and greater success. At present, all are united, in one general confederacy, against improvement, as they profit by the corruptions which they encourage. But when a new and more vigorous Government is once established, all those abuses will be inquired into, and brought to light; matters will soon be placed on a different basis; and the mining trade, like all other trades, will participate in the new impulse given, by an enlightened Government, to the country at large.

Peru contained, by the last census, 1,076,122 inhabitants, spread over a vast extent of territory, where there is, as in other parts of South America, a total want of roads, canals, or bridges, to facilitate the transport of goods between distant parts.

EDINBURGH ACADEMY.

The Directors of the *Edinburgh Academy* having at length completed the plan upon which they think it expedient that the Institution should be conducted, have submitted to the contributors and the public the result of their labours in a "Statement," which cannot fail to prove highly satisfactory, from the full and unreserved communication which it makes on every point necessary to enable the public to form a correct judgment of the proposed system of education, and, in general, of the advantages likely to result from the new establishment. Of the leading features of the plan developed in this "Statement," it is our present purpose to give some account; adding such observations as have suggested themselves to our minds in the course of a somewhat hasty perusal.

The present High School, as is well known, was built in the year 1778, at which time the joint population of Edinburgh and Leith amounted to about 80,000; while the New Town, which now covers nearly as much space as the Old Town and southern suburbs did at that period, was scarcely in existence. In the last census, the population was estimated at 140,000. If, therefore, the present High School was considered as no more than sufficient at the period when it was erected, it is evident that the case must be entirely altered, now that both the extent and population of the city have been nearly doubled. Accordingly, an opinion has long prevailed, that the numbers attending that seminary are too great for successful tuition, and that another public school was imperiously called for, in order to remedy this evil, as well as to accommodate those parents, "to whose children the High School, from its great distance, has become almost inaccessible, without serious inconvenience, as well as risk of injury to their health."

Impressed with the force of these considerations, a number of gentlemen, in the month of June 1822, brought forward a scheme for establishing another great public school in the New Town, and for raising funds to the amount of £.12,000, by shares of £.50 each, to bear interest payable from a fee to be levied from the pupils. This proposal was so favourably received, that, in the course of a few weeks, nearly £.9000 were subscribed. The negociations which followed with the Town Council, and with the particulars of which the public are already sufficiently acquainted, suspended for some time the execution of this plan; but, in May 1823, a General Meeting of Subscribers was held, at which it was resolved to carry their original design into effect, and, at the same time, to apply to the King for a Charter, to incorporate the shareholders, under the name of the "Edinburgh Academy." This Charter, which is now in the regular course of official progress, provides, that the Subscribers shall elect fifteen Directors from their own body, in whom the whole management of the Academy shall be vested, and of whom three shall go out by rotation; that no person shall have more than one vote in his own right; that no person shall be entitled to receive interest on a larger share in the establishment than the capital sum of £.100; and that no surplus revenue shall be employed in buying up shares. These provisions afford satisfactory guarantees against monopoly, and are calculated to interest a large number of persons in the success of the establishment.

The Academy is to be conducted, generally, on the plan of the High School, with some additions and modifications, liable to such subsequent alterations and improvements as time and experience may suggest. As in the High School, therefore, the Academy is to have a Rector, and four Under-Masters. The course is presumed to occupy six years, four of which are to be passed under one Master, who prepares his pupils for entering the Rector's Class, where they are to continue two years. The alterations on the present system of instruction in the High School, which the Directors propose to introduce, are as follow: "1. *A more extended instruction in Greek, by all the Mas-*

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ters. 2. In addition to the four Under-Masters, a Master for English, who shall have a pure English accent: the mere circumstance of having been born within the boundary of England not to be considered indispensable. The object of this appointment is to endeavour to remedy a defect in the education of boys in Edinburgh, who are suffered to neglect the cultivation of their native language and literature, during the whole time that they attend the Grammar Schools, and, in most cases, to a much later period. It will be the duty of this Master to give instruction in Reading, Elocution, and Modern History. The chief part of his time will be devoted to the boys of the First and Second Classes; but he will also give instruction, during a portion of each week, to all the other Classes in succession. 3. A regular attention to Geography in all the Classes. 4. The Writing-Master is to be bound to provide Assistants in proportion to the number of his pupils, so that each teacher shall not have more than thirty-five boys under his care at one time. 5. Arithmetic is to be taught by a separate Master, who is to be a well-educated Mathematician, and who is to provide Assistants in like manner, in proportion to the number of his pupils. 6. The boys of the Highest Class are to be carried as far in the elements of Algebra and Geometry as their time and previous knowledge will allow."

These are great improvements undoubtedly, but probably the most important of all is the "more extended instruction in Greek," which it is proposed to ensure. This cannot fail to be attended with the happiest effects. Our youth, when they enter College, are generally ignorant of the Elements of Greek; many of them do not even know the letters. The consequence is, that the Greek Class is a mere elementary school, and that, at the best, only a smattering of the language is acquired during the usual term of attendance. Hence the general inferiority of Scotchmen in the knowledge of the noblest form of speech that ever existed in the world. This defect, this opprobrium of Scotland, can only be removed by a "more extended instruction in Greek" in the public schools where young men are prepared for entering the University; and we trust that the Edinburgh Academy will set an example which will be speedily followed. At present, the Professor of Greek is a mere schoolmaster. Four-fifths of the time which ought to be devoted to exercises in Greek prosody and composition, to the reading of the more difficult authors, particularly the dramatists, and to the study of the philosophy, poetry, and history of Ancient Greece, are consumed in teaching the elements, which are, after all, never correctly and thoroughly acquired. This is not the fault of the Teacher of Greek in our Colleges; for how is it possible, during an attendance, say of two hours each day for a session of six months, to drill 200 or 300 boys in the elements of a language of so much nicety and complexity, to say nothing of the dialects, of which not one in fifty knows any thing? We trust we shall be able to date the commencement of a new era from the establishment of the Edinburgh Academy.

The "Statement" next proceeds to describe minutely the distribution of time among the different Classes, and the allowance for play; but the books to be read in each Class, and the particulars of the course of instruction, are left to be settled with the advice of the Masters, after they are appointed. By the plan for the distribution of time, the Master of the First Class will not meet his boys till a quarter before Twelve o'clock each day; and as it is presumed that the Rector's Class must always be considerably larger than any of the others, it is intended that he shall act as Assistant to the Rector, from Nine o'clock till half-past Eleven, which portion of the day is allotted to Latin and Greek in the Rector's Class. All the Under-Masters, including the Writing and Arithmetic Masters, are to be under the superintendence of the Rector, whose duty it shall be to see that the system of instruction authorised by the Directors is properly carried into effect in all its parts. It is also intended that the Rector shall twice a-week devote two hours to the examination of the Junior Classes. The Directors have not laid down any

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fixed rules on the subject of corporal punishment; but they are of opinion, that the frequent infliction of it should be discouraged, and that it should only be administered for serious moral offences. In the estimate of annual expenses, one hundred guineas are allotted for premiums; but it is expressly stated, that this is not fixed as a limit, should a larger sum be found necessary. The vacation is to be two months, commencing from the first day of August; and there is to be a recess of a week at the new-year, and one regular holiday—the King's birth-day. As the crowded state of many of the Classes in the High School was one of the causes which led to the establishment of the Academy, it is provided, that the number in each of the four Junior Classes shall not exceed 110, and in the Rector's Class 160, making the total maximum number 600. No regulations are made as to the age at which boys are to enter the Academy; it is presumed, however, that as the course extends to six years, they will generally enter about eight, and leave about fourteen.

For the details of the fees we must refer to the "Statement" itself. One obvious and very necessary improvement has, however, been introduced, in laying it down as an absolute rule, that no Master shall, on any pretence whatever, take higher fees than those fixed by the Directors, or receive Candlemas gifts, or any other gratuity whatever. The abolition of these donations, so degrading to the teacher, and generally so annoying to parents, is a real and positive good, and must be productive of the best consequences. Every body in the least acquainted with what takes in schools, is sufficiently aware of the gross and shameful partially often engendered by double fees and large Candlemas gifts, and of the marked distinction which is thus openly made between the children of wealthy and poor parents. Much contemptible nonsense has been talked about the patrician character which this school would inevitably assume, in consequence of the small increase in the average amount of the annual payments; and many well-meaning persons, in moderate or narrow circumstances, have thereby been led to view the Academy with feelings of jealousy and aversion; but we are confident that every parent, whatever be his station in life, would rather submit to pay the difference according to a fixed and invariable rule, than have his son exposed to the humiliation of presenting a gift, which was the next moment, perhaps, to be covered by one of five or ten times the amount. It must require optics peculiarly nice, we should think, to detect any patrician tendency in thus placing all the boys on a footing of the most perfect equality. Janitor's fees and coal-money are also suppressed. In addition to the fees to be paid to the Masters, there is also to be levied a school-fee of two guineas for the First Class, and three guineas for each of the others, to provide for the interest of the capital, the Masters' salaries, and other annual charges, of which an estimate is given in the "Statement." This, however, is fixed upon the supposition that the number of boys attending the Academy shall not exceed 500; but, it is added, that should the number reach the maximum, or 600, this fee may in time be diminished. Detailed computations are then given of the payments made in six years at the present High School, and of those which it will be necessary to make during the same period at the Academy, conformably to the scale of fees fixed by the Directors; from which it appears, that the average annual expense at the former is £.6, 18s., exclusive of extra payments made by a great number of boys; whereas at the latter, it will be £.9, 12s. 10d., being an average annual increase of £.2, 14s. 10d. In return for this increase, however, the pupils will have the advantage, 1, Of more extended instruction in Greek; 2, Of being thoroughly grounded in English Reading, Elocution, and Modern History; 3, Of a regular attention to Geography in all the Classes; and, 4, Of being taught Arithmetic, and initiated in the elements of Algebra and Geometry.

Assuming the whole number of scholars at 500, it is calculated that the emoluments of the English-Master will be £.390, those of the Teacher of Arithmetic £.291, those of the four Under Latin-Teachers £.391 each;

and those of the Rector £.688; but should the number of pupils reach the maximum, or 600, these sums will then be £.460, £,369, £.466, and £.772 respectively. For obvious reasons, it has been deemed necessary to guarantee £.400 a-year to the Rector, and £.200 a-year to each of the Masters of the four Junior Classes for the first four years.

The following are the qualifications with regard to which Candidates are required to furnish statements:

"1. The age of the Candidate.

"It is highly desirable, in an establishment such as this, especially where a new system is to be organized, that the Masters should be in the full vigour of life, not only on account of the present activity that will be required, but to afford a greater security of their remaining long enough to mature the system, and see it firmly established.

"2. Testimonials of moral character, and *most particularly of temper.*

"3 Where he has received his education.

"4. Whether he has gained any literary honours at any of the Universities.

"5. Whether he has had any experience in teaching, where, of what kind, and to what extent.

"6. Whether can he name any persons whom he has taught, who have afterwards distinguished themselves by their attainments, either at the Universities or elsewhere.

"7. To name persons to whom the Directors may make personal application for such farther information as they may require.

"8. Whether he belongs to the Church, or has any views to that profession.

"Before engaging any Master, it will be absolutely necessary for the Directors to ascertain that his general health is good, that he is not subject to attacks of any violent disease, such as fits, and whether he has any marked natural deformity, and what that is.

"In addition to the qualifications implied in the preceding queries, the Masters of the Latin and Greek department, but more particularly the Rector, will be required to produce testimonials of their having a competent knowledge of Latin and Greek, and of Composition in those languages, both in Prose and Verse, from persons of acknowledged authority; and they must also state, whether they have directed their attention to the teaching of Geography, and if they have had any experience in the monitorial system of instruction.

"The English-Master is required to produce testimonials of his thorough knowledge of English Literature, of his having paid particular attention to the genius and structure of his own language, and of a competent acquaintance with the learned languages,—all from persons of acknowledged authority.

"It is not merely to give the Boys a better accent, and to make them read better, that the Directors have determined to employ an English Master, but to endeavour to lay the foundation of a taste for English, as well as for Classical Literature: it is therefore necessary for the fulfilment of this object, that the Master of this important department should be a well-educated, accomplished scholar.

"The Teacher of Arithmetic is required, in addition to his answers to the preceding general inquiries, to produce testimonials of his attainments in Mathematical knowledge, and that he has given proof of his being skilful in communicating that knowledge to others.

"The most important testimonials which a Writing-Master can produce, are from those whose children he has already taught. It is desirable also that the Candidates should, if required, write in presence of the Directors; and they are to produce specimens of their penmanship. This last testimonial, however, we are well aware, is a very imperfect criterion to judge by, in estimating the qualifications of a Writing-Master."

Next, as to the conditions on which Masters are to be engaged. "No Master employed in the Academy shall be removed, unless two-thirds of the Directors shall concur in thinking his removal indispensable; and even in this case, the Directors shall not have power to remove a Master without giving him six months' notice, or a sum equivalent to his emoluments for half-a-year;

unless in the case of a *grave offence*, of which the Directors are to be the sole judges, when the removal may take place without the necessity of notice, and on payment of the year's salary only. Every Master, before leaving the School, shall give six months' notice, under a penalty of the forfeiture of his year's salary."

We observe, with pleasure, that, at their first meeting, the Directors entered on their minute-book the following resolution, to which each Director affixed his signature: "The Directors resolve and pledge themselves to each other, that they will on no occasion come under any engagement, express or implied, with regard to any appointment in the Institution, but keep themselves entirely disengaged till the time of actually making the appointment." This is manly, liberal, and just; and will remove from the minds of Candidates all dread of that secret or underhand influence by which such appointments are too often disposed of.

It only remains to state, that the building destined for the reception of the different Classes which compose the Academy, stands in an area of nearly four English acres, surrounded by a wall, with a covered way along part of the boundary, to shelter the boys while at play in rainy or damp weather, and that it is to be warmed by heated air, and ventilated on the most approved plan. We are happy to be able to illustrate the previous abstract by a ground-plan of the whole space and buildings, a perspective elevation of the south front, and a table of the weekly distribution of time in the six classes. From these the public will observe, that, in providing for the improvement of pupils, their health has not been lost sight of, and that the Edinburgh Academy gives a fair promise of combining a greater number of advantages than any similar institution in this part of the United Kingdom.

We cannot conclude, however, without expressing our hope that corporal punishment will be entirely abolished, even in the extreme cases to which the Directors refer. We are convinced that this species of discipline in public schools is a great evil in itself, without being productive of any good to counterbalance it. In the first place, it degrades a boy in the estimation of his fellow-scholars, unless, indeed, the flagellation system be so general that it has ceased to be disgraceful. In the next place, a boy's morals will never be improved by the mere dread of physical pain. In the third place, corporal punishment is certain to render a high-spirited boy obstinate, sullen, and untractable. In the fourth place, it is not necessary; for a Master who cannot maintain order in his class *without* the lash, will never succeed *with* it; and those Masters, who have entirely laid aside this barbarous discipline, have invariably succeeded, not only in maintaining better order than those who employed it, but in inspiring the youth under their charge with high notions of honour and propriety, which become identified, as it were, with the very elements of their moral nature. In the last place, it is apt to create, in the minds of those who suffer it, an utter distaste of learning, coupled with a hatred of the person who inflicts it, and thus to produce the very evils which it is meant to remedy. Boys are naturally full of generosity; let a master be kind, and at the same time dignified; let him appeal to their sense of honour, and he will never appeal in vain. In proportion as that sense of honour is confidently appealed to, a boy rises in his own estimation; his moral sensibility becomes finer and more acute; he learns that he has a name and a character to support; he feels the force of opinion, and desires to stand well with his master and his fellow-scholars; his ambition for moral and intellectual superiority is at one and the same time called into action. We know the usual common-places by which this Gothic practice is defended; but the answer to all these is, that the experiment has been tried, and succeeded. Unless, therefore, flagellation be a *bonum in se*, we know no reason why it should be continued,—why boys, receiving the best education the kingdom can afford, should be treated like a parcel of negroes in the West Indies,—why the Master should add to his other functions that of a public whipper. We never knew an instance in which the whip improved the judgment or the memory: we have known many in which it impaired both. But it will make an idle boy apply. Will it? We should be glad to hear of an instance. It may certainly make him *seem* to apply, and stare at his book, as if he were performing one of Darwin's experiments, but he will continue as ignorant and immoveable as ever. *Love,* not *Fear,* is the instrument we would employ. The rigorous discipline established in the British Navy is well known; yet there are several instances in which crews of 300 and 500 men have, for years, been managed, not only with full, but absolute authority, without ever having recourse to the boatswain's mate. Is it *more* difficult to govern 110 or 140 boys, most of them of good families, and trained, from their tenderest years, to habits of correctness and propriety? *We* think not.

Stanzas on a Lady.

She was a thing of morn—with the soft calm
Of Summer evening in her pensive air;
Her smile came o'er the gazer's heart like balm,
To soothe away all sorrow save despair;
Her radiant brow scarce wore a trace of care,—
A sunny lake, where imaged you might trace,
Of Hope and Memory all that's bright and fair,
Where no rude breath of Passion came to chase,
Like winds from Summer wave, its heaven from that sweet face.

As one who looks on landscapes beautiful
Will feel their spirit all his soul pervade;
E'en as the heart grows stiller by the lull
Of falling waters, when the winds are laid;
So he who gaz'd upon this heavenly maid
Imbibed a sweetness never felt before:
Oh! when with her through Autumn fields I've stray'd,
A brighter hue the ling'ring wild-flowers wore,
And sweeter was the song the small bird warbled o'er!

Then came Consumption, with her languid moods,
Her soothing whispers, and her dreams that seek
To nurse themselves in silent solitudes;
She came, with hectic glow and wasted cheek,
And still the maiden pined, more wan and weak,
Till her declining loveliness each day
Paled like the second bow; yet would she speak
The words of hope, e'en while she past away
Amidst the closing clouds, and faded ray by ray!

She died i' the bud of being, in the spring—
The time of flow'rs, and songs, and balmy air;
'Mid opening blossoms she was with'ring,
But thus 'twas ever with the good and fair,
The lov'd of Heaven: ere yet the hand of Care
Upon the snowy brow hath set his seal,
Or Time's hoar frost come down to blanch the hair,
They fade away, and 'scape what others feel,
The pangs that pass not by—the wounds that never heal!

They laid her in the robes that wrap the dead;
So beautiful in rest ye scarce might deem,
From form so fair, the gentle spirit fled,
But only lapp'd in some Elysian dream;
And still the glory of a vanish'd beam,
The ling'ring halo of a parted ray,
Shed o'er her lonely sleep its latest gleam,
Like evening's rose-light, when the Summer day
Hath fled o'er sea and shore, and faded far away!

J. M.

QUERIES ON TAXATION.

I. WHETHER a tax on commodities is not equivalent to a tax on land?

By taxing a commodity, you either lower the price of the material, or you raise the price of the manufacture. By lowering the price of the material, you lower the value of the land that produces it; and by raising the price of the manufacture, you lower the *real* or *relative* value of land. It is evident, that the *relative* value of manufactures and of land must be inversely proportional to each other, and that whatever raises either of them, must proportionally sink the other.

By taxing a *great many commodities*, you either lower the price of a great many materials, or raise the price of a great many manufactures. The first effect must lower the *price* of land, or its value relatively to money; and the second must lower the real value of land, or its value when compared with commodities.

II. Whether a tax on land is not equivalent to a tax on income?

By lessening the wealth of the landlord, it lessens the demand for commodities; and by lessening the demand, it lowers the price.

By lessening the demand and lowering the price of commodities, it lessens the demand and lowers the price of labour; and thus operates as an indirect tax on the income of the labourer.

By lowering the price of commodities, it lowers the profits of capital; and thus operates as an indirect tax on the income of the capitalist.

Now, whatever lessens the incomes of the landholder and of the capitalist, must also lessen the incomes of the physician, the lawyer, and the author; because it lessens the effectual demand for their services. The effectual demand for intellectual industry, like the effectual demand for bodily industry, must be proportioned to the wealth of the employers.

When the price of commodities is lowered, it will be just that the incomes of the public functionary and of the public creditor should be proportionally reduced. This will reduce the price of commodities still more, by lessening the effectual demand for them. The relative wealth of the landlords will not be lessened by the land-tax, if all other incomes are proportionally reduced *.

III. Whether a tax on income is not equivalent to a tax on commodities? And, if a tax on land is equivalent to a tax on income, does it not follow, that a tax on land is equivalent to a tax on commodities?

IV. If a tax on commodities and a tax on land are equivalent to one another, would it not be desirable to tax the land rather than the goods, as you thereby simplify the practice, and lessen the expense of taxation? If this proposal be just in principle, nothing can be easier than the execution. Let 20 per cent. be taken off all the indirect taxes, and let a sum, equal to one-fifth of the revenue obtained by these taxes, be levied directly on the land, and let the incomes of public creditors and public functionaries be reduced, as soon as the price of commodities has decidedly fallen. If the income of landholders should fall in a greater degree than the prices of commodities †, the tax must be unequal, and unjust in its operation, and it will be necessary either to abandon or to modify the measure. If the prices of commodities be lowered in the same degree that the incomes of landholders are reduced, the opposite conclusion will follow, and a variable land-tax may be substituted in the place of all other taxes whatsoever.

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* If incomes were proportionally reduced, and the supply of commodities not diminished, no real loss would be sustained by any person. But the truth is, that the supply of commodities is diminished by the increased consumption of the Government. If Government consumes more, private persons must consume less, unless the supply be increased. Increased supply is the effect, but not the immediate effect, of increased consumption.

† Perhaps the demand for commodities may increase when the tax is lessened, and the fall of prices be thereby diminished. Should this be the effect, the revenue will be increased; and the excess may be either applied to the payment of the National Debt, or indirectly repaid to the landlords, by lessening the tax of the subsequent year. In this way, and in many other ways, temporary inequalities will gradually rectify themselves.

I am not sure that a *variable* land-tax should be paid *wholly* by the landlord; I rather think that it ought to be divided between the landlord and the farmer, in such proportions as may appear most reasonable to the parties. At the beginning of a war, the farmers will lose by the increase of the land-tax, and will gain by the increased demand for land produce*. At the beginning of a peace, the tax will be lessened, and prices will fall. The relative wealth of the landlords will be diminished at the beginning of a war, and will be increased at the beginning of a peace; and a powerful principle of pacification will be introduced into the world. The transition from peace to war, or from war to peace, *must* change the relative value of incomes †. This is one of the necessary effects of a military expenditure, in whatever way the revenue may be levied. We cannot put an end to the secondary evil, but by removing that great *moral* evil which produces it.

I have put this paper into the form of Queries, because I am not certain that my ideas are true; and I wish rather to propose the question than to answer it.

A variable tax on land, substituted in the place of all other taxes, would be much simpler and much more easily intelligible, than any other mode of providing for the expenditure of the State. The financial operations of the Government would be much better understood by the people,—the *progress* of taxation and its *effects* would be more clearly seen,—and the prodigality of Government would be more effectually checked. "In vain is the net spread in the sight of the bird." M.

Greece.

Land of the mighty dead! whose fame
Hath fill'd the earth with thy great name,
Around thy region lingers yet
The twilight of a sun that's set!
O'er all thy beauteous scene is cast
The hallowing halo of the past,
Reflected from a glorious day,
A long bright Summer past away!

Land of the laurel! faded now
Upon thy pale, dejected brow,
Another wreath is wove for thee,
E'en of the mournful cypress-tree,
Which waves in solitary gloom
Above the dim and mould'ring tomb,
Where the high heart, that beats no more,
Lies cold upon the silent shore!

Land of the lyre! all silent long,
Thine is the Bard's immortal song,
Whose voice hath peal'd o'er earth and sea
The music of Eternity!
No more awake thy Minstrel's strains;
They sound not midst a nation's chains;
And lorn, upon the willow hung,
Thy harp is silent and unstrung!

Land of bright forms! that sleep beneath,
But still, in living marble, breathe;
Whate'er our fancy dreams of fair,
Is yet more sweetly pictur'd there.
Shaped by the wonder-working hand,
The gaze of many a distant land;
Things of immortal beauty beam,
The mighty mind's embodied dream!

Land of lost shrines, departing domes,
Of sepulchres, and silent homes!
The spirit of the past pervades
Thy shores, thy mountains, and thy shades;
And kindling in thy hearts again,
Hath caus'd the Crescent's light to wane;
Soon may it fade o'er field and flood,
And as it rose, so set in blood! J. M.

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* Perhaps the farmer ought to pay the whole of what is added to the land-tax, at the beginning of a war. *Qui habet emolumentum, habeat damnum.*

† It would perhaps be desirable that rents should be re-adjusted at the beginning and the end of every war. This might be accomplished by the agreement of the parties, not by the operation of a general law.

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SCOTCH COURTS OF LAW.

In former Numbers, we took occasion to comment upon a multitude of abuses connected with the administration of law and justice in the Inferior Courts of Scotland. The subject we now propose to discuss can scarcely be considered of lesser importance. The system of recovering debts in Scotland, with reverence be it spoken, is a complete jumble of inconsistencies and senseless fictions; affording a boundless field for rapacity and craft, and productive of much unnecessary delay and ruinous expense. In a commercial view, the evils of such a system are incalculable. It has been too much the custom to consider the expense of *legal diligence*—in other words, legal compulsitors—only as it affects the interest of debtors; a body of individuals who perhaps receive much less than they merit of popular sympathy. This, however, is a view as mistaken as it is exclusive. Too often it happens, that the debtor, in an agony of despair, upon finding that the debt has been greatly augmented, perhaps doubled or tripled, by what he conceives to be the rigorous proceedings of his creditor, not only makes no effort to relieve himself, but determines to take his vengeance upon the creditor, by going to jail and becoming a bankrupt. This is a thing of every-day occurrence; and thus it will be seen, that legal diligence, from its expensiveness, becomes the means, not only of disappointing creditors of their just claims in many instances, but of imposing upon them very serious expense. Instances, we believe, are not rare, of creditors who have obtained decrees refraining from putting them in force, from the very apprehension, inspired, sometimes by prudence, sometimes by fear, that the certain expense is too great to be risked upon the chance of recovery. The knowledge of all this fortifies the debtor in his contumacy; and he laughs to scorn the threats addressed to him by a person, who, having the means of compelling payment, dare not employ them. Such being the state of the law respecting diligence, it is obvious that one effect of it must be greatly to circumscribe commercial credit, and, consequently, the range of commercial enterprize. But this is not all: it is not only the particular creditor who *drives* his debtor *to the wall*, (the wall of a prison,) but the whole body of that person's creditors, who suffer from the expenses which have been heaped upon him. In all bankruptcies, it is well known, that one heavy item in the state of losses sustained by the bankrupt in the course of his trade, is the expense of diligence which has been raised against him by the more urgent of his creditors. We have been informed of the case of a bankrupt, who stated his losses arising from legal diligence alone, to amount to upwards of £.2000; and when asked, at his examination, where was the evidence of this extraordinary statement? replied, that the want of a horse and cart alone prevented his bringing it along with him.

In the law of Scotland, there are a variety of processes, both judicial and ministerial, for the recovery of debts. There is no species of property, scarcely, possessed by a debtor, which, as well as his person, is not attachable; and, in this respect, our law has a decided pre-eminence over most others. It is of the very essence of justice, that a man who has contracted a debt for an onerous consideration, should part with the last shred of his property to discharge it. In contracting the debt, he virtually pledges his whole means and estate to his creditor; and by withdrawing any part of these beyond his reach, he grossly defrauds him. It has often been questioned, whether it is either expedient or just to add to a creditor's security by investing him with a power over the personal liberty of his debtor. The question is too theoretical for us to discuss at the present moment; but were we called upon for an opinion, we would have no hesitation to say, that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the creditor gains nothing by having recourse to imprisonment, but only renders the recovery of his

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In former Numbers, we took occasion to comment upon a multitude of abuses connected with the administration of law and justice in the Inferior Courts of Scotland. The subject we now propose to discuss can scarcely be considered of lesser importance. The system of recovering debts in Scotland, with reverence be it spoken, is a complete jumble of inconsistencies and senseless fictions; affording a boundless field for rapacity and craft, and productive of much unnecessary delay and ruinous expense. In a commercial view, the evils of such a system are incalculable. It has been too much the custom to consider the expense of *legal diligence*—in other words, legal compulsitors—only as it affects the interest of debtors; a body of individuals who perhaps receive much less than they merit of popular sympathy. This, however, is a view as mistaken as it is exclusive. Too often it happens, that the debtor, in an agony of despair, upon finding that the debt has been greatly augmented, perhaps doubled or tripled, by what he conceives to be the rigorous proceedings of his creditor, not only makes no effort to relieve himself, but determines to take his vengeance upon the creditor, by going to jail and becoming a bankrupt. This is a thing of every-day occurrence; and thus it will be seen, that legal diligence, from its expensiveness, becomes the means, not only of disappointing creditors of their just claims in many instances, but of imposing upon them very serious expense. Instances, we believe, are not rare, of creditors who have obtained decrees refraining from putting them in force, from the very apprehension, inspired, sometimes by prudence, sometimes by fear, that the certain expense is too great to be risked upon the chance of recovery. The knowledge of all this fortifies the debtor in his contumacy; and he laughs to scorn the threats addressed to him by a person, who, having the means of compelling payment, dare not employ them. Such being the state of the law respecting diligence, it is obvious that one effect of it must be greatly to circumscribe commercial credit, and, consequently, the range of commercial enterprize. But this is not all: it is not only the particular creditor who *drives* his debtor *to the wall*, (the wall of a prison,) but the whole body of that person's creditors, who suffer from the expenses which have been heaped upon him. In all bankruptcies, it is well known, that one heavy item in the state of losses sustained by the bankrupt in the course of his trade, is the expense of diligence which has been raised against him by the more urgent of his creditors. We have been informed of the case of a bankrupt, who stated his losses arising from legal diligence alone, to amount to upwards of £.2000; and when asked, at his examination, where was the evidence of this extraordinary statement? replied, that the want of a horse and cart alone prevented his bringing it along with him.

In the law of Scotland, there are a variety of processes, both judicial and ministerial, for the recovery of debts. There is no species of property, scarcely, possessed by a debtor, which, as well as his person, is not attachable; and, in this respect, our law has a decided pre-eminence over most others. It is of the very essence of justice, that a man who has contracted a debt for an onerous consideration, should part with the last shred of his property to discharge it. In contracting the debt, he virtually pledges his whole means and estate to his creditor; and by withdrawing any part of these beyond his reach, he grossly defrauds him. It has often been questioned, whether it is either expedient or just to add to a creditor's security by investing him with a power over the personal liberty of his debtor. The question is too theoretical for us to discuss at the present moment; but were we called upon for an opinion, we would have no hesitation to say, that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the creditor gains nothing by having recourse to imprisonment, but only renders the recovery of his

debt more desperate. At the same time, the expediency of the law of imprisonment is to be judged of by its *restraining*, as well as its *coercive* effects, the former of which cannot be accurately calculated; but it is not to be doubted, that the terrors of a jail keep many within the pale of honesty, who are not disposed to acknowledge the restraints of honour or conscience. Mitigated as the law has been in its severity by a number of humane provisions, which prevent its being perverted to purposes of personal vengeance, we are disposed to consider the influence of it as salutary, and the maintenance of it as highly expedient. It is useful, did it do no more than give a sanction to principles of honesty in the breasts of the well-intentioned, and a stimulus to their industry and vigilance.

The sytem of legal diligence is naturally divided into two branches; that which affects the real or *heritable* property of the debtor, and that which operates against his person, and his goods and chattels. The former we mean entirely to throw out of view, because any abuses which may attach to it cannot, in the nature of things, seriously affect the great bulk of the community.

The foundation of personal diligence is the decree of some competent Court. There are two species of decrees; *first*, those which are actually pronounced *in foro*; and, *second*, those decrees which, upon the registration of deeds containing personal obligations in the books of competent Courts, are presumed, by a fiction of law, to be pronounced by those Courts against the obligants, in virtue of a certain clause in the deeds authorizing such interposition of authority. In the latter class may be included the supposititious decrees which follow upon the registration of the notarial instruments of protest of bills and promissory notes; and which decrees are authorized by a wise and salutary act passed in the reign of his late Majesty. It is almost unnecessary to mark the distinction between the two species, since both are enforced by the same means.

In the case of a decree pronounced by the Supreme Court, no precept or writ proceeds directly from the Court commanding obedience to it. There is only a warrant consequent upon the decree, authorizing letters of horning and caption; (certain writs issued in the King's name, under his signet, which we shall explain afterwards.) The former require the debtor to be charged, to satisfy the creditor, within a certain number of days, and authorize the poinding and arrestment of all his personal property, in the event of his disobedience; for which disobedience, also, it is ordered, that *he shall be denounced a rebel to the King*, either at the market-cross of Edinburgh, as the *commune forum* of Scotsmen, or at the market-cross of the head burgh of the county where he resides. Upon the letters of horning, with the return, or execution, by the proper officer, being retarded, letters of caption are issued; which letters authorize the apprehension and imprisonment of the debtor; not as a debtor, but as a rebel against Majesty. In the case of a decree pronounced by a Sheriff, he issues his precept, directing the debtor to be charged, and poinding and arrestment upon expiry of the days of charge. But he is not competent to imprison; and hence the creditor, if resolved upon that measure, has, at the expiry of the days of charge in the Sheriff's precept, to apply to the Supreme Court for warrants authorizing letters of horning and caption, which are consecutively issued the same as upon a Court of Session decree. In the case, again, of a decree by a Burgh Court, the Magistrates issue a precept, directing, upon the expiry of the days of charge, both the attachment of the debtor's personal estate and the imprisonment of his person; for, be it observed, that, by an old Scotch Act, *passed for the benefit and encouragement of commerce*, the power of civil imprisonment is conferred upon the Magistrates of Burghs. It is, therefore, the peculiar happiness of Scotch Burgesses, that they may be imprisoned for debt, without the superfluous degradation of being denounced rebels. The decrees of Justices of the Peace (when not pronounced under the Small Debt Act) are a sort of *capita mortua*. They do not warrant imprisonment; and the

Supreme Court, from some subtlety which we profess not to comprehend, disdain to recognise them, and refuse to reinforce them with horning and caption. The creditor holding one of these decrees, therefore, if he wishes to try the efficacy of imprisonment, is obliged to raise a new action before the Judge-Ordinary of the bounds, founding upon the decrees of the Justices, and obtains what is called *a decree conform*, upon which he may expede horning and caption. Before concluding this account, it is proper to state, that the days of charge, in hornings and precepts, proceeding upon decrees *in foro*, *are fifteen;* but in those which proceed upon the conventional and statutary decrees, which we have already explained, the days are only six.

The course of proceeding which must be followed, in order to attach the person of a debtor, must strike every one as being absurdly circuitous, and ruinously expensive in the extreme. The very *mercies* which the forms of the proceeding seem to dispense to the debtor, are ingeniously *cruel;* and which forms, we are bound to say, have given rise to an organized system of legal robbery, which requires only to be exposed, to excite the indignation and abhorrence of the public. In country towns more particularly, there are always to be found some understrappers of the law, who take up the trade of discounting bills with the sole design of realizing fortunes by raising diligence upon such bills as are not punctually paid. So determinate is their design, that they would reject a bill presented to them, the first obligant in which is a man of substance, likely to retire the bill immediately upon its becoming due. All that they require is the name of a man in desperate circumstances, as the accepter, and some good name among the indorsers. This is the grand secret of the trade. When a bill in the hands of these sharpers become due, what is the course of proceeding? In nine cases out of ten, they may be conscious that a charge of payment upon an Inferior Court precept, or at most a poinding, will be sufficient to recover the debt. It is not in *Scotland* as in *England*, however, (and we are well pleased that it is so,) where a creditor must choose between his debtor's person and his effects, his execution being restricted to the one or the other. A Scotch creditor may proceed against both; and, with the class of persons whom we are describing, it is the invariable practice, after obtaining precepts from the Sheriff Court, (to a Burgh Court, having the competent jurisdiction, they never apply,) to raise horning and caption, whether they seriously design to employ the latter species of diligence or not. The profits upon this nefarious traffic are immense; so much so, as to have induced many who belong not to the profession to embark in it. There is a distinct fee for agency, chargeable upon every step of the procedure; and, besides, by a little dexterity, the diligence may be procured and put in force for *half fees,* while full fees are exacted from the unfortunate debtor. In addition to all this, there are the *expences* of recovering the *expences* by an ordinary action.

The same system nearly is acted upon, by the more mercenary part of the profession, with respect to decrees *in foro*. We have known repeated instances of *ultimate* diligence being raised upon debts not much exceeding £.2., in some of which instances, the means of imprisonment might have been more expeditiously obtained by an action before a Burgh or a *Small-Debt* Court. We shall suppose a case, by no means rare, of one of those debtors residing at the distance of fifteen miles from the place of residence of a messenger. The very expence of serving him with a charge will amount to the same sum as his debt. But, supposing the debtor to be apprehended, and his effects poinded, the sum-total of expence must amount to at least five times more than the debt.

The delay occasioned by the absurd forms of diligence is, of itself, an evil of no small magnitude. Most decrees *in foro* are obtained from the Sheriff, and, when pronounced in absence, five weeks, at least, must elapse before the debtor's person can be attached. If the case has been litigated, the delay will amount to six weeks. All the intermediate proceedings are so many solemn warnings to a dishonest debtor, either to abandon the country, or to place his effects beyond the reach of his creditors. No honest debtor is at all benefited by the delay which a charge affords to him. Where the decree proceeds upon an action, his citation to that action is warning sufficient of the danger he incurs by a neglect to pay. Between the date of the citation and of extracting the decree, sufficient time intervenes for the debtor making every fair exertion to provide the means of discharging the debt. The knowledge that a charge must ensue upon the decree only slackens his exertions, disposing him, indeed, to make no serious effort whatever, until the charge is received. The principle, that celerity of execution is of great benefit in a commercial country, was acknowledged by the Legislature itself, when it passed the Act authorizing summary diligence to proceed upon bills and promissory notes; and yet that Act, in accomplishing a great good, created this singular anomaly, that only six days of charge are allowed to the debtor in a bill, who receives no other formal intimation of his creditor's intention to proceed against him than the charge itself; while fifteen days of charge are allowed to the debtor, in a decree *in foro,* though fourteen days at the very least, previous to the charge, if upon a precept, and thirty, if upon letters of horning, a formal demand must be made upon him in the shape of a summons,—nay, though he may have been litigating the very debt demanded, with his creditor, for a number of years. We are aware it may be said, that the ceremony of a charge serves as a check to the precipitancy of an unfeeling creditor. But a creditor of this description, even with that check, may be too precipitate. The delay of six or fourteen days is scarcely a favour to a debtor who is involved in difficulties, at least it is a favour far too dearly purchased. It strikes us, however, as a general truth, that the discretion of the creditor in using his diligence is more to be relied upon, than the assiduity of the debtor in providing the means of discharging the debt. It is the interest of the former to extend all possible indulgence to his debtor, as it is too often the disposition and interest of the latter to disappoint his creditor. The ceremony of charging, therefore, we consider as of no advantage whatever,—as endangering the debt by the delay which it occasions, and as oppressive in the way of expence.

It may strike some of our readers with astonishment to be informed, that the present system of ultimate diligence, or diligence directed against the person, had its origin in priestcraft! In remote ages, the laws of Scotland and of England resembled each other in all their great leading features, and particularly in this one, that a man's house was his castle, which could not be forced, in execution of a civil process. In Scotland, at that time, as in England at the present day, a debtor was secure against arrest, so long as he remained at home, and kept his door shut against bailiffs. But the priests, who then, they being the only notaries, had the framing of all bonds and similar writings, invented a scheme which fairly deprived a debtor of every sanctuary for his person. They caused the obligant, in a bond, for example, solemnly to swear that he would faithfully implement his obligations; and, upon his failing to do so, the church excommunicated him as a perjured person. Of course, it was then the duty of the secular power to proceed against him; and accordingly letters were obtained from the Sovereign, upon which the debtor was charged to place himself in ward, as a King's prisoner, in some one of the royal castles, within a specified period. In the event of his disobedience, he was denounced a rebel to the King, and letters were issued, directing Sheriffs, and all other official persons, to pursue and apprehend him, and put him in ward. The process being, in its nature, criminal, no house afforded the rebel protection; and an express warrant was granted to break open all lockfast places where he might possibly be lurking. It were needless to describe all the different modifications which this singular process has undergone. Suffice it to say, that, in progress of time, the mere fact of a debtor having disobeyed a charge given him in name of the King, came to be considered a sufficient ground for proceeding against him as a rebel; and hence excommunication was no longer considered a necessary preliminary, and fell into disuse. The debtor was now charged to pay, and failing to do so, was charged to surrender himself a prisoner to the King, under the pain of rebellion. Latterly, the form of commanding the debtor to surrender his person was dispensed with; and, upon his being denounced a rebel, letters of caption were forthwith issued, commanding his imprisonment. But, besides imprisonment, this constructive rebellion was attended with another disastrous consequence to the debtor. All his personal property became forfeited to the Crown; and it was very customary to make grants of such escheats to royal favourites; and, in order that the officers of the Crown might be duly informed of these *windfalls*, it was required, that every horning, upon which denunciation followed, should be engrossed in a record before caption was expede upon it. By an Act passed in the reign of George the Second, the barbarous penalty of the forfeiture of a debtor's moveables was abolished; but the old fraudulent and degrading process of dealing with his person has been preserved inviolate till the present day, for the good of those who fatten upon the distresses of others. So much was the interest of that powerful class attended to, that the recording of hornings is still made necessary, though no assignable reason exists for such a proceeding, excepting that the law requires it. It will be perceived, that the entire system of personal diligence is rested upon a fiction, too essentially childish to command the respect of even a bigot. The veriest *tyro* of the profession regards it with contempt; and, in point of fact, the forms which once gave it the semblance of a reality, have long since been dispensed with. No messenger of the present day really denounces a debtor a rebel at a market-cross, upon letters of horning, although he makes a regular return, certified by himself and a couple of witnesses, that the imposing ceremony was duly performed by him. So radically absurd is the fiction considered to be, that no lawyer would think of advising a debtor to institute a process of suspension, or reduction of diligence, on the ground that the messenger's execution or return, bearing that he had denounced the debtor a rebel, was utterly false; and for this reason, that the Court must regard the whole ceremony to be but the shadow of a shade, and that the attestation by the messenger of a downright falsehood, is sufficient to uphold it. Why, then, should so monstrous and ridiculous a fiction be still maintained? The principle on which it is built is not essentially incorporated with our system of law; on the contrary, it is an unseemly excrescence upon its surface, occasioned by quack practices, and which every friend to the system ought to wish to see completely eradicated. The old Scotch Statute, investing Magistrates of Burghs with the power of civil imprisonment, and the modern British Statute, extending the same power to the Small-Debt Courts, are so many acknowledgments by the Legislature itself of the principle, that the simple refusal of a debtor to implement his obligations, independently of any circumstance of guilt, real or constructive, is of itself a sufficient reason for incarcerating his person. The former act, as we before observed, was passed for the encouragement of commerce, which, at that time, was confined to burgh towns, and distinctly recognizes one principle we contend for—the advantage, in a commercial point of view, of the celerity and cheapness of legal diligence. Our ancestors, though not over-enlightened, were men of plain common sense; and, in legislating, it was seldom that partial interests interposed between them and the discharge of their duty. Their acts are distinguished as much for their solid wisdom as their laconic brevity, and afford a proof that honesty is not one of the least requisites in a legislator. It was not then as now, when every improvement, however palpable and necessary, is combatted by political bigotry, imaginary apprehensions, and sophistical reasonings—all inspired by neither more nor less than individual selfishness, to which those at the helm of affairs are too often compelled to sacrifice some national interest: but this is a wide digression. We have to observe, that since the date of the Scotch Statute, the whole country has become eminently commercial; and, therefore, the same reasons that induced the passing of that act, now exist for so extending its provisions, that the whole country may participate in the benefit of them. The history of the Small-Debt Act deserves some consideration: the framers of it were deeply impressed with the truth of the homely proverb, that "it is the last straw which breaks the horse's back;" they felt, that a man who could not pay a debt, could ill support a load of expenses heaped upon it; and that the almost certain consequence of such accumulation of expense was the loss of the debt, and the utter ruin of the debtor. This is the history of the Act, and it requires no comment.

With a view to some change in the general system of diligence, we would observe, that no Judge should be competent to take cognizance of a cause, if not empowered to enforce his sentence by all the compulsitors which the law recognizes. In judging, it is possible he may err; but in carrying his sentence into effect, it is impossible that he can, since the course of proceeding is distinctly marked out to him, both by law and inveterate practice. Therefore we say, that if a Judge may be safely intrusted with the power of deciding, with much greater safety may the power of putting his decisions in force be conferred upon him.

We would beg leave to propose, that the absurd fiction of civil rebellion should be abolished, and with it all the cumbrous and expensive forms which have been erected upon it. Authority, both to poind and to imprison, should, in every case, be contained in the same writ. The power of civil imprisonment, possessed by Burgh Magistrates, should be extended to all inferior Judges, but more particularly to Sheriffs. The form of charging debtors ought to be abolished; and the officers employed be authorized by law, to recover, under the diligence, the fair expenses of raising and executing it. That this power is subject to abuse we do not deny; but such abuse may be effectually guarded against, by fixing the fees to be chargeable; and, besides entitling the debtor to an action of repetition, conferring upon him a right, as in England, to prosecute criminally for extortion. The verbosity of judicial writs is of itself a grievance: why describe to the officer, in idle and pompous phraseology, the precise manner in which he is to set about executing the duties of his office? It would be quite enough to declare by law, that an exemplification of the judgment of a Court shall be a sufficient warrant to an officer to put it in force, by the ordinary and well-known course of law.

These proposed changes, we are aware, will deeply affect the interests of numerous bodies of individuals, composed, first, of Writers to the Signet, next of messengers, and, lastly, of rapacious pettifoggers. Few of the former honourable body, however, we are assured, would resolve to oppose their own interests to the adoption of legislative measures, obviously calculated to produce a great national good. They have no vested interest in the continuance of abuse, and are too public-spirited to desire it. There are a few public functionaries would lose by the change; and justice would require for them ample indemnities. But let the public reflect upon the many thousands of pounds which are yearly wrung from the poorest and most distressed class of the community, by the mere operation of most absurd forms of diligence, (forms bad in themselves, but yet perverted and made use of by professional extortioners for their own gain,) and consider also the innumerable debts which are lost to creditors, from the circuitous nature of those forms, and the bankruptcies occasioned by their expensiveness; and sure we are, that all petty objections will give way to the desire of seeing the whole system of diligence put upon a better footing.

ANONYMOUS LITERATURE.

No. VIII.

MR EDITOR,

THE listless apathy with which I have been afflicted ever since January 1822 still continuing, and our good friends Messrs Cooper & Co., of the Medical Board, Gt. Charlotte-street, having recommended slight suppers, of boiled tripe, leek porridge, toasted cheese, and the like, by way of wadding, to keep down their specifics; says I to our Sally, the other night, "Step out to Merchant M'Crone's, and fetch a cut o' his best Cheshire, sizeable enough to mak' a decentish *Welsh rabbit*." Sally Diggles hath her faults, and where dwelleth the daughter of Eve that is altogether perfect? Such is her litigious disposition, that she usually stands half-an-hour every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, cheek for jowl with the poulterer, a spruce young whiskered dandy, cheapening a pair of *buck-hens*, as Pat Dunavon calls them, to make cockie-leekie withal; a dish that both Mrs Van and I are remarkably fond of, though a bargain might be struck in one twentieth part of the time; and likewise on our *kail days*, to-wit, Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday, the girl will arguefy with Jamie Sproutly the green-grocer, for a stricken hour by Camberwell clock, over three-penny-worth of greens, one ditto of leeks, and a head or two of celery. Saturday being a make-shift-day with the family, her tongue hath a little respite, because Merchant M'Crone is a man with whom she gossipeth not; and a dozen or so of his Banff eggs, together with a few rashers of Wiltshire bacon, suffice to take the wire-edge off our appetites. Thence it appears that James is the only tradesman from whose presence she departs as becometh a dutiful servant. On the night in question, Miss Diggles went to old M'Crone's in less than no time, hyperbolically speaking, and returned with the like celerity, bearing in her hand the most tempting slice of Cheshire cheese that ever was curdled in this or any other country, wrapt in a bit of waste paper, such as dealers in the general line usually purchase at —— per lb., the which I laid hold of *sans ceremonie*, and desired Sal to roast the Cambrian rabbit in our Dutch oven. The fragment I took possession of, Mr Editor, is part of an epistle bearing the *Westminster* post-mark, evidently written by a foreigner, but in such an oddish manner, that all my sagacity was barely sufficient to decipher it, a circumstance that vexed me not a little. Indeed I was within an ace of transferring the hapless remnant to our general-purpose department, because of the outlandish style in which it is written; but on perceiving how queerly the fellow knaps his nails on the head, I thought it would be just as well to know your will and pleasure, before passing sentence. Here goes for a fair transcript:

"So mouch ove de marvels will make all der eyes strare. O how dem will howld up der hands when I do tells how de Inglismans elect de *Member*. 'Andrew, how him do?' dem will say; cock dems one lug, and listens like de wild pig. Den I will say just so. Well, I be de freehowlder, de househowlder, and have de vote. So I do tidy mineself, brousb de coat, de shoes, de leetle cloas, and away I go to de *Housting*. One mans meet me, and him say, 'Where you go, Andrew?' 'Oh, I go to de Housting, to vote for *Sir Murray*, and hear de speech.' He up with him fist, and knock me down. More mans cry, 'Hurrah, hurrah, give it him, Spencer him, kennel de mangy dogs'; but all dis be very good sprees. No mans care for de crack head, and de black eye, and de fracture bone, at election. So I do shakes mineself, and hobble to de Housting. Very much peoples be dere. All busy in dems way, some insisting, and some persisting, some preaching de politic, some cursing de parson, oders swearing for swearing's sake, and den de butcher lads do make souch clatter. O de clangour ove man and woman tongues, de howls ove poor trampled dog, de lug-rending clank ove bone and cleaver. Mine God! dem do make one concerts dat would melt de stone heart ove owld Clovenfoot. But all de prime Babylonians haul dem winds until one good candidate mans go to de Housting rail, hat in hand, with hims best face on. Den dem shout with der might and main '* * * * * * for ever, hurrah!' Den de mans, and de womans, and de dogs, howld dem tongues, de Housting peoples cry 'hush, hush!'—de candidate mans make speech, and him do say, 'Britons, fellow countrymans! Dis be one proud days ove mine life. Look at de powls, de state ove de powls. One hundreds and odd a-head ove de ministerialist. Dis look well. Dis be one death-blows to all de state jugglers. Dis do tells dem dat Inglismans see through der hocus-pocus, and dat der cause be de hopless cause. But, countrymans, let not de state ove de powls lull mine good friends into one fatal securitys. Remember dat our owld enemys de tax-gatherer be abroad, prowling for de vote, and seeking whom he may devours. Verily, him do chace de poor mans from de snug warm cottage, into de cowld damp cellars, and even dere him not be safe. All hims leetle remaining comforts, de snouffs, de gins, de tobacs, must contribute dems mite to pamper dat rogue in grain, de boroughmonger. O, him be one sad dogs. Britons, Inglismans, now for de long pulls, de long pulls. We must attack dis Hydra in hims strong-howld, we must drag him forth to de noon days, we must bore hims jau, we must bruize hims, and den owld Ingland will be owld Ingland.' All de peoples do clap dem hands at dis good speech, and cheer de candidate mans with three grand hurrahs. Den Sir Murray do put forward him best foot, and bou to all de hubbabus so politely; but good gracious me! how dem yells and howls, and calls him de outlandish *fellor*, treasury dogs, owld Junk, and every oder rum names dat dem know, because free-born Inglismans love not de interloper. So Mr Bailiffs cast up de vote, close de powl books, pocket him's spectacle, and declare who shall be de *Member*. O, Paul, Paul, how de Warsaw lads will stare with dem eyes when I do tells all dis! Der broder, I do hopes dat you and Jonas Dowlawitz, and all young friends at Birmingham, do strain de nerve to be clever craftmans, and dat poor Poland one day will be proud ove her good childrens. Dis you know is mine heart's wish. Tell Jonas to send de pistol dat I wrots for two posts ago, and also one flask for de poudres. Dem must be in toun one day soon, at furdest, because Captain Von Helterskeldt do sail for Dantzic by-and-by, and you well knows dat him be de fidgety mans. So, no more at present, from,

Dear Paul,
Your kind loving broder,
ANDREW JAVORSKI."

To Mr Paul Javorski,
at de Comb-manufacture,
Crike-lane, Birmingham.

This curious morsel of fugitive literature being written in a comical hand, and scarcely legible, in many places, bothered me for two striken hours and more, though assisted by Mrs Vandervrow's best endeavours, and her late husband's spectacles to boot; but, thank God, we mastered it at last; so up got I, and rang for the rabbit. Miss Diggles not answering the bell, I tinkled again and again, stamped on the parlour floor, until joist, roof, rigging, tree, and pantile, shook and chattered, then called her by name, "Sal, Sally, Sarah, Miss Diggles," but all to no purpose. "Step down stairs," quoth Mrs Van, "and see what the girl's about." I did so, Mr Editor, and beheld Madam, to my great confusion, fast asleep by the kitchen fire, with Constable's Magazine in her lap, wide open at "Anonymous Literature, No. VI.," one of the sprightliest literary bantlings, in my estimation, that ever was born of a fond brain. So I called her a dull, stupid, something or other, not worthy of being held in remembrance, and proceeded to curse all maids, mistresses, and masters, without exception, who presume to doze over such happy stuff. The discovery of itself was sufficient to ruffle any fellow's temper, but greater cause had I to wail, on perceiving my hapless rabbit roasted to a cinder in the oven. "Plague on it," said I, "what's to be done now? I wonder if auld M'Crone's asteer." To satisfy myself in this particular, I left Miss Diggles to finish her nap, hastened to Sunket Terrace, and came upon James in the very act of putting up his shutters. The old boy hotched and leugh at my disaster, and only abstained from complimenting me with a few dry rubs, because of the late hour, for which I was truly thankful, not being in tune to abide much banter. So he served me with a cut of his very best Double Glos'ter, and we parted. On crossing the street, I perceived a slenderish gentleman scratching his head, and staring about him in all directions, like unto a bewildered fellow: "Sir," said I, "you seem at a loss which way to steer. Pray, what nook of Millennium may you be seeking?" "Nook of Pandæmonium!" exclaimed the stranger, in a pettish kind of tone; "mention not Millennium to me; I've been hunting about ever since four o'clock, in quest of a place that I verily do believe is enchanted. Every body knows where it is, every body speaks of its charming crescents and pleasant terraces, every body directed me thereto, and here stand I, at eleven o'clock at night, on the crown of His Majesty's highway, with a slimy ditch on one side, and a quick-set hedge on the other." "Hedge and ditch!" said I, with abundance of surprise; "good God! Sir, you astonish me. Nothing of the kind is to be seen. Look again, and, for Heaven's sake, pay some respect to the evidence of your own senses. This well-paved street, so brilliantly lighted with patent gas lamps, is not a turnpike road, neither are the broad flagged foot-ways, on either side thereof, sleughs and quickset hedges. All the brass door-plates, you can perceive, are engraven with names well known at Margate, Brighton, Cheltenham, and other respectable watering-places, and every house you can espy is the habitation of a substantial retired tradesman. Here comes old Tanner M'Murrain, with half-a-dozen of claret under his girdle, and there stands his lady at the street-door, whetting her nails to receive him. Conscience, he'll catch it for wetting his whistle so effectually at the Bull and Bagpipes. But Mrs Jiggumbob, the fiddler's wife, takes it much more philosophically. Only see how the good old creature lights her husband home, lanthorn in hand, from his *Free and Easy*; and mark how carefully she kicks aside every bit of orange-peel, lest, peradventure, the inspired minstrel should slip a foot, and injure the much-admired curve of his rubied nose. As for Cooper Bungs, honest man, he fills his cask at the Bull regularly every night, and Mrs B. fetches him home, after partaking of Landlady Vatbotham's far-famed cholic cordial, the best and pleasantest remedy for that cruel complaint that ever was patronized by the gentle sisterhood. Here they come, arm in arm. Steady, old lass—gently, Cooper. Never did I see two persons humour each other's failings more discreetly. He swags to the right, she to the left, and the loving zig-zag tenor of their way is never dishonoured by a single downfal. Well staggered, *Derby*—wisely re[illegible]ed, *Joan*; —another tack will do th[illegible] business. There they are, safe at their ain door. Bless me, what divine sounds! Lady Emma touches the keys of her piano with fairy fingers, sure enough. Hark how delightfully she sings the *Waukriffe Mammy!*" "Waukrife devil!" exclaimed the slenderish gentleman; "what may be your motive, Sir, for talking to me in such a rigmarole style?" He advanced a few paces, put himself in a reconnoitring attitude, and one moment thereafter accosted me thus, "Good life, friend Killigrew, what a wild-goose-chace I have had in quest of a knotless thread! 'Pon honour, you are a strange fellow, sure enough, standing like a man possessed, listening to inaudible melody, and seeing visionary topers in a place that affordeth not one morsel of delight to either eye or ear. But that's none of my business. Every man to his humour, as the saying is. I've brought you a continuation of Mr Doby's narrative, and the sequel will be forthcoming in a few days." "Mr Pouncer," quoth I, "it grieves me much to see a gentleman of your obliging turn so *mainly kuidled* * on my account; but had you only attended to the few directions I gave, all would have been well. Come along, my boy, and see what Mrs Vandervrow hath in store. Both cellar and pantry, thank God, are well furnished, and the blue bed-room is at your service. It is now too late to think of Bucklersbury." So I gave my arm to Mr Pouncer, crossed the street, opened our parterre-gate with one hand, and lent him a friendly shove with the other. "Pass on, my good Sir," said I; "the door's before you." To my utter astonishment, he sprung back as if from the brink of a precipice, threw Mr Doby's packet on the street, put himself in a hostile position, and indignantly exclaimed, "What the devil do you mean, Sir? none of your tricks upon travellers. Though it may suit some people's children to bivouac under a thorn, or pillow at the root of a hedge, thank God, none of my mother's sons, and there are seven of us, were ever so pitifully billeted. Confound all moon-stricken Millenniumites! say I." Having expended his gall of bitterness in these words, the infatuated young man scampered off as fast as his legs could carry him. Thus, Mr Editor, have I truly narrated the whole of his very extraordinary demeanour, and leave you to jealouse what might have been the cause thereof.

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* Mainly kaidled i. e. sorely jaded; a Wiltshire phrase, used by way of compliment to Mr Pouncer, he being a native of that county.

My own private opinion seems to be, that poor Mr Pouncer is much afflicted with what we call visual aberrations, or optical illusion, according to the text of Messrs Troughton and Dollond, our famous spy-glass-makers, otherwise he certainly would never have mistaken a row of handsome, well-finished houses, for a thorn hedge. Be that as it may, the lad certainly exercised a very becoming discretion in leaving Mr Doby's parcel, though I felt rather huffed at the manner in which he delivered it; but we must endeavour to pocket little affronts of this sort, and dismiss them from our remembrance. With best wishes for your prosperity, both spiritual and temporal, and kind love to our men at arms, brave fellows all, I beg leave to remain, as before,

My dear Editor,
Very truly yours,
SAM. KILLIGREW.

London, 1824.

The Fuselier, (continued.)

Mrs Talbot's affecting story took possession of my heart, and interested every generous emotion so warmly in her behalf, that the bread before me, in all probability, would have remained unbroken, and the jug of ale untasted, had she not laid her hand familiarly on my shoulder, and said, "Make free, Mr Doby, and help yourself to such as I have. Brown bread, small beer, whey, butter, and skim-milk cheese, are great rarities at Welkinwold, and therefore," continued she, with a motherly smile, "it is to be hoped that cottage dainties will be the more acceptable. Silver and gold have I none, but when Willie comes hame," clasping her hands firmly together, "the treasure on which my poor heart fondly dotes, O how wealthy I will be!" A crowd of paternal emotions choaked her utterance, the tear sprung in her eye, and every feature declared that her soul was ready to faint.

O that I had been a Dey, or a Pasha, or an Ali Khan, clothed with absolute authority, how speedily the oppressor would have felt its weight! Happiness, saith the philosopher, is pretty equally distributed amongst us, and being a species of property that no man, save the righteous owner, can possibly enjoy, he that bereaves a neighbour of his portion is worse than a robber, and merits the death; yet there are men who hesitate not to despoil us of our heavenly patrimony, and wantonly eat the happiness of their fellow-beings as bread, though, like unto Pharaoh's lean kine, they appear not a whit the sleeker. Of this genus was the redoubted Squire Jumbo, a man from whose grave the peasant will never pluck a weed. But to resume my journey. The day being pretty far advanced, I returned a few acknowledgments to Mrs Talbot, for the good cheer she had set before me, and arose from her table greatly refreshed, because her bread was sweet, and her drink was pleasant. She accompanied me to the door, and we parted. The reader is no doubt most anxious to know what became of this poor woman and her ill-used boy, in whose fate every gentle peruser of these presents must needs be interested, and willingly would I gratify him in that, and indeed every other particular; but, to use a parliamentary phrase, *the time is not yet come*, and he must therefore content himself, for the present, with a very small portion of information, *to wit*, On my return to Norfolk, a few years thereafter, in order to make good my vows unto her who is the mother of my children, I called at Mrs Talbot's house, and was informed by the incumbent, a cross-grained old dame, whom an over-kind husband had indulged with a separate establishment, that, on or about the preceding Whitsuntide, the widow disposed of her life-interest in what little landed property appertained to her late husband, and departed, no one knew where.

Having thus far acquitted myself to the reader's satisfaction, I humbly hope that he will not oppose my taking the road in good earnest, accompanied by Mrs Talbot's best wishes. The sudden and very unceremonious manner in which Abershaw and his colleague fell upon me, together with the *receipt* for dusting their jackets, which I certainly expected, had they returned with a reinforcement, induced me to keep a sharp look-out, and reconnoitre every passenger with a jealous eye; but not one individual did I fall in with, capable of disputing my right of path-way for one moment, had he been so disposed; all of them appeared submissively docile, passive to a man, and thoroughly broken to the yoke of servitude. I came up to a waggoner, whose obsequious mien and debased conversation affected me much. "Countryman," said I, "where, in the name of wonder, are you travelling to with such a load of thingum-thangums, nick-nacks, and whirligigs?" "Whoy, measter," replied the rustic, "I'se baund to *Kaistle-Roising*, please Goad, with Gaffer Naggle's thrashing mousheen. Labouring folk, now-a-days, have little or nowt to do and they'll have less by-and-by, when nick-nacks, as thee calls them, rumble in every barn. Owld Gaffer says, they'll supersede the flail soumtoime, but that matters nowt. We've gotten the proimest work-house in all Norfolk, and this leg o' moine," rubbing his shin and grinning most piteously, "gets worser and worser every day, blessed be Goad for all his mercies." "Poor fellow," said I, "it grieves me to see you trudging after a team, with such an unseemly leg," for it was much swollen, and affected his walking very considerably; "I think Mr Naggle would have manifested his loving-kindness in a more Christian manner, had he kept you at home, picking potatoes in his barn, or shelling peas in his kitchen. Much do I fear, my friend, that this Gaffer of yours is no great things. He possesseth either a soft head or a hard heart—perhaps both. What sort of a blade is he?" "Gaffer Naggle's a broath of a boy," quoth the waggoner, "and his woife's the idol of owld and young. T'other day she said to I'se dame, 'Goody Snaffle, thee's a hard-woarking, industerous woman, and deserves encouragement. See if I doan't speak a goodish word to Farmer Bluff, the parish overseer, for another shilling a-week to fatten thy pot.' Blessings on her, for she's a koind, koind body, and owld Gaffer himsen said to I, no further agone than yesterday, 'That leg o' thine, Joe, looks 'nation queer. If thee's a good boy, and minds thy p's and q's, blame if I doan't have a try at laying thy bones on the shelf, thee knows where.' Aye, aye, there's worser fellows than owld Gaffer Naggle, though he swears mainly and hits hardish at toimes; but this I can safely say, betoide him what wou'd, he never flogged I aboon once a-week in his loife, and that's a tale that neither man nor moather* on the farm can tell." "Hits hardish and flogs once a-week! Good God!" exclaimed I, "why don't you take the fellow before a Justice of the Peace, and have him punished?" "Nay, nay, measter," replied poor Joey, "we know a trick worth two o' that. Joustice o' Peace wou'd send us to the tread-mill for being saucy." The waggoner and I conversed in this manner without interruption, until a young fellow, who stood at the door of a little road-side ale-house, apparently on the look-out for a compainterested, and willingly would I gratify him in that, and indeed every other particular; but, to use a parliamentary phrase, *the time is not yet come*, and he must therefore content himself, for the present, with a very small portion of information, *to wit*, On my return to Norfolk, a few years thereafter, in order to make good my vows unto her who is the mother of my children, I called at Mrs Talbot's house, and was informed by the incumbent, a cross-grained old dame, whom an over-kind husband had indulged with a separate establishment, that, on or about the preceding Whitsuntide, the widow disposed of her life-interest in what little landed property appertained to her late husband, and departed, no one knew where.

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I thought so too, and ordered each of them a pot of home-brewed, cheese and bread, and a pipe; for which the poor fellows were truly thankful, and failed not to drink my health most devoutly. Having thus far contributed to their enjoyments, I retired to a small parlour, that commanded the road, and sat down, being somewhat fatigued, and lacking a little refreshment. The landlady's mutton-ham was truly excellent, and her October equal to any I ever tasted; so that between eating and drinking, and listening to the conversation of my out-door friends, the most agreeable half-hour slipt away that I ever forgathered with. The waggoner questioned his companion, who belonged to a neighbouring parish, (the which information I gathered from their discourse,) how he fared in his new situation? to which the other replied, with much naiveté, "Tol lol, Joey, pretty bobbish. We've plenty o' good owld Suffolk whang *, mash'd turmets, and croak mutton, every third day. But I'se baund to have foive and noinpence a-week, and foind mysen,—thrappence moar, thee knows, than some folk can brag on." "What some folk dost mean?" quoth the waggoner, lifting up his voice, "I'd have thee to know, Dick, that I'se foive and six, with pigs keep and parquisites, is better than thee's foive and noine, with nowt else in God's world besoide; and then, when owld age overtakes us boath, what a poor look-out thee hast gotten! Whoy, Dicky Poychle, I'se workhouse is a palace, and thine's a pig-stye." Dick felt rather nettled at Joey's degrading comparison, and audibly upheld the honour of his parish asylum with fluency, whilst the waggoner strove with all his might to pull it down; and so furiously did they assail each other, in the long-run, with evil language, that hostilities appeared unto me altogether inevitable; but, in the midst of their cavilling, a voice, like unto that of many waters, thundered in their ears, "You fellor at the Dun Cow, come along." "By gowls," exclaimed Joey, starting to his feet, "that's I'se measter!" and without so much as casting a thanksgiving glance to the parlour window, he hobbled off as fast as his lame leg would permit, removed his nose-bags, and took the road, whistling a rueful tune. Anxious to witness the meeting between him and old Gaffer, I settled with Mrs Yeasty, and took my departure also. The Castle of Rising, wherein Isabella, the wretched consort of our unhappy Edward, of Bannockburn celebrity, ended her days, stands on elevated ground, and commands a fine view of the adjacent country. Though much dilapidated by time, and fast crumbling into decay, a sufficiency remains to convince the traveller, that, in ancient times, it was a strong-hold of some consequence. The Borough of Rising hath shared its fate, being reduced to a mean, straggling village, famed for nothing in God's earth save its antiquity, and the absurd privilege which it still retains, of sending two Burgesses to Parliament. On approaching this queen of enfranchised sepulchres, I descried two men, one of them in livery, the other a paunchy old fellow in plain clothes, standing on the castle-hill, apparently on very friendly terms; but when Joey's waggon drew near, he in homely apparel shook hands with the *gravy lapper*, bowed most respectfully unto him, and leisurely waddled down a little zig-zag foot-way leading to the high-road. As he advanced, I took the liberty of examining his countenance, which certainly was a curiosity of the kind. Features may be compared to pumps and slippers on a cordwainer's sign-board, because they usually tell, and pretty correctly too, what sort of wares the proprietor has treasured up in his store-house; but Gaffer Naggle, on whose face I am now enlarging, presented to me the most vacant front that ever mortal man clapt eyes on. Not a single hieroglyphic was pencilled thereon to tell an inquisitive fellow, like myself, whether the owner was saint, sinner, Turk, or Christian. However, on gaining the turnpike road, he hoisted his colours, such as they were, and presently the aforesaid visage, that whilom appeared so devoid of character, became like unto a thunder-cloud pregnant with wrath, or, more properly speaking, that peculiar species of ire that undulates the front of an over-fed ox when about to gore a field-mouse. Without saying one word, good, bad, or indifferent, Gaffer Naggle seized Joey by the collar, and lashed him like a brute. Let no man elevate his nose, and say with a sneer, "Pray what was become of your famous hazel, Mr Doby, that had broken more heads than ever a stick in the whole county of Norfolk? Had I been there, the waggoner's hide would have gone scot free." Very likely, my good sir; but it so happened, that Gaffer fell upon him very suddenly, and plied his flogger with such dexterity, that before I had scampered over my lee-way, (some ten or a dozen strides) the poor devil was on his knees, crying for quarter. "Hold, my good man!" said I, arresting the assailant's uplifted arm; "one whack more will ruin you in my good *opinion* for ever and ever, unless the culprit is a sinner of the first magnitude. What parish church hath he robbed, or what parish priest hath he slain?" "Parish church and parish priest!" growled the farmer; "what devil dost mean? the fellor deserves his whacks, though he never robbed a church nor slew a priest in's loife. Han't he been guzzling at the Dun Cow for an hour and moare, in place o' fetching whome I'se thrashing mousheen. Devil thrash him for ligging so loang. Only see how the two *randigo** millwrights laugh i' their sleeves at having nowt to do—dom them." "Softly, my good friend," quoth I; "not so fast; the poor soul rested his lame leg just thirty minutes and a quarter, by this time-piece," (lugging out the gold repeater that uncle Hubert made me a present of when he got home his new chronometer, previous to his embarking for India,) "and whatever blame may have accumulated during that period, the whole burthen thereof must be laid on my shoulders," presenting them to Gaffer with great humility of aspect, "because it was I that tempted your servant to sin with a mug of ale." He surveyed me from top to toe without uttering a word, until his face became a perfect blank, and every evil-disposed feature sculked off, the Lord knows where; then Gaffer Naggle clapt his hand on my shoulder, and said, "Dang it, thee's a rumish-looking chap, and wears an owld head on young shoulders pretty fairish. Step into the *Grey Mare*, and call for what thee loikes best; all good fellows are welcome on election-day, and I've done a worser turn, in Joan's parlour, than smoked half a pipe at thee's lug. Here, Joe," slipping a few halfpence into the waggoner's hand, "go and sin no moar. Tell Nan Pomeroy, as thee goas past the Mare, to be sure and put on her best bib and tucker, because I and Mr Jerry, and a few friends, will be there by-and-by." To my very great surprise, Joey pocketed the largess with abundance of thankful scrapes, and hopped away as merry as a maltman. Thus, by means of fair words, together with a judicious display of my gold repeater and its appendages, was I enabled to deliver him from the enemy without striking a blow. By the bye, I would advise no gentleman traveller, when perambulating the county of Norfolk, to put his argumentative forces in array against those of the natives, unless he hath a pair of silver-mounted spectacles ready to pop on his nose, a gold chain and seals to play with, or a few sovereigns to jink loosely in his hand, because the most substantial reason he can possibly muster will avail him not, unless they are backed out by at least the appearance of *property*. When the waggoner left us, I proceeded to thank Mr Naggle, in my very best language, for his proffered kindness, and declared how sorry I was that business of the utmost importance called me to Lynn without delay, otherwise I certainly would have done myself the honour of taking a whiff with him; "because," said I, "the gentleman whom a good and faithful servant speaks so very handsomely of, is worth being honoured; and never did a waggoner in this world extol an indulgent mastermore highly than the poor fellow whom you have just now dismissed from your presence, and sent on his way rejoicing." Gaffer was so exceedingly pleased with the sprinkling of whitewash, that I felt some difficulty in persuading him to dispense with my presence at the Grey Mare Tavern; and so perfectly reconciled was he to Joey Snaffle, in whose behalf I interested myself not a little, that I have every reason to believe the old fellow would set about procuring him a birth in the parish workhouse without delay, the consummation of every labouring man's earthly ambition in those parts.

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* *Moather*, i. e. girl, wench, spinster, &c.

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* *Suffolk whang*, a kind of cheese spoken of by *Bloomfield*, in his "Farmer's Boy," on account of its durability. When thrown into a hog's trough, saith our intelligent author, the sapient grunters presently discover that it is "too large to swallow, and too hard to bite,"

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* Randigo, *i. e.* renegado. The machinists in question were from Dumfries-shire, and consequently merited the appellation, all interlopers being *randigos*.

Castle-Rising, as the reader well knoweth, is a decayed Borough, chiefly inhabited by husbandmen, whose dwellings make but a so-and-so appearance; and as there is neither Cross, Court-house, nor public edifice of any description whatever, to arrest the traveller's attention, I passed along at a smart pace, looking out for the Grey Mare, in order to treat my eyes with a squint at the election-bustle, which I fully expected to behold. How far they were gratified, will appear in due time. A little way on, I descried a sign-board swinging at the end of an antique-looking house, from a clumsy pole projecting through the thatch, and naturally concluded that the *Mare* was in sight; but, on my nearer approach, lo and behold it was the *Black Bull!* On a wooden bench by the door sat a parcel of clean-shaven rustics, robed in white smock-frocks, each with a mug of ale in his hand, a pipe in his cheek, and a blue favour pinned to the crown of his hat. Their latter ends were cased in sheepskin breeches, their legs in buskins of the same material, and their feet might have vied with those of a fulling mill, being tenanted, if I may so express myself, into leather blocks, fashioned like shoes, laced tight to their ancles, and soundly bottomed with hob-nails. "Friend," said I to one of the electors, for such I took them to be, "whereabouts is the Grey Mare?" To which the fellow replied, with much simplicity, "Whoy, she's at whome, to be sure—doan't thee hear her?" I listened for a moment or so, and distinguished, amongst the hubbub of tongues, that of a female speechifier lecturing away at the following rate—"Devil ride a-begging on that jolter-head o' thine, Tim Pomeroy, and coum whome without a nag. What hast thee been doing? burnt the bottom out o' our good new sauce-pan, as I'm a sinful woman, and chopped up sage and rue with the veal stuffing. Gads-flesh, Mr Jerry wont look at it. Get out o' my sight this precious moment, thou graceless good-for-nowt. Lay a few parsley sprigs about the venison dish, Poll Blowse, and wipe off thee's vile thumb marks. O thou slovenly slut! What would Mr Jerry say of my house and my housewifery, was he to see such untidiness? Where's that lazy lump o' flesh, Kate Gaffle, run to? O, here she coums with the coal-scuttle. Throw a shovelful under the pot, huzzy, and give Gaffer Naggle's hard dumplings a good rattling boil. Devil choak him with the hindmost, say I, for treating the electors like spaniel dogs. They've never sat down to a full trencher dinner, since the squire farmed them out to old Gaffer at eighteen-pence a-head, beer and 'bacco included. Curse his monopolizing sides!" To this internal hurricane, a still, small voice replied, in the most submissive tone I ever listened to, "Blessings on thee, Joan, doan't fret, and stew, and rampage so mainly. Doan't thee see how eydently the moathers and I are doing, and scheming, and contriving for the best? Have a little patience, and I'll be bound to say, that—" "Howld thees chatter, Tim Pomeroy," replied the lecturer, "and nobody will know that thee's a ninny. Rot that whimpering tongue o' thine, thou poor actionless musk-worm." "Ho, ho!" said I to myself; "the gray mare's the better horse, it seems;" and feeling inclined to see the heroine in her glory, I slipt into the Black Bull, and certainly beheld a landlady altogether worthy of ruling the roast, and a landlord richly deserving of every blessing that Christian men can possibly enjoy under petticoat government. Having satisfied my curiosity, in so far as Mr and Mrs Pomeroy were concerned, their daughter, Nan, who presided at the bar, cast a couple of glances from beneath her silken eye-lashes, that were altogether irresistible. I therefore stept up to her, and said, "Well, my dear, this bustling day will try the mettle of thy fair fingers, and put every morsel of good-humour in that sweet face to the test; but let not the flurry of business banish a smile therefrom, and keep every little irritable sproutling snugly under the thumb of female discretion; that's the way to get married, and skip through life. Pray, Miss Pomeroy, who may the two gentlemen be whom the good folk of Castle-Rising have chosen to represent them in Parliament?" "Why truly, Sir," replied the smiling bar-maid, "I'm not exactly at liberty to say who they are, but Mr *Jerry* will be here presently. Many Parliament men have called at our house, to bespeak the seats, and though two are positively fixed upon, I really cannot, in courtesy to Mr Jerry, publish their names, before he announces them officially from the chair." "And who is this Mr Jerry," said I, "that possesseth so much electioneering influence?" "O, Sir, he's the Squire's valet," replied Miss Pomeroy; "a young man of character and discernment. He counselleth the old boy's dotage with great credit to himself, making some vessels unto honour, and others unto dishonour, without control, none daring to say —What doest thou? Mr Jerry's word at the Hall is law." "Now," said I, "Nan Pomeroy," clenching my fist, and shaking it in her face, "declare unto me, this precious moment, who it is that counselleth Mr Jerry, or, by the blushing blood in that comely cheek o' thine, thee and I will certainly quarrel." She clapt the fairest finger to her nose that ever wore a ring, curtseyed most gracefully, and retired from the bar. "Would to Heaven," said I, elevating my voice as the bewitching girl tript away, "that every Parliament man was returned by the like fair means!"

Nancy Pomeroy hath dwelt in my remembrance ever since, notwithstanding the great pains taken by her maiden aunts, *Moather* Blanch and *Moather* Deborah, to shangan, as the Scotch term it, an elegant person with falderal finery; and many a time, when presiding at our parish dinners, have I arisen from the chair, being called upon for a toast, and audibly given, "The fair bar-maid, that sent two members to the Nether House!" On these occasions, when memory, like unto a hind let loose, scampers over the past in quest of anecdote to enliven conviviality, how often hath the Gray Mare, and the Black Bull, and the automaton electors, caused my risible muscles to bestir themselves, not a living soul knowing the course thereof, save and except my own individual self! But I am scampering away from my subject at a sad rate, and therefore beg leave to beg the indulgent reader's pardon for so doing.

The afternoon being pretty well expended, I made the best of my way to Lynn Regis, and put up at the Jolly Fiddler; a public-house kept by Mrs Porringer, an old servant of my mother's, whose kindness to me will never be forgotten, every comfort that the wit of woman could devise being in apple-pie order, and altogether worthy of a more profitable guest.

On the morrow I started by times, took the coach, and arrived in town, without falling in with a single adventure worthy of being put on record.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Insere, Daphni, piros; carpent tua poma nepotes. *Virg.*

"Be ay setting in a tree when ye have naething else to do, it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping." *Heart of Mid-Lothian.*

I. Forgery.

An improvement in the manufacture of bank-notes would lessen the evil of forgery in three ways:

First, It would increase the difficulty. A bank-note executed in the best manner possible, by an artist of first-rate ability, could not be imitated but by an artist of equal ability, and such artists are rare.

Second, It would lessen the temptation. A very superior artist can acquire more profit and honour by an useful and legal exercise of his talents, and is therefore less tempted to misapply them.

Third, It would increase the power of repairing the evil of forgery. The forger might be subjected to a long confinement, while, in other respects, he might be treated with some degree of kindness *, supplied with the means of employing his talents usefully, and persuaded to repair, by his punishment, the injury produced by his crime. It is evident, that his *power* to repair the evil would be proportioned to his natural abilities; and his *will* to repair it might be produced by the application of proper means. The effects of moral influences on the soul are as certain as the effects of food and medicine on the body.

This would take away the *necessity*, and, consequently, the *right*, of punishing forgery with death. The right of Government to punish crimes is inversely proportional to its power of preventing or repairing them; and in proportion as Political Economy increases the power of prevention and remedy, it diminishes the right of punishment. "*What profit is it* if we slay our brother and conceal his blood?"

Improvements in the manufacture of metallic, or of paper currency, lessen the danger of forgery, as improvements in the manufacture of ships lessen the danger of shipwreck. And as no improvement in ship-building can altogether prevent shipwreck, so no improvement in the other manufacture can altogether prevent forgery. It is as impossible to make a bank-note that cannot be forged, as to make a ship that cannot be sunk. Forgery proceeds either from the pressure of necessity, or from the misapplication of talent; and both these temptations may be diminished by legislation. Whatever promotes or facilitates intellectual intercourse, increases the supply of useful or innocent employment for the faculties of the mind, as commerce increases the supply of employment for the industry of the hands. The former tends to prevent the misapplication of ingenuity and invention, as the latter the misapplication of industry. Shipwreck proceeds from the violence of elements, over which man has no control. We have more power, therefore, over forgery than over shipwreck; but it does not yet appear that we shall ever be completely successful against either.

II. On Manufactories.

Manufactories will cease to be productive of vice and misery, as soon as there is sufficient *moral* and *religious feeling* in the *consumers*† to enforce such regulations as the following:

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* "Abimelech took sheep, and oxen, and men servants, and women servants, and gave them unto Abraham, and restored him Sarah his wife. And Abimelech said, Behold, my land is before thee, dwell where it pleaseth thee. And unto Sarah he said, Behold, I have given thy *brother* a thousand pieces of silver; behold, he is to thee a covering of the eyes unto all that are with thee, and with all other.—*Thus she was reproved.*"—*Genesis*, xx. 14, 15, 16.

† *Daniel*, ch. xi. 33, 34, 35.

First, That every workman, in a large manufactory, be not only allowed, but *compelled* to learn another trade, in order that he may be independent of the manufactory, and at liberty to leave it whenever he is dissatisfied, either with the work or the wages. Till this liberty is given, the manufacturing system is just a modification of slavery. The vices of the workmen are just the vices of slaves.

Second, That when a *crime* is brought home to one workman, a *penalty* be inflicted on *all,*—a considerable fine; advanced, indeed, by the master, but finally paid by a tax on the workmen. It is evident that the labourers who are liable to this penalty ought to have power to expel any associate for whose conduct they are not willing to be responsible. As the labourer is master of another trade, the punishment of expulsion will not be excessive; and if the expulsion is unjust, it will not prevent his admission into another manufactory, provided the workmen are willing to receive him.

Third, That every master of a manufactory be required to publish a *complete* and *minute* account of his management, in order that the employment of children may be, as much as possible, prevented, by substituting mechanical agency. Perhaps a tax should be laid on these children, in order to make their labour as costly as that of adults. If their labour is really *necessary,* it will continue in spite of the tax; and if it is not necessary, it ought not to continue.

By such regulations, slavery, discontent, and gross immorality, will be removed; and the character of the labourers will naturally rise to the level attained in Mr Owen's establishment.

These regulations will lessen the number, and improve the character of manufacturers. By lessening the *supply,* they will raise the *price* of manufacturing industry; and high wages will encourage mechanical talent, as high prices encourage productive industry *. And it is evident, that if high wages lower, mechanical invention must raise the profits of stock; that the operation of the latter cause must be, in all respects, opposite to that of the former; and that the capitalist will gain more by the one than he will lose by the other.

The rise of wages will raise the price of produce, by increasing the demand for it, and mechanical invention will lessen the cost of production. The excess of the *price* above the *cost* will be raised in two ways; and it is this excess that furnishes the master's profit. There may be some counteracting power, but I have not yet discovered it.

III. *On the Mitigation of Slavery in the West Indies.*

Edinburgh Review, No. LXIV. p. 489.—"M. de Fellenberg has sometimes mentioned, in conversation, the particular circumstances which finally determined him to the course he has pursued. In the year 1798, or 1799, he happened to be at Paris, as one of the Commission sent by the Provisional Government established in Switzerland, after the French invasion; and in that capacity he had an official conversation with the Director Rewbel, at his country-house near Paris, in the course of which he laid before him, in glowing colours, a picture of the miserable state to which his country was reduced, and which might soon lead to a *Vendean* war, destructive to both parties. The Director appeared, for some time, to listen with profound attention, and M. de Fellenberg ascribed his silence to conviction of the truths he urged, and something like a feeling of compunction, when, all at once, the worthy republican, throwing open a window, called aloud to one of his servants, 'Jaques, apportez moi Finette!'" A little spaniel was brought accordingly.

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* Mechanical agency is a cheap substitute for productive labour, as potatoes are a cheap substitute for bread; and the dearness of labour would increase the demand for mechanical agency, and, consequently, for mechanical invention, as the dearness of bread increases the demand for potatoes. Mechanical invention is just the art of economising labour; and it is evident, that when the demand for any commodity rises much above the supply, a more economical consumption will naturally follow.

After this rebuff, he gave up the idea of serving his country as a politician, made the best of his way home, and determined to set about the slow work of elementary reformation, by a better mode of education, and to persevere in it for the rest of his life. Now, it seems to me, that the abolitionists are placed in the same situation, and that they would be as successful as M. de Fellenberg, if they would pursue the same course. Let them retire altogether from the Parliament, and from the view of the public;—let them purchase the properties which the planters are desirous to sell, and let them undertake, on their own estates, and with their own slaves, the slow work of elementary reformation and gradual emancipation [*];—let them pursue the course exemplified by Mr Steele in Barbadoes, by Mr Edgeworth in Ireland, M. de Fellenberg in Switzerland, Mr Owen in Lanark, &c. They would probably obtain the co-operation and instructions of some humane and intelligent planters, by arguments like those which Paul addresses to Philemon, "Wherefore, though I might be much bold in Christ to enjoin thee that which is convenient, yet, for love's sake, I rather beseech thee," &c. They would find as much latent virtue among the whites of the West Indies, as Dr Chalmers found among the radicals of Glasgow.

The greatest obstacle to the mitigation of slavery is the law which rejects the evidence of negroes against white men in a court of justice. Perhaps a benevolent planter might procure that the evidence of *his* slaves, or of a certain number of them, should be received, by undertaking to pay a penalty for every judicial falsehood of which they might be convicted. If the master paid the penalty of falsehood, the grateful slave[†] would soon feel the necessity and obligation of truth. The character of the negro seems to me to resemble that of the dog. I have heard anecdotes of the gratitude and fidelity of West-India slaves, quite similar to the anecdotes of dogs with which every one is familiar. I have also been informed, that the jealousy of their master's favour is as strong in the negro as in the dog. It is evident that such men may be strongly influenced by their animal affections, however defective in intellect or in moral perception.

The principle by which slavery might be mitigated, and gradually abolished, is illustrated in the fable of Apollo feeding the flocks of Admetus, in the second book of Telemachus; nothing can exceed the beauty, the tenderness, or the *truth*, of this exquisite passage [‡]. It is too long to be quoted. It begins thus: "Il me disoit souvent que je devois prendre courage," &c. If the abolitionists have any influence with the Government, it is their duty to exert it in favour of the slaves; but if (as I suspect to be the case) they have no such influence, or if they find, upon trial, that their influence is ineffectual or delusive, let them purchase some of the land and negroes that the planters are desirous to sell, and imitate, on their own estates, the example of Mr Steele.

I conceive, that deserving slaves, emancipated, and educated in this country, would be the best missionaries for christianizing the African slaves. But "*if any man will do the work, he shall know of the doctrine.*" Let the enterprise be undertaken with sincerity and ardour, and the necessary means will occur spontaneously. *Arma dabunt ipsi.* The very touch of difficulty will summon up the power by which it may be subdued.

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[*] *Luke*, ch. viii. 38, 39, 40. There are many passages in the Scriptures which throw much light on the science of political economy. I do not think that either the religious or the political writers of this age are sufficiently aware of this.

[†] Grateful, *because honoured.* "Notre ame est haute, et tout ce qui a un air de respect pour sa dignité la penètre et l'enchante; *aussi notre orgueil ne fut-il jamais ingrat.*"—Marwaux.

[‡] Some of Fenelon's images appear too beautiful to be natural; but I conceive that they are just an instinctive presentiment, in men of genius and virtue, of what *human nature* will hereafter become. We are but in the infancy of our moral being.

IV. On Insolvency.

It seems to me that every insolvent debtor ought to have the benefit of a trial by jury, before he is cast into prison, or deprived of his property. The jury will ascertain whether his insolvency has proceeded from *crime*, from *imprudence*, from a *rise in the value of currency*, or from any other inevitable *misfortune*. If from crime, let him be punished. If from imprudence, let him be made to enter into certain engagements; and, if he violates these engagements, let him be punished. If from a change in the value of currency, the jury may recommend that the nominal amount of the debt be reduced; and, though this recommendation will not bind the creditor, it will always be weighty, and often effectual. If from inevitable misfortune, the jury may find out some *remedy* appropriate to the particular evil, or such light may be thrown on the causes and progress of the evil, as may suggest some method of subsequently *preventing* it. In all cases, a trial by jury may do good; in no case can it do evil.

A naval commander is brought to trial if the ship with which he is entrusted has been wrecked; the interests of the public are thus secured, and the merits or demerits of these commanders investigated and ascertained. The interests of creditors might be secured, and the characters of debtors investigated, in the same way. It appears to me, that, in proportion as the legal securities for payment of debt are diminished, the moral securities will become stronger; that the demand for mercantile prudence, and mercantile integrity, will increase; that imprudence or dishonesty in trade will become as infamous and as rare as cowardice in war; and that those evils will be prevented by good morals, which have been rather increased than diminished by laws.

If this proposal tends to lessen the security of the lender, it must increase the difficulty of borrowing, and raise the rate of interest; and it will thereby check the spirit of commercial adventure *which appears to have become excessive*. The world has become more enterprising in commerce, for the same reason that it had become more enterprising in war. The same active principle has been transferred from war to trade, and has changed the tactics of the one, as it had changed those of the other. We cannot account for these changes, but we can trace their progress and diffusion, and anticipate some of their consequences.

V. Commercial Interests.

If the corn-laws were abolished, and the national debt reduced, the price of British manufactures would fall, and their exportation increase*. How are other countries to pay for these exports? In *money* or in *goods*?

If in *money*, the relative supply of money must increase in this country, —its relative value must fall,—the price of *all* commodities must rise,—exportation will be checked; and we shall lose, by the excess of exports, all the advantages which we shall have reaped by the abolition of the corn-laws, and the reduction of the public debt.

If they pay in *commodities*, their industry must be exerted in producing these commodities, their wealth must increase, their political institutions must be improved, the principles of disorder must be exhausted by habitual and successful industry, and the principles of intellectual, moral, and political improvement, *at liberty* to produce their natural effects. Every improvement will be transferred to these countries as soon as it is exemplified in Britain. "A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

It is evident, therefore, that the commercial interests of this country are bound up in the same system with the political interests of othe countries; and that nothing can obstruct the progress of liberty in Europe, without obstructing the progress of commerce in Britain. The question is not, whether Carthage shall be destroyed or preserved? but, whether *Rome* shall be destroyed, in order that Carthage may be destroyed also? There are perhaps some difficulties in the commencement of this new policy; but nothing can exceed the magnificence of the prospect that lies beyond them. The very extent of the view, and grandeur of the objects, will excite an intelligence and an energy by which the greatest difficulties will be overcome. Great objects must excite great minds, and little minds will follow then.

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* It is evident, that a reduction of the debt, coupled with an abolition of the corn-laws, would not be injurious either to the fundholder or to the landholder; the price of agricultural and manufactured produce would fall, and the cheapness of commodities would repair the evils produced by the reduction of incomes.—*See Thoughts Reducing the Debt*, in *No.* 94 *of the Farmer's Magazine.*

VI.

I have just read a "Report of a debate in council at Barbadoes, on the dispatch of my Lord Bathurst to his excellency Sir Henry Warde;" and I think it impossible to read the very able speech of Mr Hamden without suspecting that the abolitionists have calumniated the planters. I do not suspect them of intentional falsehood, or even of malice; but I think that they abuse the moral strength of their cause, and that they are in danger of destroying the effect of their virtuous indignation, by too prompt and heedless an exercise of it. These men do not know the *real strength* of the cause which they advocate. They are not aware, that a clear, unreserved, uncompromising exposition of *general principles*, by men who know the power as well as the truth of their argument, is the most powerful weapon of attack which Nature has given for overthrowing all the high places of wickedness. It excites in bad men a feeling of inferiority and degradation which the pride of human nature cannot endure,—an apprehension of infamy, more intolerable than the actual suffering. *Dolendi modus, timendi non item.* There is another advantage in this way of attacking abuses. It cannot injure the innocent, or those who are at peace with their own consciences, and who, to the best of their ability, identify their private interests with the interests of other men. General principles are naturally opposed to arbitrary power; and none have cause to dread the former, who are not interested in maintaining the latter.

It seems to me, that the *debts* of the West-India planters might be reduced with the consent of their creditors, as the *rents* of British farmers have been reduced with the consent of their landlords. But I am not sufficiently acquainted with the facts of this subject.

I am not sure that a white man should be punished with *death*, on the evidence of slaves. He may be sent home to this country, and *confined* in a *Panopticon*. The punishment ought to be proportioned to the strength of the evidence, as well as to the magnitude of the crime. This principle would admit of a more general application.

A. B. C.

Song on the 42d Regiment.

THEY come—the glorious band!
But few their numbers be;
Their thousands sleep on foreign land,
Far—far beyond the sea!

But weep not for the dead,
Whose toils and pains are o'er;
For them alone should tears be shed
Who live but to deplore

For hearts of hope bereft—
(The love of woman flown)
For youth and beauty early left
To pine and die alone.

Youth's laurels bloom in tears—
Its memory, breathed in sighs,
Lives on thro' friendship's fleeting years,
And with fond friendship dies.

But what is Fame to those
Its voice who cannot hear—
Which breaks not on the long repose,
Nor soothes the "dull, cold" ear?

Then weep not for the dead,
For they are past all pain;
No breaking heart—no aching head
Lies on the battle-plain!

J. M.

THE HARUM-SCARUM CLUB.

No. IV.

> But how the subject theme may gang,
> Let time and chance determine;
> Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
> Perhaps turn out a sermon. *Burns.*

MR EDITOR,

At the request of my brethren of the Harum-Scarum Club, I for once take the post of our much-respected Secretary, Martinus Scriblerus, who has met with an accident, which, although not dangerous, will for some time prevent him from wielding the quill.

It is one of Rochefoucault's maxims, that, in the misfortunes of our best friends, there is always something not unpleasing to us; and his observation is so far confirmed in the circumstance I have just stated; for while all of us esteem and regard our worthy brother and Secretary, we are pleased to have an opportunity, for once, of substituting another in his office; not that we are dissatisfied with his services, but that we may supply some circumstances which he has omitted. From his communications to you, it would appear that the club consisted of only six members; whereas, in the language of Wordsworth, "we are seven." Whether this error proceeded from our Secretary's modesty, or that, like the wise men of Gotham, he omitted himself, when reckoning over the members, we shall not determine; suffice it to say, that he produced a sey-piece, and was enrolled a member, on that evening when the Club was constituted; and as his pen has given some notoriety to our Institution, whether we are to obtain the respect, or excite the risibility of the public, we hold it meet that he take his proportionate share. And as he has faithfully sketched the characters of the different members, we have resolved that his shall not be omitted in the group; and although now a little in the background, it shall be portrayed with fidelity; for, in obedience to the commands of the Club, and also my own feelings, I shall

> Nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice.

Scriblerus is a bachelor in the noon of life, by profession a limb of the law. He lately had a fair chance of succeeding to the office of Town-Clerk, which is now filled by a venerable gentleman, whom Time will soon oblige to resign; but the H. S. Club is obnoxious in the eyes of our rulers, and our Secretary, in his account of it, has incurred their high displeasure; hence there is no chance of his succeeding to any office or emolument under their patronage. In his early years, he was rather a wildish boy, and being, in our homely phrase, *gleg of the uptake*, his lessons at school cost him little trouble, leaving him leisure for other pursuits; and many of his school-boy pranks are still remembered, both by his friends and enemies; for he had studied and practised many hocus-pocus tricks, and might have passed for a Herman Boaz in town, and a conjuror in the country. He constructed a magic lantern and camera obscura; had always a supply of phosphorus, detonating powders, and other chemical preparations, by which he amused some, while others trembled with alarm at his exhibitions. During the leisure hours of his apprenticeship, he studied natural and experimental philosophy with some success, particularly electricity and galvanism, both of which still contribute to his amusement. With a heart that feels, and a hand ever ready, according to his abilities, to relieve what he believes the real distresses of his fellow-creatures, Martin still delights in his practical jokes on the ignorant and timid; forgetting, that the fears of a bewildered imagination are in themselves real evils, often producing acute and lasting pain. And although he every night devotes a portion of his time endeavouring to banish his landlady's rheumatism by electricity, yet he is never better pleased than when he can extract some fun from his philosophy. But, exclusive of losing the Town Clerkship, by quizzing the Provost, he has lately had two practical lessons, which, it is the hope of his friends, will, in some degree, wean him from this propensity.

A rich, but simple countryman, not long ago, called on him, intending to employ him as his agent in a lawsuit. The electric machine stood on a table in the room, and Scriblerus saw, with delight, that his client viewed it with wondering curiosity; and in answer to a query what it was, replied, that it was a newly-invented musical instrument; and proposed playing an air, requesting the man to hold the chain till he put it in tune. The consequence may be easily guessed; the countryman received a shock, which first frightened, and then offended him; no apology nor explanation could appease him; he went off in a rage, and our friend lost his client. The accident alluded to, in the beginning of my letter, was produced by a similar cause. His landlady had got a new servant-maid, who, Martin soon discovered, had never seen an electric machine; he conceived this an opportunity too good to be lost, and soon planned a double plot, in which his dupes were to be the servant-maid Susan, and his landlady's cat. Having put his machine in good tune, he called Susan up stairs, and, by some plausible story, persuaded her to sit down with puss on her lap, holding her gently with both hands. Twisting the chain around the cat's neck, he proceeded without delay, and soon produced effects far beyond his anticipations, for when the discharge took place, Susan, uttering a wild scream, fell on the floor, dragging both the cat and the electric machine along with her. Scriblerus, in his attempts to disengage the chain, had his right hand severely bit by the infuriated animal, and the machine was dashed in pieces. The scream of the girl had alarmed her mistress, who, coming up, found Susan on the floor in a swoon, and the lawyer standing over her, with his hand bleeding profusely. The good woman soon formed an opinion of the cause very wide of the truth, and began to express her sentiments accordingly, when her lodger entreated her to run for Dr Tell, and all should be explained afterwards. The man of medicine was luckily at home, and hastened to his friend. When the girl was restored to life, though scarcely to her senses, Martin proceeded to state what had produced this unexpected catastrophe, and expressed great alarm about his wound, which was very painful, and his arm already much swelled. Dr Tell saw his alarm, and believed it might be well to take advantage of his fears, as the means of curing his propensity to those wanton tricks. He therefore dressed the wound with a grave countenance, and being earnestly entreated to say, candidly, whether any bad consequences were likely to follow, seemed reluctant to answer. This only increased the alarm of his patient; and being adjured, in the most solemn manner, to speak candidly, he said, that the cat had been put in a rabid state by the shock, and there was no foreseeing the possible consequences; although he hoped to prevent them, by putting his patient under a troublesome and severe regimen. Having kept his friend under this terror as long as appeared prudent, he read him a severe lecture on the imaginary fears he had too often inflicted on others, and obtained a solemn promise, that these tricks should be renounced; he then assured Scriblerus he had no bad consequences to apprehend, and that he would undertake the cure with the utmost confidence.

The story soon got air, to the amusement of his friends, and the secret gratification of his enemies. Some advised him to apply to Prince Hohenloe; while others agreed, that, being a heretic, the holy man would not pray for him, or even if he did, it would not be answered. Martin himself now laughs at the joke, which is known all over the town, and has already cost him a new gown to the servant-maid, and another electric machine, besides disqualifying him from writing for some time to come.

I now annex a copy of his sey-piece, which he prefaced with the following introduction:

The scene of the following traditionary tale lies on the coast, a few miles north-east of Arbroath; the romantic caves are well known, some of which run quite through rocks, and land him who explores them on a spot where all is new around him. One is dark, and runs to great extent under ground. In the ages of ignorance and superstition, this was named the "Forbidden Cave," and firmly believed to be occupied by demons from the infernal regions. Even in the last century, few would have been found possessed of sufficient fortitude to venture within its portal. I have often heard the outline of my tale told by my grandmother, although I have taken the liberty of altering the catastrophe, which, as related by her, was truly horrible. Dickmount-Law is more than a mile distant from the entrance of the cave, where, according to tradition, the piper and his wife entered, when returning drunk from a wedding. Next day, the piper was heard at Dickmount-Law, sounding his drone, also his wife singing the following distich, in a doleful tone;

Lone, lost, and weary, plays Tammy Tyrie,
Beneath the barns of Dickmount-Law!

Soon after, the piper's dog was seen to issue from the cave, with such accompaniments as I shall not shock your feelings by naming; but they plainly indicated the death of his mistress. The piper continued to play incessantly for some nights and days after, but was never more seen on earth. Thus runs the current tradition, which at one period was firmly believed by many.

The Piper of Dickmount-Law.

I CHANT the deeds of departed days,
A tale of the olden time;
Though limpingly lags on my verse,
And careless is my rhyme.

If you've ever been where rude rocks rise,
By Brothock's winding shore,
Where Becket's ruin'd Abbey stands
In age sublimely hoar;

You've seen the deep indented caves,
The work of Nature's hand;
And their yawning fronts, where wild waves dash,
As they rush o'er the strand.

And, haply, you have heard the tale
Of thedark Forbidden Cave,
Where none who enter'd e'er return'd,
To find an earthly grave.

When the waning moon hangs in the west,
With mildew on her horn,
Strange shapes would rise from the deep dark sea,
On the bounding billows borne.

In wintry winds, a boat of fire,
Steer'd by a spectre form,
Would proudly rise on the mountain wave,
Light gliding in the storm;

Like arrow from a well-bent bow,
Would shoot athwart the gloom,
And swifter than the speed of light
Dart in its darksome womb.

Then the paddling oars were heard to plash,
Amidst the salt-sea foam;
And a hollow voice, from its dark recess,
Would cry, "You're welcome home!"

Then shouts of wild unearthly glee
Would strike the list'ning ear;
And laughter loud, and revelry,
Unmeet for man to hear.

The sea-fowls, sleeping in their nests,
Would wake with wailing scream;
And the fisher, laid on his homely couch,
Would start in a frightful dream.

The sheep would bleat in the distant fold,
As the grey-rocks echoed round,
And stars would shoot in the midnight sky,
So awful was the sound.

The frighten'd fish forgot to swim,
And jump'd with quivering fin;
The limpet clung to the tangled crag,
So dreadful was the din.

Down div'd beneath the briny flood,
The monsters of the deep;
And the hoary seal, with shaggy head,
Behind the rocks would creep.

And then would wake the winds of heav'n,
And the bellowing tempests roar;
And the mountain wave, with curling head,
Would lash the sounding shore.

And never a boat would take the sea
Till the Sabbath bell had rung;
Nor fisher dare to leave the land
Till holy mass was sung.

Tom Tyrie was a man of might,
Who liv'd at Dickmount-Law,
And none like him, besouth the Dee,
Could Highland bagpipe blaw:

When the bridegroom went to meet his bride,
The piper aye cheer'd him on;
And the harvest-home was dull and sad
Without his mirthful drone.

Kate Gray, his wife, had a rosy cheek,
And bright was her black eye;
With love, plain fare, and good brown ale,
Their years flew swiftly by.

Tom said, "I go to a wedding-feast,
Kate, you'll gang to the sea;
The moon is round, and the crabs are rich,
And you'll gather a dish for me."

The sun shines bright, and bonny Kate
Trips lightly o'er the lea;
And now she stems the rippling wave,
Coats kilted to her knee.

Deep, deep in a pool, a crab she saw,
With claws of wondrous size;
And plunging deep, she dragg'd him out,
Exulting o'er her prize.

Her basket full, she lean'd her down,
To rest on a hillock green,
When heaviness came o'er her heart,
And sleep soon clos'd her e'en:

She doz'd and dream'd—no matter what,
And wakened wild and lone;
Her basket stood close by her side,
But the matchless crab was gone.

She sought him east, and she sought him west,
Where'er she thought he'd sprawl;
And just in the jaws of the haunted cave
She beheld him swiftly crawl.

His elastic claws were large and long,
And over the stones he hies;
Kate follow'd fast, for loth was she
To lose so rich a prize.

She stoops, but still he shuns her grasp,
Alas! for hapless Kate!
His side-long strides decoy her on,
And lure her to her fate.

Within the foul Forbidden Cave
She caught him by the claw;
And turn'd around, to bear him out,
Then hie to Dickmount-Law;

But dark clouds now bedim the sky,
And loud is Ocean's roar;
The foaming billows, mountain high,
Are dashing round the shore:

Loud thunders roll along the heav'ns,
The rocks around her quake,
With hollow echoes long and deep
She feels the cavern shake;

The fire-flaught spreads in sheets of flame,
Or shoots in arrowy stream;
Dark frowns the cavern's hoary sides
Beneath the lurid gleam.

Still presses on the rolling waves;
More deep the gloom profound;
Kate's far in the Forbidden Cave,
And all is darkness round!

On Dickmount-Law the evening sun
Sheds soft and golden sheen;
The birds sing blithe in every bush,
Sweet smells the meadow-green:

Kingblythmont bank is fair to see,
For love and mirth are there;
A blushing bride and blithe bridegroom
Have banish'd every care.

Tam Tyrie winds his humming drone,
And looks both fond and fain
On light-heel'd lasses in the dance,
With crotchets in his brain.

Oh! little does the minstrel ween
Of wife and children dear,
How they must pass the cheerless night,
To them both long and drear.

So rare the minstrel's melody,
So rich their mirthful fun,
The sun was peeping from the sea
Before their sport was done.

With bagpipe dumb, below his arm,
Tam homeward bends his way;
His brow with nappy ale was warm,
His heart was light and gay.

His little dog across the plain
The leveret would pursue,
Tear up the gowans in his teeth,
And frisk among the dew.

At home, instead of the welcome smile,
He beheld his children weep;
And cold and pale grew the piper's cheek,
To think on the salt-sea deep.

The bonny lasses were now forgot,
As he hurried down the hill;
For though he had a light wand'ring eye,
Kate reign'd in his bosom still.

He looked long among craigs and rocks,
And wearily wander'd round;
At last he resolv'd to touch his pipe,
Convinced she would know the sound.

The dog ran east, and the dog ran west,
He smell'd at the salt-sea foam,
He snuff'd along the shells and sand,
Where the hapless wife did roam;

He follow'd the scent till he came to the cave,
Where all was dark within,
Stood still, and whin'd, and wagg'd his tail,
Afraid to venture in;

When the bridegroom went to meet his bride,
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He follow'd the scent till he came to the cave,
Where all was dark within,
Stood still, and whin'd, and wagg'd his tail,
Afraid to venture in;

Came back and caught the piper's coat,
And look'd with his hazel e'e,
And said, as plain as a dog could speak,
"Dear master, go with me!"

He led the piper o'er the stones,
Till the Cave was right before,
And tried to drag the minstrel in,
As he finger'd his chanter o'er.

His sharp shrill pipe, and sounding drone,
Loud echo'd in the air;
He tried to peep within the Cave,
But all was darkness there.

The sun was warm—his throat grew dry,
And sweat ran o'er his e'en;
And the piper thought of the good brown ale
He quaff'd so free yestreen.

He paus'd for breath—then jump'd in joy,
And forward fearless ran;
For Kate upon her piper smil'd,
And shew'd a flowing can:

"O blessings on you, my bonny Kate!
Come here, my winsome dame!"
"It may not be—you must come to me,
For I cannot leave my hame;

"But come, dear Tam—we've meat and drink,
And mirthful minstrels too;
I've danced till the sweat ran o'er my brow,
But I'll dance a reel with you!"

Her cheek had ne'er so richly glow'd,
Ne'er was her eye so bright;
Tam never thought that woman's face
Could give such dear delight:

He rush'd within the fatal Cave,
To clasp her glowing charms,
And cried, "O come, my darling Kate,
And bless your husband's arms!"

She whisper'd softly in his ear,
"There's one you cannot see,
Who seeks, by dint of glamour's guile,
To win my heart from thee;

"He's now between me and the door,
I dare not mint to gang,
Lest he, by strength of magic spell,
Should work us deadly wrang."

A smile was on her dewy lip,
But a tear was in her e'e;
"To weal or woe—to life or death,
Dear Kate, I'll gang with thee!"

As Orpheus, for Eurydice,
Sought Pluto's dark abode;
So Tam, in love to darling Kate,
Took the unhallow'd road.

As in some low'ring, dismal night,
Shines forth a trembling star,
Before them, in the darksome Cave,
A spark was glimm'ring far.

Though long the road, they lightly pass'd,
And reach'd a palace fair;
A thousand lamps, in fragrance sweet,
Were brightly blazing there:

Above their heads resplendent moons
In purest azure roll'd;
The finely tesselated floor
Was coral, mix'd with gold.

Tam gazed upon a fairy throng,
Lost in delirious trance;
Light as the bees on heather-bells,
They thread the mazy dance.

The piper sat beside the Queen,
With ravish'd eyes and ears;
Melodious murmurs floating round
The music of the spheres!

The King led Catherine to the floor,
Dark flash'd the piper's e'e:
The Queen, who saw his rising wrath,
Cried, "You shall dance with me."

How sweet she smil'd—how long they danced,
It boots not here to tell;
The King and piper both were pleas'd,
So pow'rful was the spell.

But Kate thought on her bairns and home,
And, anxious to be gone,
She whisper'd in her husband's ear,
And bade him sound his drone.

He blew a Highland pibroch loud,
Made rocks around them rair;
The dancers vanish'd from the floor,
And all was darkness there!

The starry lamps no longer shine,
The golden floor is gone;
And Tam and Kate, in midnight gloom,
Set on a cauld damp stone.

His drone had never bumm'd so loud,
So bauld he never blew,
So lightly on the sounding pipe
His fingers never flew:

At home, the bairns around the fire
Blithe heard the chanter bum;
And bird and beast, round Dickmount-Law,
All gazed in silence dumb:

No piper was on hill or dale;
But aye they heard the sound;
And soon they felt the dinsome noise
Come dirling through the ground.

But Tam and Kate sat both inclos'd
In night and darkness deep;
And round the piper's manly heart
Chill fear began to creep.

Kate felt the frog and loathsome toad
Slow crawling o'er her feet;
And snails and slime, around the walls,
Her trembling fingers meet.

Their faithful dog leap'd, lick'd, and fawn'd,
Impatient to be gone,
And seem'd to say, with earnest whine,
"Come, let me lead you on!"

Kate loos'd the garter from her leg,
The end was snatch'd by Spring;
The cur will thus the beggar lead,
And guide him in a string.

She took the piper on her arm,
And bade him briskly play;
And through the long Forbidden Cave
They slowly wend their way.

Thus through the labyrinth of Crete,
By Ariadne's thread,
The Grecian hero hail'd the sun,
By Love and Beauty led.

The sun shines soft, and the birds are blithe,
And Dickmount-Law is green;
But softer smiles the winsome Kate,
More blithe her piper's e'en.

Since our Secretary's last communication to you, we have admitted five new members. The first is a gentleman, who, being bred to the sea, was lucky enough to become sailing-master of a West-Indiaman, and in a few years after married the only daughter of a wealthy merchant recently dead; his lady stipulating, that, as she had wealth sufficient to procure happiness, he should leave the sea, and accompany her to Scotland, to the land that gave birth to her father. He replied, in the words of Hammond,

With thee, in lonely deserts I could dwell,
Where never human footstep mark'd the ground!

They have been settled here for some years, and are a most amiable couple. She is gay without levity, and modest without prudery. He is fond of his wife, but not uxorious; his talents are rather solid than shining: they are rich without being purse-proud; and their house is the mansion of hospitality, without ostentation. He has an extensive acquaintance, but only a few intimate friends; and these, like himself, are generally temperate, both in eating and drinking. If he has any bad habit, it is that of being an inveterate snuff-taker; he had learned to smoke on shipboard, but renounced it, in complaisance to his lady. The following is his inaugural poem at his introduction to the club.

Tobacco.

LET Celts and Saxons o'er their whisky smile,
While dear potsheen delights the Emerald Isle;
John Bull get maudlin o'er his muddy beer,
Or pour his ale, like amber bright and clear;
While Billingsgate resounds with ceaseless din,
Inspir'd by fiery, noxious, home-made gin;
Jamaica rum let Glasgow merchants quaff,
Till echoes deep return the joyous laugh;
Let Hollands and Nantes Brandy, in disguise
As cordial waters, tippling wives entice;
Let Eastern grandees on their sofas set,
Their drowsy opium chew, and sip sherbet;
Let fragrant coffee cheer the student's brain,
And frothy chocolate the fluttering train,
Who breathless run in Fashion's giddy round,
In luxury plunged—in dissipation drown'd;
Let France and Spain exulting sing their vine—
A humbler, yet a nobler theme be mine.
Tobacco, hail!—rich aromatic plant!
Thy virtues I would sing, thy praises chant;
The Indian sees thy smoking incense rise,
Fit offering for the ruler of the skies;
Thou art the pledge of peace; thy curling smoke
Confirms a league no interest can revoke.
From orient climes, where lasting summer shines,
Ripening the diamond in Golconda's mines,
To where the sun, in the far distant west,
Shines on the Appalachian mountain's breast,
Or, further still, sheds his meridian smiles
On California, or the Sandwich Isles;
From northern Oonolaska's deserts hoar,
To southern Patagonia's dreary shore;
Wide o'er the world thy social charms are dealt,
Thy virtues own'd, thy cheering influence felt;
The prince, the clown, the tyrant, and the slave,
The hardy tar that stems the stormy wave,
The sage, the savage, and the devotee,
All court thy aid, for all delight in thee:

The Eastern Monarch leaves the Haram's charms,
And quits, for thee, his fond Sultana's arms;
With thee, on gilded couch at ease to loll,
When Beauty's blush has fail'd to warm his soul,
He scorns Circassia's smile and loveliest bloom,
To breathe the fragrance of thy rich perfume:
Where sultry suns with languid heat oppress,
'Tis thine to breathe a balm for weariness;
The twisted hookah throughthe water led,
Thy cooling sweets are then more richly shed:
In colder regions of the frozen north,
Where Winter sends his icy horrors forth,
Thou can'st the rigours of the climate charm,
Glad the cold lips, the shivering bosom warm.
Their hours some o'er the silver tankard pass;
Some drain the wine-cup, or the sparkling glass;
The busy artisan, and guzzling sot,
Both swill their porter from a pewter pot!
Gay *bon-vivants* indulge the flow of soul,
With warm libations from the porcelain bowl;
The jolly yeoman tells his evening tale
O'er cyder flatulent, or potent ale;
The squire's October is his pride and boast,
His nightly dose a tankard and a toast.
These are no calm and philosophic joys;
Their children—laughter, song, and boisterous noise;
The parents, too, of apoplexy dire,
Vertigo, and podagra's raging fire—
The quicken'd pulse, parch'd tongue, and restless night,
Dull aching head at morn's returning light—
Lost appetite, blotch'd face, and purple nose—
All these, and other nameless, countless woes,
Conspire to rack and waste the human frame,
When constant, strong excitement fans the flame;
Like burning taper in a stream of air,
The dazzling blaze may shed a brighter glare;
Unsteady shines the flickering, fitful light,
Grows dim—flames—trembles—and expires in night.
But mark the sage, set in his elbow-chair,
Stranger alike to levity and care;
From snow-white pipe he leisurely inhales
A fragrance richer than Arabian gales;
The burning incense — sweetly-scented balm,
Sheds o'er his face a philosophic calm;
On either hand, perhaps, a social friend,
Of taste congenial, mingling pleasures blend;
At intervals, the odoriferous smoke
Is follow'd by the sly, insinuating joke;
Around their heads the curling vapours roll,
Diffusing bland serenity of soul.
Nor less alone this pleasure is enjoy'd;
While glows the pipe, the mind not unemploy'd;
'Twas thus great Newton smok'd, and clear'd his brain,
And whiff'd and thought, and puff'd and thought again;
Regal'd his senses, while his mighty mind,
Abstracted, left the wondering world behind.
See him deep plunged in poverty's low vale,
With sickly, sedentary labour pale,
And hear him frankly to his friend declare,
He'll rather stint his scanty, homely fare,
Than be denied the rich salubrious treat,
Restorative, beyond expression sweet!
The veteran warrior, on the tented plain,
Victim of scorching suns and soaking rain,
As rolls the rattling drum, lights his cigar,
And hastes to wage the sanguinary war;
The houseless wretch, who nightly makes his bed
Where green woods wave, and stars shine o'er his head,
If full or fasting, strikes the ready steel,
That he the soul-inspiring smoke may feel;
His black and stunted pipe, two inches long,
He lights, and sucks with inspiration strong,
Then on his bed of green leaves lays him down,
More carëless far than he who wears a crown.
But life's best bliss is oftentimes abus'd,
And ills and sorrows follow gifts misused;
The gentle breeze that fills the swelling sail,
Or breathes rich health along the rural vale,
When risen to tempest, ravages the plains,
Leaves roofless cottages, and ruin'd swains;
The stream that irrigates the meadow green,
Will fertilize and beautify the scene;
But to a torrent swollen, it bursts its bound,
Resistless, scattering desolation round;

A gentle fragrance will regale the sense;
But, when too strong, the odour gives offence;
Or loathsome weeds may be with roses twined,
The odour flies, and leaves the stench behind.
  Yon creaking signboard, swinging in the gale,
Lures to the Harrow, famous for its ale;
The landlord jolly, and his helpmate fair,
All meet a frank, or specious welcome there;
His ready tale, her smile and sparkling eye,
With nappy brown, make light-wing'd hours glide by.
The door is open—loud the bustling din—
Suppose we see what's going on within;
The noisy guests are in the parlour met,
And round a slabbered wainscot-table set,
With pipes, tobacco, bottles, glasses crown'd,
Fish-bones and oyster-shells commingling round;
Coarse tawdry prints hung round the walls are seen,
With names below, to tell you what they mean;
The Sailor's Parting, and his glad Return;
Britannia weeping o'er her Nelson's urn;
Fox-hunting, and the famous horse Eclipse;
Milkmaids, Don Cossacks, birds, and battle-ships:
But all are veil'd in deep impervious gloom,
For smoke, thick, dark, and dense, pervades the room;
The candles glimmering through the misty haze,
Like wintry stars when fogs obscure their rays:
Loud is their laughter and continuous noise,
While swilling, smoking, still prolong their joys;
Alike if shag or twist—no kind comes wrong—
Virginia sweet or Oronooko strong;
Their talk, at best buffoonery, idle, vain,
With songs libidinous, and jests profane.
They pull the bell, impatiently they bawl,
And swearing loud, for cards and liquor call.
Your glowing cheek, and titillating cough,
Declare that you have felt, and seen, and heard enough!
  We turn from these, while Fancy calls to view
Those vulgar feeders, who tobacco chew.
We would not scoff, nor scorn the British Tar,
His country's bulwark in the time of war,
Aware that this is daily his repast,
When, light of heart, he climbs the rocking mast;
Amidst the battle's roar, smoke hovering dun,
He turns his quid, and coolly points his gun;
And, wounded, laid beside some messmate slain,
A snatch of pig-tail mitigates his pain.
But landsmen—faugh!—it is a vulgar feast,
Foul as the opium-eaters of the East!
Ye sensual slaves to such a habit vile,
List to the laughter-loving muse and smile:
  I know a town—it matters nothing where,
Tobacco-eaters are abundant there;
Last Winter, when the storm's resistless force
Laid strict embargo upon cart and horse,
Coals, meal, and salt, had disappear'd and fled,
And, shivering, some went supperless to bed;
But, worse than all—tobacco there was none.
All was consum'd, each dealer's stock was done.
Ah! dire distress for the narcotic plant,
When many there could neither work nor want:
As shipwreck'd sailors, 'midst their numerous woes,
By thirst and famine pinch'd, their senses lose,
A son of Crispin felt his reason fly,
With giddy head, his palate parch'd and dry;
His dinner-board was crown'd with wholesome fare;
But all was loath'd—tobacco was not there!
"What boots," he cried, "in want at home to die?
I'll dare the storm, to seek some kind supply!"
Quick from his stall the frenzied cobler pass'd,
And sallied out, regardless of the blast;
Amidst the pathless wreaths he floundered on,
Till resolution fail'd, and strength was gone;
His weary limbs in snow encumber'd deep,
He felt a numbness o'er his vitals creep,
He sigh'd, and thought of those now left behind,
His prattling children, and their mother kind,
Then cast around a sad, despairing look,
And madly from his greasy pocket took
The seal-skin pouch, which held the treasur'd store,
Which Frenzy whisper'd he should taste no more!

'Twas large and sleek, thick clad with glossy hair,
And strongly flavour'd with his favourite fare;
He lick'd—he chew'd—so long condemned to fast,
His heart reviv'd—so rich the rare repast,
The hairy skin, so grateful to his taste,
Was all devour'd, in keen, voracious haste!
Thus Captain Franklin and his followers fed
On leather, *tripe de roche*, and made their bed
In desert snows, far from the haunts of men,
In stiffening cold to wake, anew to pine again.
I here might close, but it would be unjust,
Should I omit the titillating dust;
Snuff-takers too might say I did them wrong
Were they forgot, neglected in my song.
I speak not of the foppish, essenced thing,
His lily finger graced with brilliant ring,
Who sports his box, its lustre to display,
Precisely neat, or negligently gay;
Of him I sing, whose snuff-box can inspire
With new ideas, or with brighter fire.
The grave divine, long puzzled and perplex'd,
With dubious comment on some crabbed text,
Inhales a pinch, to clear his clouded brain,
And finds the reading clear, the meaning plain:
The sage physician, e'er he name the dose,
First feels the patient's pulse, then primes his nose:
The lawyer, musing on a knotty cause,
In quest of quibbles, quirks, and legal flaws,
Turns Blackstone o'er—reads—raps his box, and then
Peruses, pauses—snuffs, and reads again:
The starving poet, hunting for a rhyme,
A simile, or metaphor sublime,
Will in his snuff-box inspiration find,
Nicotiana is a muse most kind:
The wandering beggar, homeless, blind, and old,
When in his face the wind blows keen and cold,
The round hail gathering in his hoary locks,
Turns round, and seeks for comfort in his box.
As epicures high-seasoned food require,
So Macuba, or Strasburg, some admire;
Some invalids, when vapours cloud the brain,
Inhale Cephalic, to relieve their pain;
Some Lundyfoot, or Irish Blackguard prize;
And all but Cotton's mixture some despise;
With those in health plain food does best agree,
Even so, Kirk of Kirkaldy's Black Rappee
I prize, amidst the multifarious throng—
'Tis wholesome, fragrant, pungent, sweet, and strong!
Why should the muse, fastidious, scorn to sing
The snuff-box—present worthy of a king?
As witness those, to strangers of renown,
That day our gracious Sovereign got the crown:
Some are with gems and splendid brilliants graced,
Or massive gold, enamelled and enchas'd;
Plain silver some—the marbled, crooked-horn,
By many Scotsmen as an heir-loom worn;
Some those of Laurencekirk with pride regard,
Enrich'd with scenes from Coila's matchless bard:
Papier maché gives fops and fools delight,
With pictures, painful to the modest sight,
Where eyes licentious gloat with wanton gaze,
And loose inscriptions, couched in Gallic phrase;
The poor man's store-house, horn, or latten-tin,
He cares not for the box, but what's within;
Mine, on its lid, tells of an absent friend—
Recalls the past, where mingled feelings blend,
And meditating much on what has been,
With smiles and sighs I mark the changing scene;
Till Reason whispers, life is sun and shade;
A flowery meadow, and a frosty glade;
Convinced that man the sour with sweet must share,
I take another pinch, and try to banish care.

We named this speaker Sir Walter Raleigh, for reasons which will be obvious to every reader, who recollects when and by whom tobacco was first introduced into this country.

The next member admitted was an unmarried gentleman, whose sun of life was now declining. He had been educated for the church, was licensed, and had preached occasionally, when he entered as tutor in a gentleman's family, from whom he received a promise of a living whenever it should become vacant, the incumbent being then old. While in that situation, a mutual attachment took place between him and a young lady; and their union was delayed, only from prudential motives, till he should be inducted in the promised living. He had long been intimately acquainted with a College companion, and their intimacy had for some time been matured into friendship. This young man, who was now also licensed, came to reside in the same quarter of the country, and often visited his friend; and being well received in the family, most villanously contrived to ruin his friend, by secretly aspersing his character. The result was, that some slight pretence was found for dismissing the tutor whose place was instantly filled by his infamous traducer. The old parson died in about a year after, and the false friend succeeded to the living. Not satisfied with the injuries he had already done, he contrived to inflict a still deeper and more poignant wound; for in less than three months after his induction, he married the faithless woman, whose heart and hand were pledged to his friend. With a heart feelingly alive to the warmest sympathies of Friendship, and the still more tender endearments of Love, and thus basely betrayed by the one, and deceived in the other, Mr —— for some time almost renounced his intercourse with the world, earning a precarious subsistence by writing for the London booksellers. At length, by the death of a distant relation, he succeeded to a small fortune, which his retirement and temperance renders equal to his wants. He came to reside here, that he might, if possible, forget scenes which he was determined never again to visit. While his heart overflows with "the milk of human kindness," the bitter gall of misanthropy drops from his tongue. "With few associates, and not wishing more," he is esteemed and beloved by all who know him well. He wished to become a member of the Club, as a relaxation and relieving variety, from the dull uniformity of his life. His introductory piece was the following; and all of us listened with melancholy pleasure during his recitation:

The Rainbow;

An Elegy.

'Twas Summer, and the radiant lord of day
Bright on his golden car had mounted high:
The flow'rs, erewhile, so fragrant, green, and gay,
In languor droop'd beneath a burning sky:

The birds were hush'd within the leafy brake,
And Echo silent in her dim wood-cave;
The herds were hast'ning to the cooling lake,
Their thirst to quench, their panting sides to lave:

The trout was gasping in his shallow pool,
The nibbling sheep in languor nipp'd the blade;
And urchins loiter'd as they crawl'd from school,
Or lay supine beneath the birchen shade:

The youthful mower dropp'd his brawny arms;
Relax'd, he laid him on the scented grass;
Beside him, beauty glow'd in rural charms,
His fond eye gazing on the ruddy lass.

A dark cloud gather'd in the southern sky,
While sultry stillness hover'd o'er the plain;
And fondly rais'd was many an anxious eye
To hail the harbinger of genial rain;

For o'er the heav'ns, their bright ethereal bow
Sublimely stretch'd, embracing sea and land;
A glowing arch, that reach'd to earth below,
Whose hues resplendent mock the painter's hand.

Magnificently grand its glorious span,
Each varied shade from red to violet there;
Yet none could tell where this or that began,
The regular confusion was so fair.

No fairer painting graces Nature's page;
So rich the splendour of reflecting light,
That old and young, the idiot and the sage,
Delight to gaze, enraptur'd with the sight.

Descending soft, the cool refreshing show'r,
In glittering drops, hung pendant on the spray;
A sweeter fragrance breath'd from herb and flow'r,
And every blossom blush'd in tints more gay.

The rich refulgence now was fading fast;
I to the crowded city bent my way;
Beneath a captive's casement slowly pass'd,
And heard him frame this melancholy lay:

"Illusive picture, mock not thus my eye;
Why wilt thou fade, while I delighted gaze?
Why must I o'er thy vanish'd glory sigh?
A little while in pristine lustre blaze!

"It may not be—I see thy form decay,
Like morning mists before the radiant sun;
In viewless air I mark thee melt away,
Thy race of transitory glory run.

"I saw thee glowing in celestial light,
The hills thy footstool, azure skies thy throne;
But, fainter still, thou fadest from my sight—
Ev'n while I gaze, thou art for ever gone!

"And such our morning dreams of bliss below;
Such is the sun of sublunary joy;
Vain meteor lights, that for a moment glow—
A cloud can make them, and a breeze destroy!

"A time there was, before life's cares began,
When I, enamour'd of thy gaudy charms,
In breathless haste across the meadow ran,
And hop'd to clasp thee in my tiny arms:

"How did my heart in disappointment sigh,
While gazing on thy form so full and fair,
To find thee still far in the distance fly,
Or see thee melt in unsubstantial air!

"And man, alas! mistaken as the child,
Will follow shadows, airy phantoms chace;
By meteors lur'd, by fleeting bliss beguil'd,
Or grasps a shade, or distanced in the race.

"Fair as the rainbow in the summer show'r,
Young Beauty glows in youth's admiring eye;
As fleeting too he sees the transient flow'r
By age destroy'd, or all untimely die:

"Love lulls him in a fond delirious dream
Of visionary bliss, ne'er felt below;
The fair proves faithless as the rainbow's gleam,
Or coy, with heart as cold as Lapland snow.

"Or should she smile, and love for love return,
He fondly hopes to clasp an angel's charms;
Connubial life has cares, and he will mourn
To find the fair but woman in his arms.

"Or should love's sky in cloudless lustre shine,
His myrtles flourish and his roses bloom;
The happy husband soon must sorrowing twine
The mournful cypress wreath around the tomb.

"And Friendship is a flower of specious bloom,
That smiles while Fortune's sun shines warm and bright;
But shrinks beneath the welkin's gathering gloom,
And shuts its bosom at approaching night.

"'Tis oft a feeble, faithless, broken reed,
And he who leans will find himself betray'd;
'Twill pierce his heart, and make his bosom bleed,
When low and fall'n, or groping in the shade.

"Or should some constant heart the storm defy,
As verdant ivy clasps the withering wall;
Yet Time's rude hand will rend the tender tie,
And Ruin triumph in the structure's fall.

"Who trusts in wealth must learn to fix the hues
Of yon bright arch, which lately spann'd the heav'n;
It melts like hoar-frost, fades like morning dews,
And shrinks like Ocean's foam by tempests driv'n.

"Fame's lofty temple stands on fairy-land,
Magnificently tow'rs the magic pile;
And, like the rainbow, ever seems at hand,
While sunbright halos round its turrets smile.

"But, distant far, it stands upon a steep,
And thronging crowds are jostling on the road;
Some ride, some run, some votaries slowly creep,
All fondly gazing on the blest abode.

"Ambition climbs, and, toiling, pants for breath;
His icy path is foul with human gore;
He scatters round him famine, fire, and death;
And, on the journey, falls to rise no more.

"Philosophy and Science still are seen,
Their matins early, or their vigils late;
For both are votaries of the airy queen,
And patiently press forward to the gate.

"The moon-struck minstrel views the glittering fane,
And wields the pen, or strikes the trembling strings;
And hopes, with day-dreams floating o'er his brain,
To reach its portals on Parnassian wings.

"On buoyant wing he leaves the world behind,
Aloft he soars in Fancy's dizzying flight,
Till, lost in clouds, he wakes, and grieves to find
The fairy temple vanish from his sight.

"Thus hallow'd Love, and Friendship's sacred flame,
Like the gay rainbow, shines but to decay;
And those who, panting, trace the path to Fame,
Behold the phantom melt in air away.

"Whoe'er aspires to pure perennial joys,
Must teach his heart above the world to rise;
Must scorn its brightest, most illusive toys,
And fix his hopes on bliss beyond the skies."

When this recital was finished, all of us saw, with regret, that our friend had not yet forgotten those injuries which had blighted his early hopes. We now proposed naming him The Bard of the Leasowes; but he insisted on being known among us by the appellation of The Misanthrope, and we reluctantly complied with his wish.

The characters of the other members admitted, along with these now mentioned, and the pieces recited by them, will form a subsequent communication to you, when our Secretary resumes his functions. Meanwhile, we are enjoying, by anticipation, his surprise, when he sees his own picture in your Miscellany; as we have all agreed, that not a whisper shall transpire concerning this paper, which, should you find less worthy than some of the preceding, I would just beg leave to remind you, that the rich parterre contains the humble daisy beside the blushing rose; that the twitter of the wren, blending with the mellow song of the blackbird, adds to the harmony of the woods; and that Jupiter and Aldebaran shine with brighter lustre in the sky, when contrasted with the dim radiance of the milky-way. With respect to my share in the foregoing, I shall only remark, that Dryden, in the office of Poet-Laureate, was succeeded by Shadwell; and that the fool Johnny Ferguson, for once, filled the chair of the sapient King James.

I am, very respectfully,
Mr Editor,
Your most obedient servant,
for MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,
DEMOCRITUS.

Harum-Scarum Hall,
Burgh of Kittleprankie.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

Literature, like other sublunary things, is subject to constant changes, nay even to extreme revolutions; and what in one age is considered as the acmé of perfection, is often disregarded in the next, and, in a subsequent one again, held up as a model for imitation: in its present state, it perhaps offers as striking a contrast to that of any preceding period, as the fluctuations of any age or time can present.

Till the latter end of the 17th century, the researches of the literati were, with very few exceptions, confined to the classic lore of Greece and Rome, and the sources offered by Western Europe: regardless of the mines of Eastern Europe, and Asiatic literature, that quietly awaited the exploring hand destined to remove the veil that covered them, and the mist that enveloped them, the learned world pursued the beaten track; and if, with the Latin and Greek authors, a Spanish romance, an Italian love-sonnet, or a Troubadour's ballad, engaged their attention, in addition to what the regular theatrical supply required, it was the utmost stretch to which they extended their regards. The eighteenth century made rapid strides towards diffusing a more comprehensive spirit; but the ninteenth bids fair to outstrip all preceding ones in the race after knowledge. How have the exertions of a Belzoni and a Burckhardt enlightened us on Egyptian and African subjects! What treasures may not be hoped for, what historical lights not expected, from the various literary stores of Asia, if the spirit of research, now on the alert, be but properly directed and perseveringly pursued! Strange to say, the immense quantity of manuscripts, &c. collected at the East India-House, still remains hermetically sealed to the world, as far as regards the only useful purpose of amassing them, that of communicating their contents. Would it not be worth while, instead of maintaining an institution for the instruction of a few youths in Indian languages, who have often shown that they will not be *colleged* into knowledge, to appropriate sufficient funds for the purpose of having this mass of manuscripts investigated, and the result communicated to the world? Generally speaking, more real interest seems to exist on this subject on the continent than in England, which is so intimately connected with the East. But even nearer home, a large field remains to be explored, some parts of which are almost equally new to us.

Since the accession of the house of Hanover, German literature, though comparatively modern, has asserted its rights to consideration with much success; and Wieland, Klopstock, Schiller, and Goethe, have added the suffrages of the British public to the laurels gained in their own country. Much, however, still remains to be done, to place the two countries on a par, since English literature is much more thoroughly and correctly known in Germany than that of the latter country is in England. Among the countries unmeritedly slighted, Poland has perhaps most reason to complain, since, though the lower classes were destitute of both freedom and cultivation, the higher ones at no time neglected literature; in proof of which, may be adduced their numerous old works in the Latin and Polish languages, still extant. Their philosophical writers, such as *Krasicke*, *Naruszewicz*, *Niemcewitz*, &c, are held in great estimation by all the learned who have accquired a knowledge of their works; and Sniadecki, whose work against Kant's system obtained so much celebrity even in the country of the latter, deserves to be known in all.

It was, however, reserved for the present century to introduce a foreign literature, not only new to us, but also of very recent origin in itself, no portion of it having been in existence before the eighteenth century. Both the antiquary and the historian would doubtless find their labours richly rewarded, were they to explore all that belongs to their department in the immense Russian Empire, and ascend, in their researches, to the remotest periods; but, in literature, no one need travel farther back than Peter the Great, though its present activity, combined with the rich materials afforded it by its geographical and historical character, bids fair to make ample amends for the lateness of the period from whence it dates its commencement.

Periodical publications have, of course, formed a prominent means of communicating a literary spirit in this empire; hitherto, however, most of them have been edited in French or German, a circumstance in itself unfavourable to the cause these Journals are intended to promote *. But now a disposition seems manifesting itself for productions of this kind in the Russian language. The year 1823 presented the Russians with the first Almanack in their language, under the title of "*The Northern Polar Star*," on the plan of those so numerous in Germany, which Mr Ackermann has also introduced to the British public in a similar attempt, under the title of "*Forget me not* †." This Almanack is edited by two well-known Russian writers, (*Rueleew* and *Bestuschew*,) and is to be supported by the principal talent of the country, as is pompously stated in an account of it in a German Journal, which announces, that "*Articles from the pens of the most esteemed Russian writers, such as a Schukowsky, Wäsemsky, Gnieditch, Glinka, Wojeikow, the famous fabulist Krülow, and the celebrated poets Astolopow* and *Panaew, will find a place in it*." A Journal, that enjoys great favour, has lately appeared, under the title of "*The Northern Archives*;" it is devoted to historical and geographical subjects, and, being very ably conducted by a Pole named Bulgarin, may be productive of great advantage, by exciting a general interest in favour of researches in those departments.

Recent as Russian poetry is in date, it has already made a most rapid progress. Mr Bowring's meritorious work has lately introduced it into England, in a dress well calculated to insure it a favourable reception; and the French are likewise about to have their literature enriched by the chief productions in the dramatic line, since the eighth *livraison* of the Collection of Foreign Theatrical Pieces, now publishing at *Paris*, under the title of "*Théâtre de l'Etranger* ‡," will contain the master-pieces of the Russian stage, translated by *Count Alexis de St. Priest*, being the first translations into French from the Russian language.

The most considerable recent production in poetry is a Romantic-Epic Poem, in two Cantos, entitled, "*The Captive of Mount Caucasus*," from the pen of a young poet named *Puschkin*, whose first work of the same kind (*Ruslan and Lindmilla*) had already given promise of talents, that, when fully matured, will place him high in the ranks of Russian literature. As it may be interesting to observe the subjects chosen by native talent for the exercise of its powers, I shall here give a short sketch of the argument of the one above-mentioned:

A young Russian, having been taken prisoner by one of the warlike tribes that inhabited the Caucasus, is kept in fetters, and set to tend their flocks, in which situation he engages the affections of a young

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* Not so much so, however, in Russia, as would be the case in most other countries, the majority of the well-educated Russians being masters of several languages, and of these two more particularly.

† I have not yet seen this publication, but I can hardly wish Mr Ackermann success in his undertaking, since he must well know, that the literature of his native country is far from being benefited by them; the greater part containing little else but tales of so trivial a nature, as neither to improve the heart nor instruct the mind. Some honourable exceptions there certainly are, but, generally speaking, they only serve to engross the reading public, to the exclusion of the more important productions of genius.

‡ This is a very praiseworthy undertaking, and promises much towards banishing the rigid adherence to the unities from its strong-hold on the French nation. The first deliveries were devoted to Shakespeare, Schiller, &c., the seventh contained Müllner's "*Guilt*," and Werner's "*Martin Lüther*," and "*24th February*." I am not aware that we have any work on so comprehensive a plan in English.

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female of the tribe, who does her utmost to alleviate the hardships of his condition, without, however, succeeding in inspiring him with similar sentiments towards her; his heart being previously engaged, and his mind occupied in contemplating the majestic scenes around him, and in reflecting on the people among whom he has fallen. In perfect purity and innocence of heart, she discloses her passion to him, and solicits a return, promising to procure him his freedom, and to get him adopted by her tribe. This induces him to reveal to her the state of his heart; after which, she observes a greater distance towards him, till one day, when the men are all absent on some expedition, she contrives to free him from his fetters, and conducts him to the banks of the *Kuban*, on his way home. He swims over the river; but on turning round at the opposite bank to take a last farewell of his preserver, he sees the waters close over her, she having plunged into the river, and thus ended a life of no value to her unless shared with him.

This poem was written in the Crimea, while the author was in banishment there, and bears the stamp of the feelings such a situation may be supposed to excite. The verse is Iambic, of four feet, and the language both harmonious and powerful, interspersed with very pleasing images and spirited descriptions. The characters are rather wanting in prominent features, and, to use a technical phrase, not always *in the best keeping*, with the exception of the heroine, who is a perfect ideal of female tenderness and loveliness. With a little more practice in the theoretical part of Epic poetry, and more matured judgment in the delineation and keeping of his characters, this truly-gifted poet cannot fail to produce something, which, uniting the gems with which his first essays are studded, with a more solid ground-work, will insure him a high and permanent station among the sons of Parnassus.

The historical department has lately produced two very important works, the one a voluminous "History of Russia," by *Karamsin*, said to be a master-piece, the other the "Memoirs of Prince Jacob Petrowitsch (Peter's son) *Schakowskoi*," written by himself, and containing most valuable materials towards the history of his own times, but more particularly throwing a great light on the intrigues and systems pursued at the Russian Court under the Empresses Anna and Elizabeth. The style of these memoirs is such as to impress the reader with instantaneous conviction of their truth; and the author's active life and personal share in the scenes and intrigues that accompanied each change of rulers in Russia, render this work an interesting addition to our knowledge of that country, as the following sketch will show:

Prince Schakowskoi was born in 1705, and, under the auspices of his uncle, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Horse Guards, soon obtained a commission in that corps. In 1735 he was placed by his uncle in attendance on Duke Biron of Courland, and thus became an eye-witness of the then Court intrigues. After serving, with credit, in two or three campaigns, he stood high in favour, both with Duke Biron and his adversary *Volynskoi*, notwithstanding which, he could obtain no higher post than that of Third Counsellor of Police. After Volynskoi's execution, and when Biron became Regent, Schakowskoi was placed at the head of the Police, and when the Duke fell, he would probably have felt the resentment of the new Regent, (the mother of the Emperor Iwan,) as one of the Duke's party, had he not found a powerful advocate and patron in the Minister Count Golowkin, who was related to the Regent by marriage, and by whose influence he was soon advanced to be a member of the Senate; a dignity, however, which he held but a very short time, since, on the accession of Peter the Great's daughter, Elizabeth, (1741,) his name was struck out of the list of Senators. He did not remain many weeks unemployed, but was appointed Chief Procurator to the Holy Directorial Synod, and had the distressing task assigned him, of sending off to Siberia his patron, Count *Golowkin*, Counts *Munnich* and *Ostermann*, and some others, whose sentences of death had been commuted into banishment. After continuing several years in his post of Chief Procurator to the Synod, during which he encountered great difficulties from the most bigoted part of their priests, he received, in 1753, the appointment of Commissary General to the Army, which office he continued to hold till the Empress, in the last year of her life, promoted him to the post of *Procurator General*, and *Privy Conference Minister.* In this important post, then considered as the head of the home department, he again met with powerful enemies, and, among the rest, the then Grand Duke, afterwards Peter the Third, who, on ascending the throne, immediately dismissed him from all his offices, on which the Prince retired to his estates near Moscow. His short disgrace was, however, soon ended, by the accession of Catharine, who lost no time in inviting him back to Petersburgh, where he again found himself a member of the Senate. From that time forth, he principally devoted his attention to the clerical and scholastic establishments, till, in the year 1766, he retired from all public employment, with the highest testimonies of favour and honour, and thus ended a political life, that, for frequent fluctuations, has few parallels.

Being on the subject of Russian Literature, and having mentioned Mr Bowring's Russian Anthology as the medium by which it has been introduced to the British public, I think it but justice to subjoin the following objections lately made to it, in a very eminent critical journal, as a sort of rider to a former article on his work, in which the poetical merits of the author were most amply acknowledged. I can easily imagine that some of the errors here mentioned are mere mistakes, to which any author would be subject, nothing being more easy than to mistake Russian names; but some of them are more serious, and Mr Bowring possessing talents of the highest order, which he has now engaged to exercise for a London periodical work, in the department of Spanish Romance, it is desirable that he should thus have an opportunity afforded him of refuting so much of this statement as may be unfounded, or of correcting, in a future edition, what had previously escaped his observation, and thus establish his claim to full credit, in his future literary attempts, abroad and at home. The article is as follows:

"Whoever has read this work, need not be told how beautiful and harmonious the author's verses are; as a translator, however, he has often given something very different to what stood in the original, and this, it would appear, for want of being sufficiently versed in the language. The judgments pronounced, in the introduction, often display superficiality. Sumarokoff, for instance, he says, first broke the way for fables. True! but only as a translator and imitator of Gellert's; (a celebrated German fabulist;) no mention, however, is made of his having been the first to make an essay in writing original Russian tragedies. *Van Wisin*, of Dutch extraction, was no imitator of Moliere's, but resembled him in this respect, that as, in the latter's works, French, so, in the former's, Russian characters are faithfully copied from nature, and the follies that surrounded him castigated. The accounts of *Cheraskoff* are quite erroneous, since he never shone as a lyric poet, nor is his *Bachoriana* a collection of his poems, but, on the contrary, a romantic-epic poem, in Ariosto's style. His great epic poem of '*Vladimir*' is overlooked altogether. The Rossiade is not so much indebted to its intrinsic worth for its publicity, as to the excellent critical treatise on it written by Professor Merslaekoff, in a Journal called the Amphion. *Bogdannowitsch* is here called the Anacreon of the Russians, though Nieledensky has hitherto been unanimously designated by that name; the former, properly speaking, having never tried the genuine Anacreontic style. The Chersonide, by Bobroff, is rather a descriptive than an epic poem. The accounts of *Kostroff* are most erroneous. He finished a translation of *Ossian*, but from Homer he only translated the first nine books of the Iliad in *alexandrines.* After his death, *Gnieditch* commenced a version of it in the same measure, but soon changed his plan, and is now engaged in a metrical translation of all Homer's works. *Shukowsky* is a phenomenon as a translator, and resembles *Bürger* much less than he does *Schiller*. The latter's '*Maid of Orleans*' he has translated in a manner so admirably faithful and beautiful, that it in no respect yields to the original, which is saying much. Mr Bowring says, that he (Shukowsky) has generally retained the original measure. This, however, is the case only in

'*The Æolian Harp*,' (the most successful of all his translations,) '*The National Songs*,' and a few other pieces. Even the names of the authors are not always correctly stated. In the introduction, for instance, *Dershavin's* name stands under a verse of *Dimitrief's: Stonet sivi golubochik*, *&c.*; and the poem of '*The Lord and the Judge*,' is not by Lomonossoff, but by *Dershavin*. In regard to Mr Bowring's selection we may add, that, of many poets, he has given, not their own original productions, but translations and imitations; Shukowsky's romance, for instance, is Schiller's '*Maid's Complaint*'; Dimitrief's '*During a thunder storm*' is a translation from Goethe; '*The Czar and the two Shepherds*' is altered from *Florian*, and '*Love and Friendship*' is by Milleroye. Of the national songs, the first is by *Merslackoff*, the two others are old, and erroneously understood. In regard to the biographical notices we have hopes of something more detailed soon making its appearance, since the writer of this article has been informed that a history of Russian literature, for Germany, is now seriously in hand." N.

DUNCAN'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

There is no subject in which so many interesting considerations are combined as the United States. All the communities of Europe, however admirable in their constitution and policy, are old and stationary. Year after year we thus see the same things; little change comparatively, and little advancement. The great stream of human affairs has worn out a channel for itself, in which it quietly runs; and however beautiful the spectacle, it wants variety, to be the subject of deep or permanent interest. But, in the United States, every thing is rapidly changing. Those States are only in progress. They contain within themselves the germ of almost indefinite increase. They are, as it were, the seeds of population scattered from Europe, on a wide and unoccupied country, springing up and producing an hundred fold. They are branches planted in a kindred soil, which are now spreading out into the most luxuriant foliage, and rivalling in beauty the parent stock. The American communities, unlike the present States of Europe, who grew, by slow degrees, from barbarism to improvement, were suddenly flung on the American ground, thoroughly initiated in the industry, the arts, and the improvements of Europe. They were no tyros in the art of civilization, but were thoroughly furnished out with all the necessary knowledge for creating, in the wide waste, an improved society. There could not be a more beautiful or interesting experiment, than thus to see the arts of the old world suddenly let loose upon the desert; and the result has been most brilliant. We have seen, and still see, a nation growing up under our eye. We see the elastic power of population illustrated in a remarkable degree. And in the economy, quiet, and good order, with which a great and growing people are ruled, we have also illustrated the equally valuable principle of self-government; so that, to the politician and to the philosopher, the spectacle of the American community, marching with such an irresistible and gigantic pace to the dominion of the New World, is replete with instruction. Both may draw lessons from the great moral experiment which is now, and has long been, in full operation on the other side of the Atlantic. Of late years, accordingly, the American States have been looked upon with great interest from this country. All the details which have been published by travellers, regarding their manners, institutions, and government, have been eagerly sought after; controversies have been excited on the subject, some eagerly proclaiming their partiality, by magnifying every thing American, and others, with a less commendable spirit, running to the other extreme, and reviling every thing belonging to this country, with absurd and illiberal abuse. A better temper seems, however, since the last peace, to have grown up between the two countries; we mean between that class, in both, most apt to be infected with national prejudices; and we have little doubt, if the present good understanding continues, of which there is every prospect, that the mean envy which was felt in this country, of the rising greatness of America, will be gradually refined into a generous rivalship, and that the narrations of British travellers who shall visit her shores, in place of ill-natured remarks, will contain a store of information, and an unbiassed and dispassionate view of the manners, policy, and institutions, of this great and rising people.

The present work is an illustration of this improving spirit, that has grown up in regard to America. The author seems to have a strong tinge of national prejudice, and of truly British partiality, to every thing in his own country. He has nothing philosophical about him; yet he touches on all that is American with a great degree of temper and of just feeling, which goes far to redeem many defects. The great fault of his work is, that he sets down too much—he gives us the whole contents of his common-place book, without considering, that many petty details, personal to the traveller, are of no interest whatever to the public. He is, it must be admitted, at times, somewhat tedious; and if, in place of two volumes, he had only published one, his work would have been all the better for this purgation. What interest, for example, can the reader have, in the ordinary details of a voyage across the Atlantic? There is also, throughout, too much of detail about religion; not that we consider the state of religious instruction, in the United States, of little moment. Any general sketch on this subject we should consider highly interesting. But then it ought to be general. A portrait of some of the most noted religious teachers, sketched with life and brevity, might even be given with advantage, as an index to the general taste of the people on these matters. But circumstantial accounts of obscure individual preachers,—of the texts on which they spoke,—and even, occasionally, quotations from their sermons, must be tiresome, and barren of instruction. His account of colleges is also too much in detail; too great attention is given to what is purely of a local interest; while, in the account of the principal towns, we have a great deal which may be found in any ordinary Gazetteer. A traveller, who goes through the United States, should recollect that he is travelling in a beaten track, and that he can only collect gleanings of what other travellers have left. To repeat what is before the public is tiresome. Of what use, for example, is it, at this time of day, to tell us particularly of the local situation of Philadelphia or New York? No man need to cross the Atlantic to bring home information of this sort. The best part of the work is the account of the author's journey to Canada and Quebec. He travelled down the St. Lawrence, and the narrative of his perilous navigation of the rapids, and of the state of the country, and manners of its inhabitants, is really interesting. He should have confined himself, in this manner, to what had something of novelty in it, and not have spun out into two volumes what he was anticipated in by former travellers.

Mr Duncan, the author of the present work, landed at New York, in which city he seems to have collected nothing worth recording, except an account of the famous steam-frigate, with which, if the war had continued, the Americans were preparing to overwhelm our navy. It was well provided with powerful batteries, and its timbers were so strong, that it was supposed they would afford a defence against cannon. The conclusion of peace prevented this new instrument of war from being ever tried; and the vessel now lies, and it is to be hoped will long lie, useless.

In Boston, the chief objects worthy of attention seem to be the state of literature and of religion, and the great penitentiary established to further the ends of criminal justice. With regard to the University, we have, as usual, a variety of details, some of them of no great interest; and the account he gives of religion consists chiefly of the particular texts which various obscure preachers chose for the edification of their hearers. The success of the interesting experiment of the great penitentiary established at Boston is a subject of greater importance; and the information given respecting it is highly interesting. The great object of this institution is to combine the reformation of the criminal with his punishment. With this view, in place of being allowed to languish in idleness within his prison walls, the criminal is set to work at whatever craft he has been accustomed to. He is thus trained to industry, and recovered, if possible, from those habits of idleness, the necessary incentives to crime. Accordingly, the prison is provided with the requisite implements of a work-shop, of which it has also the cheerful appearance.

> Going out into the court-yard, (says Mr Duncan,) we found in it a great number employed in hewing blocks of granite into graduated sizes and shapes for building. This is a staple commodity in the prison, and a stock of building stone is kept constantly on sale. In the work-shops we saw the prisoners variously engaged, as bakers, weavers, shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, turners, brush-makers, nailers, wool-combers, spinners, &c. &c. All seemed to be as busy and as attentive to their work as if it had been their chosen and voluntary employment; and the workmanship which they produced seemed not only good, so far as I could judge, but some of it even of a superior finish and appearance.

The prisoners are not allowed to utter a word in the presence of strangers, and the greatest decorum and propriety of behaviour is enforced. "The female delinquents are confined," it is added, "in a separate part of the prison, and are employed in cooking, washing, and sewing, for the establishment, as well as in other branches of female industry." There are suitable rewards and distinctions for decency of behaviour; as there are for disorderly conduct, the penalty of solitary imprisonment, and the disgrace and inconvenience of being obliged to move about with a log of wood chained to the foot. No corporal punishment is allowed. We pass over all the necessary contrivances for accommodation and security, which are much the same in this as in other prisons. It must be admitted, that if this system were found effectual for its great ends, it would need no other recommendation to every friend of humanity. It would be the greatest possible improvement, if we could, in any manner, supersede that system of criminal justice which consigns its unhappy victims to the dungeon, without any further attention to them except to prevent their escape—whose efficacy is founded solely on its terrors, and which has multiplied its sanguinary punishments, until they are too revolting to be executed. The importance of this grand experiment going on before his eyes, in favour of guilt and wretchedness, does not appear to be at all appreciated as it ought to be by this writer. His notions on the subject seem to be exceedingly commonplace; and his remarks are not borne out by the facts which he himself states. He observes:

> Of the efficacy of the penitentiary system, as at present administered, the keeper appears to be very doubtful; and it is unquestionable, that an opinion prevails, in the larger cities, that for the purpose of either deterring from crime or reforming the criminal, the penitentiaries are at present in a great measure inefficient. The prisoners are in many respects too comfortable to feel their confinement as a severe punishment, for although the deprivation of personal liberty is in itself a great hardship, it may to very many be compensated for by a degree of comfort in clothing and habitation, to which they are elsewhere unaccustomed. It cannot be doubted, that, in America, they have now gone to the extreme of leniency, in their criminal code, as we have to the extreme of severity; theirs is undoubtedly the side on which all humane persons would wish to err, but too much mercy to rogues is cruelty to society at large, and is therefore to be avoided, if we would wish to attain to a perfect criminal system. Much may be done, however, to improve the prison discipline of the American penitentiaries, without, properly speaking, increasing the severity of the treatment.

That this prison is too comfortable to operate as a punishment to those who are confined in it, is refuted by the necessity of so many precautions to prevent their escape; and those who throw out such crude and ill-considered notions, do not reflect, that punishment consists, not so much in the physical sufferings of the body, as in the humiliation and sense of guilt which is felt in the mind. Criminals may, no doubt, be so degraded, as to be in a great degree callous to this feeling; but the object of such institutions as the penetentiary of Boston is to revive this dormant feeling of honour, and thus to render the criminal accessible to moral correctives. And, in this case, no comforts of clothing or food will be considered a compensation for the degradation of punishment. Personal restraint is, besides, a necessary part of imprisonment; and this must be found a punishment, unless, indeed, we are to consider, that there can be no punishment without the infliction of bodily pain. The perfection of the penal codes would be to do away all corporeal inflictions, which are in themselves degrading, as well as revolting to humanity; and, for this purpose, the mind must be dealt with—some plan of moral training must be adopted, to quicken the moral feelings which may have been blunted for a time, and thus reach the criminal through the medium of his feelings. There is, indeed, a deadness and an apathy in guilt, from which the mind can scarcely be roused; and, in this case, physical restraint must be imposed on the hardened victim of hopeless depravity. But on all that class of criminals who may not have sunk down to this state of degradation, moral discipline may be used with effect; in which case it is not necessary to impose physical hardships on the prisoner—it is not necessary to lacerate his body by whipping, or any other species of torture. This harsh and degrading discipline would rather impede than promote the effect of that higher and more refined process of training to which he is subjected; while mercy, and even a certain system of regulated kindness, may be no way inconsistent with this species of punishment. "Too much mercy to rogues," observes this traveller, "is cruelty to society at large." If there be any truth in this unmeaning remark, then society would be best protected by cruelty to criminals. But experience shews that this affords no security against crimes. On the contrary, though, in this country, forgery is invariably punished with death, to gratify the vulgar prejudices of our merchants, the crime has increased tenfold, and is more frequent in this than in any other country, where the offence is not capital. The true antidote to crime is to be found in an enlightented system of moral correction, and it is folly to suppose that this will ever prevent crimes. The seeds of misery and vice are sown deep in the very constitution of human society. These, we may rest assured, under the wisest political contrivances, will spring up, and produce their natural harvest of crime. All that we can do is to palliate the evil. We cannot root it out; and it is the extreme of folly to look for such effects from any institutions, however enlightened and pure.

The lavish profusion with which pardons are granted is stated, by the traveller, as one obstacle to the success of the system; and he adds, that want of accommodation renders this necessary. If there is a want of accommodation for the prisoners, and if they are discharged, not on a principle of mercy, but merely because there is no room to hold them, this is not giving the system fair play. A plan of this nature, pursued without any fixed principle, never can succeed. But if pardons are granted on any consideration of the merits of the prisoners, we do not see that their profusion is to be complained of. This fact would rather mark the efficacy of the system. It is stated by the author, that, in the New York state-prison, there were, in 1814, 709 prisoners, of which number 176 were pardoned. "It is obvious (he adds) that this system must be ruinous in its consequences, and that there must be some capital defect in the criminal discipline of the community where such a practice prevails. It sometimes happens, that the same individual is imprisoned and pardoned several times over for crimes which, in Britain, would at once send him either to Botany Bay or to the gallows, and thus rid society of him altogether." The mere fact of these discharges, or pardons, is not of itself any evidence against the system, unless it can be shewn that they were rashly given; and as to the allusion to the harsher practice of Britain, what is inferred from this? Are there, it may be asked, fewer crimes committed in Britain than in the United States? and in what, then, consists the superiority of the British system, in which the gallows and Botany Bay make such a prominent figure? All punishment is for example, that crimes may be prevented. But if they are not prevented under the British system, to what purpose use such severity? And why, *at once*, send the criminal either to Botany Bay or the gallows? Is not the American system far more enlightened and humane, which, before resorting to such extreme means, tries the effect of moral discipline on the criminal, which, before consigning him to irredeemable infamy, makes one last attempt to save him?

From all that we can learn of the American system of prison-discipline, it seems to be a most humane and enlightened attempt to substitute moral for physical correction in the management of criminals—to couple the amendment with the punishment of the prisoner; and though this appears difficult, it seems by no means impracticable. According to the accounts given of the system, it has unquestionably succeeded; though it may, no doubt, have disappointed some of its more sanguine promoters, because it has not performed impossibilities, and extirpated vice and crime from the country. We have some observations on this subject, extracted from the North-American Review, which are extremely judicious and conclusive, and which, without arrogating for this system claims which no system can realize, points out the solid advantages which have arisen from it. The profusion with which pardons are issued are complained of by this author, who also states, that the same individual is imprisoned and pardoned several times over. Now, it appears, that, in the Philadelphia prison, of two hundred who had been pardoned by the Governor, only four had again returned. In the Massachusets prison, out of one hundred and fifty-five who had been pardoned, only eleven had proved themselves unworthy of the favour, and had again fallen into the hands of criminal justice; and of those who had been liberated, many were known to the officers of the institution to have become industrious and useful citizens. Here, then, is decided testimony to the utility of those institutions; and it does not appear that the criminals are injudiciously pardoned, as so few prove themselves unworthy of the favour. In some cases, inconveniencies have arisen from want of room; but this accidental fault no way impeaches the utility of the system, which cannot succeed unless it is fairly carried into effect. But that crime has been diminished in the United States, by the erection of those penitentiaries, is evident, from the concurring testimony of every writer on the subject. Since the erection of these houses for the reception of criminals, "the roads in the vicinity of the city," says the North American Review, "so constantly infested with robbers, were seldom, after the erection of these prisons, disturbed by these dangerous characters; the houses, shops, and vessels, so perpetually robbed, no longer experienced those alarming evils." Our author, also, when speaking to what he saw, and naturally impressed with the spectacle before him, gives the following just and striking account of this institution:

> While you divest yourself, however, of all thoughts as to the drawbacks connected with the penitentiary system, as at present conducted, you certainly cannot contemplate the interior of this great manufactory without emotions of peculiar satisfaction. To see so many hands, which were formerly active only in crime, now taught to be equally active in some useful art,—to think of the humanity of the system, as contrasted with that of Britain,—and to witness the cleanliness, order, and regularity, which pervade the whole establishment, make you almost forget that you are in a receptacle for knaves, or fondly believe that they are so no longer, and internally exclaim, "This must be a noble institution."

In Boston, we have a description of a procession of free blacks, to celebrate the anniversary of the abolition of slavery. The commemoration of the 4th of July, the anniversary of American independence, is also described, and we have a long extract of a speech delivered, on this occasion, by an American orator, which might have been well spared. It is introduced by the following remarks of our author. After telling us that the orator's address was characterised by plain good sense, he goes on :

> It has the merit of being free from that vituperative abuse of Great Britain, in which mere mob orators in the United States are prone to indulge, and which, I am afraid, is sometimes a cheap substitute for purity of principle and good citizenship. America has undoubtedly been wronged by Great Britain, at many times, and in many ways ; but these wrongs have been productive, upon the whole, of only temporary evil, while the benefits which she has derived from the same source pervade her whole system, give sinews to her strength, wisdom to her councils, intelligence to her people, and dignity to her national character. But for these she could never have either achieved or maintained her independence; and were it possible to separate from her population all that has been derived from the laws, institutions, and literature of my native country, personal liberty, security of property, freedom of thinking and of speech, and, last of all, true and vital religion, with all the moral effects which have flowed from these, would vanish like a dream ; and an American contemplating the dreary void, would have good reason to sigh, " *Fuimus Troes !*" Few, probably, of sober reflection and impartiality, will be found to deny the truth of these positions ; then, why should Britain be hated by an American ?—why should he not rather overlook a little of that feeling towards the United States, which was scarcely separable, from the circumstances in which the two countries were placed by the revolution, and was too long kept alive by errors in the conduct of both governments, towards each other ; but the inveteracy of which is now, I trust, rapidly decreasing, and will soon be remembered only as a subject of regret, and a powerful reason for future kindliness and friendship ? It is the characteristic of noble minds to forgive injuries ; and, with all our faults, there is confessedly so much in our national character deserving of respect, and even of imitation, that Americans must certainly be themselves in no small degree of error, if they do not feel a warmth of affection towards their parent country.

With respect to the complaint of the abuse of Great Britain by the Americans, here so delicately urged by this traveller, who, as we before remarked, has a truly British partiality for every thing in his own country, and is ever ready to start forth the flaming patriot on the least provocation to his national vanity, we may well ask who set the example of this vile and disgraceful abuse ? Was it not the licentious press of Great Britain, ever ready to pander to the lowest passions of the rabble, by reviling, with an utter disregard to truth or to decency, every country and potentate with which we happen to be at war? The floodgates of slander had been long opened against the illustrious chief of the French empire, to whom was applied every epithet of abuse which the language could supply ; and for no other reason, but because we were at war with him. All these odious calumnies are now regarded with the disgust they merit, by every person of candour or good taste. But so long as the contest lasted, the war of words kept pace with the war of arms, and slander appeared to be one of our favourite weapons. Now, the same torrent of malignity and abuse was poured on the Americans, and on the respectable heads of their government, Jefferson and Maddison, the moment that war broke out between the two countries. Almost every periodical press teemed with the poison of this atrocious slander, and it is only of late that the animosity of the war has begun to abate, and that a better temper has appeared. It must be confessed, then, that a rebuke on this subject comes with an excellent grace from Great Britain. We set the example, and we complain that America has followed it. Our best course, we think, is to be silent on this subject, and now set an example of moderation, which, we have little doubt, will be readily followed by the rational part of the American community.

We have, besides, imposed, it seems, a vast debt of gratitude on America, for which we claim a large return of sincere and ardent affection : and we are continually ringing changes on the parental relation in which we stand to our ci-devant colonies. Before the colonies were independent, this fanciful notion of the parent state was exceedingly useful, for enforcing the duties of obedience ; now that this tie is broken, we make use of it for fastening on the Americans some undefined claim of affection and regard, which, we say, they owe to us in preference to every other independent state; and, in the above extract, we have enumerated a long list of benefits which we allege the Americans have received at our hands; namely, their laws, government, institutions, personal liberty, security of property, &c. Now, we cannot conceive for what purpose we should continually ring into the ears of the Americans what a debt of gratitude they owe to this country—why we should be everlastingly reminding them of the benefits they have received at our hands. As was said in the old comedy, *Haec commemoratio est quasi exprobatio immemoris beneficii*; this pompous enumeration of benefits conferred, tends to no good; it breathes the true selfish spirit of national partiality; and its object is to establish claims on the good will of the Americans, which they deny. It is not on this basis that the two countries can be built up in lasting amity. On the contrary, these were just the very topics which were employed, during the last war, to blow up the rage of the people against America. All those imaginary claims on the gratitude of these our former colonies were so many items in the sum of national vengeance. They were eagerly dwelt upon by the war faction, and they never failed, when judiciously brought forward, to inflame John Bull into a perfect paroxysm of rage. It is not the way, therefore, to promote the good understanding of the two countries, to be officiously bringing forward the great obligations which America owes to Britain. And, after all, what are they? It seems to us most absurd, to hold out that America owes a debt of gratitude to Britain, for her government and her institutions. The founders of the United States, who fled from Britain, to enjoy freedom in the desert, no doubt carried out with them the arts and improvements of Europe. But what gratitude is due to Britain on this account? Britain here gave them nothing which she could keep back from them; they were brought up in a civilized community, and they could not be untaught what they had learnt. Arrived on the shores of America, the love of freedom which they had imbibed, and which they cherished the more for the oppression which they suffered in Britain, they reduced to practice, in the popular forms of government which they established. Here, again, they were no way indebted to Britain. Neglect was the best boon which Britain ever bestowed on them; for what was the end of her interferences with them, but to fetter their trade for her own supposed benefit,—to prevent them from carrying on any trade but with the mother country; and afterwards, as a further mark of her parental care, she wished to make them partakers of the load of taxation which lay so heavy on herself? She wished to ease her own shoulders, by laying part of the burden on theirs. She wished, in short, to tax America in a British parliament; and hence arose a bloody civil war, the object of which, on the part of Britain, was to fasten this odious yoke on the necks of the colonies. Any lurking affections, therefore, which may have been left in these communities, to the parent state, we have done all in our power to extirpate. But indeed it is idle to talk of gratitude or affection between nations. Such feelings can have no place in their mutual intercourse; and this cant, about the gratitude of America to Great Britain, is the mere dictate of national vanity. That the two countries have every motive to cherish each other's friendship, is undoubted; and all prejudice against each other ought to be strenuously discouraged; but let this friendly intercourse be placed on its true basis of policy. They can do each other great good in peace, and great mischief in war. It is their interest, therefore, to cultivate peace and good will with each other; and this, and not any idle illusion drawn from the relations of private society, must be the basis of their friendship, which is a negative term, meaning merely, that they shall live at peace, and not seek to destroy each other in foolish and hurtful wars.

In visiting the different towns of Newhaven, Princeton, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, &c. we have large details about the schools, universities, and the various places of worship. At Washington, Mr Duncan was present at the discussions in the Congress; and he describes, as something new, the apparent carelessness of the different members about the business of the House, their lounging about, &c., writing letters, and reading newspapers, and the incivility of the Speaker in ordering strangers to withdraw; all which he may see nearer home, in our own Honourable House. The truth is, that there is, in this great centre of the national concerns, much routine business which does not require the attention of every member; and, notwithstanding this outward air of indifference in matters of form and detail, every great national question is still seriously considered before it is decided.

The most interesting part of the work is the account of the author's journey along the Mohawk into Upper Canada, and from thence across Lake Ontario into the St. Lawrence, which he descended in one of the Canadian vessels, named a Durham-boat, sixty-two feet in the keel, and eleven feet four inches in the beam. It is well known, that the great stream of the St. Lawrence is interspersed with islands, which contract the channel, and of course increase, in the most fearful manner, the rapidity of the stream, which, being opposed, in this way, by rocks or other obstacles, chafes and rages with great fury; and it is through this tumult of broken waves that the Canadians have learnt, with equal dexterity and courage, to steer their barks. From Kingston our author took his departure in one of the Durham-boats. Passing the thousand islands, an immense group of islands, as their name implies, in the St. Lawrence, they arrived at the rapid called Long Sault, which is, properly speaking, a succession of rapids, about ten miles long.

> When I looked, (says Mr Duncan,) however, to the frightful rapidity with which the stream now hurried us along, I could not resist a feeling that I should be safer without their encumbrance. Little indeed could the most expert swimmer hope to effect in such a torrent—and feeble my hope of safety, where skill in swimming is necessary to secure it—yet, who is it that would not struggle for his life, even in the rapids of the St. Lawrence?
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> The velocity of the stream was now equal, probably, to about ten knots an hour, yet its surface was as smooth as glass. To look into the water, we might easily have persuaded ourselves that we were quietly slumbering at anchor; but when we glanced at either bank, the pine-trees seemed to whirl past with the rapidity of thought.

We here omit a comparison between worldly pleasures and the rapid of Long Sault, and proceed to the following interesting description of the passage of the rapid:

> The two currents, after embracing the island, revert below it into a single stream. The extreme commotion with which this re-union is accomplished, is the occasion of the Big Pitch. The furious torrents rush against each other like two charging squadrons, heaving up their roaring billows, and tossing high their crests of broken foam; retiring, at last, with apparent reluctance from the conflict, and whirling into numerous eddies by the margin of the stream.
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> Ere the tops of the white breakers became visible, preparations were made for encountering the commotion. The sail was lowered down, and the gaff secured; the steersman called one of the hands to his assistance, the rest hung upon their oars, waiting the word of command to strike in. The boat began now to rock from side to side, and the terrible cauldron was boiling before us. All that could be done, was to direct our course to that part of the channel where experience told them that the passage was least hazardous, and then, with all their strength, to pull the vessel through. I felt an involuntary shrinking, as the captain aimed for what seemed to me the most frightful spot of all;—we were swept into the midst of the furious commotion, and the order was just given, "pull away!" when a heavy wave burst in over our feeble bulwarks. Our quivering bark, however, struggled manfully through; our danger was but momentary, and we soon reached the subsiding billows which skirt the extremities of the heavy swell.
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> Another peril, however, succeeded. The thrilling emotion excited by the passage of the Big Pitch had not subsided, when our vessel was caught in the vortex of a powerful eddy, and whirled round almost broadside to the stream. "Pull away with the starboard oar!" roared the steersman, with a voice like thunder, and a tremendous oath; the order was promptly

obeyed, the command of the vessel recovered, and we once more found ourselves in smooth water. We had shipped more than a hogshead of water in this dangerous rapid.

There are four other rapids which have to be passed in the voyage to Montreal; but the author observes, though varying in their individual features, they bear a general similarity, and result from the same causes—a great contraction and sudden descent in the bed of the river, accompanied, in general, with numerous islands and rocks in the middle of the stream. The flood, thus chafed and pent up within narrow and obstructed passages, rages through them with prodigious violence, dashing furiously over the rocks,

> ——sweeping round insulated fragments with the velocity of a whirlpool, and heaving, even in the less agitated spots, with a broken and fearful commotion, such as the sea presents after a tempest of contrary winds, which have successively contended for the mastery of the deep.

We have an account of Montreal and Quebec, which form, in their general aspect, a decided contrast to the American towns, being of a more sombre and heavy appearance; consisting, in place of clasp-boarded houses, gaily painted, of edifices compacted of stone, iron, and tin, put together with as much regard to economy of space as if the ground had been purchased by the square inch. The contrast between the Americans and Canadians is, according to our author, much to the disadvantage of the latter. The former are all activity, enterprise, and life, while the Canadian, under the benumbing influence of his priests, paces, from generation to generation, the same dull round, and seeks no improvement. A canal cut from Montreal to La Chine, a distance of only nine miles, would save the passage of some of the most dangerous rapids of the St. Lawrence; yet, though such an undertaking has been talked of for nearly twenty years, and though a sum of £.25,000 was even subscribed to it, nothing farther has been done:

> In the mean time, (adds our author,) these fidgetty Yankees are pushing vigorously forward their canal of 364 miles, between lake Erie and the Hudson, and the other of 60, between the Hudson and Lake Champlain; and, possibly, when they have the whole finished, they may take a fancy to cross the St. Lawrence, and in a mere frolic, turn up the nine miles between Montreal and La Chine; it will hardly be a fortnight's work for them.
>
> I must, in justice, add, however, that some symptoms begin to appear of an improvement in the energy and public spirit of the province. A Fire Insurance Company has come recently into operation, which will retain within the country a considerable part of the large sum which has hitherto been annually drawn from it by a London company. Some societies, for the encouragement of agriculture, have also been formed; and we may hope that they will gradually persuade the Canadians not to yoke their oxen by the horns, nor to throw the manure produced by their stable and cowhouse into the river, as are still practised to a very considerable extent.

In another passage he gives the following striking view of the distinction between the Americans and Canadians. After observing that the town of Three Rivers had a drowsy and inactive appearance, he adds,

> It is impossible, indeed, not to remark, that the banks of the two rivers are peopled by an essentially different race of men;—the one of habits altogether hereditary and monotonous, content to pace along in the footsteps of their forefathers; the other restless and adventurous almost to a proverb, buying and selling, shipping and importing, settling and emigrating, as if quicksilver instead of blood were dancing through their veins.

We next find our author at New York; and he gives us his information in the form of a journal, in which he adopts rather too familiar a tone; he is too much at his ease, and discovers several specimens of bad taste. He went to dine, on the 30th November, (St. Andrew's day,) with the Scots Club, where he complains greatly at not seeing certain Scots dishes, and also on account of a corresponding want, among the members, of true national feeling. His truly British prejudices were mortified because they gave, as a toast, "The President of the United States," before "The King of Great Britain;" and that this favourite toast was at last given thus, "The

King of Great Britain, and all friendly Powers." "And is it," he exclaims, in the fervour of his loyalty, "only because he is one of the friendly powers, that Scotsmen, at a national anniversary, drink their good old King's health?" And for what other reason, we should be glad to know, should those naturalized Scotsmen toast his health? The tie which connected them to the King of Great Britain is entirely dissolved by their emigration. The relation which subsisted between the two parties consisted entirely in the reciprocal duties of protection and allegiance. It was a connection of pure convenience. There was nothing in it to touch the heart or affections, and it is the extreme of folly or affectation to hold it out in any other light, or to speak of true Scotsmen as if they had had some interchange of friendly regards with their Sovereign, of which they might have carried off to America the endearing recollection. All the duties which they formerly owed their King were now due to the Sovereign of their adopted country; and, accordingly, as our author himself states, when our armies landed as enemies on the American shores, Scotsmen were found obeying the general call to arms, and fighting against the troops of their former Sovereign. Any other notion of loyalty is absurd and unconstitutional—it will not stand the test of common sense; and we should have thought, that, during his commerce with democracy, our author's mind would have been cleared of those prejudices, which would hold out loyalty to be some feeling of personal affection to the Sovereign, in place of being, as it really is, an obligation of pure political expediency. That this Scotsman, red-hot from his native land, should be mortified at the diluted nationality of those his countrymen in New York, we do not wonder; but it is no proof of it, that they had transferred all their political allegiance to the sovereign powers of America, and that they expressed, in their toasts, the permanent interest which they felt in their newly-adopted rulers.

We have a good account of New York, and of the manners and morals of the people, which do not seem to be in a much better state than in any other large city, intemperance being the bane of the lower classes, and leading, as a necessary consequence, to every degrading form of vice and misery. His remarks on the inns, the mode of living, the travelling coaches, the police, and other points connected with manners, are judicious and amusing; and, lastly, his remarks on the important subject of the American Government are in a strain of great calmness, and are, in general, reasonable, though with a slight tinge of partiality, or, perhaps, preference, for his own national institutions, to the defects of which, however, he does not shew himself blind. He admits, that the American Government is the freest in the world, and the one in which the power of the people, as sovereigns in the state, is most distinctly recognised, both in theory and practice. He admits, also, that this form of Government is best adapted to display the energies of the nation. But his objections are, that the many are not sufficiently enlightened for the exercise of this important privilege, not being capable of judging in legislative questions of any nicety; and he hints at probable dangers which may arise, when the population grows more dense, the means of living not so easy, and the people, in consequence, liable to be discontented. In this case, he sees no safeguard against a general partition of property. He then goes on:

> I do not, in these remarks, institute any comparison between Americans and natives of other countries. I feel persuaded that a pure democracy is not fitted for fallen creatures, and was never intended for them. *Vox Populi*, so far from being at all times *Vox Dei*, is not unfrequently the very reverse. The natural aristocracy of intellect, and still more, perhaps, the artificial aristocracy of property, must have a preponderating influence in the scale; or the bond of cohesion is broken, and the principle of order overthrown. The happy medium is, where the equilibrium between property and numbers is most steadily preserved, where security of person and property is enjoyed, and full opportunity afforded for talent and industry to benefit themselves without injuring their neighbours. Whether the supreme magistrates be hereditary or elective, a king or a president, is a matter of

> comparative indifference; if he is the former, the country is saved from the incessant annoyance and intriguing connected with popular elections, and all the misery resulting from disputed nominations; no doubt, the chance is, that a smaller average amount of talent will usually be found for the duties of the office; but where the public mind is well informed and properly directed, this is not generally of great importance. The abstract of perfection in political systems has certainly not yet been seen in the world; but I cannot help thinking, that the British is still the nearest to it. I should rejoice to see our great representative body rendered more consistent with its professed constitution; and I feel strongly persuaded, that not many years will go round till the strength of public opinion will compel its improvement; but I would rather that it should remain as it is, than see it assimilated, in character and properties, to that of the United States. We err on the safer side, and that is a great matter in human institutions.

We may observe in general, of these remarks, that the writer's facts and inferences are generally at variance. He tells us, that a democracy is not for fallen creatures, and was never intended for them; yet he has before his eyes a successful example of democracy. This popular form of government does not imply so much any extraordinary degree of virtue, properly so called, as of intelligence. The people must be so far instructed, as to see the value of these institutions, and they must also be trained to the necessary restraints of order and law. But with such an instrument, we do not see in what point the popular institutions of America are deficient, in respect to their great ends. Without the natural aristocracy of intellect, and, still more, the artificial aristocracy of property, the principle of order, he tells us, is overthrown. Is it then overthrown in America? Is there any country in which there is a greater degree of order, or in which Government answers all its chief purposes,—in which less money is expended,—in which personal liberty is better secured,—or in which the people, in general, are more flourishing and happy? These are the tests of good government, in which the democracy of America may challenge a comparison with any of those aristocracies founded on the artificial influence of property. As to the natural aristocracy of intellect, it is precisely when the free voice of an intelligent people is allowed to operate, that it is most perfect. It is there only where talents of every description rise to their just level, there being no other rival influence to keep them down. With regard to the misery of a disputed nomination, no such evil is known in the American Commonwealth. There cannot well be any dispute about the nomination of a President. The majority decides it; and where is the individual who could have the least hope of disputing this decision? As to the notion of a partition of property, this is the wildest chimera that could be suggested, and is entirely at variance with the otherwise sober and reasoning tone of our author's remarks. There is no nation in the world in which any such proposition was ever made; and it is not likely that any thing so mischievous should first spring out of a highly-intelligent community. As to the permanence of the American Government, we see no reason to doubt this. We are always told that it has not had a sufficient trial. We really do not understand this. If a bar of iron bear a certain weight one day, why will it not bear the same weight every other day? Are we to measure the durability of governments by the time which they have stood? Does this make them stronger, or better able to support the accidents to which they are exposed? How did this appear in the case of the old French Government, when it was assailed by the Revolutionary tempest? Did its antiquity save it? If a Government stand 50 or 100 years, why may it not stand 500? We see no germ of disturbance in the American system. The people are the rulers. They see plainly how things are managed. Every thing is open and above-board. There is the most cautious management of the public money; and if they are dissatisfied with any branch of the public management, as they themselves chuse almost all the great functionaries of the State, they have only to change them at the next election, in order to rectify the error. We do not see, therefore, where would be the object of a revolution in these circumstances, nor is it, we think, at all probable that the people would sanction any change in which they themselves would have their own importance diminished. If other Governments, then, are stable, where there are jarring and contrary interests, much more ought this to be the case with the American system, where there is only one permanent ruling interest,—where the conflict of opposite principles can never, therefore, shake the state,—and where it is least of all likely that the people should ever lend themselves to artful demagogues, who could not here make out a case that would not be hooted down at the very first hearing.

RITCHIE ON CONSTITUTIONAL LAW [*].

No temporal subject more deeply affects the public interest than that of Law, and yet to none is it so difficult to draw general attention. Men, in general, conceive law to consist of a collection of abstract rules, and of absurd precedents, destitute equally of sense and principle; it is regarded, at a distance, with a kind of indescribable horror; and a determined resolution is formed, by each individual, never to come within reach of its influence. In consequence, every one imagines that legal principles and forms do not concern himself; and while he thinks it proper that those who have to do with them should look to their condition and improvement, he secretly resolves, for his own part, to keep as far off from their operation and consideration as possible. The wisdom of such views, however, is more than questionable. In a very rude state of society, when men enjoyed no political rights, and held no property, this neglect might have been practicable without any serious evil consequences; but in a civilized and opulent community, the regulations of the civil and criminal code, on one occasion or another, will assuredly affect the dearest interests of every individual raised in any degree above absolute poverty. The law of succession, for example, reaches every family at the death of the parents. Certain rules, for the distribution of the fortune of the father and mother among the children, are recognised by the public law; but power, within certain limits, is committed to individuals to alter these rules, if they exercise the privilege in a proper manner and in proper time. If, however, the parents either have made no inquiry concerning the public rules of succession, or have lacked courage, when in health, to correct them by a deed of settlement, and died in the belief that they had no interest or concern with the law, the whole miseries which may be suffered by their children, from an unequal distribution of their estate, if such take place, are attributable to them. The law of intestate succession, to be of any value, must be fixed; it is intended, in short, to be a general will for the whole community, which they may adopt if they please, or set aside by executing a special destination of their funds; but being precise and unbending, it is impossible that it can be framed by the skill of man, so as to quadrate in all circumstances of property, and connexion with the dictates of natural justice. If it approach these in the cases which most generally occur, it is all that can be expected; but, nevertheless, great suffering frequently arises from its departures from justice in particular instances. If, for example, a father be proprietor of an estate worth £.50,000, and live up to his income and die, leaving ten children; by the common law, the eldest son takes the whole estate, and the nine younger children are left suddenly in splendid beggary. But the real fault here lies with the parent. The law proclaimed to him and his family, that if he made no settlement, this result would ensue, committing to him, at the same time, the power of avoiding it, by a more suitable distribution; and if he either neglected to inform himself of the law, or wanted prudence to avert its consequences, he alone is chargeable with the evils which ensue.

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[*] Essays on Constitutional Law, and Form of Process, &c. By Wm. Ritchie, Solicitor of Supreme Courts in Scotland. Edinburgh: Bell & Bradfute. 1824.

At marriage, also, the law may come to affect the interests of the parties. The wife's moveable estate becomes instantly the property of the husband, in return for which, he becomes subject to all her debts, whether incurred previous or subsequent to the marriage. At the dissolution of the marriage, by the death of the wife, if there be no children, her relations may claim one-half of the moveable property of the husband; and if he be a merchant or manufacturer, his whole effects may be in this form of investment. We knew an instance of an old man, who, having realized two thousand pounds, retired from trade, and married a woman younger than himself by fifteen or twenty years, as a companion and solace to him in his advancing infirmities. She had no property, and he never dreamed of a contract of marriage, or troubling himself about the law. After two years, she caught a fever and died, and her relations demanded, and obtained, one-half of all he possessed, it being all moveable. This consequence was entirely owing to his own inattention; for the law allowed him to defeat this distribution by a contract before marriage, or enabled his wife to set it aside by a testament executed after it.

In mercantile affairs, again, it is inconceivable how much loss is sustained, and anxiety endured, through ignorance of the provisions of the law. Two parties enter into a verbal agreement for the sale and purchase of goods, and think they have clearly settled the whole points of the contract, when perhaps a great rise or fall in the price of the commodity takes place before delivery, and it becomes the interest of one party to draw back, and, of the other, to compel him to implement his contract. The dispute is carried into Court, and the claimant gives his statement of the conditions of the bargain, and the defendant tells a wholly different story. The judge mentions, that as the claimant is the party demanding implement, he must *prove* the terms of his agreement; and that the law admits only of written documents, under the hand of the defendant, or of the testimony of witnesses, but by no means of his own writings, statements, or oath, as evidence in his favour. The bargain, however, was made without the intervention of writing, and in the absence of witnesses; and the claimant finds himself destitute of proof. The defendant's denial, therefore, prevails, and the claimant loses his suit, and is subjected in costs, while, probably, he is conscious of being completely in the right. The Judge may even be impressed with the same opinion; but as it would be a most dangerous rule to admit the statements of one party, when denied by the other, as evidence of a contract, he is obliged to decide against him, even although he believe the defendant to be a rogue. The remedy for this evil would clearly have consisted in the merchant making himself acquainted with the kind of evidence which the law would acknowledge as sufficient to establish an agreement, and taking care to preserve it.

Law, therefore, ought to be a collection of rules founded on the most enlarged views of equity and general utility, and calculated for the determination of the rights of parties, in all cases in which they may come into conflict. In its general spirit, the law of Scotland, and that of every civilized country, corresponds to this description; and in these cases in which aberrations from principle appear, it will be found, that the rules complained of were instituted in a different state of society, and were really consistent with reason, as things then stood, and have come to stand in opposition to it only through the change of outward circumstances, to which the law has not been accommodated. Law, therefore, ought to be progressive with the manners and institutions of society; and this brings us to the question, by whom ought it to be carried forward, with the current of knowledge and social improvement? The public, as we have said, conceive it to be an unintelligible mystery, lying altogether beyond the reach of their comprehension, and, therefore, disburden themselves of all concern about its amelioration. The lawyers, on the other hand, positively profit by its abuses, and are, besides, trained up to its artificial views and arrangements, and become blind to the evils they produce; and, between the two, society advances, and law stands still. But whose are the loss and damage? Altogether those of the public. They suffer the vexations of bad laws,—they endure the anxieties arising from obscure laws,—they pay the cost of debating uncertain laws,—and, in short, the whole calamities resulting from a defective or absurd legal code fall upon them. The only circumstance that renders them patient under all this pressure is, that only a few suffer at a time: one man writhes to-day, and denounces his bitterest execrations against both law and lawyers; but, by to-morrow, the sorrow is past, and the plague has infected his neighbour. He, in his turn, goes through the same ordeal, with equal impatience; but time relieves him, and conveys the burden to a third. Thus, at every given period, there are many sufferers, and as many persons anxiously desiring an amendment of legal rules and forms; but they are isloated and unconnected, and each despairing of being able to effect any reformation by his own exertions, calls in patience to his aid, and comes at last to view the law's vexations and delay like a fever or shipwreck, as a dispensation from Providence, which must be submitted to, because it is inevitable, and without a remedy. Such views, however, are extremely ill founded and superficial. If the intelligent part of the community would employ their ordinary good sense upon the law, they would perceive both its excellencies and defects; and if they would boldly proclaim the latter, and insist upon their being removed, we cannot doubt of a speedy amelioration.

Impressed with these views, we were particularly pleased with the Essays before us. They are just the kind of work that was wanted to draw the public attention in the direction now pointed out. They combine that knowledge of legal principle which distinguishes the lawyer, with these comprehensive views of general utility which characterise the philosopher, and interest all; and, at the same time, they are plainly and even popularly written. At the first perusal, the mere lawyer may undervalue them, because they do not deal extensively in subtlety and refinement; and the merely speculative philosopher may feel disappointed at the absence of disquisition on the abstruser points of legal principle; but every man, possessing good sense and a comprehensive understanding, will find them to contain precisely what is suited to his use; namely, views of principle clearly expounded, and familiarly and judiciously applied. The Essays, indeed, relate more to public and constitutional law than to that which affects private rights; but they are more calculated, on this account, to attract attention, and to prepare the reading population for considering these other branches of the law, on which we hope Mr Ritchie may, at a future period, afford them instruction.

The work commences with an "Introductory Notice," in which we are informed, that

—the author is not so presumptuous as to imagine that he has built an edifice; but he would fain hope that he has cleared away some rubbish, and provided a few materials. The object to which some of his suggestions are directed,—the meliorations of our forms of process,—is probably, though not certainly, of temporary interest; but the principles with which he endeavours to deal are permanent. If sound, as he trusts they are, these principles can never cease to be interesting; and, though convinced, that, in the progress of society, the reforms in our Courts will be carried, and, in the same direction, much farther than he has ventured to recommend at present, he is by no means sure that his very moderate suggestions will be antiquated for a century to come. He is quite certain, however, *that improvement* in our forms of process —and form has here a great deal to do with substance—must proceed with a very slow pace, *until the public generally feel so much interested in the subject, as to take the trouble of understanding it.* Nor is the task so difficult as is commonly imagined; the foundations of law and morals are the same; and there is nothing essential to either which good sense, with a reasonable degree of attention, may not speedily comprehend. There is no barrier here which the educated and intelligent part of the public may not readily surmount. On their part, nothing is re-

> quired beyond a moderate courage and a reasonable patience, and their course might be rendered perfectly smooth, if professional men, throwing away the fear of criticism, would make only half the exertions for society at large which they often do gratuitously for individuals. In the meantime, it is not immaterial that the public should have something to work upon. Every thing has a beginning; and if what has been done in these Essays shall operate as an example, and stimulate others to take the field, the author will not feel disappointed if they shall ultimately occupy it.

The first Essay is, on "Requisites in a Judge, and Importance of his Judicial Functions;" the second is, on the "Right of Publishing Proceedings in our Courts of Law;" the third is, on the "Powers and Duties of the Lord Advocate of Scotland;" and the fourth, "On Sedition." The last two contain matter of great importance, which is brought out in an excellent spirit. The powers of the Lord Advocate appear to be almost boundless.

> Our stamp laws reach so many transactions, and our laws which relate to excise and customs reach so many individuals, that there is hardly a person in business of any kind, who, from one or other innocent mistake or inadvertency, is not obnoxious to a prosecution! Under the excise laws, in particular, which affect such a large portion of our population, it is, we might say, impossible to be otherwise than at the mercy of the Crown officers; such are the multiplicity of statutes, all referring to each other, and the complexity of statutory regulations. Yet, in all cases, it rests with the Lord Advocate to prosecute, compromise, or acquit, at his discretion! He may relinquish a case which, for the sake of trade and morals, ought to be prosecuted; or he may prosecute cases, one after another, to the ruin of a party,—cases which, to stir in, is derogatory to the Crown, and disgraceful to its officers. However unfounded, ruinous, or oppressive, these prosecutions may be, the unfortunate party must bear the expense of procuring his own acquittal, *for the Crown is never subjected to costs.*"

From the Essay on Sedition, we select the following passages:

> The British Constitution not only recognises, but cherishes a spirit of watchfulness and jealousy of the executive departments of Government; a spirit which can benefit the public only when it is seen operating, and which can operate to advantage only through the press. Freedom implies every right, and every comfort, even, which the weak pride themselves on enjoying, independently of all political consideration: *but freedom cannot exist long in a country where the people are indifferent about their rights; and hence the value of free, and fair, and constant discussion.* In proportion to the value of the right, no doubt, ought it to be exercised with temperance and discretion. But still the want of these virtues is not Sedition. A writer may be indiscreet, while he, in good faith, means nothing more than to rouse the public indignation against something done, or which he apprehends is about to be done, hostile to the Constitution. He may be intemperate, while he intends to excite hatred, *not* against the Constitution, but against its enemies.

The next Essay is on the "Liberty of the Press."

> The Liberty of the Press embraces all other liberty, civil and religious. Without it, no people or government can be free. But liberty, we are well aware, is not licentiousness; nor will a liberty of doing all which is lawful justify any one in doing *any thing* that is criminal. There can be no such rights as those our ancestors fought for, bled for, and died for, if the people cannot talk about the subject of them, write about them, and, in short, exercise the Liberty of the Press respecting them. When the law gives rights, it gives also the means of exercising them; nay, it gives more; it gives, moreover, *the presumption of innocence* in the exercise. It is not to be presumed that any man has a criminal intent in availing himself of a Constitutional privilege. When another motive is asserted, it is incumbent on him who makes the averment to prove it by unequivocal evidence. If room be left for *a rational doubt*, the accused is entitled to a verdict in his favour.
>
> So much for the right. Let us come now to the measure of it; and that, we conceive, is just as clear as the right itself. Whatever can be made the subject of petition or complaint to the King or the Legislature, or of debate within the walls of Parliament, may be made the subject of consideration and discussion out of Parliament. To that extent, we think, the liberty of the press is established; and we cannot conceive of its existing to any less extent, if it exist at all. Every subject in the empire is bound to know the laws; he is amenable to

them in property, person, and character. Commensurate with this duty and responsibility, is the right of every subject to consider and discuss every law, or abuse of a law, by which he may consider himself aggrieved, as well as every project of a new law, which promises to benefit, or threatens to injure him and his country. He is bound, also, to know the decisions of the Supreme Judges of the land—for a series of decisions become law; and this obligation is likewise accompanied with a commensurate right of knowing, *de facto*, what is done in our Courts, and of considering and discussing what takes place there. But all these *rights* imply an obligation to acquiescence and obedience; and, therefore, they must never be exercised with *a design* to excite resistance; the presumption, as we said before, being always in favour of innocence. Yet, with the limitation just mentioned, we know of no bounds in public matters to the Liberty of the Press,—and that liberty is one which has not been confined to theory. No man is at liberty to excite men to dethrone the King, to abolish either House of Parliament, or to liberate Ministers from their responsibility to the extent of life and fortune: for that were to assail the Constitution itself—the foundations of our "legal limited monarchy;" but every man, from the very nature of the other rights secured to him under that free Government, which he must neither undermine nor assail, is at full liberty *to discuss the* POLICY *of an Administration.* It may, and we believe it very often is, a part of that policy, to *identify themselves*, or *their measures*, with the Government; but no policy can be more false or more dangerous;—while it leaves us our rights *in name*, it does them all away *in substance*, and renders them, for the time during which such a policy prevails, as truly arbitrary and despotic as King James VII.

The remaining Essays are on the following subjects:—Sketch of the Principles of Government; Law Taxes, and their Injustice and Baneful Operation; Riot Act; Prejudging of Public Questions; New Doctrines respecting Interferences with Judicial Proceedings; Powers and Proceedings of Inferior Judges, considered Historically, as well as on Principle, embracing, illustratively, a view of the Powers and Practice of the Court of Session; The same Subject continued; Sketch of the History and Privileges of the Law Corporations connected with the Court of Session; Suggestions for improving the Forms of Process in Civil Causes.

Our limits prevent us from entering into a detailed consideration of these Essays. They are characterised, throughout, by liberal sentiment, and a practical understanding, while there is an absence of all unnecessary technicalities and legal jargon, so that we can safely recommend the volume to the notice of all readers who wish for information on the interesting subjects of which it treats.

Sonnet.

PLUCK me a quill from yonder bird of light,
The sunbeam follower,—the belov'd of Jove,—
For I must write a letter to my love,
Who went to Glasgow, by the mail, last night.

Give me the rays that stream through yonder sky,
That all my page may with bright hues be painted,
For, by the gods! I'll tell my love that I,
When she departed, very nearly fainted.

Pull me up Etna from its lowest roots,
With all its caverns of fire and smoke;
It is an emblem that most aptly suits
To represent (by Heaven! it is no joke,)
The passion which her thousand charms engender,
Burning my wretched bosom to a very cinder.

REMARKS ON MR MACLAREN'S REPLY.

MR EDITOR,

In the Edinburgh Magazine, October Number, Mr Maclaren has thought fit to publish a reply to the strictures on his work, entitled, "A Dissertation on the Topography of the Plain of Troy," which lately appeared in the New Edinburgh Review. So far, all is well. If he could not bear to see any of his opinions called in question, he was quite right to arm himself in their defence. Every one is entitled to demonstrate that his own notions are correct, to point out the mistakes into which his reviewer has fallen, and to shew that he himself has come forth from the fire of criticism with greater lustre, and in renovated beauty. Had Mr Maclaren done nothing more than this, there would have been no cause of complaint. As the writer of that article, I should probably have been for ever silent; and considerably indifferent as to the result, might have allowed him to enjoy the undisputed glory of that triumph which he seems quite certain of having achieved. But he has gone much further. Indignant at the presumption which would not repose implicit faith in his authority, he has had recourse to anger, as often as to argument; and, in the heat of his resentment, ascribes to me motives by which I was not actuated, and throws out imputations which I think it my duty to repel.

The last sentence forms a curious contrast to the rest of Mr Maclaren's reply. "As discussion and inquiry," says he, "are always favourable to truth, nothing will gratify me more than to see it (his system) subjected to the most rigorous examination, and to the most unsparing criticism." It is quite impossible not to admire the liberal and philosophic spirit which this passage breathes. The sentiment might do honour to Aristotle, and even Plato's self need not have been ashamed to utter it. One might almost imagine that the venerable sages of the Academy and the Porch had risen from their graves, and come to establish their schools in the "Modern Athens." To be gratified by the discovery of truth, even when it goes to contradict favourite notions and long-cherished opinions, is the perfection of reason, and the loftiest triumph of wisdom. Yet it must be admitted, that Mr Maclaren has a singularly odd way of displaying his gratification,—by giving vent to his passion, and abusing the author of his happiness. One might suppose, that, instead of being delighted, he was smarting under the pain of some mortal injury. But then all have not the same way of expressing their feelings; and Mr Maclaren may himself be in the enjoyment of every satisfaction, when, to others, he seems writhing in pain, and tortured by disappointment. "Nay," our author will reply, "I was a little out of humour; it was not, however, because the 'examination was rigorous, and the criticism unsparing,' but because they were not the work of an 'unprejudiced person.'" But what proofs of prejudice are to be found in the article in question? Let Mr M. produce them if he can. Is he himself ever spoken of but with respect? Is there a single personal allusion which even the most sensitive writer could take amiss? Nay, is not his work spoken of in terms of considerable approbation? The very first sentence praises the ingenuity with which it is written, and the last recommends it to the attention of all who take pleasure in such researches; while much is said of the pains that have been taken to acquire information, and of the candour with which it is generally stated. That I should now be inclined to retract somewhat from these panegyrics, will scarcely surprise any one; but they shew, at least, that my former remarks were written in perfect good faith, and afford an instance of prejudice, on my part, nearly as curious as the mode in which Mr M. is wont to shew his satisfaction. It is true that I have taken the liberty to differ, occasionally, from him; and this, in his eyes, may be a proof of the most wilful and inveterate prejudice. If such be the grounds of the charge, I fear there are few whose minds are unbiassed, or, as a late eminent statesman happily expressed it, a "sheet of white paper;" and I, for one, must plead guilty. But is Mr M. infallible? Are his statements so clear, and his arguments so satisfactory, that they cannot but command universal assent? Is it impossible to come to different conclusions from what he has endeavoured to establish? I may be mistaken; but I entered on the inquiry without the slightest prejudice against Mr M., or in favour of any other system. Treating his views without bitterness, I proposed my own without dogmatism. The grounds on which they rested were fairly stated, and I even brought forward circumstances which a less candid adversary might perhaps have chosen to conceal.

Another charge against me is that of "incompetency to decide upon the subject." This is an accusation to which I shall not offer a single word of reply; yet Mr M. is not, perhaps, the most impartial judge; and those who take an interest in the controversy may probably look to the article in question, and not choose to abide by his award. There is one qualification, too, which I may assume to myself—as even my opponent allows me to possess it—a knowledge of Greek: of some consequence this, when the chief object is to examine the statements of authors who wrote in that language.

Having said this much, I have but little desire to go on. But as Mr M. has frequently misrepresented my statements, as well as my motives, I cannot be altogether silent. However, I shall be very short, and, to save myself trouble, follow the arrangement which he has adopted.

In the "Topography," Mr M., arguing against Messrs Bryant and Hobhouse, adduced a passage from Strabo, to shew that that geographer did not include the Northern part of the Ægean Sea under the name of Hellespont. He now, in consequence of my remarks, admits that it proves exactly the reverse. That point, of course, is settled; and if we are to judge of his general accuracy by this specimen, woe be to the man that follows his guidance! Yet, strange as it may appear, he, in another place, asserts, that the proper understanding of this passage neither weakens his theory nor strengthens mine. Why, it incontestably proved the point for which I was arguing, and as effectually disproved that for which he had contended.

Η δ᾽ εςπερια θαλαττα ὁ τε Ελληςποντος εστι εν ῷ και το Αιγαιον πελαγος. The sense of these words Mr M. accuses me of garbling, to suit my purpose; and yet, in the very next sentence, acknowledges that I have given their true meaning, the absurdity of which was perceived by the Latin translators. Really his inconsistency is as strange as his accuracy and inferences. My explanation is the only one that the present text will bear, and has been adopted by several scholars; among the rest, by Mr Hobhouse; while the turn given to the expression, by the Latin and French translations, is quite inadmissible. Perhaps the text may be corrupted, although no emendation has been proposed; and, at all events, we can dispense with the passage, as our point is sufficiently established without it.

Mr M. next comes to consider, whether the Plain of the Mendere is the Trojan Plain of Homer. This, he says, "is admitted by Strabo, nay, what is more extraordinary, admitted by the reviewer himself, without question." Now here there is room to complain of something very like disingenuousness and misrepresentation. If, by the Trojan Plain of Homer is meant the ground lying betwixt New Ilium and the rivers Mendere and Dombric, Mr M. must be told, that nothing was further from my thoughts than to make the admission which he ascribes to me. On the contrary, the whole of my argument went to show, that this could not be the Plain of Homer,—that it was much too confined for the movements and events which are represented to have occurred in it,—that, besides, it is intersected by the Califat Osmack; and that, in general, it was little better than a marsh. According to my views, the Plain in question lies between the Dombric and the Califat Osmack, extending from New Ilium towards Chiblack—the Plain called by Strabo the outward and Scamandrian, and the only one, of any magnitude, laid down in the maps that I have been enabled to consult, or described by the authors whom I have had an opportunity of reading on the subject.

The great point, in the whole controversy, is the identity of the rivers. Our author loses all patience with me, for supposing that the Dombric can possibly be the Scamander, and the Califat Osmack the Simois of Homer, being quite certain that he has proved the Mendere and Dombric to be respectively entitled to that honour. Now, in addition to the evidence formerly adduced, to show that his success is not quite so indisputable, let me produce a fact, for which he is, perhaps, little prepared, and which must be quite fatal to his argument. It is asserted by Homer; and much even of our author's reasoning proceeds on the supposition that these far-famed streams unite their waters, before they empty themselves into the Hellespont. Now it has lately been discovered, that the Mendere is not joined by any river of the plain, and that the Califat Osmack and Dombric are the only two which flow to the sea in the same channel.

Extract of a Letter dated Athens, 14th July, 1817.

> " We visited both Clarke's and Chevalier's seat of Troy, and, with regard to the former, we made a curious discovery, which completely overturns his theory, viz., that what he calls the Simois, and was formerly called the Califat Osmack, does not join the Scamander at all. We rode from the mouth of the Scamander up to the mountains, and did not find that any river joined it, *not even the Thymbreck*, as laid down in Kauffer's map. On the contrary, the *Califat Osmack and the Thymbreck join together, and run in a course of their own to the sea, near the tomb of Ajax.*"

This letter is quoted merely as an authority with respect to the rivers; and nothing could be more hostile to our author's opinion, or more friendly to mine. Nor will Mr M. doubt the evidence of eye-witnesses. But if any scruples do exist, as to the authenticity of the testimony, he shall have every satisfaction.

But it seems the Dombric is destitute of sufficient grandeur to be the principal river of Homer. The fact is, that none of the Trojan streams can be called a river. At best, they are merely channels by which the wintry torrents make their way to the ocean; while in summer, they are almost all equally destitute of water. Yet the Dombric is far from being of an inconsiderable size. But our best plan is to describe it in words borrowed from Mr Maclaren. " It is a clear and rapid stream; its bed is sixty feet wide; it often presents a powerful torrent, bearing all before it. By Homer, it is called on to drain all its springs, to summon all his brooks, to swell his waters, and to bear along trunks and stones." " And this," adds he, " is no greater power than a mountain torrent, like the Dombric, in its enlarged state, usually possesses." What are our author's ideas of grandeur? Surely a river that bears all before it, carrying along trunks and stones, might have sufficient dignity to suit even his exalted notions. Strabo's opinion, as to the source of the rivers, is, moreover, but of small consequence. He whose statements respecting the Ægean Sea and the Hellespont have, according to Mr Maclaren, neither accuracy, clearness, nor consistency, may be allowed to have erred in a point where the truth was much more difficult to be got at, and which even yet has not been fully ascertained. Besides, it is unfair to represent me as following implicitly the authority of Strabo. My object was to reconcile the statements of Homer, Strabo, and Pliny, the three oldest writers on the subject. And in this my success was greater than our author will readily allow.

Mr M. imagines that I will grant " πλησιαζω" may be translated, "approach to." Be it so. And what good will the admission do him? If he will tell me how a river can approach to a given point without flowing towards it, he shall have the full benefit of such a notable discovery. Strabo says, that " the two rivers, the Scamander, (πλησιασας,) 'approaching to,'—be it—Sigeum, and the Simois to Rhoeteum, unite a little before New Ilium." Now, the fact is, as we have seen, that they do not unite at all. Besides, would Strabo speak of the Simois " approaching to"

Rhoeteum, when it actually passes it long before reaching the place assigned by Mr M. for the junction? And, moreover, his confluence is not (μικρον εμπροσθεν) a little before, but at a very considerable distance from New Ilium.

There are other misrepresentations—for it is to such chiefly, if not entirely, that I mean to confine my observations—which require to be noticed. Mr M. maintains that I have placed the Greek camp and harbour somewhere between the mouth of the Mendere and En Tepe; that the ground in this situation is a marsh; and that the "interval between my own city and camp is not greater" than that between New Ilium and Koum Kale, their sites according to his theory. Now, it is singular enough that I did not venture to give any particular opinion as to the naval station. My words were, "we shall not attempt to point out the particular Capes between which the Greeks chose to encamp;" adding,—"But we are of opinion, that the spot they pitched on was considerably to the eastward of the Mendere." The truth is, that no headlands, at all corresponding to Homer's description, have as yet been discovered, and in this state of ignorance speculation is somewhat worse than useless. Still, however, there is not a foot of ground in the plain less likely than that which is so great a favourite with our author; and the eastward of the Mendere still seems the quarter in which, if any where, our researches are to be successful. Mr M. quotes Mr Hobhouse, as calling the low-ground, in this direction, a "sandy marsh," and "a line of reedy swamps." The latter expression, my examination of the "Travels in Albania" has not enabled me to discover; and, what is still more unfortunate for Mr M., it is the plain southward of Dombric, and in front of New Ilium; the plain, by the way, where he supposes all the Trojan battles to have been fought, which Mr H. calls a "sandy marsh." Whereas it is expressly stated, that the coast to which my observations were confined, is "flat and sandy for two miles to the east of Koum Kale." Moreover, our author affirms, that the "firm ground betwixt the Dombric and the sea could not extend, in Homer's time, above two or three hundred yards." Mr H., on the other hand, asserts, that this river "flows at the distance of a mile from the shore." It is needless here to talk of accretions. Nothing, we know, has been added to the coast since the days of Demetrius, and there is only conjecture in the supposition, that the land was enlarged in the shorter period betwixt him and Homer. Again, as to the interval betwixt the city and the encampment, that must remain unknown till the exact spot of the latter shall be ascertained.

One word more. There is nothing of which our author speaks so confidently, as of the existence of a hill at En Tepe. He may be in the right. All the maps to which he so exultingly refers, have not fallen into my hands. Yet I have consulted the greater part of them, together with his own, no doubt a correct one, and in none of them can I perceive any appearance of a hill. There is, indeed, what, in common cases, might be supposed the geographical mark of one. But this is uniformly stated to represent the Aianteum, or Barrow of Ajax, and it differs in no respect from the mark of the other barrows with which the plain abounds. Yet Mr M. declares, that "if this hill is awanting in any one of them, he will not only yield up this point, but every other his reviewer contends for." Let us then take Mr Hobhouse's, and if there is any appearance in the neighbourhood of En Tepe, that can be supposed to represent a hill, except the Aianteum, the victory shall be his.

Mr M. thinks, that, after taking the trouble to point out one wrong translation, I would not have spared other errors, had they existed. My forbearance, however, was greater than he seems disposed to allow. Other mistakes do exist, and might easily be exposed, were it not necessary to be brief on so useless a subject. Again, therefore, I shall forbear; at the same time, however, assuring him, that if he will not yet take my assertion, I shall produce him evidence, which even he must admit to be satisfactory.

To those who have read the reply, it must be evident that Mr M. had lost his temper, and loaded his critic with epithets which it would have been better to avoid. But this, perhaps, I have not much reason to regret. It is a proof that, in assailing his theory, my success was greater than he is willing to allow. No one gets into a passion, or has recourse to invective, till his arguments are expended, and his cause begins to be hopeless. His reply has now been considered candidly, I hope, and fairly; and he may still, if he can, plume himself on having again "passed through the ordeal of criticism without injury." In truth, I have not the smallest expectation that any thing which has been said will produce the slightest change in his sentiments. From the first, I never ventured to indulge the presumptuous hope of making him a convert, or even of prevailing on him to depart a hair's-breadth from the ground which he had taken. Like those,

> Felices ter et amplius,
> Quos irrupta tenet copula,

I suspected that he was too much wedded to his opinions to leave any possibility of the union ever being broken. In whatever way they were first acquired, whether by reading, by meditation *, or in any other way, he has entertained them so long, written about them so much, and published them so often, that it would be vain to attempt dislodging them from his affections. Indeed, opposition will only confirm their influence; and the more they are attacked, the more strongly will they bind him in their enchantments.

> Ante retro Simois fluet, et sine frondibus Ide
> Stabit, et auxilium promittet Achaia Trojae,

than he confess himself to have been mistaken, or renounce friends whom he has so long and so fondly cherished. G. M.

SCHILLER'S CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued.)

Schiller to the Baron Von Dalberg †.

A PAINFUL attack of ague, which has already continued eight days, has compelled me to lay aside all thoughts of waiting upon your Excellency, and of expressing to you those feelings of delighted approval and satisfaction, while yet experiencing somewhat of their first delicious ardency, with which I witnessed the late performance of my "Robbers." In my present situation, I eagerly long for the establishment of my wonted health; the more especially, as I feel a lively regret in having thus been obliged so long to postpone my critical remarks upon "Sikingin." I have, however, till now, been wholly incapable of any vigorous or continued efforts of intellectual exertion; and although my malady decreases, I still continue to be much afflicted with severe headaches.

I have taken the liberty to alter the contract prepared by your Excellency, conformably to those particulars as to which we agreed in our personal communing upon the subject. I now send you the original, along with the amended copy, which I have prepared. Should it, in its altered form, now meet, as I believe it will, the approval of your Excellency, permit me to request you to add to it your subscription, and again return it. The arrangement and necessary demands of my new domestic establishment will require, in the meantime, from me, a considerable expenditure; allow me, therefore, to remind your Excellency of your kind promise of Sunday last, of advancing me two hundred florins, and now to request from you a draft upon Sartory to that amount.

I may say with truth, that there is nothing desired by me with greater ardour and impatience, than that my health may very soon enable me effectually to demonstrate, to your

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* "The Reviewer's theory, which he assures us is the result of *long and painful meditation*." Another instance of Mr Maclaren's unfairness. No such expression occurs in the whole of the article which has so greatly roused his indignation.

† This letter appears to have been written at Manheim, but is without date.

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Excellency, my eager zeal for the advancement of the drama; and how constant and abiding is my ardent passion for its cultivation. With the most unfeigned and perfect respect, &c. &c. &c.

Schiller to the same[*].

What your Excellency yesterday communicated to me, by my friend Mai, has inspired me, I may truly say, with the deepest sentiments of grateful respect. I cannot assuredly think of the generous and unwearied interest which your Excellency has hitherto taken in my humble fortunes, without being sensibly touched with emotions the most delicious and overpowering. Had I not long, in secret, cherished the hope of engaging in the practice of my ostensible profession of medicine, assuredly so striking and affecting a mark of your watchful and affectionate solicitude must, in this, have at once found with me a ready and unhesitating compliance. The strong bent, however, of my own inclination has long been in this direction. I have feared, perhaps not without cause, that, sooner or later, my ardent and enthusiastic passion for the poetic art might either lose much of its present vigour, or be wholly extinguished, were the consciousness inevitably pressed upon me, of exercising it for the humiliating and servile purpose of regular subsistence; and that, on the other hand, it would assume for me a more irresistible and fascinating grace of attraction, if I might only flee to it, when the strong inclination prompted me, as a delicious and elevated recreation; and could I select, exclusively for its culture, those hours of my life, the most pure and happily auspicious, and the most remote from any feeling of those cares and disquietudes, which might otherwise cast a gloom across the brightness of the poetic horizon. Then, indeed, do I feel I shall be alone enabled to shew myself a poet, in the more forcibly concentrated and collective energies of my genius, and under the more certain and regulated guidance of that enthusiasm, so indispensable, and so felicitous in its rich creative fruits. Then alone can I indeed hope that my fond and ardent passion for this divine art, and my capacity for its felicitous and successful exercise, shall only terminate with my life. The affectionate desire of your Excellency, that I should open to you, without disguise, my whole soul, is indeed to me most welcome, and affects me most sensibly. But shall I presume yet farther to throw myself on the noble generosity of your Excellency? Shall I, after all the striking manifestations of your compassionate sympathy and support,—after the enjoyment and participation of those distinguished benefits showered upon me with so liberal a hand, still summon boldness to solicit you to proceed yet a step farther, and, by one striking act of favour, crown the multitude of your benefits? The space of a year is required to make up for the time I have lost by the desertion and neglect of my medical studies, and to enable me to commence its practice with credit and respectability. During the preparatory and probationary period, I shall not have it in my power to be so assiduous in my poetical exertions, for your theatre, as I have hitherto been; and yet, I fear, I shall as much as ever stand in need of your kind aid and assistance. The issue of this year must, it is probable, determine the colour and complexion of my future life. Should I happily be enabled to accomplish my present medical designs, I may then regard my establishment at Manheim as certain. Shall I then, in this urgent and critical situation, presume to look to your Excellency for your generous and effectual support? And can you, in extending to me the means of assistance, rather in your generous and affectionate temper, look, meanwhile, prospectively to the dramatic labours I shall be enabled to accomplish, after the expiry of this year of medical study and preparation, than to the little I have as yet done for the celebrity and advancement of your theatre? If I shall have once passed this period of probationship, and commenced the public exercise of my profession, I shall then have it in my power, without difficulty, by means of my dramatic compositions, to discharge my previous obligations to the kind liberality of your Excellency. I may then, I fondly hope, in my deep and abiding poetic passion, be enabled to produce, for your especial benefit, some noble and felicitous dramatic work; and besides, I shall be then in a condition to fulfil the promise which you so eagerly solicit, of the monthly publication of a critical journal, exclusively devoted to subjects connected with the drama. Should my importunate anxiety have here unhappily hurried me too far, I entreat your Excellency to attribute it to the irresistible impulse which I feel to confide to your compassionate and indulgent interest my anxieties and my wishes. I may, indeed, with truth, say, that this to me is a juncture of my life the most critical and momentous. I feel that my future fate depends wholly on your kind aid and instrumentality. If, then, it can beget within the bosom of your Excellency a noble and enduring satisfaction, to establish and give a delicious reality to the fond and alluring—I would trust not deceitful—prospects of a young man, and to mark an auspicious and prominent era in his life—to fulfil the powerful promptings of his own heart, and the ardent and fond wishes of his friends, and may I not, of a surety, add, those of your own generous mind? If the odour of this consciousness, of having tenderly and affectionately upheld me, shall ever, as it were, breathe an imperishable sweetness, then may I venture to rely, with some assured confidence, on the effective and favourable interposition of your Excellency! And should it afterwards be my envied fortune to rise to eminence and celebrity in the world, then, indeed, with what an eager and transporting zeal of affection shall I seek to repay the distinguished favours heaped upon me in less happy and auspicious circumstances! Allow me to hope the speedy result of your decision, either by the communication of a private letter, or in the confidence of a personal interview. Meanwhile, I wait the issue with the most anxious impatience, and remain, &c. &c. &c. *

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[*] This letter is without date.

Schiller to Von Dalberg.

Frankfort, 1st *May* 1784.

I eagerly hasten, while yet under somewhat of the strong and delightful influence of the feelings of last night, to inform your Excellency of the distinguished and striking triumph of excellence, which, in Frankfort, marked the exertions of our Manheim actors. It was yesterday that Iffland's piece was performed to a crowded house, and received with the highest and most uncommon applause. Iffland, as uniting in himself, in rare excellence, the separate capacities of author and actor, and his eminent brother of the buskin, Beil, were, in the close of the piece, amidst the most enthusiastic acclamations of applause, called for by the audience; and it was strikingly apparent, the general high admiration and esteem with which these distinguished emissaries of the Manheim theatre were regarded. I should much exceed the limits of a letter, were I to detail to you minutely my opinion of Grossmann's company. This, however, I may assuredly say, that Iffland and Beil, even, when conflicted with the most esteemed actors, shone forth with a most striking and pre-eminent power of excellence. The triumphant and forcible manner in which their efforts, contrasted with those of the other performers, might be said to be, in their effects, like the Jupiter of Phidias placed amidst the statues of less-gifted sculptors, and at once throwing a shade of deformity across them all, by the force and energy of its characteristic beauty. I never in my life felt more strongly and convincingly, than upon this occasion, the decided and marked superiority of our Manheim Theatre, in all its departments; and I believe that Grossmann, after the departure of our actors, will find it no easy task to uphold the former high credit of his theatre in Frankfort. It will hereafter afford me a high and delightful satisfaction to unfold to your Excellency the particular grounds of this opinion, when I shall be again enabled to taste the pleasure of an intimate and unrestrained personal intercourse. Since our stay here, Iffland and Beil, by the striking and characteristic traits of their admirable performance, have acquired a distinguished reputation with the people of Frankfort; and in their persons, the Manheim Theatre may be said, every where, to receive the most flattering and unequivocal proofs of high estimation. It is allowed, besides, by every one, that the actors of Grossmann's company never so happily or zealously exerted themselves in their art as last night; a striking instance of that noble excitement and rivalship which the commanding and felicitous powers of great actors can awaken within the bosoms of those with whom they are for the time associated and conflicted. The piece for this evening's performance is the "*Father's Revenge*," and, for Monday, "*Cabal and Love*." I must candidly own, it is with much pain and reluctance that I can persuade myself to witness, in the performance of my piece, the mistaken and ill-regulated efforts of the actors, and especially the convulsive throws and agitations of extravagant passion which unhappily mark the performance of the lady who personates the heroine. I should indeed be well satisfied—looking to my own gratification—to forego the honour intended me by this performance, could I do so, without giving offence to Grossmann and his company, in their kindly, zealous, and well-meant efforts. I have some hopes, however, that the striking and naturally-empassioned acting of Iffland * and Beil, together, perhaps, with somewhat of excitement caused by my own presence, may render the performance a more effective and pleasing dramatic exhibition, that the people of Frankfort could have looked for from the exclusive efforts alone of Grossmann's Company. I look forward with much impatience to communicate it to you fully, without disguise, with the observations and impressions which have occurred to me since my arrival here, and which I have carefully treasured up. I may, indeed, without hesitation affirm, that, could my high estimation of your Manheim stage have been yet farther encreased, assuredly nothing could have, with more certainty, produced this effect, than the whole theatrical arcana and performances which I have witnessed here. Your Excellency will receive this letter through H. Miller, who obligingly undertakes to deliver it. His zeal and attachment to the Manheim stage have induced him to disregard every flattering inducement held out to him for prolonging his continuance with us till the representation of "*Zemire and Azor*;" as to which, he will inform you of any particulars you may desire. I remain, with the truest respect, &c. &c.

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* Schiller, in his eager wish to engage in some pursuit by which he might hope to acquire a celebrity, independent of his great poetical exertions, is said, for some time, anxiously to have wavered between the choice of medicine, and the desire to engage in the investigation and treatment of historical subjects. It need scarcely be added, that he decided for the latter, and that, in this separate and dissimilar walk, he acquired a distinguished reputation, perhaps only surpassed by the more dazzling and striking excellencies of his dramatic productions.

Schiller, to H. Reunchul, Stage-Manager of the Manheim Theatre.

(Inclosed in the preceding.)

I hasten with impatience, my dear friend, to inform you, in a few words, of the striking success which has crowned the performance of Iffland and Beil. In a house crowded to excess, and amidst a silence as profound as if it had been the solemnity of the coronation of an emperor, the dramatic piece of Iffland was last night brought out, and he and his friend Beil were, in the sequel, amidst the most enthusiastic plaudits, called upon to experience the honour of presenting themselves to the audience. All here are zealous and enthusiastic in praise of our Manheim actors; and Grossmann's company, so lately deemed unrivalled, are now compelled to yield the palm of skill and excellence to our admirable theatrical associates. We are here kindly involved in such an unceasing round of revelry and feasting, that I can with difficulty snatch some quiet moments from the bustle, to write you a few lines. Grossmann charges me for you with many kind expressions of affection and regard, which I must, however, delay to communicate till we meet. The play for this evening is the "*Father's Revenge*," and, on Monday, my "*Cabal and Love*;" a mark of honour and respect to myself, which, however amiable and flattering, I would willingly wave, that I might thus escape the torture of hearing violence done to my poetical sentiments. The misplaced and excessively declamatory efforts of the actress who performs the part of the heroine, I feel to be extremely irksome and painful. The truly chaste and admirable performance of your lady has, in this, rendered me discerning and fastidious. But I reserve to myself the satisfaction, when we meet, of communicating to you the particulars of the performance. Meanwhile, continue to number me among the most affectionate and sincere of your friends, &c. &c.

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* Iffland is allowed to have been one of the most distinguished and admirably-impressive actors which Germany has ever produced. He was the author of a variety of dramatic productions, which display much versatility and penetration of talent: and as an enlightened and discriminating writer, upon the requisites of his professional art, he has perhaps never been equalled. In the latter part of his life, he was Director of the Theatre at Berlin.

Schiller to Von Dalberg.

Manheim, 7th June, 1784.

The singular and somewhat suspicious circumstance, in regard to my manuscript, has been fully explained to my satisfaction. I have it again safely in my possession; it seems, however, never once to have occurred to us, that a mischievous and improper use might possibly have been made of it. I attended the last meeting of our Society[*]; and may venture to say this much, that its members now only await your final proposition, to determine decisively between the merits of the two proposals. Were it the wish of your Excellency, and did you feel solicitous to aid and participate in the reputation of the Society, I think it probable that a part, at least, of the proposed plan might be successfully accomplished. In my view of the matter, it ought to be explicitly resolved and established, that a small committee of the members of the Society, perhaps, not exceeding six in number, should be formed; and which should return in writing its candid and impartial decision, drawn from the collective intelligence of its members, upon the merits of those dramatic pieces submitted to their attention, and whether or not they may seem calculated for successful representation. In this limited selection of members, your Excellency would of necessity fall to be included, and I may also add myself; otherwise it might possibly happen, that partial and prejudiced critics among our number, and hostile to our theatre, might have it in their power to sway the committee, and to reject what in itself might be strikingly and intrinsically excellent. Among our members, I believe Schwan, Keibel, Professor Günther, Reichert, Klein, and Sambuga, the most peculiarly qualified for the province and labours of the committee; and I feel assured they would engage in them with the utmost zeal and alacrity. Your Excellency, I feel persuaded, will at once see the propriety, that each member, in forming his opinion, should consider the whole constituent parts and characteristics of the piece, and its capability or unfitness for representation, in their inseparable connection and dependence upon each other; and not allow himself to be led astray, by viewing alone some partial and detached features of the dramatic production, and allowing these to guide him, rather than a comprehensive consideration of the power and presumed effect of the whole, in the connection and disposition of its parts. Were this proposition of a committee to be brought to bear, I should then eagerly desire of your Excellency, that I might be nominated mutual Secretary, to convey the decisions of the Society to the Theatrical Committee of Management, and, in return, to submit again the answers or queries of the latter to the further consideration and decision of our selected number. In this way, may I be permitted to say, that, through my humble instrumentality, both Societies would be brought into a fitting dependence upon each other, and, in their respective powers and capacities, harmoniously and inseparably incorporated.

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[*] This was the learned and scientific Society of this Palatinate, of which Schiller in this year, (1784,) was admitted a member. It seems to have been his more immediate and closer intercourse, by this means, with many from whom he believed he might derive the most zealous and effective aid and co-operation, in his literary designs, which led Schiller to entertain the thought of elevating and improving the Manheim stage, by the monthly publication of a "*Dramaturgy*," or Journal devoted to subjects connected with the Drama.

As to the publication to be conducted by the joint aids and contributions of the Society, you have, I presume, by this time, considered the written opinion of Schwan. He has communicated to me his letter to you. Nothing occurs to me farther to add to it, unless the suggestion, that our stage would be much more highly and immediately benefited, were the "Dramaturgy" limited to the treatment and exposition of topics connected with the stage, and published at certain short periodical intervals, than if it were merely made the wide and extensive repository of treatises and contributions, of a more general and scientific kind, —many of them unavoidably tedious —and did it only issue from the press after the long interval of a year. I may indeed assume the freedom to say, that the Journal of the Society would most likely lose the greater portion of its interest and attraction, were I to decline to undertake the superintendance of that part of it set apart for topics regarding the drama. Besides, I feel almost assured that Schwan would be averse to encounter the pecuniary risk of its publication, were this important addition to its contents omitted. I must, indeed, ingenuously own, that the introduction of such topics and disquisitions, connected with the drama, appear to me so indispensable in the publication, that in my anxious and zealous wish for the improvement of our stage, I have fervently longed, that my pecuniary circumstances were such as might enable me to give to the world the Dramaturgy, from myself, as its sole conductor. When, however, I am assured by your Excellency, that your theatrical establishment wholly decline, in this, to aid or assist me, and when I find how vain it is to look to the booksellers for any adequate remuneration of my industry and exertions, I altogether despair of accomplishing, in this form, the projected publication, in which I would otherwise have so zealously and fondly engaged. I cannot disguise from you that it grieves me, in common with the most eminent and intelligent of our actors, that a projected arrangement, which opened up such splendid and exhilarating prospects of advantage and amelioration to our drama, should at once be defeated by so slight and inconsiderable a hindrance. And it still more distresses, and fills me with deep regret, while I feel within myself the proud consciousness, how much, by my own enthusiastic and zealous endeavours, I might thus have contributed to advance the name and celebrity of our stage.

A few days ago, I experienced a most agreeable and flattering surprise, in an occurrence which I cannot refrain from imparting to you, as I know well your affectionate interest will eagerly lead you to participate in my satisfaction. I received letters from Leipsic, each accompanied by a small package, from four persons wholly unknown me, and written in the most enthusiastic terms of commendation, and overflowing with the warmest expressions of admiration for my poetic talents. These epistles were accompanied by four miniature portraits; two of which are those of females of striking beauty; and also by a pocket-book, finished and ornamented in the most elegant taste. So estimable and pleasing an offering, from persons wholly strangers to me, who could in this be influenced by no other motive than the generous wish of expressing towards me their sentiments of favourable regard, and their thanks for some hours of enjoyment afforded them, I must candidly confess deeply impressed me by its value; and I doubt, indeed, if the loudest and most unequivocal voice of the public approbation could ever have imparted to me so lively and delicious a satisfaction. When your Excellency again honours me with a visit, I shall have the happiness of shewing you these elegant and cherished testimonials of favour and respect.

The musical drama of "*Dido*," so long in preparation, was at length brought out last evening. I am inclined to doubt if it will ever grow much into popular favour. I must own, I cannot bestow upon it my approbation. The poetry and the music equally failed of touching or impressing me; and I suspect that this private feeling will be found to be pretty nearly the general one. I pretend not, however, to be a practised critic in the musical drama, and, even as one of its fond and attached votaries, I ought not, in this, to assume to myself the right of deciding. The representation and performance of the piece, however, went off well. Mademoiselle Baumann and Madame Beck are at present indisposed, which might, it is possible, occasion some slight difficulty and embarrassment in the arrangement and disposal of the parts. I have thought it needless to converse farther with Madame Gensicke, as your Excellency intimated to me your intention of writing to her yourself. The public are warmly prepossessed in her favour; and should you be unable to conclude any engagement with her, it assuredly will be the more urgent and indispensable that her successor here should be of such eminence and celebrity as may guard our theatre from any imputations which might otherwise be thrown upon the liberality of its management.

I could have wished that your Excellency had sent to us here something new from the Leipsic fair, which might have relished as an elegant and tasteful desert; or at least that you had pointed out to our notice some recent drama of merit;—but my curiosity will now very speedily be gratified, as the waggon arrives early next morning with books for Schwan. My "Cabal and Love" has been favourably noticed in the Gotha newspaper, but in so slight and superficial a manner, that it can afford no information to the curious and intelligent reader. I am at present more perplexed and embarrassed than ever as to my new dramatic work;—were I, in this, to follow the wishes and kind incentives of my friends, I ought to select some noble and impressive historical subject for my dramatic labours, and especially to proceed zealously with the composition of my "Don Carlos," the plan of which I have already submitted to the discriminating attention of Gotter, who honours it with his valuable and most earnest commendation. It must, indeed, I think, be allowed, that a dramatic subject, which soars not above the more familiar objects and relations of middle life, however felicitously and finely developed, can never possess, in the minds of the great—thirsting after the delineation of more elevated and uncommon incident—that impressive and commanding interest, which awaits the bolder and more dignified efforts of the dramatic poet. I may also add, that a drama of this more elevated and striking cast of incident earns, for the poet, and the theatre for which he writes, a greater and more rapidly-established celebrity than might perhaps have been acquired by three pieces of more domestic and unpretending incident. In this state of indecision, I eagerly desire the valuable opinion of your Excellency to determine me, finally, as to what description of dramatic subject I ought to choose for my poetical exertions. I may here venture to assure you, that "Carlos" will in nothing partake of the colder and less-inviting features of a political drama. It is rather my great aim to pourtray the singular and striking domestic incidents of a Royal House,—to develope suitably the terrible situation of a father, who finds, in his own son, the object of his dark and cruel jealousy, and the yet more pitiable and agonizing picture of the son, who, with all the splendour and power of his title to the most potent and magnificent kingdom in the world, yet fondly loves, without hope, and at last falls the unhappy victim of the most stern and unrelenting paternal vengeance. Such situation, so striking and impressive, I should imagine, if unfolded with corresponding dramatic power, could not fail to beget an interest of a very high and dignified kind. In the treatment of this drama, I shall most studiously seek to avoid whatever, in the incidents, or their poetical colouring, might have the slightest tendency to shock or revolt the feelings.

I conclude by expressing the earnest wish, not only of myself, but of all our friends of the Society, that we may very speedily have again the happiness of seeing you in the midst of us. With the truest respect, &c.

Schiller to the same.

Manheim, 2d July 1784.

I now send your Excellency, inclosed, agreeably to your wish, my short-written plan, or prospectus, for the Manheim Dramaturgy, upon which I am so zealously bent to engage. Should this work, as I feel assured, form an epoch in our stage, and prove the noble and effective means of raising into importance our national drama, and giving to it an enduring and splendid celebrity, I shall not—I may with ardent truth affirm—allow the smallness of the pecuniary recompence to lead me afterwards to turn aside from the undertaking. Without, however, such pecuniary aid, my present circumstances render it wholly impossible for me to enter upon the work; and the fond and delightful anticipations in which I have so eagerly indulged, must at once fail of their accomplishment. I desire to hear from your Excellency, as speedily as possible, in return, that, should your opinion prove favourable to my wishes, I may at once proceed to take the proper and necessary measures for entering upon the work; and for this purpose send off several letters, which now lie before me already written. Ever with the sincerest respect, &c. &c.

Frederick Schiller engages, for the yearly remuneration of fifty ducats, to publish a Dramaturgy of the Manheim National Theatre, and to deliver to the Committee of Management, of the Electoral Theatre, a stipulated number of copies*.

Impressed with the most lively conviction of the extensive benefit which the National Theatre at Manheim would derive from the publication of a Monthly Dramaturgy, which shall lay before the public a full detail of its regular business and transactions, and also of the circumstances and peculiarities of its internal management, I have determined to engage in this work, and to devote myself zealously to its accomplishments.

As to the necessary and separate divisions of the Journal, my views are simply these:

1*st*. It ought to be prefaced, by way of introduction, by an historical account of our Theatre in Manheim, from the period of its first establishment, to the present time, and of the chief revolutions by which it has been effected. A just tribute of commendation ought here also to be paid to its distinguished manager.

2*d*. A general review of the management, economy, and policy of the stage; and, at the same time, of the enlightened and guiding taste by which these are so effectively directed.

3*d*. What immediately and personally relates to the performers;—some traits of their history, their peculiar range of characters, their salaries, and a variety of other incidental matters.

4*th*. An enumeration of the dramatic pieces of most merit and celebrity, which have hitherto appeared on our stage; accompanied by some remarks on their representation at the time, and their reception by the public.

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* The following plan was laid before the Society of the Palatinate, with the view, if possible, of obtaining for the work their aid and sanction. We here give the Prospectus of the intended Journal; as it cannot assuredly be devoid of high interest, to see what, in the judgment of so distinguished and zealous a cultivator of the drama, were those leading heads and divisions of topics, which seemed to him proper to characterise a work of this description.

5th. The theatrical business and occurrences of each month, with the critical awards of the select Committee of the Society, or the Theatrical Body of Management.

6th. Essays and disquisitions relative to the dramatic art, which, in my view, would, it is probable, embrace the whole system of the art.

7th. The solution of questions relative to the drama, proposed by the Theatrical Committee of Management.

8th. A particular portion of the Journal shall be set apart, under the title of *Miscellanies* or *Additions*, for anecdotes, poetical pieces, extracts, and all those other topics and matters which do not naturally fall under any of the other marked divisions of the publication.

To enable the editor of the work to devote to it the full exercise of his talents, and, at the same time, to deliver, without restraint, his candid and unbiassed views on dramatic art, he conceives it indispensable, that, by the allowance of a moderate compensation from the theatre, he should be thrown wholly free from any dependence on the selfishness or caprice of the publisher or bookseller. Should the Theatrical Body of Management not regard the numerous and striking advantages which would result to them, from the establishment of this work, as too dearly purchased by the expence of fifty ducats, then the plan may be said to be not far from its successful completion; and I eagerly and solemnly engage to devote myself to the task, and to give to it the most zealous and unremitting exertions of my industry and my talents. I promise, that the Journal shall first appear in the beginning of August, 1784; that the Theatrical Management shall be freed from all other expence and concern in its publication; and that, each month, I shall deliver to them, free of charge, a stipulated number of impressions of the work. The Committee of the Electoral Theatre shall, in short, be in no way implicated in the risk of the undertaking, but shall merely affix to the work the sanction of their signature, to guard the Editor against the piracy of his Journal *.

F. SCHILLER.

At Manheim, 2d July 1784.

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* This zealous and patriotic attempt of Schiller, to reform and elevate the national drama, would seem to have failed, because refused the countenance and support of the Scientific Society of the Palatinate. In a letter to his friend Ritter v. Klein, Schiller has these words:—"The views of Dalberg and myself, which we shortly laid before the Society, were received in a manner extremely opposite to what our eager wishes had led us to expect; and from the conduct and demeanour of several of the members, I have been led, with chagrin, to remark, that all measures for the advancement of the Belles Lettres, and the more refined cultivation of art, find little countenance or favour from those purely scientific men, who seem to deem it below the dignity of their nature to foster or encourage any attempts of this kind." Schiller, however, shortly afterwards accomplished, in part, the design of his proposed Dramaturgy, by becoming the conductor of a periodical work entitled "*Rheinische Thalia*." In the prefatory announcement of this publication, Schiller, it may be presumed, having still in his mind the desertion of his late friends of the *Society*, says, with a noble and dignified reliance on the extent of his own powers, "All my connections are now dissolved,—the public is to me now every thing,—my great incentive to exertion,—my sovereign guide,—my confident and all-powerful adviser,—to it I now wholly resign myself,—to the authority of this tribunal alone do I desire to bow, which, while it inspires me with dread, I respectfully reverence. The secret and strong impulse of something great and elevated within me, irresistibly urges me, in all that pertains to imagination and poetic conception, to shake from me every deadening or minute entanglement, and alone to listen to the decision of the world,—to appeal to no other throne than the human heart, and its passions and affections. Posterity willingly disregard a writer, who, in his narrower views, has remained callous and insensible to the noble incentives of the general voice. I must candidly own, that, in taking upon myself the management and direction of the '*Rheinische Thalia*,' my most powerful and decisive inducement was to create, between the public and myself, a kindly and endearing bond of union." *Tr.*

MEMOIRS OF OWAIN GLYNDWR *.

We hail with pleasure the appearance of this work, for although its title is as clumsily constructed, and its contents as awkwardly arranged, as it is possible for them to be, still we are inclined to look upon it as an introduction to better things on the part of the Welsh *Literati*. Of matters of literature, the Welsh have been hitherto lamentably neglectful; and we cannot censure, in terms too peremptory and severe, the very culpable and discouraging inattention which characterises their conduct in this respect. Nobody can admire more than we do the general character of the Cambro-British: it is replete with loyalty, generosity, frank and open-hearted hospitality; but the exercise of these good qualities does not extend either to the fostering of living talent, or to the rescuing from oblivion the genius of past ages. It is to the Welsh gentleman—we speak in general terms—a matter of very small moment whether his country becomes celebrated for the production of learned men; at all events, he does not deem it requisite to make the smallest exertion in furtherance of such an object; for—it is sad to say—he possesses none of that intellectual ambition which is at once such an ornament to the possessor, and so extensive a source of utility to mankind in general. He is sufficiently contented and happy in the enjoyment of the more humble and tangible pleasures of a country life, and delights to mingle with those individuals whose habits and inclinations are similar to his own. To his dull and clouded perception, the labours of the learned can be attended with no earthly advantage. Nay, we know of more than one instance, wherein the productions of highly-gifted individuals have been treated with ridicule, because they were unintelligible; and considered puerile, because they were unprofitable.

But this indolent carelessness is by no means a virtue; nor must it be accounted one of the blessings of a pastoral life. Wales is a secluded, but not an uncivilized country; and this inattention to the benefits of learning is a disgraceful, if not a dangerous evil. It was, in fact, this discouraging apathy which nipped in the bud the expanding genius of a Goronwy Owen, which chilled the glowing spirit of an Evan Evans, and which permitted that noble monument of Cymric literature—the Archaiology of Wales—to be collected and printed at the sole expence of Owen Jones, "the Thames-Street furrier †."

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* Memoirs of Owen Glendower, (Owain Glyndwr,) with a Sketch of the History of the Ancient Britons, from the Conquest of Wales, by Edward the First, to the present time; illustrated with various Notes, Genealogical and Topographical. By the Rev. Thomas Thomas, Rector of Abesporth, Perpetual Curate of Llanddewi Aberarth, and Author of the St. David's Prize Essay for 1810, on the Study of the Hebrew Language. Haverfordwest. 1822. 8vo. pp. 240.

† In a spirited Letter now before us, addressed, by the Editor of the Cambro-Briton, (on the demise of his work, *for want of due encouragement*,) to the Editor of the Shrewsbury Chronicle, a large portion of this reprehensible heedlessness is attributed to the withering influence of Sectarianism. "It may now be worth while," says the writer, "shortly to advert to the actual indifference with which (notwithstanding all that has been pretended to the contrary) the Welsh regard the cause of their national literature; of that literature, I mean, in its highest and most interesting associations, as exhibiting, to our view, the fast-fleeting traces of all that was anciently of worth in the genius, in the exploits, and in the character of the Cymry. I have already incidentally attributed this indifference to natural causes; and, as far as national habits and prejudices become a second nature, I have been right;—for it is too probable that the apathy in question has its root in those peculiar religious propensities to which Wales has, for a long series of years, been proverbially subject, and which have established their exclusive dominion over the mind, at the expence of those more unconstrained feelings which belong to the cultivation of refined literature and of general science. Hence, as a natural consequence, a taste for the *literæ humaniores*—for the more polished learning of the world—has been too often obscured by the gloom of fanaticism,

But while Welshmen, in general, are thus inattentive to the interests and encouragement of literature, there are a few spirited individuals whose utmost efforts have been exerted to counteract the effects of this reproachful indifference; and these are the patriotic members of the different societies, which have been established by Welshmen for the purpose of rescuing their country from the disgraceful gloom in which it has hitherto been shrouded. Of these societies, the principal are the *Gwyneddigion*, or North Walesmen; and the *Cymmrodorion*, or Fellow-countrymen—each being particularly devoted to the purpose above mentioned. The first of these institutions was founded in the year 1771, by Owen Jones, the collector of the Archaiology, whose whole life was dedicated to the preservation of the literary treasures of his country. This excellent man, with a perseverance as ardent as it was inflexible, employed his time and his purse in the collection of all the ancient manuscripts relating to the history, poetry, and antiquities of Wales; and, in addition to those of which the Archaiology consists, he succeeded in obtaining nearly one hundred quarto volumes of Welsh poetry, which have been lately purchased by the Cymmrodorion Society. There is one event relating to the beneficence of this generous Welshman, which cannot be too highly estimated. A few years after the establishment of the Gwyneddigion Society, the author of a celebrated Welsh Essay, to which one of the Society's prizes had been awarded, attracted, in consequence, the notice of its liberal founder. A correspondence between them was the result, in the course of which this Welsh Mæcenas urged his new friend to give his talents the benefit of an academical education, using, in his letter on the occasion, these characteristic words: "I will bear your expences: draw upon me for any sum of money you may be in need of whilst at College. And the condition of the obligation is this: that if, by any reverse of fortune, I should become poor, and you in a state of affluence, then you must maintain me." No stronger proof of his generosity can be required. It is proper to add, however, that the gentleman here alluded to was only once under the necessity of trespassing on his patron's munificence, and he then found him true to his benevolent promise; yet it takes nothing from the merit of his intention that it was not more fully executed. It should also be remembered, that, by his judicious discernment in this instance, and by his encouraging instigation, he was the means of bringing into public notice an individual, moving in the lowest ranks of life, who has since proved himself a distinguished proficient in the national literature of his country*.

The *Cymmrodorion* Society—of which, we are happy to observe, Sir Walter Scott and Mr Southey are honorary members—has been established little more than two years †. It was founded by some of the leading members of the Gwyneddigion, and is more likely to prove beneficial to the literary interests of the Principality than any other Society with which we are acquainted. Its avowed object is, "to preserve and illustrate the remains of ancient British literature, and to promote its future cultivation by every means in its power." If the members will be

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or lost in the baneful vortex of theological controversy. I do not state this, however, as a universal position; but that it is the *general* case, every man of candour will grant. Even with those of the most liberal attainments, whatever knowledge they possess of the Welsh tongue, is, in most cases, devoted rather to the objects I have briefly alluded to, than to the more classical purpose of illustrating those valuable treasures which antiquity has to reveal. Whatever be the grounds upon which this peculiarity, in the character of the Welsh, is to be defended, it is no less true, that it is the main cause of their general disrelish for those literary pursuits in which other nations are known to exult."

* Cambro-Briton, Vol. I. p. 22.

† Properly speaking, this Institution was originally formed in the year 1751, but, during the late protracted war, it sunk into inaction, and, in fact, ceased to exist. Its present revival, under the sanction and patronage of our most gracious Majesty, may be considered, in every respect, as an original formation. Esto perpetua!

active and vigilant, much good will undoubtedly accrue from their proceedings; and we rejoice to find that the preparations for their first volume of Transactions afford such good earnest of their future operations. But they must not relax in their exertions; the utmost activity and perseverance must be exercised, if they wish to achieve those ends which their Society is so well calculated to accomplish;—and, if they *will* exert themselves, we shall not be without hope, that

Learning once more shall round high
Snowdon rise,
Beam o'er his head, and blossom to the
skies—
On Truth's bright wings to Fame eternal
soar,
Till time shall fail, and record be no more.

The existence of this Institution does not, by any means, invalidate the truth of our assertions respecting the indolence and inattention of the Welsh. On the contrary, it renders our position the more apparent; for, although this Society has been now established more than two years, yet we regret to say, that a very small proportion only of the gentlemen resident in Wales have condescended to afford it support by becoming members. This apathy is, indeed, a reproach to a people so ancient and generous as the Welsh; and happy should we be if the censure which we have thus ventured to apply should have the effect of awakening, in their bosoms, some sparks of that patriotic fire which is so congenial to the manners of an honourable nation. But this, we confess—and we confess it with sorrow—is nearly hopeless; and we have prefaced our article with these remarks, more for the purpose of offering some apology for the apparent idleness of Welsh scholars, than with the hope of stimulating the Welsh, in general, to exertion. And having, to the best of our power, accomplished our purpose in this respect, we will now proceed to the more immediate object of our Essay, namely, the Memoirs of Owain Glyndwr.

The conquest of Wales, by Edward the First, reduced the Welsh to a state of bondage, as severe as it was unmerited; and, notwithstanding all the persevering efforts of the Conqueror, the Cambro-British were by no means disposed to submit tranquilly to the domination of the English Justinian. Several circumstances contributed to render them thus discontented and contumacious. In the first place, the rigorous severities which Edward was compelled to exercise towards them, for the purpose of breaking down and taming their fiery and unbending spirit, were by no means calculated to impress them with any very favourable opinion of the clemency of their conqueror. Edward perhaps treated the Welsh with too much rigour. He does not appear to have sufficiently considered the natural warmth and ardour of their character; nor does he seem to have paid sufficient attention to the manner in which this impetuous character had been fostered by freedom, and by all the ordinary occupations incident to a nation of untutored warriors.

His treatment of Dafydd, the rightful successor to the sovereignty of Wales, was cruel and horrible in the extreme. This prince, instigated by some private quarrel, had, in the early part of his life, deserted his brother Llewelyn, the last-crowned monarch of Wales, and entered into the service of the King of England. Edward, well aware of the importance of cultivating the good-will of his new ally, created him a Knight, and subsequently conferred upon him the dignity of a Baron; and by these, and other marks of distinction, he won the regard of the Welsh Prince. About a year, however, before the death of Llewelyn, Dafydd became reconciled to his brother, and returned to Wales to fight under his standard, and to cooperate with the Welsh, in their struggle with the English. All their patriotic efforts were, however, ineffectual. Llewelyn was slain at the Battle of Buellt,—his countrymen were conquered,—and his brother Dafydd, a short time afterwards, fell into the hands of his enemies, by whom he was formally tried and condemned, for swerving from his allegiance to the King of England. This proceeding was, it is true, perfectly consistent with the principles of justice and of monarchical right; but we question whether it was altogether politic. There can be no doubt, that the subsequent execution of this prince, attended, as it was, with such horrid and deliberate barbarity *, roused most effectually the indignation of the Welsh, and excited them, in after times, to vengeance and rebellion. Attached, as this people had always been, to their native princes, and strengthened, as their attachment had become, by the calamities in which both prince and peasant were involved, during their warfare with England, it is not to be supposed that they could behold with apathy, or regard with any other feelings than those of hatred and horror, the indignities which were so relentlessly heaped upon the head of their unfortunate Sovereign.

But Edward's sternness did not stop here. There was another deed of wrong and cruelty to be performed, and that was the persecution of the bards, and the destruction, by measures neither mild nor justifiable, of the influence which they possessed over their countrymen †. Amongst a nation of such rude and untractable warriors as the Welsh, the bards filled a very high and conspicuous station. We must not consider them merely as poets,—as the reciters of the heroic achievements of their chieftains,—or as the inventors of pleasing fictions, to soothe, in the hour of relaxation from battle or the chace, the rough and irritable minds of the people. We must look upon them as the performers of more useful actions,—as the annalists of the age, and as the inspiriting encouragers of all that was noble, valiant,

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* The ancient punishment for treason was inflicted, to the very letter, upon the person of this unfortunate prince. He was executed at Shrewsbury; and "such," says the historian, "was the pleasure which the death of Dafydd gave to the English, that the citizens of York and Winchester contended, with savage eagerness, for the *right shoulder* of this unhappy prince. That honour was decided in favour of Winchester; and the remaining quarters were sent, with the utmost dispatch, to York, Bristol, and Northampton. To feast, still more, the eyes of the people, his head was sent to the Tower of London, and, being fixed on a pole, was placed near that of his brother Llewelyn. Every generous idea and liberal sentiment seem to have been extinguished in national hatred, and in the frenzy of joy which had seized upon the English." *Warrington's History of Wales*, Vol. II. 288-9.

† Notwithstanding the assent given, by historians in general, to the massacre of the bards by Edward, we are inclined to believe that such an event never occurred. None of the numerous bardic productions, since the time of Edward, make the slightest allusion to the massacre—an omission which certainly would not have happened, had there been a good foundation for the report. Besides, the event becomes more than doubtful, when we consider the authority upon which it is founded; and this authority, it appears, is a casual expression in the History of the Gwedir Family. The passage is as follows: speaking of a poem he has just transcribed, Sir John Wynn, the historian, remarks: "This is the most ancient song I can find extant, which is addressed to any of mine ancestors, since the reign of Edward the First, *who caused all our bards to be hanged by martial-law*, as stirrers of the people to sedition." Upon this very slender testimony, then, (for Sir John made this assertion merely on the current tradition of the country,) is founded the occurrence of an event, certainly interesting in an historical point of view; and it is not unreasonable to suppose, that it chiefly owes its origin to the exaggeration, prompted by that fierce hatred which the Welsh, for a long time, entertained towards their conqueror. Another writer, the Rev. Evan Evans, in his learned "Dissertatio de Bardis," adopts the general opinion, which he supports, by asking if it be all wonderful that such a deed should be perpetrated by one who had persecuted, with so much rigour, the Princes Llewelyn and Dafydd? "Cum Cambriam," he writes, "in suam potestatem redegerat Edwardus, in bardos sæviit tyrannûm instar, ET MULTOS SUSPENDI FECIT. Quid mirum," he continues, "cum ipsum Leolinum principem, et Davidem fratrem tam inhumaniter tractaverit?" Our author, as he wrote his Dissertation many years subsequent to the compilation of the Gwedir History, most likely relied upon the authority of that work, (which, indeed, he quotes,) and chronicled the event accordingly. If Edward, however, did not actually destroy the bards, he adopted measures to prevent them from exercising their office, and the detestation, occasioned by this circumstance, most probably contributed to the origin of an opinion so generally entertained.

and honourable, in the Aborigines of our island. They related and preserved, in their poems and songs, the great events of the State; and, like the Scalds of the Northern Nations, retained the remembrance of numberless occurrences, which would otherwise have been lost in utter oblivion. But they possessed another talent, which, probably, more than all the others, endeared them to the hearts of the Cambrian Nobility, namely, that of being most accomplished genealogists. This, in the estimation of a nation so tenacious of hereditary distinctions, was no trifling attainment: it served to knit more closely to the bard the interests and affections of the people, and to render him, not merely an object of reverence to the community at large, but to every individual member of that community *.

Under these circumstances, then, the persecution of the bards was even, of itself, an act the very reverse of conciliating. But when we also consider that these highly-honoured individuals were incapacitated from pursuing their customary avocations, and, consequently, from administering to the delight of their countrymen, we can be at no loss, particularly if we bear in mind the events which we have already adverted to, to account for the cause of that detestation with which the Welsh regarded their conqueror. These rigorous proceedings were, doubtless, intended to awe the enthusiastic spirit of the Cymry into subjection, and to deprive them of the means, or, at least, of some of the means, of rebellion and revenge. But, in this respect, they proved not only futile, but prejudicial. They paralyzed their energies for a while, it is true, but they eventually served to increase that ferocious hatred, which a long period of mutual hostility had already rendered so destructive and terrible †.

But in order to counteract the baneful effects of these transactions, and for the purpose of establishing his conquest on a firmer foundation, Edward at length turned his attention to the improvement of the Cambro-British; and this he endeavoured to accomplish, by such judicious measures as his superior sagacity suggested. The laws of Wales, however effective they might have been, when originally framed by Hywel Dda, in the tenth century, had, by the moral and political changes

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* The provisions made, in the national laws, for the encouragement and protection of the bards, evince the very high estimation in which they were held by their countrymen. "The domestic bard (says the law) shall receive a beast out of every spoil, at the taking of which he is present, besides a man's share, according to his rank in the household. Therefore, if there be fighting, he shall sing the Monarchy of Britain *(unbenaeth y Prydein)* in front of the battle. When a bard shall ask a gift of a prince, let him sing one piece; when he asks of a baron, let him sing three pieces; and should he ask of a villain, let him sing till he falls asleep. His land shall be free; and he shall have a horse in attendance from the King. The chief of song shall begin the singing in the common hall. He shall be next but one to the patron of the family. He shall have a harp from the King, and a gold ring from the Queen, when his office is secured to him. The harp he shall never part with." That the bards sometimes presumed upon their sacred and privileged character, is naturally to be expected; but so highly were they venerated, that their audacity was never punished. The prediction of the oracular Merlin, to the profligate Vortigern, affords one instance of this presumption; but Taliesin's imprecation on Maelgwyn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, affords a more striking proof of the boldness of the bard. The prince, it seems, had offended him, and Taliesin invoked the following curse: "Be neither blessing nor success to Maelgwyn Gwynedd! May vengeance overtake him for the wrongs, the treachery, and the cruelty, he has shewn to the race of Arthur! Waste lie his lands, short be his life, extensive be vengeance on Maelgwyn Gwynedd! A strange animal shall come from Morfa Rhianedd, shaggy, long-toothed, and fire-eyed. This shall be vengeance on Maelgwyn Gwynedd."

Roberts's Chronicle of the Kings of Britain, p. 121.

† In addition to the provocations already mentioned, one was given by the English, previous to the conquest of Wales, which could never have been forgotten or forgiven, by a people so proud and irritable as the Welsh. In the year 1277, the Barons of Snowden, with others of the Welsh Nobility, accompanied Llewelyn to London, to do

which time had wrought, become exceedingly imperfect, and by no means sufficiently comprehensive to meet the contingencies of the State. A statute, therefore, was enacted, (*12 Ed. I.,*) by which a system of jurisprudence was established, more suitable to the condition of the Welsh, and better adapted to the purposes of the conqueror. This Statute (which is called the Statute of Rhuddlaw) is in the form of a Charter, and contains a very complete and concise code of laws, for the government of Wales, as well as many salutary regulations for carrying the laws themselves into effect. Instead of retaining the ancient divisions of *cantreos* (hundreds) and *commauds* (communes), Edward divided Wales into counties, with a Sheriff, Coroner, and other officers in each. County-Courts were also appointed to be holden monthly, and those of the Sheriff half-yearly. The forms of writs were likewise settled, with the method to be used in all law-proceedings, which were to be carried on and decided within the Principality; it being expressly provided, that the Welsh should not be sued for debts and trespasses in the English Courts.

These salutary enactments were, in themselves, well calculated to effect, eventually, that amelioration in the condition of the Welsh which the English Monarch had in view; for although it was not to be expected that the Cambro-British would immediately conform to the decrees of their conqueror, yet the advantages which they must have derived from these temperate proceedings would inevitably have cancelled the obstinacy of national prejudice. But, unfortunately for the Welsh, the execution of these laws was entrusted to English officers, who, to use the words of a contemporary writer, "entertaining, in common with the rest of their countrymen, an unbounded animosity towards the Welsh, exercised their authority with unsparing and remorseless vigilance, and entirely subverted the judicious measures of their Monarch." Shamefully indeed were the Welsh treated by the despotic tyranny of the King's officers; and we select a few examples of their unjustifiable oppression, from a long "Memorial of the Greefes and Injuries offered by the King and his officers to the Men of Ros:"

"The Lord the King did promise the men of Ros that they should have justice in their sutes: after granting of the which articles, the said men did homage to the King. And then the King promised them, with his owne mouth, faithfullie to observe the said articles. This, notwithstanding, a certaine noble man, passing by the King's hie waie, with his wife, in the King's peace, met certaine English laborers and masons going to Ruthlan, where they did then worke, who attempted, by force, to take awaie his wife from him; and while he defended hir, as weell as he could, one of them killed the wife, and he who killed hir, with his fallowes, was taken: and when the kindred of hir which was slaine required lawe, at the Justice of Chester's hands, (for their kinswoman,) they were put in prison, and the murtherers were delivered."

"*Item.* A certain man killed a gentleman, who had killed the son of Grono ap Heilyn, and was taken: but when certaine of the kindred required justice before the Justice of Chester, certaine of them were imprisoned, the offender set at libertie, and justice denied to the kindred."

"*Item.* It is our right that no stranger should cut our woodes without our leave: yet this, notwithstanding there was a proclamation at Ruthlan, that it should be lawfull for all other men to cut downe our woodes, but to us it was forbidden."

"*Item.* When aine commeth to Ruthlan with merchandize, if he refuse whatsoever anie English man offereth, he is

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homage to Edward, according to a treaty concluded between the two Sovereigns. The Welshmen, as their custom was, brought with them large retinues, which were quartered at Islington, and the neighbouring villages. These places did not afford milk sufficient for so many people, who liked neither the wine nor the ale of London; and, although plentifully entertained, they were much displeased with their new manner of living. Their pride, too, was offended by the perpetual curiosity and sarcasms of the Londoners, who followed them in crowds, to gaze and jeer at their uncommon garb. "No," cried the indignant Welshmen; "we never again will visit Islington, except as conquerors!" And from that instant they resolved to take up arms.

Carte from a MS. in the Mostyn Collection.

forthwith sent to the castell to prison, and the buier hath the things, and the King hath the price: then the souldiers of the castell first spoile and beate the partie, and then cause him to pay the porter, and let him goe."

"*Item.* If anie Welsh man buie anie thing in Ruthlan, and anie English man do meete him, he will take it from him, and give him lesse than he paid for it."

"*Item.* Certaine gentlemen of the cantrev of Ros, bought certaine offices, and paid their monie for the same: yet the Justice of Chester tooke the said offices from them without cause."

"*Item.* Our causes ought to be decided after the custome of our lawes; but our men be compelled to sweare against their consciences, else they be not suffered to sweare: furthermore, we spent three hundreth markes in going to the King for justice in the foresaid articles. And when we beleeved to recover full justice, the King sent to our partes the Lord Reginald Gray*, to whom the King hath set all the landes to farme, to handle the men of the said cantrevs as it pleaseth him: who compelled us to sweare in his name, whereas we should sweare in the King's name. And where the King's crosse ought to be erected, he caused his crosse to be erected, in token that he is the verie true lord: and the said Lord Reginald, at his first comming to those partes of Wales, sold to certaine servants of the King, offices for IX markes, which the said servants bought before, of the King, for xxiiij markes: which offices ought not to be sold at the choice of the lord."

"*Item.* The King gave Meredyth ap Madoc a captaineship for his service; Reginald Gray took it from him: neither could he get anie remedie at the King's handes for the same †."

These will suffice to shew how assiduously the new laws were contemned and violated by those very individuals whose duty it was to carry them fairly into effect; and it requires no very great sagacity to foretel the consequences of these intemperate proceedings. Revolt after revolt sprang up, to the great injury of the Welsh, who suffered severely for the temerity and boldness with which they asserted their rights, and revenged their wrongs: and, for a long time after the subjugation of their country, they continued to emit, at intervals, sparks of that fiery valour, which all the oppressive efforts of their enemies could not entirely quench.

The affairs of the Welsh were in this situation,—and an interval of nearly a century and a half had elapsed since the conquest of their country,—when a champion stood forth in the cause of freedom, whose valour had well nigh dissevered the chain which bound them so strongly, and whose name will never be breathed by his countrymen, except with sentiments of pride and admiration. We need scarcely add, that this heroic champion was OWAIN GLYNDWR.

Owain Vychan, or Vaughan, usually called Glyndwr‡, was born on the 28th of May 1349, "a year," we are informed, "remarkable for the first appearance of the pestilence in Wales, and for the birth of Owain Glyndwr." Holinshed, who seems to have imbibed a most violent antipathy to the "Welsh rebel," as he calls him, relates a circumstance attending the birth of this chieftain, which is doubtless intended to bear some allusion to his sanguinary and turbulent career: "Strange wonders," he says, "happened at the birth of this man: for the same nighte that he was borne, all his father's horses, in the stable, were founde to stande in bloude up to their bellies!" He became allied to the Hanmers of Hanmer, in Flintshire, by marriage with Margaret, daughter of Sir David Hanmer, Chief-Justice of the King's-Bench, in the reign of Richard the Second; and he appears to have chosen, not only an amiable and virtuous wife, but a benevolent and prolific one; for Iolococh, (or the red,) the hero's chief bard, thus eulogizes her transcendant virtues.

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* This Reginald Gray seems to have been a perfect despot; for it is elsewhere said of him, that as soon as he returned to Wales, he determined to take "xxiiij men of every cantrev, and either behead them, or imprison them perpetuallie." Whether he actually performed the beneficent promise, we have not been able to ascertain.

† From MS. in the Hêngwrt collection.

‡ The family name of this hero was Vychan, or Vaughan; he is styled Glyndwr, from his patrimony of Glyndyvrdwy, or the Bank-side of the Dee. No name, perhaps, has been so variously contorted; he is called, indifferently, Glendour, Glendowr, Glendower, Glyndour, Glyndower, and Glyndwr; the last, according to Welsh orthography, being the most correct, and that which we have consequently adopted. In one statute, (4, Henry iv. ch. 34..) he is described as "Owen AP Glyndourdy, traitour a nostre Sr. le Roy."

> A Gwraig orau o'r gwragedd!
> Gwyn fy myd, o'i gwin a'i medd:
> Merch rglur, llin marchawglyw,
> Urddol, hael, o reiob ryw.
> Ai blant, a ddeuantbob yn ddau,
> Nythod têg o benn-aethau!
>
> His wife, the best of wives!
> Happy am I in her wine and metheglin.
> Eminent woman of a knightly family.
> Honourable, beneficent, noble,
> His children come in pairs,—
> A beautiful nest of chieftains!

A large family was the result of this union; and the sons followed their father to the field, while the daughters were married to chieftains of considerable eminence in the country.

Glyndwr was a lineal descendant from the princes of Wales, and lord of considerable possessions near Corwen, in Merionethshire. He received his education in England, and appears to have been admitted a student in one of Inns of Court; for, says Holinshed, "he was first set to study the lawes of the realme, and become an vtter barrester, or apprentice of the lawe, as they terme him." But he soon quitted the drudgery of this profession for avocations more congenial with his ardent and sanguine dispositions; and, during the tumults which agitated the country in the reign of Richard the Second, he did not remain an inactive spectator, but espoused the cause of the King, to whom he was sincerely and warmly attached. As a reward for his loyalty, he was created a knight, and appointed *scutiger*, or squire of the body, to that unfortunate monarch; and when Richard was deposed, Owain retired to his estates in Wales, deprecating and lamenting the downfall of his beloved master.

At Glyndyvrdwy, then, four centuries ago, lived this Cambrian hero, dispensing numerous blessings amongst his happy and devoted tenantry; and probably with no loftier wishes than those of contributing to the contentment and happiness of his dependants. But he was roused from this peaceful inactivity by oppression unendurable by a Briton. Lord Reginald Gray of Ruthin, whose lordship was contiguous to Glyndyvrdwy, wishing to confine his neighbour within the bounds of the Dee, claimed the hills on his side of the river, and took possession of them, although they had long been the property of the Glyndwr family. This unjust seizure produced a suit in the courts of law, in which the Welshman obtained a restitution of his lands, and Lord Gray became, in consequence, his most inveterate and deadly enemy.

On the accession of Henry the Fourth to the crown, Gray, relying upon the favour and protection of his monarch, again seized those lands, which had been legally awarded to Owain; and when the latter laid his case before the Parliament, he obtained no redress, nor was his application even noticed. This contumely was aggravated by an insult of greater, and, eventually, of fatal consequence. When Henry went on his first expedition against the Scots, Owain was to have accompanied him, with a certain number of his retainers. A writ of summons, for this purpose, was entrusted to Gray, who designedly and rashly withheld it, till the time for Owain's appearance had elapsed, and it was impossible for him to obey the royal mandate. Lord Gray represented his absence as an act of wilful, and, therefore, of traitorous disobedience; by which wicked and treacherous transactions he procured from Henry a grant of all Owain's lands; the knight himself being, at the same time, declared a traitor. This was not to be patiently endured by the aggrieved and choleric Cambrian; and a short time from this period saw Owain Glyndwr, with a trusty and gallant band of Britons, spreading fire and desolation through the territories of the presumptuous Gray. He soon recovered the lands of which he had been so unjustly deprived; and, actuated by the spirit of retaliation, took possession of a large portion of the domains of his enemy. Nor did the consequences rest here. Ambition now entered the mind of the infuriated chieftain; he called to his recollection his high and princely lineage, and, directing his arms to a noble cause—the freedom of his country—involved both nations in a war which lasted some years, sacrificed many thousand lives, and drenched both countries with blood.

Although the Welsh were at first despised as a barefooted rabble [*], and their disaffection treated with contempt, they were soon found to be a formidable and dangerous enemy. The intelligence of Glyndwr's retaliation upon Lord Gray no sooner reached the Court, than the King immediately dispatched some troops, under the command of that nobleman and the Lord Talbot, to chastise him; and they arrived with such speed and diligence, that they nearly succeeded in surrounding his house before he gained any intimation of their approach. He contrived, however, to escape into the woods, where he did not long remain; but having raised a band of men, and caused himself to be proclaimed Prince of Wales, on the 20th of September 1400, he surprised, plundered, and burnt to the ground, the greater part of the town of Ruthin, (the property of Gray,) at a time when fair was held there. Having achieved this, he retired to the mountain-fastnesses, and directed his attention to the speedy augmentation of his forces.

The disturbance in the Principality had hitherto been chiefly considered as a private quarrel between Gray and Glyndwr, and the Government did not seem to be much concerned as to its issue. Now, however, it assumed a more serious and important aspect, and became altogether a national contest. The proclamation issued by Owain alarmed Henry, who determined to march in person into Wales, to curb the boldness of the rebel-chieftain, and to crush, if possible, a revolt daily becoming more extensive and momentous. For this purpose, he assembled his troops, and hastened into Wales; but Glyndwr, whose forces were not yet sufficiently powerful, retreated to the hills of Snowdon, and Henry was compelled to return to England, without obtaining any material advantage. In order, however, to weaken his opponent, he made a grant of all the estates of Glyndwr, in North and South Wales, to his own brother, John Earl of Somerset; an act as ineffectual as it was irritating; for Owain was so far from any danger of being dispossessed of them, that at this very time he was daily growing more powerful, by the accession of new forces. It is remarkable that the chieftain's revenue, in money, at this period, did not exceed 300 marks, which shewed that his rents, in kind, must have been very considerable.

Preparations were now made by the King to commence a regular war with the Welsh; and that they might have no plea of undue severity to urge, a proclamation was issued on the 30th of November, in the same year, (1400,) offering to protect all Welshmen who would repair to Chester, and there make submission to Prince Henry; after which, they should be at full liberty to return to their respective homes. Few, however, availed themselves of the monarch's clemency. The martial spirit of the Welsh was once more kindled into action; and Glyndwr soon found his cause espoused by numbers of his countrymen. Multitudes, from all quarters, flocked to his standard, and contributed to make him a most formidable opponent,—so formidable, indeed, that Henry, notwithstanding some very urgent affairs which had detained him at the capital, resolved to march again into Wales; and entering the Principality about the beginning of June 1401, he ravaged the country

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[*] John Trevor, Bishop of St. Asaph, foreseeing the danger of driving into desperate measures a person of Owain's interest, spirit, and abilities, advised more temperate proceedings, adding, that Owain was by no means a despicable enemy, and that the Welsh would certainly be provoked into a general insurrection: his advice was rejected, and he was answered, by an English nobleman, in the House of Lords, "Se de illis scurris nudipedibus non curare." Pennant's Tours, Vol. III., p. 319., 8vo. edition, and Barrington's Observations on the Ancient Statutes.

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in his progress; but was finally forced to retreat, his men having suffered severely from fatigue and famine.

The misfortunes which befel the King greatly encouraged the rebels; and a comet, which ushered in the year 1402, infused new spirit into the minds of a superstitious people, and imparted additional vigour to their exertions. A victory, also, which Glyndwr obtained, about this time, over a powerful band commanded by Lord Gray, strengthened their hopes of success, and gained the Chieftain many friends and followers. By this event, Gray fell into the hands of the insurgents, and was secured in close confinement, till a ransom of six thousand marks, and a promise to marry one of Owain's daughters, released him from captivity [*]. So elated were the Welsh with these successes, that, if we may believe the prejudiced Holinshed, they were "uplifted with high pride, and their wicked and presumptuous attempts were marvellously increased." At all events, the Welsh patriot now extended his designs, and plundered the domains of such as were inimical to him, spreading fire and sword through the lands of his opponents. He revenged, also, in some degree, the indignities inflicted upon the unfortunate Richard. John Trevor, Bishop of St. Asaph, who had voted for the deposition of that King, became a marked object of his resentment; and the cathedral, Episcopal palace, and Canons' houses belonging to the See, were completely destroyed. But none suffered so severely as the vassals of Edward Mortimer, Earl of March, a child of ten years old, and who, with his brother Roger, was at that time in the custody of the King. Henry was very sensible of the just claim which this child had to the crown, for his title to the Sovereignty had been formally acknowledged by the Parliament, on account of his descent from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward the Third. Owain, therefore, aware of the importance of this youthful nobleman, directed his attention to the plundering of his domains, hoping, eventually, to become possessed of his person. But his designs were valiantly opposed by Sir Edward Mortimer, uncle to the Earl, who, unable any longer to endure the depredations of Glyndwr, collected a large body of his nephew's retainers, and marched boldly to stem the progress of the invader. A bloody engagement ensued on Bryn-glas, a mountain south-west of Kinghtor, in Radnorshire, and victory declared in favour of Owain. Stow asserts, that the archers of Mortimer's army bent their bows against their own party; but another old writer affirms that the Earl's Welsh tenants took to flight on the first onset, and this occasioned the defeat [†]. However this may be, Sir Edward Mortimer sustained a very severe loss, and was himself taken prisoner by the Welsh. It was after this engagement that those disgusting practices, alluded to by Shakespeare, and detailed by Walsingham and Holinshed, are said to have been performed on the lifeless bodies of the enemy. "Such shameful villany," says the latter, "was executed upon the carcasses of the dead men, by the Welsh women, as the like (I do believe) hath never or seldom been practised * * * which is worthy to be recorded to the shame of a sexe, pretending to the title of weaker vessels, and yet rageing with such force of fierceness and barbarism [‡]." Owain's ravages became now so considerable, and were so fearlessly committed, that Henry was once more compelled to march into Wales; and, to insure success, it was determined that the English army should enter the Principality in three different quarters. The rendezvous of the first division, headed by the King in person, was to be at Shrewsbury; that of the second, under the joint command of the Earls of Stafford and Warwick, and the Barons Abergavenny, Audley, and Berkeley, at Hereford; and that of the third, under the direction of Prince Henry, at Chester: the forces were to be assembled at each place by the 27th of August.

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[*] His release, however, was not effected till Henry appointed a Commission, dated the 10th of October 1402, empowering Sir William de Ross, Sir Richard de Gray, Sir William de Willoughby, Sir William de la Zouch, and six other persons, to treat with Owain about the ransom, when the sum specified in the text was agreed upon, and his Worship liberated. *Rymer*, viii. 279.

[†] Vita Ricardi Secundi, p. 178.

[‡] Holinshed's Historie, p. 527. See also Walsingham, apud Camdair Script. Angl. p. 577.

Owain beheld these formidable preparations without dismay, and continued to devastate the country, destroying the principal towns in Glamorganshire, the inhabitants of that district having refused to embrace his cause, and receiving from all other parts of Wales fresh succours and supplies.

At the time appointed, Henry and his generals advanced towards the Principality; and Glyndwr, too prudent to hazard an engagement with a force so superior, in every respect, to his own, again retired to the fastnesses among the mountains, driving the cattle from the plains, and detroying every means by which the enemy could procure food for themselves, or forage for their horses. The English, willing to conceal their shame, attributed the cause of their disgrace to the incantations of the British Chieftain, who, as Holinshed expresses it, "through art magick, (*as was thought,*) caused such foul weather, of winds, tempest, raine, snows, and hail, to be raised for the annoyance of the King's army, that the like had not been heard of." Perhaps Glyndwr, as well to infuse terror into his foes, as to give his own people a more exalted notion of his powers, might politically insinuate his skill in spells and charms. This species of credulity was in full vigour at that time, and it is not improbable that Glyndwr might have endeavoured to influence his followers, by pretending to a proficiency in the mystic arts of sorcery and divination.

(*To be continued.*)

Anacreontic.

Give me a bumper of ruby wine,
Give me a glance of thy laughing eye,
And I would not my place at this table resign
For Jove's, who sits tippling all day in the sky.

Ganymede stands with his nectar before him,
Juno, the blue-eyed, sits smiling beside him;
The gods lying round, all in silence adore him—
Woe to the tongue that would venture to chide him!

Let them gulp down etherial nectar for ever,
Such spiritless liquor shall never be mine,
And Ganymede, Bacchus, or Jove would be clever,
Could they prove that it equall'd the juice of the vine.

And who, in his senses, would ever compare
Proud Juno the vixen, dear Jessy! to thee?
Were Jove to come down through the regions of air,
He would gaze on thy face, and would fall on his knee;

And then my dear Jessy would frown in disdain,
And tell the poor god to get up and be gone,—
For you would not desert your terrestrial swain,
As long as he left you a will of your own.

Jove would look sheepish, and slowly depart,
And, sighing, return to his soft bed of roses,
Where, venting the anger that lurk'd in his heart,
He would cudgel the gods, or perhaps pull their noses:

And then you and I would fill bumpers of wine,
And crown them with flowerets of loveliest hue,
And still as we saw the lov'd beverage decline,
We would smile on each other, and fill them anew

UNPARALLELED INSTANCE OF SUICIDE BY VOLUNTARY STARVATION.

[The following narrative appeared some time ago in a public Journal, where it seems to have attracted little notice, notwithstanding the extraordinary, or rather unparalleled, circumstance it relates. We have subjoined a translation of the lines written by Viterbi, on the 16th day that he had abstained from food.]

Whoever reflects upon the sad weakness of human nature—on the fatuity of man, when he suffers his mind to be subdued by the assaults of pain, and yields to the depression of his physical powers—will hardly credit the prolonged tenacity of Viterbi,—his invincible resolution to die inflexibly persevered in, unmoved by the pangs of hunger, which is the cause of the commission of so many crimes. An extacy of enthusiasm sufficed to impel Cato to stab himself, and with his last sigh Roman liberty expired. It was also the enthusiasm of liberty which rendered Mutius Scævola insensible to the fire in which he thrust his hand, when he found that he had mistaken his victim. Socrates, on drinking the poisoned draught, conversed with his friends, and his dying hour was consoled by the conviction of the immortality of his soul, and that of his wisdom; the poison freed him from earth, and opened to him the gates of heaven! Men have been seen, especially amongst the martyrs, to endure, with a constancy almost divine, the necessity of a horrible death; but, again I repeat it, no exercise of will ever bore a parallel to the perseverance of Luc Antoine Viterbi.

Condemned to death as an accomplice in the assassination of Frediani, *a crime which he denied to the last moment*, Viterbi appealed against a sentence passed upon him by a Court composed of his personal enemies. I shall abstain from investigating this point, and merely state the facts, that the sentence was confirmed—that the Court of Cassation, not having found any informality in the application of the law, was bound to pronounce its validity; and, finally, that the petition of the friends of Viterbi, to obtain his pardon, was ineffectual.

Indulgence, and even respect, is due to honest error; but the strength of mind displayed by Viterbi is not less admirable. Read what follows, and say whether you do not think it equal to any thing in the history of the first Romans.

Towards the end of November, Viterbi (knowing his condemnation, and being confined in the prison of Bastia, where he was guarded in the same manner as are all those who are sentenced to death) resolved to die. To effect this purpose, he abstained from food during three days, and then ate voraciously, and to a forced excess, in the hope that, after fasting so long, he should thereby put an end to his existence. Nature deceived him, and, on the 2d of December, he determined to starve himself to death. From that day, nothing could subdue this terrible resolve; although Viterbi, who had already sustained two dangerous attacks of illness, did not expire until the night of the 21st of that month. Let us now venture to lift the veil of this endurance of progressive agony,—follow its phases during an incredible interval of eighteen days,—and, above all, bear in mind, that the death to which he was doomed was the punishment of Tantalus. The jailor was careful to supply him daily with meat and drink.

During the three first days, Viterbi, as was the case when he made the first attempt, felt himself progressively tormented by hunger, and did not endure these early sufferings with less courage than he had shewn on the former occasion. Under these circumstances, a report was made to the public Minister, who ordered bread, water, wine, and soup, to be taken daily to his cell, and placed conspicuously in view. This order was punctually executed until the day of his death; but Viterbi always caused the provisions of the preceding day to be distributed amongst his fellow-prisoners, without ever tasting the fresh supply. No debility was manifest during these three days; no irregular muscular movement was remarked; his ideas continued sound, and he wrote with his usual facility.

From the 5th to the 6th, to famishment insensibly succeeded the much more grievous suffering of thirst, which became so acute, that, on the 6th, (and he had not, as yet, undergone a fourth part of the terrible agonies which were to end in death,) without ever deviating from his resolution, he began to moisten his lips and mouth occasionally, and to gargle with a few drops of water, to relieve the burning pain in his throat; but he let nothing pass the organs of deglutition, being desirous not to assuage the most insupportable cravings, but to mitigate a pain which might have shaken his resolution. On the 6th, his physical powers were a little weakened; his voice was, nevertheless, still sonorous, pulsation regular, and a natural heat equally extended over his whole frame. From the 3d to the 6th he had continued to write; at night, several hours of tranquil sleep seemed to suspend the progress of his sufferings; no change was observable in his mental faculties, and he complained of no local pain.

Until the 10th, the burning anguish of thirst had become more and more insupportable; Viterbi merely continued to gargle, without once swallowing a single drop of water; but in the course of the day of the 10th, overcome by excess of pain, he seized the jug of water, which was near him, and drank immoderately. During the last three days, debility had made sensible progress; his voice became feeble, pulsation had declined, and the extremities were cold. Viterbi, however, continued to write; and sleep, each night, still afforded him several hours ease.

From the 10th to the 12th, the symptoms made a slight progress. The constancy of Viterbi never yielded an instant; he dictated his journal, and afterwards approved and signed what had thus been written agreeably to his dictation. During the night of the 12th, the symptoms assumed a more decided character; debility was extreme, pulsation scarcely sensible, his voice extraordinarily feeble; the cold had extended itself all over his body, and the pangs of thirst were more acute than ever. On the 13th, the unhappy man, thinking himself at the point of death, again seized the jug of water, and drank twice, after which the cold became more severe; and congratulating himself that death was nigh, Viterbi stretched himself on the bed, and said to the Gendarmes, who were guarding him, "Look how well I have laid myself out." At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, he asked for some brandy; the keeper not having any, he called for some wine, of which he took four spoonfuls. When he had swallowed these, the cold suddenly ceased, heat returned, and Viterbi enjoyed a sleep of four hours.

On awaking (on the morning of the 13th) and finding his powers restored, he fell into a rage with the keeper, protesting that they had deceived him, and then began beating his head violently against the wall of the prison, and would inevitably have killed himself, had he not been prevented by the Gendarmes.

During the two following days, he resisted his inclination to drink, but continued to gargle occasionally with water. During the two nights, he suffered a little from exhaustion, but in the morning found himself rather relieved. It was then that he penned the annexed stanzas.

On the 16th, at five o'clock in the morning, his powers were almost annihilated: pulsation could hardly be felt, and his voice was almost wholly inaudible; his body was benumbed with cold; and it was thought that he was on the point of expiring. At ten o'clock he began to feel better, pulsation was more sensible, his voice strengthened, and, finally, heat again extended over his frame, and in this state he continued during the whole of the 17th. From the latter day, until the 20th, Viterbi only became more inexorable in his resolution to die; he inflexibly refused all offers of aliment, and even resisted the torturing pangs of thirst; not a drop of water did he swallow, although he still, from time to time, moistened his parched lips, and sometimes his burning eyelids, from which he found some relief to his agony.

During the 19th, the pangs of hunger and thirst appeared more grievous than ever; so insufferable, indeed, were they, that, for the first time, Viterbi let a few tears escape him. But his invincible mind instantly spurned this human tribute. For a moment he seemed to have resumed his wonted energy, and said, in presence of his guards and the jailor, "I will persist, whatever may be the consequence; my mind shall be stronger than my body; my strength of mind does not vary, that of my body daily become weaker."

A little after this energetic expression, which showed the powerful influence of his moral faculties over his physical necessities, an icy coldness again assailed his body, the shiverings were frequent and dreadful, and his loins, in particular, were seized with a stone-like coldness, which extended itself down his thighs.

During the 19th, a slight pain at intervals affected his heart, and, for the first time, he felt a ringing sensation in his ears. At noon, on this day, his head became heavy; his sight, however, was perfect, and he conversed almost as usual, making some signs with his hands.

On the 20th, Viterbi declared to the jailor and physician, that he would not again moisten his mouth, and feeling the approach of death, he stretched himself on the bed, and asked the Gendarmes, as he had done on a former day, whether he was well laid out? and added, "I am prepared to leave this world." Death did not this time betray the hopes of a man who, perhaps, since the creation, invoked it with the greatest fervour, and to whom it seemed to deny its cheerless tranquillity.

On the 21st, Viterbi was no more. Until the day of his death, this inconceivable man had regularly kept his journal. The delivery of it to his family was refused.

The following is an accurate copy of the lines written by this extraordinary sufferer, in the midst of his self-inflicted agonies:—

A un Amico.

Amico, sul mio capo empio destino
Versò tutto il suo sdegno, il suo livore
Gia mi tolse ogni fisico vigore
E al confin della morte io m'avvicino.

Le mie sventure sono tali e tante
Da spaventare un' Ercole, un Sansone:
Io non tremo; il coraggio e là ragione
Per resister' mi dan forza bastante.

Anima fiera, imperturbabil' cuore
Mi concesse la provida natura;
Ho di piu, netta la coscienza, e pura,
Dell' innocenza il nobile candore.

I miei nemici m 'hanno tolto un figllo,
Figlio infelice profugo sbandito;
Dall' insidie dé Lupi egli è fuggito,
E si è dannato ad un 'eterno esiglio.

Il mio oaro fratel buon Pietro è morio,
Dalle sventure vinto e non dagl' anni;
Egli solo poteva in tanti affanni
Di sollievo servirmi e di comforto.

Un consiglio d' iniqui intenti al male,
Divorati da ingorda orrida brama
Di togliermi la vita e la mia fama,
Pervennero a compir' l'opra fatale.

Il falso, l'impostura, il tradimento,
Di potente nemico orride trame,
Servir di base alla sentenza infame
Dell' ingiustizia eterno monumento.

A tante iniquità l'Altitonante
Non si risveglia ancor? ne le tremende
Saette sue vendicatrici accende?
Già le prepara ed è vicin l'istante.

Mi trove chiuso in fetido recinto
Ove luce del sol mai non penetra;—
Ne pietà qui ne compassion' s'impetra
E son di ferri avvilupato e cinto.

Io di notturno Lume ai chiaror fioco
Veglio le notti intiere e veglio il giorno
Ne perchè notte faccia a me ritorno
Non modo io cambio mai ne cambio loco.

Inveterato mal fermo e costante
Lentamente mi sdrugge e de' miei guai
Cresce la massa e rassomiglio omai
Ad un vero cadavere parlante.

Avea de' beni; or consumato è il tutto;
Lascio sette figliuole e la consorte
Afflitte ed abattute dalla sorte
E per retaggio mio le lascio il lutto.

Piangan' le figlie mie del caso mio
Piangano l'innocente condannato,
Piangano sul fratello syenturato;
E sulla tomba dell' estinto zio.

Da tanti strali trapassato il core,
Col sen ripieno di feral cordoglio
Pianger non debbo e piangere non voglio
Ma unisco al pianto loro il mio dolore.

Quest' è l'ultima scena, ogni speranza
Ogni lusinga è dal mio sen fuggita
Ma serbò e serberò fin ch'aviò vita
De' miei beni il miglior la mia costanza.

Io raccomando a te la mia famiglia
Tu solo e vero del mio cuore amico
Tu la difendi dal furor nemico
Tu la console, reggila, e consiglia.

Translation.

To a Friend.

On me, my friend, on me relentless Fate
The deadliest vial of her wrath hath shed;
I feel the strength of every limb abate,
And tread the very confines of the dead.

Beneath the weight and number of my woes
The strength of Hercules might strive in vain;
I stand undaunted; for the mind bestows
Power to resist, or patience to sustain.

A lofty soul, a spirit to endure,
To me did Nature in her care dispense;
Mine is the calmness of a conscience pure,
The whiteness of unsullied innocence.

A son my foes have sever'd from my side,
An exile and an outcast doom'd to roam;
Far from the wolf's insidious snare he hied,
And sought, on other shores, another home.

The brother of my soul is dead and gone,
Old in a life of woes, though young in years;
Pietro, he whose gentle voice alone
Could bid my griefs depart, and dry my tears.

With unrelenting and enduring hate,
Still have the council of the wicked sought,
With loss of life and fame, to seal my fate,
And surely hath their fatal malice wrought.

Falsehood, deceit, my foes' insidious snare—
These were the deadly base on which they built
My sentence of injustice and despair,
Their everlasting monument of guilt.

And sleeps th' Almighty in the midst of crime?
And slumbers thus his thunder in the sky?
No! swiftly comes his own appointed time—
The arm is rais'd aloft—the hour is nigh!

Within the dampness of a dungeon gloom,
Whose darkness knows no change of sun and shade,
Where Pity and Compassion cannot come,
Beneath a load of chains behold me laid.

With sleepless eye, the moon's departing light—
With sleepless eye, the dawning day I see;
Night follows day, and day succeeds to night,
But changing seasons bring no change to me.

Worn with those inward pangs that waste my strength,
I heave with painful toil my panting breath;
I wither slowly, till I seem at length
A speaking skeleton, a living death.

Once Fortune's gifts were mine, but they are gone;
Seven hapless daughters, and a consort dear,
I leave oppress'd, abandon'd, and alone,
With nought but sorrow for a portion here.

My children may with pious tears lament
My fate unmerited, my guiltless doom,
Weep o'er their exil'd brother's banishment,
And weep above their hapless uncle's tomb.

My heart though pangs of mortal anguish rend,—
My bosom though the poison'd arrow tears,—
I may not, and I will not weep, but blend
The settled stillness of my grief with theirs.

This is the last—the closing scene; each vain
And flattering hope has vanish'd from my breast;
But constancy remains, and shall remain
The last of all my blessings, and the best.

To thee, my true, my only friend, to thee
My hapless wife and children I commend;
Their shield against the world's injustice be,
Their hope, their guide, their father, and their friend!

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Rameses, an Egyptian Tale, with historical notes of the era of the Pharaohs, is announced in three volumes.

Memoirs are printing of the Life and Writings of Mrs Frances Sheridan, mother of the late Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, and author of "Sidney Bidulph," "Nourjahad," and "the Discovery," with remarks upon a late Life of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan, criticism and selections from the works of Mrs Sheridan, and biographical anecdotes of her family and contemporaries; by her grand-daughter, Alicia Lefanu.

A History of the Origin and Progress of the Greek Revolution is preparing by E. Blaquiere, Esq.

The twelfth part of Views on the Southern Coast of England, from drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R. A. &c. and engraved by W. B. and G. Cooke, and other eminent artists, is on the eve of publication; and the four remaining parts, which will complete the work, will speedily follow.

The Odes of Anacreon of Teos, as translated into English verse, by W. Richardson, Esq. are in the press.

In the press, and will appear immediately, in one volume, octavo, with a portrait from an acknowledged likeness, Memoirs of Rossini, consisting of anecdotes of his life and of his professional career, by the Author of the lives of Haydn and Mozart, printed in an uniform manner with the translation of that work.

The several Treatises of the late James Baverstock, Esq. on the Brewery, are about to be collected into one volume, with notes, together with an introduction, containing a biographical sketch of the author, a paper on specific gravities, and on the various hydrostatical instruments which have been used in the brewery; by his son, J. H. Baverstock, F. S. A.

A Sketch of the System of Education at New Lanark, by R. D. Owen, is in the press, and will appear in a few days.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the year 1824 is announced, containing Memoirs of celebrated Men who have died in 1822-23.

Prose, by a Poet, is announced.

A work, called Plain Instructions to Executors and Administrators, showing the duties and responsibilities incident to the due performance of the trusts, with directions respecting the probate of wills and taking out letters of administration, &c. will soon be published.

A new edition of Mr Alaric A. Watts's "Poetical Sketches," with illustrations, is preparing for publication, which will include Gertrude de Balm, and other additional poems.

Early in January will be published, the Pirate of the Adriatic, a romance, in three volumes, by J. Griffin.

The Life of Jeremy Taylor, and a Critical Examination of his Writings, by Dr Heber, bishop of Calcutta, are nearly ready for publication, in 2 vols. post 8vo. with fine portrait by Warren, from an original picture.

Shortly will be published, the Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures asserted, and Infidel Objections shown to be unfounded, in Six Lectures; by the Rev. S. Noble.

In a few days will be published, a Narrative of the sufferings of a French Protestant Family at the Period of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, written by John Magault the Father, translated and now first published from the original manuscript, in the possession of a descendant of the family residing near Spitalfields, at the request of members of the Spitalfields Benevolent Society.

Dr Cox will shortly publish, Remarks on Acute Rheumatism, and the importance of early Blood-letting in that Disease, as preventing Metastasis to the Heart.

M. de la Beche will shortly publish a Selection of the Geological Memoirs contained in the "Annales des Mines," together with a synoptical table of equivalent formations, and M. Brongniart's table of the classification of mixed rocks.

Mr C. Chatfield has in the press a Compendious View of the History of the Darker Ages, with genealogical tables.

A work is forthcoming on the Antiquity of the Doctrine of the Quakers respecting Inspiration, with a brief review of that Society, its religious tenets, practices, and legal exemptions, and a comparison between the life and opinions of the Friends and those of early Christians.

The Crimes of Kings and Priests, or Exposition of the Effects of Absolute Monarchy and the Domination of the Priesthood, will soon appear.

A volume of Poems, by Mr Percival, will appear in February.

On the 1st of February 1824 will be published, No. I. of Original Views of the Collegiate and Parochial Churches of Great Britain, by Messrs. J. P. Neale and J. Le Keux.

The Deserted City, Eva, a tale in two

cantos, and Electricity, Poems by J. Bounden, will shortly appear.

On the first of February will be published, the first part, to be continued quarterly, of the Animal Kingdom, as arranged conformably with its organisation, by Baron Cuvier, with additional descriptions of all the species hitherto named, and of many not before noticed. The whole of the "Regne Animal" of the above celebrated zoologist will be translated in this undertaking; but the additions will be so considerable, as to give it the character of an original work.

An Italian translation of Dodsley's Economy of Human Life, by Signior Aloisi, a native of Tuscany, is nearly ready.

Translations have been ordered by authority to be made of the chief Elementary Books on the English Interrogative System into the Russian language.

A comprehensive System of English Grammar, Criticism, and Logic, is preparing for publication, arranged and illustrated upon a new and improved plan, containing apposite principles, rules, and examples, for writing correctly and elegantly on every subject; by the Rev. P. Smith, A.M.

Mrs M. A. Rundall announces a Sequel to the Grammar of Sacred History, being a paraphrase on the Epistles and Gospels for every Sunday throughout the year, with explanatory notes. To which are prefixed, a simple Illustration of the Liturgy, and a Paraphrase on the Church Catechism.

An improved edition is in the press of Milburn's Oriental Commerce, or the East-India Trader's Complete Guide, containing a geographical and nautical description of the maritime parts of India, China, and neighbouring countries, including the eastern islands, and an account of their trade, productions, coins, weights, and measures: abridged, improved, and brought down to the present time, by Mr T. Thornton.

An East-India Vade-Mecum will soon appear, being a complete guide to gentlemen proceeding to the East Indies in either the civil, military, or naval service, or on other pursuits; by Dr J. B. Gilchrist.

The Improvisatriee, and other poems, are preparing for publication.

The second volume of the Lady of the Manor, by Mrs Sherwood, is in the press; also the Willoughby Family, by the author of "Margaret Whyte," &c.; Rose Grant, or a Matlock Sketch; a Whisper to a Newly-Married Pair, from a Widowed Wife; and Memory, by the author of "Margaret Whyte," &c.

Mr G. Phillips is printing a Compendium of Algebra, with notes and demonstrations, showing the reason of every rule; designed for the use of schools, and those persons who have not the advantage of a preceptor; the whole arranged on a plan calculated to abridge the labour of the master, and facilitate the improvement of the pupil.

Captain Parry's Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-west Passage, with twenty-five plates, is announced for immediate publication; with an Appendix of Natural History, &c. to Captain Parry's First Voyage of Discovery, with plates.

Aureus, or the Adventures of a Sovereign, written by himself, is printing in two volumes.

Procrastination, or the Vicar's Daughter, a tale, by S. Percy, is announced.

Shortly will be published, Plantarum Scientia, or the Botanist's Companion, being a catalogue of hardy exotic and indigenous plants cultivated in this country.

Dr R. Southey, poet-laureate, author of "Wat Tyler," &c. announces the Book of the Church, in two volumes, octavo.

Mr Britton announces a Grammar of English Antiquities.

The Suffolk Papers, from the collection of the Marchioness of Londonderry, with historical, biographical, and explanatory notes, and an original whole-length portrait of the Countess of Suffolk, are printing in two volumes.

The Green-house Companion, by Dr Thornton, intended as a familiar manual for the general management of a green-house, is in preparation.

Australia, with other Poems, by T. K. Hervey, will appear in a few days.

The first part of the third folio volume of Mr Lodge's Illustrations of English Portraits, accompanied with biographical narratives, is printing.

A work, called Scilly and its Islands, from a complete survey undertaken by order of the Lords Comissioners of the Admiralty, by Captain W. H. Smyth, R.N. with fourteen plates, beautifully engraved by Daniell, in quarto, will speedily appear.

A Tour through the Upper Provinces of Hindoostan, comprising a period between the years 1804 and 1814, with remarks and authentic anecdotes; to which is added, a Guide up the River Ganges, from Calcutta to Cawnpore, Futteh Ghur, Meeratt, &c. will soon appear.

Letters from the Caucasus and Georgia are announced, with maps and plates, octavo.

A Complete History of London, Westminster, and Southwark, by J. Bayley, Esq. F.A.S. is in preparation.

Mr W. Irving has collected materials for a new work during his recent tour in Germany.

The History of the Hundred of Heytesbury, Wilts, adjoining that of Mere, already published, by Sir R. C. Hoare, Bart. is preparing for publication; also, Lives of the Bishops of Sherburne and Salisbury, from the year 705 to the present time; by the Rev. S. H. Cassan, M.A.

The Miscellaneous Works, of Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, are printing, in two series, seven volumes each.

A new translation of the Elegies of Tibullus, by Lord Thurlow, will soon appear.

A volume of Eccentric and Humorous Letters of Eminent Men and Women, including several of Dean Swift, Foote, Garrick, &c. is printing.

Eighteen additional Sermons, intended to establish the inseparable connexion between the doctrines and practice of Christianity, by the author of the former volume, will soon appear.

The Spirit of the British Essayists, comprising the best papers on life, manners, and literature, contained in the Spectator, Tatler, Guardian, &c. with the whole alphabetically arranged, according to the subjects, is printing in a small volume.

Portraits of the Worthies of Westminster-hall, with their autographs, being fac-similes of original sketches found in the Note-book of a Briefless Barrister, is announced.

The twelfth number of Mr Fosbroke's Encyclopædia of Antiquities, which completes the first volume, is printing.

EDINBURGH.

"Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland, by a Native of that district." There are two Tales, and a View of the Changes which have occurred in society and manners during the last eventful half century.

Observations on the Surgical Anatomy of the Head and Neck. Illustrated by Cases and Engravings. By Allan Burns, late Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery, Glasgow. Second Edition. With a Life of the Author, and additional Cases and Observations. By Granville Sharp Pattison, Surgeon, Professor of Surgery in the University of Maryland, &c. &c.

A volume of Sermons, selected from the Manuscripts of the late Robert Boag, D.D. first Minister of the Abbey Parish of Paisley. Edited by Professor Milne.

The Scottish Wanderer, or the blessed effects of true religion, exemplified in a brief Memoir of Thomas Hogg, of Jedburgh, in Scotland, by a Clergyman of the Church of England.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE.

A Guide to Practical Farriery, containing Hints on the Diseases of Horses and Neat Cattle, with many valuable and original recipes from the practice of an eminent veterinary surgeon. By J. Pursglove, sen. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

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ANTIQUITIES.

Sabæan Researches, in a series of Essays, addressed to distinguished Antiquaries, and including the substance of a Course of Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on the engraved Hieroglyphics of Chaldea, Egypt, and Canaan. By John Landseer, F.S.A. 4to. with numerous plates. £.2..12..6d.

CLASSICS.

Xenophontis Memorabilia Socratis, cum Apologia Socratis eidem Auctori vulgo adscripta, cum Texta et Notis Plurismus J. G. Schneideri, auxit Notis et Variis Lectionibus, ex Simpson et Benwelli, excerptis Johannes Greenwood, M.A. domus Petri apud Cantabrigiensis imper Socius, et Regii Orphanotrophii-Christi e Praæceptoribus, accesserunt L. C. Valkenaerii et D. Ruhnkenii Annotatione Integra. 8vo. 9s. bds.—with Latin Version, 10s. 6d. boards.

L. Annei Senecæ Tragœdiæ recensuit et accuravit Joannes Carey, LL.D. 24mo. 6s. boards.

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Memoirs of the Reign of George III. from the Treaty of Amiens, 1802, to the Termination of Regency, 1820. By Wm. Belsham. 2 vols. 8vo. £.1„1s. bds.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Rivington's continuation of Dodsley's Annual Register for the Year 1799. 8vo. £.1.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

France.—The Moniteur of the 24th December contained an ordonnance regarding the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies. The Electoral Colleges are convoked, and the Session of the Chambers of 1824 is to meet on the 23d March next, when, of course, the grand projects for new-modelling the Chambers will be brought forward. The latest accounts state, that the Royalist party is likely to predominate in the new elections. On the 16th December, a grand *fete* was given by the city of Paris, in honour of the Duke d'Angouleme and the Spanish campaign. The Hotel de Ville was splendidly fitted up, and all the Royal Family, the King excepted, were present. In the preceding part of the day, the good people of Paris were, as usual on *fete* occasions, amused with scrambling for bread, sausages, and wine, distributed in the Champ Elysees by the government.

It is said to be stipulated in the treaty to regulate the military occupation of Spain by France, that the whole of the French troops are to be withdrawn from that country by July next. Of course, however, this period has been contingently specified, as less likely to excite discontent than a longer one; but it may be renewed, in case Spain be not then tranquil.

Spain.—The amnesty promised by Ferdinand has not yet appeared: and it is now said that, when it does, it will contain a multitude of exceptions.

It appears to be the determination of the restored government not to sanction any of the acts of the Cortes; and as they cannot hope to raise money in any foreign country, without first guaranteeing those loans raised by the Constitutional Government, applications have been made to the clergy for assistance in the present embarrassed state of the finances. The chapters of the dignified clergy, to whom this application was first made, have announced their inability to furnish the supply wanted, and suggest that the other public bodies, especially the monks, should bear their part; so that the ministry will perhads be obliged to lay an extraordinary contribution on the great nobility, the clergy, the monks, and the merchants, to meet the most urgent wants.

Ferdinand has bestowed orders on some of the higher clergy, and has instituted a new order for those who distinguish themselves for the cause of legitimacy and religion, which is to bear the motto of "The King to the Faithful." A military junta has been named for the organization of the army. The Director-General of the Police of Spain has issued a very rigorous order, to be enforced in Madrid, which enjoins the Magistrates to register the names of all the inhabitants within their jurisdictions, to which are to be annexed their age, condition, profession, and remarks on their conduct. The proprietors of inns, lodging-houses, &c., are bound to notify to the police all arrivals and departures the instant they occur. Servants are forbidden to change their places without magisterial authority. The inhabitants of the capital, generally, are forbidden to receive into their houses any relation or friend, until they have given 24 hours notice thereof to the Magistrates of the district in which they reside.

In the meantime, as might be expected, the state of the country is described as truly lamentable, dreadful atrocities and reprisals being made on each other by the two opposing parties. It appears that the Constitutionalists venture to appear publicly in the streets of Barcelona, and this is remonstrated against as an act of audacity and outrage; but in other places, the Serviles, in the absence of the French, take ample revenge. The General of the Faith, Sampere, succeeded the French in the government of Alicant. His conduct has been such, that he cannot venture abroad without a strong escort, and has his house protected by pieces of artillery. His avowed system is to exterminate all the partisans of the Constitution. In the provinces of Valencia and Murcia, 5000 Constitutionalists have been incarcerated.

Sicily.—A dreadful inundation took place at Messina on the night of the 14th December, which is thus described in a letter of the 15th.—"A deluge of rain, during the greater part of last night, has destroyed a great number of the small houses in these suburbs, carrying them and their wretched inhabitants along with it, many of them into the sea. To what extent the melancholy effects have reached is not yet ascertained; but a church not many yards distant from my house already contains twenty-three dead bodies—men, women, and children. The sea is covered with wrecks of buildings; and the dead bodies of the victims, who have there found a temporary grave, will soon be floating on the waters, to increase the horrors of the scene. So dreadful a visitation is not remembered by the oldest inhabitants to have taken place here before. The greater part of the calamity is owing to the high lands, at the back of the town, been reduced to cultivation instead of being planted, as the laws direct, with an annual increase of large trees. The rubbish and loose mould mixing with the waters, became irresistible, and swept away every thing in their progress to the sea."

Russia and Turkey.—From a statement in the Vienna Gazette, it appears that all matters are not yet amicably settled between Turkey and Russia. In answer to a formal demand of the Austrian Internuncio, for the evacuation of Moldavia and Wallachia, a new note had been written by the Reis Effendi, in which it is declared, that the Turkish forces shall not be withdrawn from these Principalities unless the troops of Russia are previously withdrawn from the Ottoman frontier. The Emperor Alexander, on his part, had given positive orders that the Russian armies shall remain in their present cantonments until the differences with the Porte are finally settled. The Vienna Gazette says, that the note of the Reis Effendi has actually been received in the Austrian capital by an extraordinary courier.

ASIA.

Turkey and Persia.—A treaty of peace between these two powers was concluded on the 28th of July 1823. The basis of the treaty provides that the stipulations made in 1744, relative to the ancient frontiers of both empires, shall be observed, as well as the stipulations of former treaties relative to pilgrims, merchandise, fugitives, prisoners, and the residence of Ambassadors at both Courts respectively. All places on the frontier of the Ottoman empire, of which the Persians took possession in the course of the war, are to restored, in their actual state, within the term of sixty days. The prisoners taken on both sides are to be restored mutually. By the first article, it is provided, that neither power shall interfere in the internal affairs of the other; that the Persian Government shall in no wise intermeddle in the districts of Bagdad and Curdistan, nor assume any sort of authority over the present or the former occupiers of these countries. Such persons as may pass from the frontiers of one empire to another, for the purpose of temporary sojournment, shall be subjected to the usual tribute and regulations. Persian pilgrims to Mecca and Medina shall be free from all tribute, and be treated with all convenient attention, according to their rank. The subjects of both empires shall be liable to a duty of no more than four per cent., to be paid once only. The trade in tobacco-pipes, from Schiraz to Constantinople, shall be free. If the Kurdes shall pass the Persian frontier, and give themselves to pillage, the Turkish authorities shall endeavour to prevent it, and to punish the guilty. If the Turkish authorities should fail in their efforts, the protection of the Porte shall be withdrawn from these tribes. The said tribes shall be free to transport themselves in Persia, but not to return again into Turkey. The seventh article provides, that there shall be appointed to the two Courts respectively new Ambassadors every third year.

Russia and China.—The Petersburgh Court Gazette, of December last, contains the following article regarding the inland trade between Russia and China:—" All the merchandise sent to China does not amount to a million sterling a-year. Their carriage to Kiatcha costs about three times the original purchase. The conveyance from Petersburgh to Kiatcha is accomplished in five months, when no obstacles intervene. But if, as frequently happens, the goods change owners in the mart of Nischenei Novogorod, a year may elapse before they reach their destination. The produce of China takes nearly as long in reaching the European markets of Russia. Consequently a commercial transaction between Petersburgh and Kiatcha cannot be settled in less than two years. The orders begin to be given in November, and continue to the month of March. The mart of Nischenei Novogorod opens in the month of August. At that period, the Chinese come to Kiatcha, which is a large village situated 6508 wersts from Pekin. A bridge separates the Russian and the Chinese empires. Beyond the bridge is a Chinese village, completely uninhabited. Kiatcha, on the contrary, is inhabited during the whole year. These two villages were built in 1728, in consequence of a commercial treaty concluded between the two empires. Each is defended by several pieces of artillery of large calibre. From 40,000 to 50,000 chests of tea are annually imported by the way of Kiatcha, one thousand of which is sold at Novogorod. In 1820 there were sold in that mart 27,000 chests of Borg tea, independently of the green in packets, called by the Russians little lozenge tea. The Russians are extremely jealous of their trade with China. None but native merchants, furnished with imperial licences, can repair to Kiatcha. The Chinese, on the contrary, have created a privileged company, which has a monopoly of the trade on their part. No English goods can reach Kiatcha except by smuggling, Russian merchandise being alone admitted. There are regular markets in Chinese Tartary, to which, however, the natives only are admitted. The road from Pekin to Kiatcha passes through a barren plain. The merchandise is brought to Kiatcha in waggons."

INDIA.—It appears (says the London Courier) that the Siek Chief, Runjeet Sing, who has lately so successfully invaded the country of the Afghans, and placed himself on the throne of the great Subactagi, at Cabool, or Cabul, has now acquired such power, and with it the usual concomitant of usurpation, insolence, that in some late discussions he even hinted he had many Russians in his service, and that it would be easy for him to get more. Here, then, we see, in this Chieftain's successful attempt on an independent nation, the first dawning of a union between Indian and European politics. There can be no doubt that the Indian government will keep a watchful eye upon the future projects of Runjeet; but the only possible cause for apprehension is, that one Chief should possess the countries on both sides of the Indus, as is now the case with Runjeet Sing. He will have much to do, however, before he consolidates his power, and many obstacles may be thrown in his way without proceeding to open war. Our Ambassador at the Persian Court will be able to contribute much towards this object.

AMERICA.

UNITED STATES.—A copy of the President's message to the Congress of the United States, which assembled on the 2d December, has been received. This document contains, as usual, a view of the internal condition and foreign relations of the United States. The country being at peace, is of course flourishing; the coffers of the treasury are replenished by an increasing revenue, and the public debt is gradually decreasing. In the mean time, the utmost attention of Government is directed to the improvement of the army and navy, and to establish fortifications on the different points of the coast.

Alluding to the amicable relations existing between the United States and the Allied European Powers, the President states, that the North American Government has never intermeddled with their wars in matters relating to themselves; but with the movements in their own hemisphere the case was different. He declares, therefore, that with the Governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence they have acknowledged, they will permit no interference. "We could not," says he, "view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling, in any other manner, their destiny, by a European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States. In the war between these new Governments and Spain, we declared our neutrality at the time of their recognition; and to this we have adhered, and shall continue to adhere, provided no change shall occur, which, in the judgment of the competent authorities of this Government, shall make a corresponding change on the part of the United States indispensable to their security." This is, in fact, saying as clearly, and indeed much more clearly than diplomatic language generally speaks, that the emancipated South American provinces must be left to themselves, and that any interference with them by any European Powers will be regarded by the United States as a sufficient ground for war.

There is another point in the President's speech of some importance, namely, that which relates to part of the northwest coast of America, which was first explored, we believe, by Captain Cook. Russia had set up some territorial claims which neither Great Britain nor the United States could submit to. They are now the subject of an amicable negociation between the three Powers. But America has thought proper to lay down *in limine* the principle, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed, and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers. What effect this notice to the Emperor of Russia, that he must abandon his favourite project of making a settlement upon the American coast, will produce, we are yet to learn.

Among other propositions contained in the speech, there is one for abolishing privateering, as an unlawful species of maritime war, and another for punishing those engaged in the slave-trade as pirates.

MEXICO.—The Mexican government has issued a declaration of war against Spain. All political and commercia relations between the two countries are declared to be at an end; but four months are allowed before this notification is to affect vessels arriving from Spain, and forty days for those from the Havannah. After these respective periods, the productions of the Spanish soil will not be admitted to an entry in Mexico under any flag whatever, and all Spanish vessels will be lawful prizes. The commissioners sent out by Spain, instead of being authorized, as was asserted, to recognise the independence of Mexico, had instructions only to negotiate a commercial treaty. The Mexican government insisted that the basis of any treaty must be an unconditional acknowledgment of Mexican independence, and the "delivery of the castle of St. John de Ulloa as an integral part thereof." The commissioners having no power to accede to these propositions, they were ordered to leave the country in eight days. Gen. Cortez had arrived from Mexico in the United States, to negotiate a political and commercial treaty between them and the Mexican government. Two French officers, who had landed at Vera Cruz, in September, under the character of merchants, but whose real views, it is supposed, were to foment revolt in favour of a Bourbon Prince, had been seized and imprisoned.

Another of the *ci-devant* Spanish American colonies has proclaimed its separate independence. The kingdom of Guatemala, formerly a dependency on the kingdom of Mexico, and which, in the first instance, joined it in declaring their common independence of Spain, has since separated, and the Guatemalans have established themselves as a sovereign state. The population of this state amounts to only 1,600,000.

COLOMBIA. — Accounts from New York, of the 30th November, convey the important intelligence of the fall of Porto Cabello, the last part of any consequence in Colombia which was in possession of the Spanish Royalists.

"*New York, Nov.* 30.

"Letters from Laguira of the 11th and 13th instant state, that the troops under Generals Paez and Bermudez made an assault on the town of Puerto Cavello on the morning of the 18th instant, and after having put to the sword every one found making resistance, the Colombian troops were, at four o'clock, in peaceable possession of the town. In this assault General Clazada and Colonel Carrera fell at the commencement of the attack. The only remaining fort, (the castle at the entrance of the harbour) surrendered on the 10th;—the garrison to be sent to Cuba."

PERU.—Letters received from Buenos Ayres, dated September 29, contain news of great importance to the independent cause in South America. The letters are deficient in details of the important events related, but are sufficiently precise in the nature of the information to give confidence in their authenticity. It appears, that the Spanish Royalist army, under General Canterac, which retreated from Lima in the latter part of July, was encountered, in its retreat, in the beginning of September, by the Colombian forces under General Sucre, when an action ensued, which ended in the total defeat of the Royalists. Cantaras, it is said, was taken prisoner, and Valdes, his second in command, was killed. A second affair had taken place at La Paz, a large and strong town in the interior of Peru, occupied by a divison of the Royalist troops, but who had been driven from that post by a detachment of the Peruvian troops, commanded by General Santa Cruz. The fugitives from La Paz, as well as the remnant of the army of Cantarac, had retired upon Potosi. This intelligence was brought to Buenos Ayres by a special courier from Salla, who reported, that, in the whole of his route from Potosi, he did not fall in with a single Royalist soldier. The positions and force of the Independent troops are represented to be extremely favourable for following up the victory gained over Cantarac, and completing the deliverance of Peru. Bolivar had sailed from Guayaquil on the 21st of August, with 3000 troops, and the same number were collected at Arica. These two divisions were to rendezvous at Arequipa, a large town to the southward of Lima, when Bolivar, who was to take the chief command, would be at the head of 12,000 men. O'Higgins, the late Supreme Director of the Chilian Government, was to have a command under Bolivar. He sailed from Valparaiso, for that purpose, early in September, on board his Britannic Majesty's brig the Fly. Gen. Freire was elected the successor of O'Higgins in the office of Supreme Director of Chile.

Later intelligence from Carthagena states, that Bolivar entered Lima on the 1st of Sept. and was received with enthusiasm by all ranks of the people. He was next day vested by the Congress with the supreme military authority in all the territories of the republic; and no doubt seemed to be entertained, that, with the aid of his name and talents, the Spaniards would soon be driven from this last portion of South America, in which they maintain even the semblance of authority.

WEST INDIES.—It appears from Jamaica papers, lately received, that much irritation and alarm exists in the island against the proposed measure for gradually emancipating the slaves. In the House of Assembly, on the 5th, a Mr Barrett made a long and violent speech, on proposing a committee to prepare an address and petition to the King upon the subject, which he trusted would include a prayer for the dismissal of Lord Bathurst from his Majesty's councils, as the tool or ally of the African Institution. The committee was appointed; but the Assembly declined acceding to a proposition received from the House of Assembly of Dominica, for a combination of all the colonies, not thinking it expedient to enter into any communication, on political measures, with one branch of the legislatures of other British colonies, except through the channel of his Majesty's representative the Governor. Mr Barrett, in the course of his speech, talked of a resistance in the islands, similar to that which ended in the independence of North America, if Great Britain should persist in fastening upon them the yoke of a parliamentary legislation in what regards their internal concerns. Mr B. evidently forgot the difference of circumstances. If the colonies should declare war against England for endeavouring to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, would not the slaves themselves become parties in that war, and against whom? It is an awful consideration for the whites. But though there was violence in the speeches, the proceedings of the Assembly itself were calm and moderate: and their answer to the speech of the Governor, the Duke of Manchester, on the opening of the session, which recommended a continued attention to the comfort and moral improvement of the slaves, was almost an echo of the speech.

Barbadoes seems to be more ripe for mischief than any other colony. It appears that a missionary of the name of Shrewsbury had been discovered, or was suspected, to have sent home to the Society by which he was employed, statements highly injurious to the moral character of the lower classes of the white population of Barbadoes, whom he represented as bred up without any knowledge of Christianity, and incapable, from their depraved habits, of acquiring any. This produced the highest degree of irritation among the people affected by these real or supposed statements, and they repaired in a body to the chapel in which Mr S. officiated, provided with catcalls, and other noisy instruments, which they employed in the most violent manner, for the purpose of compelling him to quit the pulpit, and desist from the performance of his duty. All their efforts, however, were unavailing; the preacher kept his post unmoved, waited with calmness till the annoyances ceased, and then proceeded with his functions. Finding it impossible, by this mode, to drive him from his post, they had the audacity to invite, by written placards, an assemblage of the persons aggrieved for the following evening, when they proceeded to demolish the meeting-house in which Mr Shrewsbury officiated, which they did so effectually, that not a brick or piece of timber was left standing, after which they dispersed quietly to their several homes. So bent were those people on this outrage, and so indifferent to its probable consequences, that they were overheard to declare, while the work of destruction was in progress, that if interrupted by the appearance of the military, they would resist them to the utmost. A proclamation was issued the following day by Sir H. Warde, offering a reward of £.100 for the discovery of any of the actors in the attack on the congregation-house of Mr Shrewsbury. The day following, the rioters had the audacity to issue a counter proclamation, as follows:

" *Bridge-Town, Oct.* 23.—Whereas a proclamation having appeared in the Barbadian newspaper of yesterday, issued by order of his excellency the Governor, offering a reward of £.100 for the conviction of any person or persons said to be concerned in the said-to-be riotous proceedings of the 19th and 20th instant; public notice is hereby given, to such person or persons who may feel inclined, either from pecuniary temptation or vindictive feeling, that should they attempt to come forward, to injure, in any shape, any individual, they shall receive that punishment which their crimes will justly deserve. They are to understand, that to impeach is not to convict, and that the reward offered will only be given upon conviction, which cannot be effected whilst the people are firm to themselves. And whereas it may appear to those persons who are unacquainted with the circumstances which occasioned the said proclation, that the demolition of the chapel was effected by the rabble of this community, in order to create anarchy, riot, and insubordination, to trample upon the laws of the country, and to subvert good order; it is considered an imperative duty to repel the charge, and to state—firstly, that the majority of the persons assembled were of the first respectability, and were supported by the concurrence of 9-10ths of the community; secondly, that their motives were patriotic and loyal—namely, to eradicate from this soil the germ of Methodism, which was spreading its baneful influence over a certain class, and which ultimately would have injured both church and state. With this view the chapel was demolished, and the villanous preacher who headed it, and belied us, was compelled, by a speedy flight, to remove himself from the island. With a fixed determination, therefore, to put an end to Methodism in this island, all Methodist preachers are warned not to approach these shores, as, if they do, it will be at their own peril. God save the king and the people!"

As soon as the rioters had effected their work of destruction, and before the Governor's proclamation appeared, they issued the following hand-bill:—

"GREAT AND SIGNAL TRIUMPH OVER METHODISM, AND TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE CHAPEL!

"*Bridge-Town*, *Oct.* 21, 1822.—The inhabitants of this island are respectfully informed, that, in consequence of the unmerited and unprovoked attacks which have repeatedly been made upon the community by the Methodist Missionaries, (otherwise known as agents to the villanous African Society,) a party of respectable gentlemen formed the resolution of closing the Methodist concern altogether; with this view, they commenced labours on Sunday evening, and they have the greatest satisfaction in announcing, that, by twelve o'clock last night, they effected the total destruction of the Chapel. To this information they have to add, that the Missionary made his escape yesterday afternoon, in a small vessel for St. Vincent, thereby avoiding that expression of the public feeling towards him, personally, which he had so richly deserved. It is hoped, that as this information will be circulated throughout the different islands and colonies, all persons, who consider themselves true lovers of religion, will follow the laudable example of the Barbadians, in putting an end to Methodism and Methodist Chapels throughout the West Indies."

If these papers be genuine, Barbadoes may already be said to be in a state bordering on rebellion.

DEMERARA.—By the ship Clyde, arrived at Greenock from Demerara, letters and papers have been received to the 26th November. The sentence of the Court-Martial upon Mr Smith was given in to the Governor on the 24th, but had not been made public on the 26th. The letters seem to agree that the decision of the Court was Guilty. Tranquillity still prevailed, but Martial Law was continued, and in consequence of the fatigues of military duty, sickness was beginning to prevail amongst the white population. The reinforcement of troops from Britain would reach the Colony early in December.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

NOVEMBER.

HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—— On the 17th, their Lordships took up the case of James Anderson, who had been found guilty on his own confession, before the last Circuit Court of Perth, of wilful and corrupt perjury, for the purpose of concealing from his creditors the real state of his affairs. A petition was presented in the name of the pannel, expressive of contrition, and imploring the lenient consideration of the Court. Lord Hermand said he could not propose any smaller punishment than transportation for fourteen years. This proposal was agreed to by the Court, and the Lord Justice Clerk passed judgment on the prisoner accordingly, admonishing him with respect to his future conduct. After sentence had been pronounced, Mr Cowan, for the prisoner, stated an objection affecting the regularity of the Court's proceeding, and moved for leave to be heard, and for time to prepare his argument on the objection, waving, for the intermediate period, the pannel's claim to letters of liberation. The Court granted the motion, and appointed Monday next, at 10 A. M., for receiving the *viva voce* arguments of counsel.

The next case was that of William Campbell, certified from the Circuit on an objection in arrest of judgment upon a conviction of assault and robbery. The case being restricted to an arbitrary punishment, the Court sentenced the prisoner to be transported for 14 years. The prisoner seemed very much afflicted at the idea of parting with his wife and family, and applied for permission that they should accompany him. He was informed by the Lord Justice Clerk, that Government had recently permitted the wives of 20 convicts to be sent out to them; and if he conducted himself well in the colony to which he was going, there Gas a hope of the same privilege being extended to him, on his applying to the proper quarter.

William Laing pleaded Guilty of being armed for the purpose of unlawfully killing game by night, and was sentenced four months' imprisonment, with hard labour at the tread-mill. The Lord Justice Clerk, in passing sentence, said the object of the statute was not to preserve game, but to put an end to a notorious and dangerous practice.

Three young men, Alexander Macgillivray, Henry MacGirr, and James Hill, were convicted of being actors, or art and part, in stealing silver spoons from the house of Robert Baird, Esq. of Newbyth, and the two latter prisoners with also resetting the same. The Court sentenced Macgillivray and MacGirr to be transported for 14 years. Hill, owing to his confession of guilt, and the expectation inferred from it that he would be reformed by a milder punishment, was sentenced to be imprisoned 12 months, and employed during that period at the tread-mill. Macgillivray, whose conduct had previously bordered on contumacy, now put on his hat, and openly reviled the Court in the most indecent language. When the clerk read that part of the legal denounciation of being hanged as felons, if they, Macgillivray or MacGirr, should return before the expiry of their sentence, without lawful cause, Macgillivray put his hand to his neck, and mimicked the last convulsions of nature. On going out, he said to the Judges, "We shall be better off than you sitting there—you would have sent us to h— if you could, you— —s." Macgillivray is from Glasgow, which the Lord Justice Clerk described as "the great source of vice in this country."

24.—George Mackenzie was put to the bar, charged with falsehood, fraud, wilful imposition, and forgery. From the evidence brought, it appeared that the pannel, by forging an order purporting to be signed by Hugh Graham, a labourer, had succeeded in procuring from Mr James Steuart, two sums of Money, (£.10 and £.22,) belonging to Graham. The circumstances detailed of this transaction are no way interesting. The fraud was discovered by the wife of the real Hugh Graham presenting herself to draw money at a time when her husband was out of employment. The proof was clear against the prisoner, and the Jury returned an unanimous verdict of Guilty. Sentence—imprisonment for 12 months.

The next trial was in a case of housebreaking and theft, charged against John Quin and William Macdonald. One of the prisoners, (Macdonald,) was only eleven years of age, and six convictions against Quin, and five against Macdonald, were proved from the police books. An *alibi* was attempted to be adduced in the case of Macdonald, which amounted to nothing more than that, *for anything his mother knew*, he had been in bed all the night of the robbery. The libel had been restricted to an arbitrary punishment, and a verdict of Guilty was returned by the Jury. Their sentence was transportation beyond seas for life.

James Anderson, who pleaded guilty at the last Perth Circuit, to a charge of fraudulent bankruptcy, and upon whom a sentence of fourteen years transportation was passed in this Court last Monday, was again brought to the bar, and the objection which was taken after the sentence was read, that the prisoner had never seen his letters before sentence was pronounced on him, having been sustained by the Court, he was dismissed from the bar.

DECEMBER.

High Court of Justiciary.—On the 1st instant, Robert Watson, Henry Murray, and David Ronaldson, were brought to trial on a charge of housebreaking and theft, aggravated by their being habit and repute thieves. The pannels pleaded Guilty, which plea, as it appeared, did not proceed from the advice of their counsel, but was entirely of their own accord. The Lord Advocate restricted the libel to an arbitrary punishment, and the Jury found the prisoners Guilty, in terms of their own confession. Sentence delayed.—Andrew Rhind and John Murray were next brought to the bar upon a like accusation, saving that the latter prisoner was not charged with habit and repute. Murray pleaded Guilty, as Rhind also ultimately did. As in the preceding trial, the libel was restricted to an arbitrary punishment, and the pannels convicted. The three persons first tried were now brought in for judgment along with the present convicts. From a consideration of the different degrees of turpitude of the crimes libelled, and their accession to them, the Court sentenced Watson, Rhind, and Murray, to transportation for life, and the other two for fourteen years. The Lord Justice Clerk stated, as a warning to the prisoners to preserve a good behaviour in the place of exile to which they might be sent, that no less than twelve persons had been executed there within a very few months. William Williamson was then charged with the very same crime as the five former pannels. He pleaded Not Guilty; but after some of the evidence was gone over, by the permission of the Court, he retracted this plea, and pleaded Guilty. Certificates of his previous good character were produced, in consequence of which, the Court pronounced upon him the lenient sentence of transportation for seven years.

8.—This day John Dunlop, James

Hunter, James Armour, and Jean Beith or Armoor, were placed at the bar, on Criminal Letters, charging them with theft and reset: the men pleaded Not Guilty, and the woman was outlawed for not appearing. David Wilson was called, who stated himself to be foreman to Mr Peter Hutchison, manufacturer, Brunswick-Street, Glasgow, who carries on business on a very extensive scale. From the evidence of this witness, which evinced considerable intelligence, it appeared that a great number of pieces of muslin had been extracted from time to time by persons in the employ of the prisoner Dunlop, who was one of Mr Hutchison's muslin-singers. In consequence of information received from Belfast, witness went there, and in the Police-Office of that place saw 137 pieces of muslin, which he knew to be the property of Mr Hutchison, and at a neighbouring bleachfield he discovered about sixty pieces in a bleached state, and 20 pieces which were not of Mr Hutchison's manufacture. The prisoner Armour had been apprehended at Belfast before witness went over, who had never, during the 23 months he had been in Mr Hutchison's employ, known of more than one instance of muslin being sold in a gray state, and on that occasion the pieces were of a different description and length from those now in Court. The witness detailed with great minuteness the process of the muslin manufacture, and the method of marking the pieces, and, in conclusion, declared, that although many of the marks had been picked out, he was perfectly satisfied that nearly the whole numerous pieces shown him, both in a gray and bleached state, were of the manufacture of Mr Hutchison, which he was more particulary enabled to do from a peculiar gold ornament at the end of many of the pieces. Mr Hutchison stated himself to be one of the most extensive manufacturers in Glasgow. Dunlop and Hunter were employed as singers, to whom the pieces with a twisted gold ornament were given, the pieces with the plain gold ornament being at the same time lying indiscriminately in the room. He did not think it was practicable, from the extent of his business, to ascertain if goods had been stolen by attempting to balance the goods, even if hundreds of pieces had been taken, but on seeing the goods, he knew that a theft must have been committed. He once sold a particular order in an unfinished state, but the goods were of a different description to those in question; the white goods recovered at Belfast were not finished by him, which he can clearly ascertain from its inferiority. The bleaching in this country being so much better done than in Ireland, there could be no necessity for sending goods there to go through that operation, and he was quite certain the various kinds in Court had been stolen from his premises. The average value of an unbleached piece is about 10s. to which the bleaching adds a shilling more. On going to Dunlop's house with the officers, a piece of muslin was found, which he immediately knew to be his property. Dunlop said he knew nothing about it, and alluded to his wife having a knowledge of it: he then leapt from the window, one storey high, but was pursued by the officers, and retaken. Witness accompanied Mr Hardie, superintendant of Glasgow Police, to Mr Muirhead's bleachfield, where they discovered 125 pieces in a bleaching state, which he knew to be his property; these he was doubtful might be injured if not finished off, and therefore were not lodged in process. The number of pieces manufactured weekly averaged about 4000, the immensity of which prevented the keeping of books to ascertain loss, and therefore they rather chose to submit to it. The goods go out every day to the bleaching. The remaining evidence in this most irksome case occupied the Court till half-past eight o'clock, after which the Jury were addressed, at considerable length, by the Lord Advocate, for the prosecution, and by Mr Jeffrey, in an ingenious defence, for the prisoners, which occupied about two hours. The Lord Justice Clerk, at great length, recapitulated the evidence to the Jury, who found John Dunlop *Guilty* of Theft; James Armour, *Guilty* of Reset of Theft; and against James Hunter the charges *Not Proven:* the two former were sentenced to be transported for fourteen years, and the latter was dismissed with a suitable admonition.

15.—Charles Beaton, a boy of no more than fifteen years of age, was put to the bar, accused of having broken into the shops of J. and T. Picken, watch-makers, Grassmarket, and stolen several articles therefrom. He pleaded Guilty, and a certificate being produced from his master of his uniform good conduct for five years, he was convicted by the Jury in terms of own confession, and sentenced to fourteen years transportation.

Jean Campbell and William Mackay were next charged with the crime of robbing Alex. More of his watch in September last, with the aggravation of being habit and repute common thieves. They both pleaded Not Guilty. The evidence produced was found by the Jury sufficient to establish the guilt of the prisoners in the present instance, and it farther appeared, that they were known to be characters of the most depraved and reckless description. The woman had been ten times convicted and confined in Bridewell for theft, and upon application being made to her before she was apprehended, to restore the watch upon condition of not being farther molested about the matter, she declared that she cared nothing for being tried, and would not restore it. The boy had been twice convicted before. The robbery was committed in this case by Campbell, who conveyed the watch to Mackay, he being in readiness to receive and make off with it. The prisoners were sentenced to be transported for the term of their natural lives.

Execution of Thomas Black.—The behaviour of this young man after his condemnation was such as became his melancholy situation. The final sentence of the law was carried into effect upon the unhappy criminal on the morning of the 10th instant, at the ordinary place of execution, and was witnessed by an immense number of spectators. He was attended to the scaffold by the Rev. Dr Grant and the Rev. Mr Porteous, who had previously assisted him in his devotional exercises in the lock-up-house. Black appeared perfectly calm and resigned. On reaching the platform a psalm was sung, and an impressive prayer offered up by Dr Grant, in both of which the prisoner appeared with great fervour to join. He then advanced to the side of the platform, and in a firm and audible voice addressed the multitude, exhorting those who had children to correct them betimes, and not suffer them to keep bad company. The young he advised solemnly to take warning by his own untimely fate, to avoid Sabbath-breaking, drinking, and evil company; the indulgence in which vices had brought him to the shameful situation in which he now stood. He then said, that he died in peace with all mankind, and bidding them farewell, he ascended the drop. After the executioner had made the necessary preparations, Black prayed for a few seconds, and then giving the signal, the drop fell, and he died after a short struggle. Black was about seventeen years of age, rather tall, and of a fair complexion. The crime for which he suffered was breaking into and robbing a house at Summerfield, South Leith, in company with an associate John Reid, who was tried and condemned along with him, but has since been respited. Reid was about six months younger than Black, but it is generally understood, that he was the oldest in crime by some years. He displayed the most hardened indifference on his trial, which afterwards gave way to a temper of mind more suitable to his situation.

Glasgow.—There have been a great many additions built to the old cotton-mills at Glasgow, this summer, besides the new ones erected in various parts of the city. One of the mills is calculated to cost £.40,000 sterling. This has been altogether an unprecedented year of building. Masons, bricklayers, &c. are still kept as busy as they were in the midst of summer, and new hands can scarcely be got for money; and it is expected that the same spirit and activity will continue in the ensuing spring. The consumption of stones, bricks, and other materials for building, has been so great, that a number of the quarries and brick-fields are exhausted, and there is, in consequence, a considerable rise in the price of these articles. Bricks, which sold in the early part of the season at 25s. a thousand, are now 40s. a thousand. There are numbers of new brick-fields to commence in the ensuing spring, in addition to the former old ones; and the workmen are engaged at higher wages on that account. Builders, in general, are in high expectation that the new grand opening at the Cross, or Trades' Land, will commence in the spring of the year, to give full scope to their energies, and the ultimate ornament and improvement of the city.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

20.—*Lord Erskine.*—In consequence of an invitation circulated among the members of the legal profession in London, a meeting was held in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, on Monday last, Mr Scarlet in the chair, when a resolution was moved by that gentleman, seconded by Mr Brougham, and unanimously adopted —"that a subscription be opened for the purpose of erecting a statue to the late Lord Erskine, and that a Committee be named, for the purpose of carrying the resolution into effect." Before the meeting separated, a number of persons put down their names as subscribers.

Union Canal.—Owing to the rapid increase of trade on the Union Canal, the present basin at Port Hopetoun has been found inadequate to accommodate the numerous barges which are now plying on that navigation. The Canal Company have therefore resolved to construct another basin, in addition to the present one, considerably larger than it, and in the same neighbourhood. For this purpose, they have purchased ground immediately behind Semple-Street, upon which it is understood they are soon to commence operations. Within the last few months the coal-trade has been carried on to an immense extent, and is still to be greatly augmented. All sorts of building-materials, for which there is at present in Edinburgh an uncommon demand, are now brought by this conveyance—as timber, stone, slate, brick, sand, and lime, the latter article having been recently added to the number. Westward, the carrying trade is necessarily more limited, being chiefly confined to merchant-goods and manure. It will perhaps be recollected, that the expectation of Mid-Lothian being supplied with coal from the valley of the Clyde was treated as chimerical by some engineers, in the course of the discussions which took place a few years ago about the line of a canal. It is a fact, however, that a barge laden with coal lately arrived at Port-Hopetoun, "from the coal-works seven miles *beyond* Glasgow," as the people on board stated. This boat had consequently entered the Forth and Clyde Canal by the Monkland, and had come nearly *seventy* miles, passing, in its course, through 15 locks. A Glasgow coal-yard is indeed established at Port Hopetoun, from which we may infer that coal is regularly brought from that quarter. A great impulse seems to have been given lately in building, both dwelling-houses and warehouses, in the vicinity of the Canal basin. A fine large building, for the luggage-boat companies, is now getting up at the basin, upon the projecting square used as a landing-place for passengers; and several offices for the coal-companies have just been completed. The greatest activity is employed in raising houses of the usual height of five stories in the adjoining streets and roads, the stone for which is brought from Redhall quarry, three miles to the westward, on the banks of the Canal. Several boats from this quarry are constantly employed—each carrying between 40 and 50 tons, and making generally three trips in a day. Such are the expectations of a still-increasing trade on this Canal, that one boat-builder, in the vicinity of the basin, has contracted, since the middle of summer, for building *ten* boats. Vessels are also frequently launched from the yard at the west end of Gilmour Place, and three are now building at Leith. It is not a little extraordinary to find that the cow-feeders of Edinburgh are now supplied with draff from a distillery at the distance of 35 miles. One brings about 40 tons weekly of this article. We understand that a project is now in agitation, which, in course of time, may create a little town at the farther end of this Canal. The Company, from the difficulty of getting a part of Glenfuir grounds, which lie at the junction of the Union Canal with the Forth and Clyde, were obliged to purchase the small estate altogether. That part which they have not occasion for being divided by the Canal, and cut by several roads, lessens the inducement to any person to purchase it in a single lot. It is therefore proposed, after setting aside the necessary portion for wharfs, quays, officers' lodges, and inns for the accommodation of passengers, to sell or feu the rest in small lots for building, or in larger lots, which the purchaser may let or feu in portions as minute as he pleases. The situation is considered as extremely eligible for manufacturing establishments, such as ironworks, distilleries, &c. Works erected here would be in the immediate neighbourhood of exhaustible mines of coal, lime, and ironstone, while the rich district of the Carse would afford them corn with very little expence of carriage. Placed at the junction of three great lines of water communication, they could command the markets of Glasgow, Greenock, Edinburgh, Stirling, with all the towns on the Forth and the Clyde, and procure on the easiest terms all the products of the Baltic, America, and the West Indies.

Portable Gas.—A very great change in public opinion seems to have taken place lately, relative to that great modern invention, portable gas. In 1819, when Mr Gordon exhibited his invention in London and Edinburgh, it was generally admired, frequently ridiculed, and almost universally considered inapplicable to any useful purpose. None of the periodical scientific publications of the day thought it worth complimentary notice, except the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, which, in October 1819, pronounced it one of the greatest practical inventions which had, for some time, been presented to the public. Many attempts were afterwards made to introduce this invention to practice, but they did not succeed, until several influential individuals formed the London Portable Gas Company, which has only within these few weeks begun to distribute the gas to the public. The demand, however, has, within this short period, so much increased, and the prospects are so encouraging, that the shares have advanced from par, to a premium of L.7„10s., which, on the capital paid, is nearly 75 per cent. Several short stages are now lighted with portable gas, and it only requires to be better known, to come into more general use, for, in economy and brilliancy of light, it is at present unequalled.—*Morning Chronicle.*

26.—Captain Sabine arrived at Deptford in the Griper, on the 19th instant, from Spitzbergen, where he had been to ascertain the situation of the pendulum. The Griper, during Captain Sabine's stay on the island, penetrated to 75. 20. E., and to 81. N. Rein-deer were found in great numbers at Spitzbergen, and killed by the crew; the fat on some of them was four inches thick. A most astonishing circumstance occurred on some of the officers visiting and inspecting the tombs and graves in which some Russians had been buried for 85 years. When the lid or grave-stone was removed, the body appeared in a perfect state, the flesh still remaining. and with a colour on the cheek similar to life. All the bodies were dressed in the costume of the country, with night-caps, boots, and stockings on. This wonderful preservation of the subject induced Captain Sabine to bring one to England, also one of the tomb grave-stones.

Carrier Pigeons.—On Friday last, one of those messengers, a pigeon, usually sent from the Bell Rock light-house with dispatches, arrived at Arbroath on said forenoon, in about 20 minutes, with intelligence to the owners and concerns of the schooner Oscar, of this port, that she was about one and a half miles to the eastward of the rock, with her colours flying. Being long expected from the Baltic, this was agreeable news to all concerned. The pigeon was dispatched from the Bell Rock yacht Pharos, by the Commander, Mr Logans, who attached the information to the pigeon's leg when he was near the light-house. Those pigeons are in the practice of communicating information from the people on the Bell Rock light-house, to the tower on shore, where the people are on the look-out for their arrival, which passage they make sometimes in 15 minutes, a distance of twelve miles.

Fire Damp.—An unlearned man, but clever mechanic of this town, (Stafford,) named George Lovat, is anxious to communicate to his countrymen a scheme for lessening the danger from that dreadful accident—the explosion of fire-damp in coal-mines. The remedy which has suggested itself to his mind is, the employment of bellows, to be worked by the steam engine. Six or seven pairs of ordinary forge-bellows might be required to produce the proper effect. They might be placed one or two hundred yards from the shaft. Atmospheric air is intended to be propelled by a main pipe down the shaft, and thence conducted by smaller pipes, having regulating stop-cocks to those parts of the mine where the colliers are at work. The stream of air will have force equal to a common current above ground. The fire damp will thus be dislodged from the situation occupied by the miners, or so much diluted as to render it harmless; and ultimately being lighter than atmospheric air, be forced out at the mouth of the pit.—*Stafford Advertiser.*

29.—*Attempt to Murder.*—On Monday night, the 22d instant, Robert Sime, servant at Balmulie Mill, parish of Inverkeillor, was brought to Arbroath gaol, accused of having attempted to murder a young woman of the name of Mill, residing at Lawton, in the same parish. According to the young woman's statement, she had become pregnant by Sime, who had promised to marry her; and Saturday night was the time he had appointed to meet her in her father's house, for the purpose of making her a bride, Sime, however, did not keep his appointment; but he called on Sunday morning, when it was agreed that another interview should take place in the evening. About ten o'clock, the meeting took place, in a field near the girl's father's; from which place they proceeded, for the sake of shelter, to a neighbouring wood. Here Sime feigned sickness; and, taking a bottle from his pocket, which he said contained spirits, he pretended to drink of it by way of cordial, and insisted that the girl should pledge him. Her suspicions beginning to be awakened, she refused to drink. He then affected to embrace and fondle her; but, Judas-like, in the midst of his dalliance, drew a razor across her throat. The incision was deep, and extended almost from ear to ear. The girl struggled and screamed, though in vain, for assistance. The deadly instrument had fallen in the scuffle, and been lost in the darkness of the night. But the monster beat and kicked her unmercifully, and dashed in her face the contents of the bottle, which, it appears, contained sulphuric acid, as her face, breasts, and clothes, were much burnt with the liquid. The hapless girl was then left bleeding and insensible. She afterwards regained as much strength as enabled her to crawl home, and relate, as above, the particulars of the horrid story. Next day, the infatuated Sime was seen "driving his team a-field;" but it seems he had enjoyed little of that jocund gaiety which usually accompanies rural industry, for he had in the morning made an attempt to hang himself; and a warrant having been procured in the course of the day, he was apprehended. He solemnly protests his innocence; alleging that the girl committed the deed herself—although he admits that he was present when she did it. Sime has been committed for trial, but the girl is recovering.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Nov. 20. Mr Bullock, Alva, was admitted to the Church and Parish of Tulliallan.

Dec. 2. The United Associate Congregation of Muirkirk gave a very harmonious call to the Rev. James Garret, Preacher of the Gospel, to be their Pastor.

4. The Right Hon. the Earl of Rosslyn has been pleased to present the Rev. John Thomson, Minister of the Chapel of Ease, Leith Wynd, Edinburgh, to the second charge of the Collegiate Church, Dysart, vacant by the translation of the Rev. David Murray to St. David's Church, Dundee.

13. The Rev. Thomas Gillespie of Cults has been nominated Assistant and Successor to Dr Hunter, Professor of Humanity in the University of St Andrew's.

23. The forming Relief Congregation of Stranraer unanimously elected Mr John M'Gregor, Preacher of the Gospel, as their Pastor.

25. The Rev. Geo. James Lawrie, son of the Reverend Dr Lawrie, minister of Loudoun, was ordained, by the Presbytery of Irvine, to the charge of the Presbyterian congregation at Madras.

27. The Right Hon. the Earl of Buchan has been pleased to appoint Mr John Ferguson, Preacher of the Gospel, to be assistant and successor to the Rev. John Ferguson, minister of the parish of Uphall.

General Hay, of Rannes, has presented the Rev. John Wilson to the church and parish of Premnay, in the presbytery of Garioch, vacant by the death of the Rev. James Douglas.

II. MILITARY.

Brevet Capt. Lutynes, 20 F. Major in the Army 5 July 1821.
7 Dr. Gds. Major Hancox, from 15 Dr. Lieut Col. by purch. vice Col. Dunne, ret. 18 Dec. 1823
Bt. Maj. Daly, from 19 Dr. Major by purch. vice Bt. Lieut. Col. Bunbury, ret. do.
Capt. Robinson, from 17 Dr. Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Power, ret. 19 do.
Capt. Pratt, from 4 Dr. Capt. vice Smyth, ret. 20 do.
4 Dr. Lieut. Sale, from 17 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Pratt, 7 Dr. Gds. do.
9 Lieut. Mallory, Capt. by purch. vice Dally, 7 Dr. Gds. 18 do.
Cornet Markham, from 2 Dr. Lieut. by purch. do.
15 Capt. Booth, Maj. by purch. vice Hancox, 7 Dr. Gds do.
Lieut. Buckley, Capt. by purch. do.
Cornet Ramsden, Lieut. by purch. do.
J. H. Dundas, Cornet by purch. do.
17 Lieut. Coney, from 4 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Robinson, 7 Dr. Gds. 20 do.
Cornet Nicholson, Lieut. by purch. vice Sale, 4 Dr. do.
R. J. Elton, Cornet by purch. do.
Gren. Gds. Lieut. Col. Woodford, Maj. with rank of Col. by purch. vice West, ret. 20 Nov.
Capt. Lindsay, Capt. and Lieut. Col. by purch. do.
Lieut. Loftus, Lieut. and Capt. by purch. do.
Frederick Clinton, Ens. and Lieut. by purch. vice Lyster, prom. 19 do.
R. W. Astell, Ens. and Lieut. by purch. vice Loftus 20 do.
John Humphries, Solicitor, vice Wilkinson, dead 11 Dec.
Coldst. G. Ens. Hon. H. S. Fane, from 93 F. Ens. and Lieut. by purch. vice Hall, 35 F. 27 Nov.
3 F. Gds. Batt. Surg. Salmon, Surg. Maj. vice Hay, ret. 4 Dec.
Assist. Surg. Ward, Batt. Surg. do.
T. Richardson, Assist. Surg. do.
1 F. Lieut. Eyre, Capt. by purch. vice Mosse, ret. 13 Nov.
Ens. Stoyte, Lieut. by purch. do.
1 F. E. Macpherson, Ens. by purch. 13 Nov. 1823.
Capt. Tenison, from h. p. 72 F. Capt. vice Mitchell, 95 F. 1 Dec.
Ens. Cowell, Lieut. vice Mainwaring, dead 11 Feb.
14 E. C. Lynch, Ens. by purch. vice Donald, ret. 11 Dec.
16 Ens. Colquhoun, Lieut. by purch. vice Skinner, prom. 4 do.
23 2d Lieut. and Adj. Bourchier, rank of 1st Lieut. 20 Nov.
28 F. Phelps, Ens. vice Slacke, 32 F. 13 do.
30 Ensign Rumley, Lieut. vice Kennedy, dead 25 Nov. 1822.
Gent. Cadet, R. Wilson, from Mil. Col. Ens. 11 Dec. 1823.
32 Ensign Mackay, Lieut. vice Stuart, dead 13 Nov.
Ens. Slacke, from 28 F. Ens. do.
33 Surg. Thomas, from h. p. 37 F. Surg. vice Fitz-Gerald, cancelled 20 do.
Lieut. Grote, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. M'Gregor, ret. 4 Dec.
Ens. Paterson, Lieut. by purch. do.
J. Forbes, Ens. by purch. do.
34 Bt. Major Broderick, Major by purch. vice Barlow, 61 F. do.
Lieut. Hovenden, Capt. by purch. do.
Ens. Airey, Lieut. by purch. do.
A. Houstoun, Ens. by purch. do.
Lieut. Lax, from h. p. 34 F. Adj. and Lieut. vice Straith, 95 F. 18 do.
35 Lieut. Hall, from Coldst. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Rutherford, ret. 13 Nov.
Capt. Byrne, from h. p. 22 F. Capt. by purch. vice Hay, 91 F. 1 Dec.
38 Lieut. Blennerhasset, from h. p. 73 F. Lieut. vice Trant, 95 F. do.
47 Lieut. Pasley, Capt. by purch. vice Keays, cancelled 3 July
52 Ensign Leeke, Lieut. by purch. vice Scoones, prom. 20 Nov.
H. A. Morshead, Ens. by purch. do.
54 Lieut. Coote, from 2 Gn. Bn. Lieut. vice Gascoyne, 94 F. 1 Dec.
57 Ens. Shadforth, Lieut. by purch. vice Mangles, ret. 4 do.
A. Robertson, Ens. by purch. do.
60 D. Freer, Ens. vice Mitchell, 64 F. 20 Nov.
61 Major Barlow, from 34 F. Lieut. Col. by purch. vice Royal, ret. 4 Dec.
63 Quart. Mast. Dukes, from h. p. late Bahama Gn. Comp. Quart. Mast. vice Fox, h. p. 20 Nov.
64 Ensign Browne, Lieut. vice Bowra, dead do.
Ensign Michel, from 60 F. Ens. do.
Ensign Draper, Ens. vice Speke, dead 18 Dec.
67 Ensign Byrne, Lieut. vice Muirson, dead 5 March
J. B. Heming, Ens. do.
82 Lieut. Drummond, Capt. by purch. vice Hutchinson, ret. 4 Dec.
Ens. Harford, Lieut. by purch. do.
83 Lieut. Auber, from Ceylon Reg. Lieut. vice Richardson, dead 11 do.
H. Caulfield, Ens. vice Young, dead do.
84 Lieut. Vaughan, Capt. by purch. vice Cruise, prom. 13 Nov.
Ens. Sealy, Lieut. by purch. do.
R. J. Bulmer, Ens. by purch. do.
87 Lieut. O'Flaherty, from h.p. 32 F. Lieut. vice Clements, 2 W. I. R. 20 do.
88 Capt. Bullock, from 2 W. I. R. Capt. vice Le Mesurier, h. p. Newfoundland Fenc. 18 Dec.
91 Capt. Hay, from 35 F. Capt. vice Gibbons, 95 F. do.
93 J. Gordon, Ens. vice Fane, Coldst. Gds. 27 Nov.
94 Maj. Gen. Sir T. Bradford, K.C.B. Colonel 1 Dec.

94 F. Lieut. Col. White, from h. p. 48 F. Lieut. Col. 1st Dec. 1823.

Bt. Lieut. Col. Allan, from h. p. 56 F. Major do.

Maj. Thorne, from h. p. 60 F. Major do.

Bt. Major Bogle, from h. p. late 94. F. Capt. do.

Bt. Major Gray, from 3 Vet. Bn. Capt. do.

Capt. Crozier, from h. p. 44 F. Capt. do.

—— Kirkman, from 2 Vet. Bn. Capt. do.

—— Munro, from h. p. 94 F. Capt. do.

—— Craig, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. do.

—— Lindsay, from h. p. 22 F. Capt. do.

—— Bacon, from h. p. 18 Dr. Capt. do.

Lieut. Orr, from h. p. 89 F. Lieut. do.

—— Stewart, from 2 Vet Bn. Lieut. do.

—— Sadleir, from 3 Vet Bn. Lieut. do.

—— Workman, from h. p. 65 F. Lieut. do.

—— Innes, from h. p. 42 F. Lieut. do.

—— Armit, from h. p. 40 F. Lieut. do.

—— Hartley, from 2 Vet. Bn. Lieut. do.

—— Nicholls, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lieut. do.

—— Timbrell, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Lieut. do.

—— Gascoyne, from 54 F. Lieut. do.

Ensign Belford, from h. p. 34 F. Ensign do.

—— Bickerton, from 1 Vet. Bn. Ensign do.

—— Coward, from 1 Vet. Bn. Ensign do.

—— Alexander, from 1 Vet. Bn. Ensign do.

—— Kingdom, from h. p. 94 F. Ensign do.

—— Wetherall, from h. p. 85 F. Ensign do.

Lieut. White, from h. p. 48 F. Adj. and Lieut. do.

95 Maj. Gen. Sir C. Halkett, K.C.B. and G.C.H. Col. do.

Lieut. Col. Brown, from h. p. Port Serv. Lieut. Col. do.

Bt. Lieut. Col. Sir D. St. L. Hill, from h. p. Port. Serv. Major do.

Major Fitz-Gerald, from h. p. 60 F. Major do.

Bt. Maj. Mitchell, from 1 F. Capt. do.

Capt. Gore, from h. p. 30 F. Capt. do.

—— Gibbons, from 91 F. Capt. do.

—— Carter, from h. p. 58 F. Capt. do.

—— de Barrallier, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. do.

—— Robison, from 1 W. I. R. Capt. do.

—— Yorke, from h. p. 17 F. Capt. do.

—— Brownson, from h. p. 5 Gar. Bn. Capt. repaying diff. he rec. on exch. to h. p. do.

Lieut. Dickens, from 4 Vet. Bn. Lieut. do.

—— Cusine, from h. p. 95 F. Lieut. do.

—— Mayes, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lieut. do.

—— Saunders, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lieut. do.

—— Gordon, from h. p. 48 F. Lieut. do.

—— Newhouse, from h. p. 65 F. Lieut. do.

—— Sperling, from h. p. 9. F. Lieut. do.

—— Carruthers, from h. p. 17 F. Lieut. do.

—— Dickson, from 2 Vet. Bn. Lieut. do.

—— Trant, from 38 F. Lieut. do.

95 F. Ens. Mayne, from 2 Vet. Bn. Ens. 1 Dec. 1823.

—— Bunbury, from 2 Vet. Bn. Ens. do.

—— Harrison, from 3 Vet. Bn. Ens. do.

—— Young, from h. p. 52 F. Ens. do.

2d Lieut. Parker, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Ensign do.

Ensign Alcock, from h. p. 36 F. Ensign do.

Lieut. and Adj. Straith, from 34 F. Adj. and Lieut. do.

F. Feneran, Quart. Mast. do.

1 W. I. R. Capt. Abbot, from h. p. 68 F. Capt. vice Robison, 95 F. do.

2 Lieut. Clements, from 87 F. Lieut. vice Stopford, h. p. 32 F. 20 Nov.

Capt. Winter, from h. p. Newfoundland Fencibles, Capt. vice Bullock, 88 F. 18 Dec.

Lieut. Stopford, from h. p. 32 F. Paymaster, vice Fox, dead do.

Cape C. Cav. } A. Macdonald, Cornet by purch. vice Jervis, ret. 13 Nov.

1 Vet. Bn. Lieut. Johnston, from h. p. 23 Dr. Lieut. 25 Oct.

Cornet Maxwell, from h. p. Staff Corps Cav. Ensign vice Mackay, ret. list 20 Nov.

Lieut. Dowling, from h. p. 19 F. Lieut. vice Worlledge, ret. list. 27 do.

Lieut. Hill, from h. p. 59 F. Lieut. vice Johnston, canc. 4 Dec.

2 Lient. Hemsworth, from h. p. 101 F. Lieut. 25 Oct.

—— Dickson, from h. p. 25 F. Lieut. vice Bell, canc. do.

3 Capt. Hall, from h. p. Indep. Comp. Capt. repaying diff. he received on exch. to h. p. 13 Nov.

Lieut. Saunders, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Lieut. 25 Oct.

—— Bell, from h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Brig. Lieut. vice Dickson, canc. do.

—— Sadleir, from h. p. Gren. Gds. repaying diff. he received on exch. to h. p. 13 Nov.

Ensign Ross, from h. p. Sicilian Regt. 20 do.

Unattached.

Lieut. Scoones, from 52 F. Capt, by purch. vice Skelton, ret. 20 Nov. 1823.

Garrisons.

Major Gen. Sir J. Cameron, K.C.B. Lieut. Gov. of Plymouth, vice Sir D. Pack, dead 25 Sept. 1823.

Hospital Staff.

Dep. Inspect. Hermen, Rank of Inspect. 11 Dec. 1823.

Staff. Surg. Schetky, Dep. Inspec. vice Nicoll, dead 7 Aug.

Dep. Inspect. Baxter, from h. p. Dep. Inspec. vice Strachan, h. p. 11 Dec.

Physician Skey, Dep. Inspect. by Brevet do.

Surgeon Panting, do. do.

Assist. Surg. Macabe, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Assist Surg. vice Hutchison, cancelled 20 Nov.

Assist. Surg. Muir, from 69 F. Assist. Surg. vice Rossiter, dead 25 do.

Assist. Surg. M'Kinlay, from h. p. 101 F. Assist. Surg. vice Magrath, cancelled. 27 do.

Hosp. Assist. Christie, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Gallagher, cancelled 4 Dec.

Exchanges.

Bt. Lieut. Col. Younghusband, from 7 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. between full pay Cav. and Inf. and Cav. with Capt. Chatterton, h. p. 4 Dr. Gds.

Major Delancey, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Major Viscount Barnard, h. p. 2 Ceylon Reg.

Bt. Maj. Smith, from 23 F. with Capt. Falkiner, h. p. 61 F.

Capt. Van Cortlandt, from 8 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Earl of Wiltshire, h. p. 35 F.

—— Berkeley, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Macbean, h. p.

—— Horseley, from 20 F. with Capt. Bolton, h. p. 14 F.

—— Goldfrap, from 20 F. with Capt. Burrowes, 65 F.

Capt. Drew, from 3 Vet. Bn. with Lyster, h. p. 105 F.
Lieut. Armstrong, from 7 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hodges, h. p. 8 Dr.
—— Bainbrigge, from 24 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Baird, h. p. 48 F.
—— Michell, from 47 F. with Lieut. Kerr, h. p. 60 F.
—— Hutchinson, from 53 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Butler, h, p. Coldst. Gds.
—— Skene, from 68 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hunter, h. p. 4 Dr. Gds.
—— Champaign, from 77 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Corfield, h. p. 22 F.
—— Price, from 78 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. M'Pherson, h. p.
—— Newton, from 87 F. with Lieut. Sarjean, h. p. 34 F.
—— Follett, from 88 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Elliott, h. p. 71 F.
Cornet and Sub.-Lieut. Macqueen, from 2 Life Gds. with Lieut. T. Brett, 8 Dr.
Cornet Ross, from 14 Dr. rec. diff. with Ens. Rooke, h. p. 59 F.
Ensign Lee, from 37 F. rec. diff. with 2d Lieut. Fraser, h. p. 2 Ceylon Reg.
—— Gilliess, from 84 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Skynner, h. p. 10 F.
—— Craigie, from 93 F. with Ensign Hon. H. S. Fane, h. p. 23 F.
Paymast. Tovey, from 20 F. with Paymast. Campbell, 24 F.
Surg. Bohan, from 65 F. with Surg. O'Reilly, h. p. 23 F.
—— Stewart, from 71 F. with Surg. Barlow, h. p. 62 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel Dunne, 7 Dr. Gds..
Colonel West, Gren. Gds.
Lieut. Col. Bunbury, 7 Dr. Gds.
Lieut. Col. Royal, 61 F.
Major Power, 7 Dr. Gds.
Major M'Gregor, 33 F.
Capt. Smyth, 7 Dr. Gds.
—— Mosse, 1 F.
—— Rutherford, 35 F.
—— Hutchison, 82 F.
—— Skelton, Royal Art.
Lieut. Mangles, 57 F.
Cornet Jervis, Cape Corps.
Ensign Donald, 14 F.
Hosp. Assist. J. Cocking.
—— Buller, h. p.

Appointments cancelled.

Capt. Keays, 47 F.
Lieut. Johnston, 1 Vet. Bn.
Surgeon Fitz-Gerald, 33 F.
Staff Assist. Surg. Magrath, from h. p. 20 Dr.
—— Hutchison, from h. p. 3 W. I. R.
Hosp. Assist. Magrath, from h. p.

Deaths.

Major Gen. Fawcett, East-India Company's Service Dec. 1823.
—— Cooke, do. England 29 Sept.
—— Atkins, do. East Indies 22 July 1822.
—— Lang, do. East Indies 23 Aug.
Colonel Buckland, h. p. 53 F. 28 Feb. 1823.
—— Anderson, late of Royal Marines 20 Jan.
Lieut. Col. Ross, h. p. 7 F. 8 do
—— Lynn, late of Royal Marines
—— Clarke, do. 14 June.
—— Grant, East India Company's Service, East Indies 10 Nov. 1822.
—— Wilford, do. do. 3 Sept.
—— Keay, do. on passage to England 16 April 1823
—— Elliott, do. East Indies 4 May
Major Guthrie, 44 F. Fort William, Bengal 4 June
—— M'Gibbon, h. p. 62 F. 2 July
Major R. Macpherson, East-India Co.'s Service, East Indies 6 Jan.
Major Agnew, do. on passage to England 13 Feb.
Major Dymock, do. East Indies 18 April
Capt. O'Reilly, 44 F. Fort William, Bengal 25 May
—— Cameron, h. p. 95 F. 16 Nov.
—— Stewart, late of 35 F.
—— Hitchcock, late 8 Royal Vet. Bn. Exeter 13 Oct.
—— Phillips, Royal Marines, Sept.
—— Judson, do. 11 Nov.
—— Robertson, h. p. do. 1 Oct.
—— Lawson, do. 31 July
—— Sandys, h. p. do. 15 May
—— Welchman, do. 13 Feb.
Lieut. Knatchbull, 1 Dr. France.
—— Sargent, 44 F. Fort-William, Bengal 5 June
—— Richardson, 83 F.
—— Henderson, late 6 R. Vet. Bn. 4 July 1820.
—— Ritchie, h. p. 14 Dr. Dumfries.
—— Dickens, h. p. 2 F. 23 Oct. 1822.
—— Fernandez, h. p. 4 F. 23 March 1823.
—— Stanford, h. p. 6 F. 18 April 1822.
—— Morris, h. p. 7 F. 29 Jan. 1823.
—— Biddulph, h. p. 9 F. 20 Sept.
—— Fairlie, h. p. 37 F. 18 May 1822.
—— Glynn, h. p. 40 F. 13 Jan. 1823.
—— Baxter, h. p. 53 F. Wandsworth 17 Dec.
—— Hall h. p. 60 F. 14 July
—— Bridges, h. p. 91 F. 16 do.
—— Burges, h. p. 83 F. 30 June
—— Fowkes, h. p. 101 F. 28 March
—— Thomas, h. p. 4 Irish Brig. 12 Aug.
—— Cozens, Inv. Bn. Royal Art. 25 July.
—— Ehrhardt, h. p. R. Foreign Art. 6 June 1822
—— Loveridge, h. p. Royal Marines 8 Feb.
—— Beevin, do. 24 April.
—— Doune, do. 18 Jan. 1823
—— Smith, do. 18 Feb.
—— Jeffreys, do. 9 March
—— Mackay, do. 13 do.
—— Justice, do. Aug.
Cornet 2d Lieut. and Ens. Speke, 64 F. Isle of Wight 8 Dec.
———— Brooke Young, 83 F.
———— Siroth, late 6 R. Vet. Bn.
———— Collinge, h. p. 18 Dr. 5 April
———— Barker, h. p. 20 Dr. Hague 22 Nov.
———— Blennerhassett, R. Marines, Ascension 15 June
———— Wood, do.
———— Martindale, h. p. Royal Marines 29 April 1822
———— Menzies, do. 15 Nov.
———— Cole, do. 30 Dec.
———— D'Estra, do. 26 Jan. 1823
———— Couper, h. p. 37 F. 22 do.
———— Berenger, h. p. 41 F. 5 June 1822.
———— Fitzherbert, h. p. 98 F. 21 Jan. 1823
———— Lyster, h. p. Cape R. 15 June
———— Sabine, h. p. Waller's Corps 11 Aug. 1822.
Paymast. Nicolls, h. p. 4 F.
Solicitor J. Wilkinson, Gren. and Coldst. F. Gds.

Medical Department.

Dep. Inspect. Morel, h. p. 22 March 1823.
Staff Sur. Dunn, h. p. 5 Dec. 1822.
Surg. Carter, h. p. 53 F. 29 May 1823.
Surg. Oliver, West Norfolk Militia
Staff Assist. Surg. Johnstoun, Honduras 6 Aug.
2d Assist. Surg. O'Doud 10 Dec. 1822.
Hosp. Mate Carter, h. p. 1 Sept.
Chaplain Jones, h. p. 92 F. 31 Dec.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1823.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Dec. 1	M.37½ A. 44	28.930 29.102	M.46 A. 44	Cble.	Rain morn. fair day.	Dec. 17	M.32 A. 38	28.912 .740	M.39 A. 32	SW.	Sh. of snow. and sleet aft.
2	M.33 A. 40	28.910 .902	M.43 A. 40	Cble.	Ditto.	18	M.25½ A. 31	.810 .998	M.33 A. 34	W.	Keen frost.
3	M.30 A. 36	.802 .892	M.39 A. 38	W.	Do. & heavy rain night.	19	M.22 A. 29	29.357 .314	M.33 A. 31	SE.	Ditto.
4	M.29 A. 35	.643 .645	M.37 A. 37	NW.	Heavy rain and sleet.	20	M.20½ A. 32	28.792 .691	M.38 A. 34	Cble.	Hail, sleet, and snow.
5	M.29 A. 37	29.330 .495	M.37 A. 37	Cble.	Frosty, with sunshine.	21	M.28 A. 35	.805 .998	M.35 A. 37	SE.	Dull, with rain.
6	M.28 A. 33	.498 .925	M.34 A. 35	W.	Keen frost. foren. sun.	22	M.33 A. 38	29.396 .397	M.38 A. 37	W.	Foggy, but fair.
7	M.28 A. 41	.950 .950	M.39 A. 37	NW.	Morn. sleet. day frosty,	23	M.38 A. 36	.336 .479	M.38 A. 31	Cble.	Frost morn. foggy day.
8	M.39 A. 46	.711 .768	M.47 A. 42	W.	Morn. frost, day fresh.	24	M.30½ A. 38	.325 .305	M.37 A. 31	SW.	Frost morn. day dull.
9	M.30½ A. 36	.835 .950	M.39 A. 39	NW.	Frosty, sun. very cold.	25	M.38½ A. 47	.355 .176	M.45 A. 45	Cble.	Morn rain. fn. sun. cold.
10	M.31 A. 40	.895 .622	M.40 A. 42	W.	Fair, but dull	26	M.34½ A. 38	.225 28.955	M.41 A. 40	SW.	H.rain morn. fair day.
11	M.37½ A. 47	.432 .315	M.46 A. 41	Cble.	Sun. foren. rain aftern.	27	M.33½ A. 41	.750 .796	M.42 A. 40	SW.	Rain morn. fair day,
12	M.28 A. 33	28.999 29.153	M.37 A. 36	W.	Frost, with shrs. snow.	28	M.33 A. 40	.816 .430	M.40 A. 44	SW.	Day f. even. rain & sleet.
13	M.28 A. 33	.096 .813	M.36 A. 35	W.	Frost with sunshine.	29	M.31 A. 39	.403 .443	M 41 A. 43	W.	Heavy rain, and sleet aft.
14	M.25½ A. 36	.730 .463	M.36 A. 39	W.	Frost foren. rain aftern.	30	M.32 A. 40	.212 .576	M.41 A. 41	W.	Foren. fair, rain aftern.
15	M.31 A. 36	.780 .675	M.37 A. 39	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	31	M.34½ A. 38	.999 .999	M.42 A. 40	W.	Day fair, cold rain night.
16	M.36 A. 46	.395 28.999	M.44 A. 43	SW.	Foren. fair, night rain.						

Average of Rain, 3.682 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

FROM the middle to the end of December, the weather continued cold, and rains were frequent. The mean temperature, for that period, did not exceed 36°, and the depth of rain amounted to 2½ inches. The new year commenced with pleasant weather. The rains that have fallen since the 1st of the present month do not exceed two-tenths of an inch, and the mean temperature was about 41°. Frosts have been frequent, but of short continuance, and seldom so hard as to give any interruption to field labours; plowing is, therefore, now far advanced. A considerable breadth of clover ley has been turned over, for oat-seed furrow, on light lands; on clay soils, it is thought rather early for that operation.

The progress of vegetation has of late been rather rapid for the season; immense lists of plants in flower appear in almost every newspaper; but, in glancing over such lists, it is easy to observe, that most of the flowers mentioned are *Autumn*, and not *Spring flowers*. They therefore only afford a proof, that, hitherto, frosts have not been severe, but they offer no data whereby to judge of the actual progress of vegetation. It may, however, be mentioned as an anomaly, that the lateness of vegetation last season, and its earliness at present, are conspicuous in the green state of the arbutus-berries, (which usually assume a scarlet colour in December,) and the early springing of the snow-drop, which seldom appears before the end of January. Late-sown wheats have had a favourable season, and look well, except in some instances in pease stubbles, where the slugs have made terrible depredations. Turnips are beginning to run, and a short continuance of the present weather will soon hurt their quality.

Prices of grain have improved considerably since our last, and at a period of the season, too, when the market is usually glutted. Wheat is in demand; best new, from 28s. to 30s., in the northern markets. Barley is keenly sought after, and brings from 26s. to 27s. per boll: seed oats also find ready buyers at about 20s. per boll. Fat cattle are rather scarce, and brings from 6s. 6d., to 7s. per stone, Dutch weight. Turnip-fed sheep are in request, and will pay something for their keep, besides the value of their droppings to the soil. The season has been favourable to the operation of planting forest-trees, and labourers are easily found at 1s. 2d. per short day of seven hours.

Perthshire, 12th January 1824.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1824.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p.peck	1824.	Oatmeal.		B.& P.Meal	
	Bls.	Prices.	Av.pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
		s. d. s.d.	s. d.	s. d. s.d.	s.d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.			s. d.		s. d.
Dec. 17	784	20 0 33 0	30 8	21 0 25 6	15 6 22 0	19 0 21 0	9	8	Dec. 16	491	1 3	79	1 1
24	685	20 0 36 0	29 3	23 0 25 6	15 6 22 0	19 0 21 0	10	8	23	479	1 3	93	1 1
31	650	21 0 38 0	28 6	21 0 25 6	16 6 23 6	18 0 20 0	10	8	30	414	1 4	82	1 1
Jan. 7	837	18 6 38 0	29 2	23 0 26 0	15 6 23 6	19 0 21 0	10	8	Jan. 6	483	1 4	79	1 1
14	786	23 0 39 0	30 7	23 0 26 0	15 6 23 6	19 0 21 0	10	8	13	455	1 5	70	1 1

Glasgow.

1824.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 264 lbs.		Barley, 320 lbs.		Bns. & Pse.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	Dantzic.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.	Stirl. Meas.		
	s. s.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s. d.
Dec. 18	30 —	— —	14 0 34 6	17 0 22 0	— —	28 0 29 0	23 6 26 6	22 6 25 0	18 0 20 0	49 50 0
25	30 —	— —	20 0 36 0	18 0 24 0	— —	28 0 30 0	26 0 27 0	24 0 26 0	20 0 21 3	50 52 0
Jan. 1	30 —	— —	20 0 36 0	18 0 24 0	— —	28 0 31 0	26 0 28 0	24 0 26 0	20 0 22 6	50 52 0
8	30 —	— —	20 0 37 0	18 6 24 0	24 0 25 0	30 0 31 0	27 0 28 0	24 0 26 0	20 0 26 6	50 53 0
15	— —	— —	20 0 38 0	18 6 25 0	24 0 26 0	33 0 34 0	28 0 29 0	24 6 26 0	20 0 26 6	52 54 0

Haddington.

1824.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.				
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.
Dec. 19	983	21 0 34 6	28 7	21 0 25 6	17 0 21 0	17 21 0	17 0 21 0
26	782	23 0 35 0	29 0	22 0 25 9	18 0 22 0	16 20 0	16 0 20 0
Jan. 2	672	23 6 35 3	29 2	20 0 24 0	18 0 22 0	15 20 0	15 0 20 0
9	755	20 0 35 0	28 9	22 0 26 0	19 0 24 0	14 21 0	14 0 21 0
16	674	24 6 36 0	29 8	25 6 31 6	20 0 24 6	15 19 6	16 0 20 0

Dalkeith.

1824.	Oatmeal.	
	Per Boll.	Pr. Peck
	s. d. s. d.	s. d.
Dec. 15	16 0 17 9	1 2
22	17 0 18 6	1 2½
29	18 0 19 6	1 3
Jan. 5	18 6 19 9	1 3
12	18 6 20 6	1 4

London.

1824.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
Dec. 15	40 60	45 50	23 33	19 26	21 26	36 41	31 37	38 42	32 34	50 55	45 48	— 10
22	40 69	42 48	26 35	19 26	21 26	37 42	32 38	38 42	33 35	50 55	45 48	— 10
29	40 72	40 45	27 37	19 26	21 29	37 42	33 38	40 45	33 35	50 55	45 48	— 10
Jan. 5	40 74	40 45	27 38	20 27	22 30	38 43	35 39	42 44	34 36	54 60	44 53	— 10
12	42 74	40 44	27 38	20 27	22 30	38 44	35 40	42 44	34 36	54 60	44 53	— 10

Liverpool.

1824.	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb.	Barley. 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatm. 240 lb.	
							Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Eng.	Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Dec. 16	4 0 9 0	3 1 3 4	4 3 5 6	36 40	38 44	34 52	40 50	33 48	28 34	27 30	23 26
23	4 0 9 6	3 1 3 7	4 6 5 3	36 40	38 44	36 40	45 52	40 50	28 36	28 31	24 27
30	4 0 9 6	3 1 3 7	4 6 5 3	36 40	38 44	36 40	45 52	40 50	28 36	28 31	24 27
Jan. 6	4 0 9 9	3 1 3 9	4 6 5 4	36 40	38 45	36 40	45 52	40 52	28 36	28 32	24 28
13	4 9 10 3	3 1 3 11	4 6 5 9	36 42	40 48	36 42	48 55	45 55	28 38	32 35	26 30

England & Wales.

1824.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Dec. 6	51 10	32 0	28 4	21 7	34 0	34 8	—
13	50 8	31 3	27 6	20 7	35 6	33 2	—
20	51 6	33 8	27 5	20 7	35 7	33 8	—
27	53 10	36 4	28 0	21 4	34 8	34 8	—
Jan. 3	55 2	39 5	29 4	20 10	35 4	35 8	—

Course of Exchange, London, Jan. 13.——Amsterdam, 12 : 3. Ditto at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 4. Antwerp, 12 : 5. Hamburgh, 37 : 7. Altona, 37 : 8. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 65. Bourdeax, 25 : 85. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 157. Madrid, 36¼. Cadiz, 35¼. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43¼. Naples, 38½. Lisbon, 52. Oporto, 52. Rio Janeiro, 49. Dublin, 9½ ⅌ cent. Cork, 9½ ⅌ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ⅌ oz.—Portugal Gold in bars, £.0"0"0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3"17"6.—New Doubloons, £.3"15"6.—New Dollars, £.0"4"9¼.—Silver in bars, Standard, £.0"4"11½.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. *a* 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. *a* 30s.—Belfast, 25s. *a* 30s.—Hambro', 20s. *a* 50s.—Madeira, 20s. *a* 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. *a* 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. *a* 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from Dec. 17*th* 1823, *to Jan.* 14*th* 1824.

	Dec. 17.	Dec. 24.	Dec. 31.	Jan. 7.	Jan. 14.
Bank Stock	229	—	320½	232½	234½
3 ⅌ cent. reduced	85⅞	85⅝	86¼	87⅜	88⅛
3 ⅌ cent. consols	—	—	—	86¾	87½
3½ ⅌ cent. do.	99⅞	98⅞	99⅛	99¾	99⅝
4 ⅌ cent. do.	100⅞	100⅝	100⅞	101¾	101¾
Ditto New do.	—	—	—	105¾	105¾
India Stock	—	—	—	265¾	—
—— Bonds	84	81	81	85	86 88
Exchequer bills, (£.1000)	56	53	52	54	59
Consols for account	86⅝	86⅞	87	88	89
French 5 ⅌ cents	92 fr. 65 c.	— fr. — c.	92 fr. 5 c.	94 fr. — c.	94 fr. 75 c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of November and the 20th December 1823: extracted from the London Gazette.

Abrahams, J. Castle-street, Houndsditch, jeweller.
Allum, T. W. Great Marlow, builder.
Appleton, J. Tottenham Court-road, cooper.
Appleyard, J. Catherine-street, Strand, bookseller.
Bauch, J. and M. J. Joseph Fox, Ordinary-court, Nicholas-lane, merchants.
Bailey, J. Liverpool, merchant.
Baines, B. Canterbury, bookseller.
Baylis, E. Painswick, Gloucestershire, wool-dealer.
Bosher, J. St. Stephen's, Hertfordshire, dealer in cattle.
Bruggengate, G. A. T. and T. H, Payne, Fenchurch-buildings, merchants.
Buchanan, J. and W. R. Ewing, Liverpool, insurance-brokers.
Chambers, J. Gracechurch-street, tobacconist.
Champtaloup, J. Counter-st. Southwark, orange-merchant.
Coates, S. Fore-street, Cripplegate, dealer.
Cork, J. Rochdale, ironmonger.
Cordingby, W. Russel-place, Bermondsey, brewer.
Crowshey, S. King-street, Westminster, cheesemonger.
Cross, R. Manchester, leather-factor.
Cutmore. J. Birchin-lane, jeweller.
Damms, G. Chesterfield, draper.
Davidson, J. Chorlton-row, Lancashire, stonemason.
Davies, J. Hereford, victualler.
Dixon, G. Chiswell-street, ironmonger.
Dowling, W. King-street, Tower-hill, grocer.
Driver, A. P. College-wharf, Lambeth, flour-dealer.
Ellis, J. Lower Thames-street, wine-merchant.
Ellaby, T. Emberton, Bucks, lace-merchant.
Eyre, W. Cockspur-street, Charing Cross, trunk-maker.
Farrier, W. Friday-street, Cheapside, wine-merchant.
Fasaner, D. Bath, fancy-stationer.
Fox, T. Mosbrough, Derby, scythe-manufacturer.
Ford, J. Little Dartmouth, Devon, lime-merchant.
Glover, T. Derby, brush-manufacturer.
Gough, J. Little Tower-street, vintner.
Grace, R. Fenchurch-street, hatter.
Grant, M. Clifton, Gloucestershire, lodging-house keeper.
Hamilton, R. Stoke-upon-Trent, potter.
Harris, J. Kennington Cross, livery-stable keeper.
Heavey, J. Shoreditch, cabinet-maker.
Hill, T. West Smithfield, grocer.
Hodge, H. Duval's-lane, Islington, brick-maker.
Holbrook, J. Derby, grocer.
Hodges, J. Aldgate, blanket-warehouseman.
Hodgson, J. Newgate-street, linen-draper.
Holland, T. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.
Hooper, J. Mitre-court, Fleet-street, stationer.
Hutchinson, J. Little St. Thomas Apostle, button-factor.
Isaacs, J. Haverfordwest, draper.
Jones, E. A. and W. H. Hackney-fields, brewers.
Jones, W. Dog-row, Mile-end, wheelwright.
Joyce, L. Keyford, Somersetshire, innkeeper.
King, T. Frederick's-place, Kennington-lane, merchant.
Larbalestier, J. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street.
Lincoln, J. Norwich, miller.
Marsden, T. King-street, Portman-square, horse-dealer.
Minchin, T. Verulam-buildings, Gray's Inn, dealer and chapman.
Mitchel, T. Oxford-street, Cannon-street road, grocer.
Moody, W. Leeds, joiner.
Moon, J. Bristol, currier.
Morris, C. Fore-street, Cripplegate, victualler.
Moody, J. L. Clifton-street, Worship-street, silk-manufacturer.
Moses, S. Portsea, slopseller.
Murday, R. Rochester, plumber.
Olivant, A. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, miller.
Penny, J. and T. Shepton Mallet, grocers.
Powell, J. G. Egham, dealer.
Preddey, R. Bristol, baker.
Price, J. Lower-street, Islington, coach-maker.
Ransom, J. Stoke Newington, coach-master.
Reby, R. Radnor-street, City-road, tailor.
Redfern, W., T. Stevenson, and W. Blatherwick, Nottingham, hosiers.
Reeves, R. Stockport, shopkeeper.

Roberts, E. Oxford-street, linen-draper.
Robinson, J. Burslem, potter.
Rogers, J. S. and J. Portsmouth, coach-makers.
Rowe, G. Chelsea, surgeon.
Sargent, J. Wentworth-street, Whitechapel, manufacturing chemist.
Sealey, B. and E. Nash, Red Lion-yard, Aldersgate-street, horse-dealers.
Simes, W. Canonbury-tower, Islington, dealer.
Smith, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper.
Smith, W. St. Clement, Worcestershire, brewer.
Spencer, J. Norwich, bombazine-manufacturer.
Symes, G. B. New Terrace, Camberwell green, dealer and chapman.
Thomas, W. Regent-street, Piccadilly, stationer.
Tomes, C. Lincoln's-inn fields, scrivener.
Upton, J. Tadcaster, scrivener.
Vincent, C. Tarrant Rushton, Dorsetshire, dealer and chapman.
Wadham, B. Poole, cooper.
Wagstaff, J. Worcester, saddler.
Watkins, W. L. Old Bailey, eating-house keeper.
Weedon, G. Bath, brass-founder.
Weller, T. Croydon, watchmaker.
Wharton, C. A. King's Arms, Maidenhead, wine-merchant.
Whalley, Thomas, Chorley, Lancashire, manufacturer.
Whalley, C. Rivington, Lancashire, shopkeeper.
Wilson, R. Birmingham, tea-dealer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced December 1823; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gow, James, junior, merchant in Glasgow
Graham, John, merchant and manufacturer in Glasgow
Hart, John, manufacturer in Paisley
Henniker, J. and L. merchants in Glasgow
Laidlaw, William, skinner in Dunse
Munro, William, of Achany, cattle-dealer, &c.
Sharp, Lauchlin and James, road-contractors at Kinnaird, near Dunkeld
Tweedale, John, vintner and mail-coach contractor in Montrose
Watson, John, cloth-merchant in Edinburgh.

DIVIDENDS.

Barber, Henry, brewer, &c. in Castle-Douglas; by Anthony Mackenzie, accountant there
Brownlee, William, engineer, &c. in Glasgow; by Thomas Cuthbertson, iron-merchant there
Gardner, Thomas, carpet-merchant in Edinburgh; by William Scott, accountant there
Hamilton, William, merchant in Glasgow; by the trustee there
Hunt, Charles, late merchant in Dunfermline; by D. Lindsay, accountant in Edinburgh.
Lamb and Miller, merchants in Glasgow; by D. Cuthbertson, accountant there
Menzies, Robert, distiller in Paisley; by James Craig, accountant there
Newlands, James and Luke Fraser, jewellers in Glasgow; by P. Grierson, jeweller there
Oddy, George, grocer in Tradestown, of Glasgow; by M'Pherson and Maclachlan, writers there
Pollock, John, cotton-spinner in Greenhead, Glasgow; by Wm. Sharpe, merchant there
Robertson, William, innkeeper in Perth; by P. Stewart, junior, merchant there
Wright, Alexander, fish-curer in Banff; by George Alexander, merchant there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1823. Feb. 3. At Surat, the Lady of Edward Grant, Esq. of the Civil Service, Bombay establishment, a son.

25. At Madras, the Lady of J. Macleod, Esq. a son.

Nov. 18. At Blackheath, the Lady of Captain P. H. Bridges, R. N. a daughter.

20. At Dr Monro's, Bushey, Herts, the Lady of Alexander Monro, Esq. a daughter.

23. At Kilkenny, Ireland, the Lady of John Macrobart, Esq, M. D. surgeon, 10th hussars, a son and daughter.

29. Mrs Hood, of Stoneridge, a son.

30. At Dun, the Right Hon. Lady Kennedy, a son.

— At Hart-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Couper, a daughter.

Dec. 4. At No. 7, Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh, the Lady of Jas. Wilson, Esq. advocate, a daughter.

7. At Bishop's Court, Isle of Man, Lady Sarah Murray, a daughter.

9. At Sundrum, Mrs Hamilton, of Sundrum, a daughter.

10. At Dunninald, Mrs Arkley, a son.

— At Stirling, Mrs Dr Wilson, a son.

13. At 8, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs Peter Ramsay, a daughter.

— At Castlemilk, the Lady of William Stirling, Esq. a daughter.

— Mrs C. Terrot, Northumberland-Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

15. At Woodburn, Morningside, the Lady of George Ross, Esq. advocate, a daughter.

16. In Frederick-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Henry Harrington, Esq. a daughter.

— At No. 4. George-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Dr Nicoll, St Andrew's, a son.

28. At Ballancrieff House, Lady Elibank, a daughter.

21. At Kinmundy, Mrs Ferguson, a son.

Dec. 21. At Whitton, the Lady of Charles Calvert, Esq. M. P. a son and heir.

— Mrs John Wardrop, 103, George-Street, Edinburgh, a son.

23. At Dean Bank House, near Edinburgh, Mrs William Bruce, a son.

— In Great King-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Capt. A. R. Kerr, C. B. royal navy, a daughter.

24. At 10, Picardy Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of Major James Harvey, of Castle Semple, a son.

— At Edinburgh, the Lady of George Govan, Esq. M. D. Bengal Establishment, a son.

MARRIAGES.

1823. Jan. 21. At Googry, East Indies, Joseph Woolley, Esq. Assistant-Surgeon, 2d battalion 6th regiment, to Mary, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. W. G. Maxwell, commanding that battalion.

Feb. 8. At Bengal, Thomas Reid Davidson, Esq. of the Civil service, to Helen Eliza, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. J. Paton, Commissary-General in Bengal.

July 12. At Madras, Joseph Cox, Esq. surgeon to the Hon. the Governor's Body Guard, to Catherine Grace, eldest daughter of Major Waugh, of the Madras army.

Nov. 24. At Collinsburgh, William Bonthrone, Esq. surgeon, Crail, to Margaret, daughter of the late John Scott, Esq. Crail.

— At Lauder, George Simson, Esq. one of the Bailies of that burgh, to Miss Agnes Lauder, youngest daughter of the late Bailie George Lauder.

27. At London, Robert Hibbert, second son of Robert Hibbert, Esq. of Birtleshall, Cheshire, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of John Drummond, Esq. of Charing Cross.

— At manse of Methlick, James Nicol, Esq. advocate in Aberdeen, to Barbara, only daughter of the late Rev. George Allan, minister of Newhills.

29. At Edinburgh, Sir Abraham Elten, Bart. of

Clevedon Court, Somerset, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late William Stewart, Esq. of Castlestewart, and niece of Kenneth Earl of Seaforth.

Nov. 19. In Edinburgh, Mr John C. Tweedie, merchant, Leith, to Helen, only daughter of Alexander Cunninghame, Esq.

Dec. 1. Mr Yates, the celebrated comedian, late of Covent Garden Theatre, to Miss Brunton, daughter of Mr John Brunton, manager of the Exeter Theatre.

— At Greenock, George Corsine Cunninghame, Esq. to Margaret Fenella, second daughter of the late James Macdowall, Esq. of Glasgow.

— At Hamilton, W. Owen Davies, Esq. Newtown, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, to Euphemia May, second daughter of the late W. Beveridge, Esq. W. S. Edinburgh.

2. At Kirkliston manse, John Scott, Esq. Dundee, to Ann, daughter of the late Alex. Reid, Esq. of Ratho Bank.

— At Lindertis, James Wemyss, Esq. Captain in the Royal Scots Greys, to Miss Frances Wemyss, fourth daughter of the late William Wemyss, Esq. of Cuttlehill.

— At London, John Johnston, Esq. eldest son of John Johnston, Esq. of Danson, in the county of Kent, to Helen, eldest daughter of Walter Learmonth, Esq. 2. Montague-Street, Russell Square.

4. At Edinburgh, Robert John Napier Kellette, Esq. of the 48th regiment, to Jemima, only child of the late James Hunter of Craigluncheoch, Esq.

— At London, C. Hailes, Esq. of the 8th or King's regiment, to Jane Torringham, eldest daughter of Robtert Campbell, Esq. of Argyle Place.

— At Chichester, the Hon. Captain Berkeley, R. N. to Lady Charlotte Lennox, sister to the Duke of Richmond.

8. At Viewforth, Edinburgh, Mr James Chalmers, solicitor at law, to Jane, second daughter of Alexander Smellie, Esq.

— At Langland, Captain Archibald Shannon, to Miss Margaret Wilson.

— Mr Daniel M'Lean, merchant, Glasgow, to Jane, daughter of William Hunter, Esq. Shettlestone.

9. At Edinburgh, Mr Hugh M'Pherson, merchant, Greenock, to Miss Jane Crawford Ferguson, only daughter of Mr Thomas Craig, Edinburgh.

— At Glasgow, Mr Alexander Ferguson, merchant there, to Margaret, third daughter of William Croom, Esq. Charlotte-Street, Glasgow, merchant.

— At Bath, Captain Colin Campbell, R. N. to Elmira, widow of Lieut.-General Richard Gore.

11. At Edinburgh, Alexander Macdonald, Esq. of Dalilea, to Jane, only surviving daughter of the deceased John Roberts, Esq. of Carronflats, late of the city of London.

— At Greenhead, Glasgow, John Wilson, Esq. Millport, to Miss Morris, daughter of the late Captain Hugh Morris.

12. At Smithyhaugh, James Smith, Esq. manufacturer, Auchterarder, to Miss Anne Gibson, daughter of Peter Gibson, Esq. Smithyhaugh.

13. At Bury, Lancashire, William Thomson, Esq. of the island of Java, merchant, to Grace, daughter of the late Mr James Grant, of Glasgow.

18. At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Graham, merchant, Glasgow, to Jane, daughter of Mr R. D. Fleming, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At London, William Duncombe, Esq. M. P. to the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Stewart, youngest daughter of the Earl of Galloway.

19. At Gibraltar, Charles Foote, Esq. M. D. Gibraltar, to Mary, daughter of the late John Glasgow, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

22. At Dundee, William Cator, Esq. of London, to Mary, fifth daughter of the late William Wilson, Esq. of Whitfield.

23. At Edinburgh, the Rev. George Blyth, to Ellen Scott, eldest daughter of the late Henry Tod, Esq.

Lately. At Portsmouth, Captain Thos. Monck Mason, R. N. to Mary, eldest daughter of the Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart. K.C.B., and niece to Earl Grey.

— At Annan, Robert Davies, Esq. solicitor, and town-clerk of Wells, to Caroline Mary, eldest daughter of the late Francis Drake, Esq. of that city, and niece to Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart.

DEATHS.

1822. Dec. 8. At Canton, Captain Thomas Sanders, of the Orwell Indiaman.

1823. Feb. 11. At Chunar, Bengal, Lieutenant George Gordon, of the 21st regiment N. I. and Fort Adjutant at Chunar.

May 4. At Calcutta, Andrew, second son of the late John Heugh, Esq. of Gartcows, Stirlingshire.

June 30. At the island of Trinidad, in consequence of a fall from his horse, James Boyd, Esq. Captain in his Majesty's 9th regiment of foot.

July 20. At Mooskupore, in Bengal, Mr Robert Pattullo, indigo-planter, aged 34 years, son of the late Lieutenant Wm. Pattullo, of Dundee.

23. At Valparaiso, coast of Chili, Mr George Macfarquhar, eldest son of the late John Macfarquhar, Esq. W. S.

Aug. 6. At sea, in progress to Europe, for the recovery of his health, after a servitude of 18 years in India, Lieutenant and Adjutant James Macpherson, of his Majesty's 67th regiment.

30. At St Thomas's in the East, Jamaica, Mrs Monro, of Novar.

Sept. 17. At Antigua, Richard Willoc Morson, second son of the late Walter Skerret Morson, of the island of Montserrat.

30. In the island of Barbadoes, the Hon. John Forster Alleyne, late President of his Majesty's Council of that island.

20. In the island of Barbadoes, the Honourable John Forster Alleyne, late President of his Majesty's Council of that island.

— At Cape Town, on her passage to India, Catherine Richardson, wife of Lieutenant David Sherriff, of the 24th Bengal Native Infantry.

Oct. 4. At Nanchez, Mississippi State, North America, Dr Matthew Provan, formerly of Glasgow.

9. At sea, off the coast of Newfoundland, on his passage from Jamaica, Lieutenant Peter Reddie, R. N. commander of the ship Thisbe, West Indiaman.

Nov. 14. At Dublin, Mr Henry Smart, the musical professor, and brother of Sir George Smart, M. D. Mr Smart was one of the original members of the London Philharmonic Society, and many years leader of Drury Lane Theatre.

16. At Glasgow, Mr Robert Watson, merchant, aged 39.

17. At St Heliers, island of Jersey, Capt. John Douglas, late of the 7th Royal Veteran Battalion.

— At Methven manse, the Rev. John Dowe, minister of that parish, in the 78th year of his age, and 51st of his ministry.

— At his seat, Port Elliot, in Cornwall, the Earl of St German's, in the 63d year of his age.

18. At Ammondell, a seat of his brother's, the Right Hon. the Earl of Buchan, the Right Hon. Thomas, Lord Erskine, K. T. third son of the deceased Henry David, Earl of Buchan; a Privy Councillor, and late Lord High Chancellor of England.—His Lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by the Hon. David Montague Erskine, his eldest son, late Ambassador to the United States of America.

19. At Edinburgh, George Kinnear, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.

— John Wilson, Esq. of Coultershogle, merchant in Dundee, aged 26.

19. At Stranraer, Mrs Elizabeth Kennedy, of Knocknazie, spouse of Captain George Gough Osborne.

20. At Edinburgh, Robert, third son of Mr Adam Anderson.

21. At Walthamstow, Essex, Duncan Maclaurin, Esq. of Lombard-Street, London.

— At London, John Roebuck, Esq.

22. Mitchel Hollinworth, Esq. of Greenwich Hospital, and late of the Admiralty.

At Libberton, Mr Robert Johnstone, late merchant, Port Glasgow.

23. Mrs Marion Bell, wife of Mr A. Steele, W.S.

— At the manse of Glammis, Barbara, daughter of the Rev. James Lyon.

24. At New Palace Yard, Westminster, Mrs Bankes, wife of the Hon. Member for Corfe Castle.

— At London, Mrs Bish, mother of Mr Bish, of Cornhill.

— At Greenbank, near Glasgow, Mrs Jane Bruce, wife of William Davidson Blair, Esq.

— At Montrose, Sarah, wife of Captain James Bertram.

Nov. 25. At Glasgow, Mr Moses Gardner, surgeon, Charlotte-Street.

— At Bannockburn, aged 27, Mr Andrew Thomson, accountant in the Bank of Scotland's office, Stirling.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Isobel Cochrane, relict of the late Mr James Taylor, Mound Place.

— Mr John Weir, schoolmaster in Polwarth, in the 70th year of his age.

— At Edinburgh, Mary Rooke Gera, infant daughter of Sir James Riddell, Baronet.

26. At Edinburgh, Charles, youngest son of Charles Tawse, Esq. W. S.

27. At London, Hardin Burnley, Esq. aged 83, father-in-law of Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P.

— At St Germain-en-laye, near Paris, the Duke of Fitz-James, Lieutenant-General in the army of France, and a descendant of King James II. of England, from an illegitimate branch.

28. David Miller, Esq. of Pow, Fifeshire, aged 79.

— At the manse of Skene, the Rev. Jas. Hogg, D. D., in the 72d year of his age, and 47th of his ministry, the last 37 of which he had the pastoral charge of the parish of Skene.

— At Laurieston, Mrs Halkerston, of Carskerdo.

— At Foyers House, Inverness-shire, Mrs Fraser, of Foyers.

— The Right Hon. Lord Milford, Lord Lieutenant of Pembrokeshire, and late Member for that county. His Lordship was in the 85th year of his age.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Low, writer, son of the late Rev. John Low, minister of the United Associate Congregation, Biggar.

29. At the manse of Premnay, the Rev. James Douglas, in the 78th year of his age, and the 51st of his ministry.

30. At Glasgow, the Rev. J. Mackenzie, minister of the Gorbals Gaelic chapel.

— At his house in Islandmagee, in the 85th year of his age, the Rev. William Holmes, minister of the Associate Presbyterian Congregation of Ballyeaston.

Dec. 1. At the Water of Leith, Mrs Janet Stewart, in the 81st year of her age.

— At Cowes, Mr John Maynard, R. N. in the 90th year of his age; he was at the taking of Quebec with General Wolfe, in the year 1753, and often even latterly spoke of the fall of that heroic officer with feelings of regret.

— At the manse of Pettinain, Mrs Mary Lockhart, wife of the Rev. George Dickson.

2. At Alloa, John Jameson, Esq. Sheriff-clerk of Clackmannanshire.

— At Hutton Hall, the seat of her grandfather, Robert Johnstone, Esq. Catherine Hester, only daughter of the Rev. A. Scott, rector of Egremont.

— At Glendaruel House, Miss Campbell, of Glendaruel.

3. Mr Archibald Roxburgh, merchant, Glasgow.

4. At her house, York Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Hay Mudie.

— At Lathallan, Major John Lumsdaine, of Lathallan and Blauerne.

5. At Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Henderson, of the house of Sir William Forbes and Co.

— At Cargen, the Lady of William Stothert, Esq. of Cargen.

6. At Castle Douglas, Mr James Begg, schoolmaster of that parish.

— At Feddal House, Perthshire, in the 83d year of his age, Robert Graham Burden, Esq. of Feddal and Auchingarich.

— At Louth, Mr J. Gray, shoemaker, aged 55. The cause of his death was rather singular: a few days before, he with a penknife accidentally made in his thumb a very slight incision, of which he took no notice: it is supposed, that whilst he was making use of some vitriolic acid, the pungent liquor came in contact with the wound, and caused so violent an inflammation as in a short time to terminate his existence.

Dec. 7. At Leith, Mr John Macleod, brewer there.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Ireland, Esq. of Upper Urquhart, Fifeshire.

7. At Irvine, John Peebles, Esq. late Captain 42d regiment, in the 85th year of his age.

8. At Aberdeen, in the 63d year of his age, the Rev. John Gordon, Roman Catholic clergyman there.

— Aged 70, the Right Hon. Thomas Steele, formerly one of the Representatives in Parliament for Chichester.

— At East Kilspindie, Captain David Lauder, Perthshire militia.

10. At London, in the 63d year of his age, Sir Eyre Coote, of West Park, Hants.

— At Edinburgh, Alex. Dick, Esq. accountant.

— Near London, Lumsdaine Alves, Esq. Navy Pay Office.

— At Edinburgh, Mr George Peel Lys, only surviving son of Thomas Lys, Esq. of London.

10. At Glasgow, Mr John Taylor, manufacturer.

12. At Edinburgh, Miss Jean Clark, daughter of the late Gilbert Clark, Esq.

13. At Leith, in the 58th year of his age, the Rev. Robert Culbertson, minister of the gospel, and pastor of the Associate Congregation, St Andrew's-Street.

14. At Clifton, Miss Harriet Buchan, eldest daughter of the late George Buchan, Esq. of Kelloe, Berwickshire.

— At Morton mains, Dumfries-shire, very suddenly, George Welsh, Esq. aged 74.

15. At the Mansion House, Greenock, Mrs Thomas Crawford, in the 78th year of her age.

— In the 80th year of her age, her Serene Highness the Princess Dowager of Lippe.

16. At Edinburgh, aged 23, Christian, eldest daughter of Mr Orr, S.S.C.

17. At Midmar Castle, James Mansfield, Esq. of Midmar.

— At Glasgow, Janet, fifth daughter of Captain John Cameron, Reshipole, Argyllshire.

19. At London, the wife of Mr Bennett, Secretary of Lloyd's, after a few days illness. She survived the death of her second daughter, Emma Frances, who was in her 16th year, only ten days.

20. At Edinburgh, Mrs Wm. Tennant, junior.

— At Falkirk, Mr Charles Alexander, in the 84th year of his age.

21. At Kirkcudbright, Mrs Helen Miller, relict of John Miller, in Kirkcudbright, in the 101st year of her age, and 69th of her widowhood.

22. At Kirkcudbright, in the 83d year of her age, Miss Thomson, daughter of the late David Thomson, Esq. of Ingliston.

21. At Dunerieff, Dr John Rogerson, of Wamphray, first physician to the Emperor of Russia.

Lately. At her house, 74, Queen-Street, Edinburgh, Miss Agnes Hunter, daughter of the late James Hunter, Esq. banker in Ayr.

Lately. In Sandwich workhouse, two of the oldest inmates—Samuel Gimber, aged 100, many years landlord of the King's head, Sandwich; and Mrs Bridges, aged 100.

— At Kowal, in the province of Mosovica, in Poland, an ecclesiastic of the name of Bujalski, at the very advanced age of 114 years.

— In the West Indies, aged 39, Captain Arthur Richards, late of the Queensberry Arms inn, Annan.

— In London, aged 32, Eliza, widow of General Keith Macalister, late of Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, and Toresdale Castle, Argyleshire.

J. Ruthven & Son, Printers, Edinburgh.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

FEBRUARY 1824.

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EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

Days.	Morn.		Even.		Days.	Morn.		Even.	
March 1824.	H.	M.	H.	M.	March 1824.	H.	M.	H.	M.
M. 1	2	27	2	43	W. 17	3	30	3	48
Tu. 2	2	56	3	12	Th. 18	4	5	4	23
W. 3	3	26	3	41	Fr. 19	4	42	4	59
Th. 4	3	57	4	13	Sa. 20	5	20	5	38
Fr. 5	4	31	4	49	Su. 21	5	59	6	24
Sa. 6	5	6	5	27	M. 22	6	52	7	27
Su. 7	5	48	6	19	Tu. 23	8	7	8	52
M. 8	6	50	7	29	W. 24	9	43	10	21
Tu. 9	8	11	8	59	Th. 25	10	56	11	26
W. 10	9	49	10	33	Fr. 26	11	50	—	—
Th. 11	11	12	11	45	Sa. 27	0	12	0	31
Fr. 12	—	—	0	18	Su. 28	0	49	1	9
Sa. 13	0	42	1	6	M. 29	1	23	1	39
Su. 14	1	29	1	51	Tu. 30	1	57	2	13
M. 15	2	12	2	32	W. 31	2	29	2	46
Tu. 16	2	53	3	12					

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

	D.	M.		H.	
First Quart.—Mo.	8.	7	past	2	after.
Full Moon,—Mo.	15.	33	—	5	morn.
Last Quart.—Mo.	22.	5	—	11	morn.
New Moon,—Tu.	30.	54	—	2	after.

TERMS, &c.

March.

11. Court of Session rises.

20. Day and Night equal.

⁂ The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

Printed by J. Ruthven & Son.

To Correspondents.

The following Letter, which we had the honour of receiving a few days ago, is so eminently creditable to the candour and good feeling of the accomplished writer, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of publishing it.

SIR, *London*, 2*d February* 1824.

I AM more gratified, and feel more obliged, by the instructive observations of your correspondent N. than I should have been by the unqualified praise of any individual unacquainted with the literature of Russia. Of the criticisms (translated from the German,) some are only a matter of opinion; others were anticipated by the publication of the second edition of the *Russian Anthology*, to which they no longer apply; and the rest shall be turned to account hereafter, for they are the counsels of a friend. But as to the general fidelity of my translations, I venture to appeal to the notices of them which have appeared in Russia, where they have been spoken of in a way most flattering to myself, and it is known they obtained the good opinion of the Emperor, himself an English scholar, who sent me a splendid testimony of his approbation. I hesitate to mention these things, aware as I am that much more might have been done with the materials I possessed. And I would add, that the little volume (you honoured it with your good word at the time,) was published, (though *written* long before,) when I had few books at hand, and when I was wandering about from one country to another. There are many trifling errors which are not noticed by your correspondent; and if he will look over his own papers, he will sympathise with me, even though there had been more such errors: for instance, of the three Polish poets referred to, the names of *two* are incorrectly given. By way of parenthesis, I would take leave to inform you, that I have prepared a volume on the literature of Poland, with specimens of the poetry of Kochanowski, Szymonowicz, Zimorowicz, Gawinski, Sarbiewski, Krasicki, Wegieerski, Niemcewicz, Brodzinski, &c. (pray take care of these names,) which I hope will serve to fill up one of the chasms of literature. Your correspondent has misunderstood his original, in supposing that Zhukovsky is spoken of, when the writer says, "*he* has generally retained the original measure." That *he* is not Zhukovsky, but

Your obedient Servant,
JOHN BOWRING.
5, *Jeffrey's Square.*

We have received a number of communications, directed against the few hasty remarks with which the article in our last, on the Edinburgh Academy, concludes, and vehemently defending the propriety of continuing and perpetuating the system of flagellation, in elementary schools. Assuming that these papers are the production of professional persons, we would beg leave to submit to their consideration a passage from Quintilian: Cædi verò discentes, quanquam et receptum sit, et Chrysippus non improbet, minimè velim. *Primùm*, quia deforme et servile est; et certè, quòd convenit, si ætatem mutes, injuria. *Deinde*, quòd si cui tam est mens illiberalis ut objurgatione non corrigatur, is etiam ad plagas, ut pessima quæque mancipia, durabitur. *Postremò*, quòd ne opus erit quidem hac castigatione, si assiduus studiorum exactor adstiterit. Nunc ferè negligentia pædagogorum sic emendari videtur, ut pueri non facere quæ recta sunt cogantur, sed cur non fecerint puniantur. Denique cùm parvulum verberibus coegeris, quid juveni facias, cui nec adhiberi potest hic metus, et majora discenda sunt? Adde, quòd multa vapulantibus dictu deformia, et mox verecundiæ futura, sæpe dolore vel metu accidunt; qui pudor refringit animum et abjicit, atque ipsius lucis fugam et tædium dictat. *Jam si minor in deligendis custodum et præceptorum moribus fuit cura, pudet dicere, in quæ probra nefandi homines isto cædendi jure abutantur; quam det aliis quoque nonnunquam occasionem hic miserorum metus."* (*Instit. Orator.* Lib. I. cap. iii. § 4.) Having accidentally met with this passage in the course of our reading, *after* the remarks were printed and published, we felt not a little gratified by the discovery that our views (which, though hastily brought forward, were the result of mature reflection) should have the support of an authority which we must take leave to consider as superior to that of any anonymous pedagogue in existence.

To Correspondents.

We deem it necessary to state, that the article on "Parga and the Ionian Islands" was in types before we heard of the sudden death of Sir Thomas Maitland.

An apology is due to the author of the article on "Historical Novel-Writing" for delaying the insertion of his communication; our reasons for doing so will be intimated to him privately.

The concluding number of the "Harum-Scarum Club" will appear in our next.

Our opinion of the "Thoughts on National Defence" will be communicated to the author in a private letter.

We have much pleasure in inserting here the following

Stanzas

TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

Supposed to be written when she was imprisoned in Lochleven Castle.

And hath that more than angel form,
  Been chas'd within the traitor's toil?
And doth she tremble 'neath the storm
  In yonder rugged, ruin'd pile,
Built on a narrow nameless isle,
  Where dove-eyed Pity ne'er was found?
And doth she waste her seraph smile
  On faithful weeping menials round?

Yes! they who bared their battle-brands,
  And swore by Heaven for her to die,
Have lifted sacrilegious hands
  Against their Sov'reign's liberty!
On their stern hearts her Royal eye,
  Though heaven-lit, no impression made;
Lost was her deep, her suppliant sigh,
  On ruthless souls, to honour dead.

Oh! softest of thy Royal race,
  Though still thou art divinely fair,
Yet sadness clouds thy beauteous face,
  And sorrow's traces linger there;
Thy feeling heart is press'd with care,
  And tears bedim thy star-like eyes;
Thy sighs to yonder heavenly sphere
  Like purest orient incense rise.

It chills my soul to think of thee,
  So late the flower of Gallia's plains,
When belted heroes bent the knee,
  And princes held thy bridle reins,
And poets sung in rapturous strains,
  And sages prais'd in accents bland;
And monarchs, led in willing chains,
  Contended for thy peerless hand!

Thou spak'st, and, with impetuous shock,
  In gallant counterfeit affray,
Knights were unhors'd, and lances broke,
  In all the pride of chivalry!
And happiest of the happy they,
  Though wounded in the glorious toil,
Should their unrivall'd guerdon be
  Thy sunny look, thy angel smile!

Lamented princess! late in pride
  From pleasure's chalice thou didst drink;
But fiends have dash'd the cup aside,
  And urg'd thee o'er destruction's brink,
But late, these traitors did not think
  A gem too rare to deck thy crown;
And now, sweet captive, thou must shrink
  Beneath a wither'd beldame's frown*.

But sacred Truth shall yet arise,
  And Justice shall not always sleep,
And their unhallow'd memories
  In scorn's putrescent pool shall steep;
And execrations loud and deep
  Shall fall on them till time shall close;
Whilst countless thousands yet shall weep
  O'er all thy wrongs, o'er all thy woes.

* *Lady Douglas, quondam Mistress of James V.*

The "Ode to Patience," alluded to by Mr D. V. in his note, has not yet had the good or bad fortune to try our "patience;" and consequently he will not expect us to reproduce or account for what we never received.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

FEBRUARY 1824.

NAPOLEON'S CAMPAIGNS.

No. II.

In our former article, we laid before our readers some account of the plan adopted by Napoleon, on being appointed to the chief command of the Army of Italy, for *turning* the Alps, penetrating into Italy by Savona, Cadibona, Carcari, and the Bormida, and thus separating the Sardinian and Austrian Armies; of the series of brilliant actions at Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, and Mondovi, by which the enemy's line of operations was intersected, and the first great object of the campaign attained; and of the armistice[*] of Cherasco, by which the King of Sardinia was detached from the coalition, the fortresses of Coni, Tortona, and Ceva, occupied by the French, the line of communication with Paris shortened by one-half, and the "Porter of the Alps" placed at the mercy of the Republic.

This armistice being concluded, it became a subject of deliberation whether to advance, and how far. A great advantage had undoubtedly been gained in separating the Piedmontese from the Austrian Army, and restoring the communications with France: but it was argued that the French Government might refuse the negociations proposed; that it would be dangerous to pass the Ticino, without securing the rear; that, should the army advance, and suffer a defeat, the Court of Turin, which was ruled by nobles and priests, the implacable foes of the Republic, would seize the opportunity to revenge itself for its present humiliation; that Genoa, governed by an oligarchy equally hostile to democratical principles, was likewise an object of much anxiety; that it was necessary to determine whether the army should stop after passing the Ticino, or whether it should pursue the same bold and hazardous system, and pass the Adda, the Oglio, the Mincio, the Adige, the Brenta, the Piave, the Tagliamento, and the Isonzo; that it was highly imprudent to leave a numerous and hostile population in the rear; that, in order to proceed rapidly, it was necessary to proceed deliberately, and form points of support in every country; and that, by advancing into the Venetian territory, the Republic of Venice, which had 50,000 men at its disposal, would be compelled to declare for the enemy.

To all this it was answered, that the French Army should profit by victory; that it ought only to halt on the best line of defence against the Austrian Armies, which would speedily debouch from the Tyrol and Friuli; that this line was the Adige, which covers all the valleys of the Po, cuts off lower and middle Italy, and insulates the fortified city of Mantua, which might probably be taken before the Austrians could recover from the shock of so many consecutive reverses, and be in a situation to succour it; that, on the Adige, it would be easy to provide for the expences of the army, because the burthen would be divided among the population of Piedmont, Lombardy, the Legations of Bologna and Ferrara, and the Duchies of Parma and Modena; that as to Venice declaring war against France, the effectual way to prevent her was to carry the war, in a few days, into the midst of her states, before she could be prepared for such an event, and had time to form resolutions and levy troops; that, should the army remain on the right bank of the Ticino, the Austrians would force that Republic to make common cause with them; that the King of Sardinia was no longer formidable, his militia being disbanded, and the affairs of his country in the worst possible state; that all his remaining forces hardly amounted to 18,000 men, who were dispersed through a great number of towns, and were scarcely sufficient to maintain internal tranquillity, as the number of malecontents was daily increasing; that the Court of Vienna would be highly dissatisfied with that of Turin, for having despaired of the common cause, upon the first reverse of fortune; that there was nothing to fear from the oligarchs of Genoa, the best guarantee of whose conduct consisted in the immense profits they made by their neutrality; that the French Army, on reaching the Adige, would command all the states of the House of Austria in Italy, and all those of the Pope, on this side of the Appenines, and would be in a situation to proclaim the principles of liberty, and to excite Italian patriotism against foreign domination; and that the word *Italiam! Italiam!* proclaimed at Milan, Bologna, and Verona, would produce a magical effect; but were it pronounced on the right bank of the Ticino, the Italians would say, "Why do you not advance?"

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[*] In terms of this armistice, the King of Sardinia sent Count Revel to Paris, to treat for a definitive peace, which was concluded and signed on the 15th of May 1796. By this treaty, the fortresses of Alessandria and Coni were surrendered to the Army of Italy; Suza, la Brunette, and Exilles, were demolished, and the Alps opened. The humiliation of his Sardinian Majesty was complete. He had now no fortified points except Fort Bard and Turin; while the French had acquired *points d'appui* and grand depôts of artillery, to form battering trains, and besiege the capital itself, should he violate the terms of the treaty.

It will be instantly recognised, that the person who so powerfully combated the arguments of those who, astonished at their own success, proposed to stop short, and endeavour to secure what had been already gained, was Napoleon. With that acuteness and comprehension of mind, which, to ordinary observers, assumes the character of actual prescience, and is one of the distinguishing attributes of high genius, he foresaw the advantages that would result from preserving the lead he had so boldly taken with such inferior numbers, and had full confidence, both in the bravery of the troops he commanded, and in the ascendancy of his own talents and fortune. He accordingly resolved to advance.

Beaulieu had retreated, in consternation, beyond the Po, with the intention of defending the passage of that river opposite Valenza*, and, should it be forced, of disputing successively the passage of the Sesia and of the Ticino. With this view he stationed his troops on the left bank of the Cogna, at the camp of Valeggio, where he was reinforced by a reserve of ten battalions, which made his army equal to that of the French. A number of circumstances confirmed him in the belief that the French would attempt the passage at that point. In the beginning of May, when the gates of the fortresses of Coni, Tortona, and Mantua, were opened to the French, Massena marched with his division to Alessandria, where he captured a great quantity of stores belonging to the Austrian Army, and immediately pushed forward parties in the direction of Valenza. This seemed to corroborate the inference which had been drawn from the article in the armistice of Cherasco, stipulating the surrender of Valenza. About the same time, Augereau broke up from Alba, and encamped at the mouth of the Scrivia. Serrurier repaired to Tortona, where Laharpe had previously arrived by the Acqui road, and where the grenadiers of the army, to the number of 3500 men, had assembled. With this *corps d'élite*, the cavalry, and twenty-four pieces of cannon, Napoleon advanced by forced marches on Placenza, in order to effect the passage of the Po at that place, instead of Valenza, where Beaulieu was preparing to dispute it. The instant the intended operation was unmasked, all the French divisions broke up from their respective positions, and marched with all possible speed on Plazenza. At nine o'clock in the morning of the 7th of May Napoleon arrived before the town, and proceeded to the banks of the river, where he remained till the passage was effected, and the van on the opposite bank. Colonel Lannes passed first with 900 grenadiers, and met with some resistance from two squadrons of the enemy's hussars, who were soon put to flight. In the night of the 7th the whole army arrived, and on the 9th the bridge was completed. By these admirable dispositions Beaulieu was outwitted, the passage of this important river [*] surprised, and one of the most critical and difficult operations of war performed, without loss, at the point most advantageous for the future operations of the French Army.

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* In the concluding part of the armistice of Cherasco, an article had been inserted, prescribing the surrender of Valenza to the French, which seemed to designate that place as the point where they meant to attempt the passage of the Po. This supposition, however, had only been suffered to appear in a mysterious manner, for a reason which the reader will immediately discover.

During the night of the 7th Liptay's division of the Austrian Army arrived at Fiombio, one league from the bridge of Placenza; and on the afternoon of the 8th it was discovered that the steeples and houses of the village were embattled and filled with troops, and that cannon were planted on the roads. As the enemy might receive great reinforcements, and as it would have been extremely hazardous to be compelled to give battle with a large and rapid river in the rear, it obviously became of the utmost importance to dislodge him from Fiombio. Accordingly Napoleon made instant dispositions for that purpose; and, in an hour, the village was carried, and the Austrian division which defended it routed, with the loss of their cannon, a considerable number of prisoners, and some standards. The wrecks of this corps threw themselves into Pizzighettone, which they reached with the utmost difficulty, being closely pursued by Laharpe with the grenadiers, who, after halting within half cannon-shot of the fortress, executed a retrograde movement, in order to place himself in advance of Codogno, and to cover the roads to Pavia and Lodi. From the prisoners taken at Fiombio it had been ascertained that Beaulieu was on his march to encamp with his army behind that village; and it was therefore possible that some of his corps, not knowing what had taken place in the afternoon, might advance to Codogno to take up their quarters there. The troops were instructed accordingly; and during the night Massena passed the Po, and placed himself in reserve at the head of the bridge, to support Laharpe in case of need. What Napoleon had foreseen actually took place. Notwithstanding the secrecy and rapidity with which the troops had marched from Tortona to Placenza, Beaulieu had received information of the movement, and lost no time in putting all his troops in march, in hopes of arriving opposite Placenza in time to prevent the passage of the river by the French, who, he knew, had no pontoons. One of the regiments of cavalry, in advance of the column in which Beaulieu was, presented itself at General Laharpe's outposts, on the Pavia road, and gave the alarm there. The bivouacs were speedily under arms; but after a few discharges [†], the enemy, afraid of being caught *in flagranti delicto*, disappeared; Beaulieu was once more out-generalled.

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[*] The Po is very rapid at Placenza, and about 250 toises in breadth.

[†] On this occasion a melancholy circumstance occurred. Laharpe, followed by a piquet and several officers, went forward to ascertain what was the meaning of this attack, and to interrogate in person the inhabitants of the first farm-houses on the road. From these he learned, as above, that the alarm had been occasioned by a regiment of cavalry, which was ignorant that the French had passed the Po, and

On entering the states of Parma, Napoleon received, at the passage of the Trebbia, envoys from the Duke of Parma, requesting peace, and his protection. This Prince was of little political importance, and as the French had no time to undertake the administration of his territory, they fell upon the simple and effectual device of selling their protection at the highest possible price. By an armistice, signed on the morning of the 9th at Placenza, the Duke was to pay two millions (of francs) in money, furnish the magazines of the army with a specified quantity of wheat, hay, &c.; supply 1600 horses for the cavalry and artillery, defray the expences of all the military routes and hospitals which should be established in his states, and contribute twenty pictures, to be chosen by French Commissioners, for the Museum at Paris *.

On the 10th the French army moved from Casal-Pusterlengo on Lodi, where Beaulieu had effected the junction of Sebottendorf's and Roselmini's divisions, and had directed Colli and Wukassowich on Milan and Cassano. By inspecting a map, it will be seen, that the fate of these last corps depended on rapidity of marching, and that they might be cut off from the Oglio and made prisoners. Within a league of Casal, however, the French army fell in with a strong rear-guard of Austrian grenadiers, posted in an advantageous position, defending the Lodi road. In order to dislodge this body, it became necessary to manœuvre, which was performed by the French troops with the confidence and ardour inspired by victory. The enemy, aware of the importance of maintaining his ground, and, if possible, checking or retarding the advance of the French, defended himself with the utmost obstinacy; but at length his ranks fell into confusion, and he was hotly pursued even into the town of Lodi, the French soldiers entering pell-mell with the fugitives. The latter, however, rallied behind the line of battle, which Beaulieu had taken upon the left bank of the Adda. The Austrian General then unmasked from twenty-five to thirty pieces of cannon, in order to defend the bridge of the Adda; and the French immediately opposed to him a like number. The Austrian line was composed of 12,000 infantry, and 4000 cavalry, which, with the 10,000 who were retreating on Cassano, the 8000 who had been beaten at Fiombio, and the remains of whom had retreated (as we have seen) to Pizzighettone, and the 2000 who garrisoned the Castle of Milan, made up between 35,000 and 36,000 men, being all that now remained of the Austrian Army.

In this situation Napoleon formed

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also that it had turned to the left, in the direction of Lodi. Laharpe then returned towards the camp, not by the road by which the soldiers had seen him set out, but by a by-path. The troops being on the alert, received their General with a brisk fire of musketry, and "Laharpe fell dead, pierced with the bullets of his own soldiers." The following is Napoleon's account of this brave soldier. "He was a Swiss of the Canton of Vand. His hatred of the government of Berne had exposed him to persecutions, from which he had sought an asylum in France. He was an officer of distinguished bravery; a grenadier both in stature and in courage; he commanded his troops skilfully, and was much beloved by them, though of an unquiet temper. *It was remarked, that during the action of Fiombio, throughout the evening preceding his death, he had seemed very absent and dejected; giving no orders, appearing, as it were, deprived of his usual faculties, and entirely overwhelmed by* A FATAL PRESENTIMENT. The news of this melancholy event reached head-quarters at four in the morning. Berthier was instantly sent to this division of the van-guard, and found the troops in the greatest affliction."

* This was the first instance in which the French imposed contributions of works of art for the adornment of the gallery of the Louvre. Among the twenty pictures selected by the French Commissioners was the famous St. Jerome. The Duke offered two millions of francs to be allowed to keep this picture, and the army-agents were decidedly in favour of accepting the money; but Napoleon would not listen to the proposal. "There would very soon (he said) be nothing left out of the two millions proposed, whilst the possession of such a masterpiece by the city of Paris would be ornamental to the capital, and would produce other *chefs-d'œuvre* of art."

one of the boldest resolutions recorded in the annals of war. Determined to astonish the Austrians, by an act of unprecedented daring, and in hopes of cutting off the division which was marching by Cassano, he resolved to pass the bridge of the Adda the same day, under the enemy's fire, and by this operation establish the incontestable superiority of his troops. Every soldier must be aware of the very opposite effects which the successful execution of such a project would produce on the *morale* of the contending armies. Accordingly, after a few hours rest at Lodi, and about five o'clock in the evening, General Beaumont, commanding the cavalry, was ordered to pass the Adda half a league above the town, where there was a practicable ford, and as soon as he reached the opposite side, to open a cannonade on the enemy's right flank with a battalion of light artillery. All the disposable artillery of the army was, at the same time, placed at the debouché of the bridge, on the right bank, and directed against the enemy's guns, which enfiladed the bridge; and the grenadiers were formed in close column, behind the rampart of the town, on the brink of the Adda, in which position they were nearer the enemy's batteries than the line of the Austrian infantry itself, which had retired to some distance from the river, to shelter itself, under a rising ground, from the shot of the French batteries. When Napoleon perceived the fire of the enemy's artillery slacken, he ordered the charge to be beaten. By merely wheeling to the left, the head of the column reached the bridge, which it crossed, in a few seconds, at a running pace, and instantly took the enemy's cannon. The column was only exposed to the enemy's fire at the moment of wheeling to the left, to pass the bridge; it accordingly reached the opposite side wtihout any sensible loss, fell on the enemy's line, broke it, and forced him to retreat on Crema in the greatest confusion, with the loss of all his artillery, several standards, and 2500 prisoners. "This vigorous operation," says Napoleon, "conducted under such a murderous fire, with all suitable prudence, has been regarded by military men as one of the most brilliant actions of the war. The French did not lose above 200 men; the enemy was destroyed. But Colli and Wukassowich had passed the Ada at Cassano, and were retreating by the Brescia road, which determined the French to march on Pizzighettone; they considered it important to drive the enemy instantly from that fortress, before he should have time to put it in a state of defence and victual it: it was scarcely invested when it surrendered; it contained 300 men, whom the enemy sacrificed, to facilitate his retreat *……The French cavalry entered Cremona after a brilliant charge, and pursued the Austrian rear-guard as far as the Oglio."

These splendid successes were followed by the most important results. The states of Lombardy submitted to the youthful conqueror, who, on the 15th of May, made his entrance into the capital (Milan) in triumph, amidst an immense population, and the numerous National Guard, dressed in the three republican colours. The possession of these states afforded great resources, furnished the means of discharging the arrears of pay, and supplying all the wants of the troops, and enabled the General-in-Chief to improve the *matériel* of the army, and particularly to complete the trains of artillery. The Austrians, out-generalled in every manœuvre, and beaten in every encounter, were greatly disheartened, and so reduced in number, as to be no longer able, without powerful reinforcements, to make head effectively against the invaders. But what was of more importance than all, public opinion in Italy was in favour of the French, to whom that long-enthralled country, apparently destined, as Filicaija has feelingly said, *per servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta*, looked forward as their eventual deliverers from the hateful and galling yoke of Austria. By the successes of the French, republican principles had been extensively disseminated all over Italy, and embraced, not merely by the lower ranks, or speculative individuals, but by some of the leading men in the most influential classes of society. Hence the French were considered, by a powerful party, as their patrons and allies; their contributions and exactions were submitted to as the indispensable price of future emancipation; and although the hideous scenes, acted during the reign of terror, and other revolutionary excesses, had, in some degree, chilled the enthusiasm with which the dawn of French liberty had been greeted, the mass of the people was still allured by the attraction of equality. On the other hand, the Austrians, notwithstanding their protracted rule, had not, with the exception of a few noble families, inspired the people of Lombardy with any feelings of attachment; they were equally detested, on account of their pride, their ignorance, the rudeness of their manners, and the galling oppression of their sway. The Viceroy, the Archduke Ferdinand, was neither beloved nor esteemed, and for the best possible reason, because he possessed no amiable or estimable qualities. He was accused of being greedy of money, of influencing the Government in favour of depredations, of speculating in wheat, and other meannesses of a similar description; and was hated accordingly. Thus the Austrians, who were greatly inferior to the French in every military quality, could reckon upon no moral support in the country, which it was their business to defend against a young and enterprising soldier, possessed of splendid military talents, confident of fortune, acting rather from the impulse of his own genius, than from the established rules and principles of war, and, though compelled to support his army at the expense of the countries he invaded, gifted with the invaluable talent of securing, in his favour, the opinions and sentiments of the people.

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* "Napoleon, in his nightly rounds, fell in with a bivouac of prisoners, in which was an old garrulous Hungarian officer, whom he asked how matters went with them? The old captain could not deny that they went on badly enough; 'but,' added he, 'there is no understanding it at all; we have to do with a young General, who is this moment before us, the next behind us, then again on our flanks; one does not know where to place one's self. This manner of making war is insufferable, and against all usage and custom.'"

The successive arrivals of the intelligence of the passage of the Po, the battle of Lodi, the occupation of Lombardy, the armistice concluded with the Duke of Parma, (of which we have already spoken,) and that with the Duke of Modena, (signed at Milan on the 20th of May, and to nearly the same effect as that with the Duke of Parma,) so intoxicated the Directory, that, in the exuberance of their military skill, they came to the resolution of dividing the Army of Italy into two armies. Napoleon, with 20,000 men, was to pass the Po, and march on Rome and Naples; while Kellerman, with the other 20,000, was to command on the left bank of the Po, and cover the siege of Mantua. Napoleon, indignant at this piece of ingratitude, sent in his resignation, refusing to be instrumental in the destruction of the Army of Italy, and his brethren in arms. He declared, that all the men who should penetrate deep into the Peninsula would be lost; that the principal army, intrusted to Kellerman, would be inadequate to maintain its ground, and would be compelled to repass the Alps in a few weeks. "*One bad General,* said he, *is better than two good ones.* The Government became sensible of its error, and recalled its liberticidal decrees; *and from that time interfered no farther with the Army of Italy, than merely to* APPROVE *whatever Napoleon did or projected* [*]."

The French remained seven or

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[*] At the conclusion of the chapter in Vol. III. of his "Memoirs," which contains the account of the Battle of Lodi, Napoleon gives a few interesting notices of Berthier, Massena, Angereau, and Serrurier. To preserve the continuity of the narrative unbroken, we shall give these in the present note:

"BERTHIER was at this time about forty-two years of age. His father, a geographical engineer, had had the honour of seeing Louis XV. and Louis XVI. occasionally, being employed to draw plans of the chases; and these Princes being fond of eight days in Lombardy. Some military men have given it as their opinion that this was an error. At the opening of the campaign, Mantua had been disarmed. The Court of Vienna had never doubted but that

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pointing out the errors they discovered in the plans, on their return from hunting. Berthier, in his youth, served in the American war as Lieutenant adjoint to Rochambeau's staff; he was a Colonel at the period of the Revolution, and commanded the National Guard at Versailles, where he strongly opposed Lecointre's party. Being employed in La Vendée as Quarter-Master-General of the Revolutionary Armies, he was wounded there. After the 9th of Thermidor he was Quarter-Master-General to General Kellerman, in the Army of the Alps, and followed him to the Army of Italy. He it was who caused the army to take the line of the Borghetto, which stopped the enemy. When Kellerman returned to the Army of the Alps he took Berthier with him; but when Napoleon took the command of the Army of Italy, he solicited and obtained the place of Quarter-Master-General, in which capacity he constantly followed Napoleon in the campaigns of Italy and Egypt. He was afterwards Minister at War, Major-General of the Grand Army, and Prince of Neufchatel and Wagram. He married a Bavarian Princess, and was loaded with favours by Napoleon. His activity was extraordinary; he followed his General in all his reconnoitring parties, and all his excursions, without in the least neglecting his official duties. He was of an irresolute character, unfit for a principal command, but possessed of all the qualities of a good Quarter-Master-General. He was well acquainted with the map, understood the reconnoitring duty perfectly, attended personally to the dispatch of orders, and was thoroughly trained to presenting the most complicated movements of an army with perspicuity. There was an attempt made, at first, to disgrace him with his General, by describing him as Napoleon's Mentor, and asserting that it was he who directed operations; but this did not succeed. Berthier did all in his power to silence these reports, which rendered him ridiculous in the army. After the campaign of Italy, he had the command of the army ordered to take possession of Rome, where he proclaimed the Roman Republic.

"Massena was born at Nice, and entered the French service in the Royal Italian Regiment; he was an officer at the commencement of the Revolution. He advanced rapidly, and became a General of Division. In the Army of Italy he served under the Generals-in-Chiefs Dugommier, Dumorbion, Kellerman, and Scherer. He was of a hardy constitution, and indefatigable character—night and day on horseback among rocks and mountains, the warfare peculiar to which he was particularly acquainted with. He was resolute, brave, intrepid, full of ambition and pride; his distinguishing characteristic was obstinacy; he was never discouraged. He neglected discipline, and took little care of the affairs of the army, for which reason he was not much beloved by the soldiers. He used to make very indifferent dispositions for attack. His conversation was uninteresting; but, on the report of the first cannon, amongst balls and dangers, his ideas gained strength and clearness. If defeated, he began again, as if he had been victorious. After the campaign of Italy, he was commissioned to carry the preliminaries of Leoben to the Directory. During the campaign of Egypt he was Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Helvetia, and saved the Republic by winning the battle of Zurich. He was afterwards a Marshal, Duke of Rivoli, and Prince of Essling.

"Augereau, who was born in the faubourg Saint-Marceau, (Paris,) was a Serjeant when the Revolution broke out. He must have been a distinguished sub-officer, as he was selected to go to Naples to instruct the Neapolitan troops. He, at first, served in La Vendée. He was made a General in the Army of the Eastern Pyrenees, where he commanded one of the principal divisions. On the peace with Spain, he led his division to the Army of Italy, and served in all the campaigns of that army under Napoleon, who sent him to Paris on the occasion of the 18th of Fructidor. The Directory afterwards gave him the chief command of the Army of the Rhine. He was incapable of conducting himself in this capacity, being uninformed, of a narrow intellect, and little education; but he maintained order and discipline among his soldiers, and was beloved by them. His attacks were regular, and made in an orderly manner; he divided his columns judiciously, placed his reserves with skill, and fought with intrepidity: but all this lasted but a day; victor or vanquished, he was generally disheartened in the evening; whether it arose from the peculiarity of his temper, or from the deficiency of his mind in foresight and penetration. In politics, he was attached to Baboeuf's party, that of the most decided anarchists, and he was surrounded by a great number of them. He was nominated a deputy to the Legislative Body in its army would assume and preserve the offensive; it had reckoned on victories, not on defeats; and it was not till the armistice of Cherasco had detached the King of Sardinia from the coalition, and so crippled him as to leave him at the mercy of the French Republic, that it had ordered Mantua, and the other fortresses of Lombardy, to be armed and victualed. If, therefore, as has been said, the French army, instead of taking up cantonments in the Milanese, had continued its march in order to drive Beaulieu beyond the Adige, Mantua would probably have been taken by a *coup-de-main*. To these arguments it is answered by Napoleon, that it would have been against all principle, to leave so many large towns, and a population of more than a million of souls behind, without taking possession of the former, and ascertaining the dispositions of the latter; and that during these few days the French dominion was secured by the National Guards formed in all the towns of Lombardy, the change of all the public authorities, and the new organization of the country. The necessity of this delay was demonstrated by the sudden insurrection which broke out in Pavia, and all the villages of that province, and which threatened to be productive of the most fatal consequences. A slight commotion had even taken place at Milan, which, however, was easily repressed. The revolt of Pavia assumed a more formidable character. That city contained 30,000 inhabitants, and from 8000 to 10,000 peasants had entered it and joined the insurgents. To aggravate the evil, the army had raised its cantonments, and was in full march for the Oglio. With 1500 grenadiers, and six field-pieces, Napoleon proceeded, in person, to Pavia, having previously pillaged and burnt Binasco, a town visible from the ramparts of the city; and by one of those acts of fortunate daring, of which his eventful life furnishes so many examples, succeeded in overpowering the insurgents, and in liberating the garrison of 300 men, who had been made prisoners by the armed peasants. The city was for several hours delivered up to pillage, which was, however, confined to some goldsmiths' shops; and light columns were sent into the country, to disarm the peasantry. This revolt, which was in a great measure to be ascribed to the necessity under which the French army lay of subsisting on the resources of the country, and particularly to an extraordinary contribution of twenty millions of francs, which had just been imposed, over and above the requisitions made by the army, proved the soundness of Napoleon's views, and showed, not merely the inexpediency, but the certain destruction that would have overtaken his army, had he pursued the course recommended by his military critics.

The army, meantime, continued its march on the Oglio, under the command of Berthier, and on the 28th entered Brescia, one of the largest towns of the Venetian Terra Firma, where the Commander-in-Chief rejoined it. Beaulieu had received great reinforcements, and had

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1798, engaged in the intrigues of the Manége, and frequently made himself ridiculous. The members of that Society were not devoid of information. Nobody could be less adapted than Augereau for political discussions and civil affairs, with which, however, he was fond of meddling. Under the empire he became Duke of Castiglione, and Marshal of France.

"SERRURIER was a native of the department of Aisne; and, at the commencement of the Revolution, was a Major of Infantry: he retained all the formality and strictness of a Major, was very severe in point of discipline, and passed for an aristocrat, in consequence of which opinion he ran great risks in the midst of the camps, especially during the first few years. He gained the battle of Mondovi, and took Mantua, and had the honour of seeing Marshal Wurmser file off before him. He was a brave man, of great personal intrepidity, but not fortunate. He had less energy than the other two, but excelled them by the morality of his character, the soundness of his political opinions, and the strict integrity he observed in all his intercourse. He had the honourable commission to carry the colours, taken from Prince Charles, to the Directory. He was afterwards made a Marshal of France, Governor of the *Invalides*, and a Senator."

removed his head-quarters behind the Mincio, being desirous to defend that river, in order to prevent the investment of Mantua, the fortifications and supplies of which were daily increased. Peschiera, the gates of which, notwithstanding the protestations of the Venetians, he had forced, he made the *point d'appui* of his right, commanded by Liptay; his centre he supported on Valeggio and Borghetto, where Pittony's division was stationed; while Sebottendorff's took up a position at Pozzuolo, and Colli's at Goito; the reserve under Melas, 15,000 strong, encamped at Villa Franca, ready to advance to any point that might be attacked. Such being the situation of the Austrians, the French army, on the 29th, took up a position, having its left at Dezenzano, its centre at Montechiaro, and its right at Castiglione; and on the 30th, at day-break, debouched on Borghetto, having deceived the enemy by various movements, and drawn his reserve from Villa Franca to Peschiera, at which place he was induced to believe that it would attempt the passage of the Mincio.

On approaching the Borghetto, the French vanguard fell in with 3000 Austrian and Neapolitan cavalry in the plain, and 4000 infantry entrenched in the village of Borghetto, and on the heights of Valeggio. General Murat charged the enemy's cavalry; he obtained an important success in this action: it was the first time that the French cavalry, on account of its bad condition, had measured its strength to advantage with the Austrian cavalry: it took nine pieces of cannon, two standards, and 2000 men, amongst whom was the Prince de Cuto, who commanded the Neapolitan cavalry. From that time forth the French cavalry emulated the infantry. Colonel Gardane, who was marching at the head of the Grenadiers, charged into Borghetto; the enemy burnt the bridge, which it was impossible to restore, under the fire from the height of Valeggio. Gardane threw himself into the water; *the Austrians imagined they saw the terrible column of Lodi*, and beat a retreat; Valeggio was carried. It was then ten in the morning; by noon the bridge was restored, and the French divisions passed the Mincio. Augereau went up the left bank, advancing on Peschiera, and occupied the heights of Castel Nuovo; Serruvier followed the troops which were evacuating Valeggio, and retiring on Villa Franca. The General-in-Chief marched with his division, as long as the enemy was in sight; but as they avoided an engagement, he returned to Valeggio, which place had been fixed on for head-quarters. Massena's division, appointed to cover Valeggio, was preparing dinner on the right bank of the Mincio, and had not yet passed the bridge. Sebottendorff's division, having heard the cannonade at Valeggio, had begun its march up the left bank of the river; their scouts approached Valeggio without meeting any troops; they entered the town, and penetrated as far as the lodgings where the General-in-Chief was; his piquet guard had barely time enough to shut the carriage gateway, and cry *to arms*, which afforded him an opportunity of mounting his horse, and escaping through the gardens behind the house. Massena's soldiers overturned the kettles, and passed the bridge. The sound of the drums put the Austrian hussars to flight. Sebottendorff was closely and vigorously pursued during the whole evening, and lost a great number of men.

The imminent personal hazard which Napoleon had incurred on this occasion, led to the formation of a corps to which he gave the name of Guides, and with the organization of which Major Bessières* was charged. It was composed of picked men, who had served ten years at least, and distinguished themselves by their gallant bearing in the field, and formed the nucleus of the Chasseurs of the Guard. The Guides were specially charged with watching over the personal safety of the General-in-Chief, and had, moreover, the same effect in battle as the squadrons on duty afterwards had under the Emperor; because both were under his immediate direction, and ordered forward at critical moments; and because a handful of these veteran troops, opportunely set on, could not fail to produce important results.

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* Bessières was a native of Languedoc, and served originally in the 22d Chasseurs, in the army of the Eastern Pyrenees. "He possessed a cool species of bravery," says Napoleon; "was calm amidst the enemy's fire; his sight was excellent; he was much habituated to cavalry manœuvres, and peculiarly adapted to command a reserve. In all the great battles, he will be seen to render the most important services. He and Murat were the first cavalry officers in the army, but of very opposite qualities. Murat was a good vanguard officer, adventurous and impetuous; Bessières was better adapted for a reserve, being full of vigour, but prudent and circumspect. From the period of the creation of the Guides, he was exclusively intrusted with the duty of guarding the General-in-Chief and the head-quarters. He was afterwards Duke of Istria, Marshal of the Empire, and one of the Marshals of the Guard."

The next operation undertaken by the French Army was the siege, or rather the blockade of Mantua. With this view, it became necessary to occupy the line of the Adige, and the bridges of Verona and Legnago. On the 3d of June, Massena took possession of that city, since become so famous in the annals of despotic and allied diplomacy; Porto-Legnago was armed, and the Army of Observation took up a position, having its left at Montebaldo, its centre at Verona, and its right on the lower Adige, so as completely to cover the intended operation. It was hoped that this important undertaking would be accomplished before the new Austrian Army would debouch from the passes of the Tyrol; "but what battles, what events, what dangers were first to be encountered!"

Mantua is situate amidst three lakes, formed by the waters of the Mincio, which springs from the Lake of Garda at Peschiera, and runs into the Po near Governolo. The city then communicated with the town by means of five dykes; the first, that of La Favorite, which separated the upper from the middle lake, is a hundred toises in length; it is of stone; the mills of the town are built against it; it has two flood-gates for discharging the water; at its outlet is the citadel of La Favorite, a regular pentagon, tolerably strong, and protected, on several of its fronts, by inundations. It is by this causeway that people leave Mantua to go to Roverbello, and thence to Verona and Peschiera. The causeway of Saint-George is sixty toises long; it leads into the faubourg Saint-George; it is the road to Porto Legnago. This causeway was closed by a stone gate, and in the middle of the lake by drawbridges. The third dyke is the causeway of Pietoli; the lower lake is there only eighty toises wide; but the ground between the lake and the place is occupied by an entrenched camp under the place, with ditches full of water. The fourth dyke is that of the gate of Ceresa, which leads to Modena; it was closed by a stone gate; the lake at that part was of considerable breadth. Lastly, the fifth dyke or causeway was that of Pradella; it is two hundred toises long, and is the road to Cremona, defended by a horn-worn placed in the midst of the lake. Thus, of the five causeways, that of La Favorite, or Roverbello, was the only one defended by a citadel; the four others were without defence; so that if the besiegers placed a handful of men at the extremities of these causeways, they could blockade the garrison. The Seraglio is the space comprised between the Mincio, Mantua, the Po, and La Fossa Maestra, a canal which runs from the Lake of Mantua into the Po at Borgo-forte; it is a triangle of five or six square leagues, an island. Mantua requires a garrison of at least 12,000 men; this garrison ought to maintain itself as long as possible in the Seraglio, to make use of the resources which are to be found there, the land being very fruitful, and in order to continue masters of the course of the Po, and draw supplies from the right bank of that river.

Such was the place of which Napoleon now undertook the siege, an operation which was destined to form one of the most important and interesting episodes in this eventful campaign. The garrison, who were fully sensible of the importance of maintaining themselves at the head of the five causeways, proceeded with great activity in constructing retrenchments. But the French did not allow them sufficient time for the completion of these works. On the 4th of June, the General-in-Chief carried the faubourg Saint-George, after a brisk action, and drove the enemy back into the place with such rapidity, that they had scarcely time to raise the drawbridges of the dyke Augereau gained possession of the Ceresa gate, after a firm resistance; and the enemy evacuated Pietoli, and retired into the hornwork. The French being thus masters of the heads of the four dykes, the garrison could now make no sortie except by the citadel of La Favorite, and might be kept in check by an inferior force. The direction of the blockade was intrusted to Serrurier, who fixed his head-quarters at Roverbello, opposite the citadel of La Favorite, where 3600 men were placed in observation;

600 were posted at Ceresa, 1000 at Pradella, and 2000 men, including artillery, cavalry, and infantry, formed flying columns round the lakes, while a dozen gun-boats, manned by French seamen, cruised in them. Thus, with 8000 soldiers of all descriptions, Serrurier blockaded a garrison of 14,000 effective men, of whom 10,000 were under arms. "It was not conceived necessary," says Napoleon, "to form lines of circumvallation, *which was an error;* but the engineers held out hopes that the place would be surrendered before the Austrian army would be able to come to its relief. Undoubtedly such lines would have been of no use against Wurmser, when he revictualled the place, on the eve of the battle of Castiglione. Napoleon, who then raised the blockade, and abandoned his besieging train, would have also abandoned his lines of circumvallation; but when Wurmser was driven into Mantua, after the battle of Bassano, it is probable, that if there had been lines of circumvallation, he would not have been able to force them, and would have been obliged to lay down his arms. When lines of circumvallation were constructed round Saint-George, they produced the surrender of the General's (Provera's) corps, and the success of the battle of La Favorite, in January 1797 *."

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* In the "Historical Miscellanies" which accompany Volume III. of these "Memoirs," Napoleon, in his observations on Turenne's attack on the Spanish lines before Arras, discusses the question, "Whether an army besieging a place ought to cover itself by lines of circumvallation?" and decides in the affirmative. His reasoning is clear and convincing, and all the great authorities are on his side. The Greeks and Romans, the great captains of the 15th and 16th centuries, the Duke of Parma, Spinola, the Prince of Orange, (William III,) the great Condé, Turenne, Luxembourg, and Prince Eugene, all covered their sieges by lines of circumvallation. At the siege of Arras, the Spanish Army, though it consisted of 32,000 men, had only 10,000 musqueteers, whose fire was employed to defend a line of 15,000 toises in circumference; yet the Archduke continued the siege for thirty-eight days, in presence of Turenne, encamped at cannon-shot distance. Had he neglected to cover himself, he would not have been able, according to Napoleon's calculation, to carry on the siege twenty-four days. In 1708, Prince Eugene besieged Lisle, in presence of the Duke of Burgundy's Army, which would have been impossible but for his lines. In 1712, he besieged Landrecy, the bulwark of France, in presence of the army of Villars, who deemed it impossible to force the lines of circumvallation; and the place would have fallen, had not Villars taken Denain, and changed the fortune of the war. The King of Prussia, when he besieged Olmutz, formed no lines of circumvallation, and accordingly the place obtained succours, both of provisions and troops, and received news from Daun several times every week. When Turrene besieged Dunkirk, he covered himself by lines of circumvallation; but as soon as the Army of Succour, under Don John of Austria, had taken a position within reach of his camp, he marched against it and defeated it. Had the Duke of York, when he besieged Dunkirk, in 1794, covered himself by a good line of circumvallation, his Army of Observation would have attached no importance to his communications with Ypres; it would have been sufficient for him to have preserved his communications with the siege, as he was master at sea; and he would have had time enough to take the place before the French Army could have been ready to force the lines. And, lastly, in 1797, (the case alluded to in the text,) when Generals Provera and Hohenzollern presented themselves to compel the French to raise the siege of Mantua, where Wurmser was shut up, they were stopped by the lines of circumvallation of Saint-George's, which gave Napoleon time to arrive from Rivoli, frustrate their enterprise, and compel them to capitulate with their troops. Without entering into any technical calculations and details, these examples appear sufficient to justify the decided opinion expressed by Napoleon, in favour of lines of circumvallation.

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SPANISH AMERICA.

In our last Number, we gave some account of the extensive countries of New Granada and Peru. We shall now endeavour to lay before our readers a brief sketch of the Viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres, in South America, and of Mexico, in North America.

The viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres is a vast country. The provinces of Charcos and Chiquitos, formerly belonging to Peru, were united to it in the year 1778; and by the union of this additional territory, it forms a compact body of land, nearly square, stretching through 26 degrees of south latitude. It was erected into a viceroyalty in 1778. It may be generally denominated a level country; two great chains of mountains, the one on the side of Brazil, and the other on the side of Peru, form its eastern and western boundaries. From the city of Buenos Ayres, westward, it stretches backward to the lofty ridges of the Andes, which divide it, on the west, from Peru and Chili. The height of the Andes is the dividing ridge from which Chili and Peru slope westwards, down to the Pacific Ocean, while Buenos Ayres slopes eastward, towards Brazil, from which it is divided by the Brazilian Andes. Towards the north, it is bounded by desert tracks of mountainous country, which give rise to numerous streams, that flow in every direction, to join the great streams which pour through the country, from regions imperfectly known. It may be considered as a vast amphitheatre, shut in, laterally, by the Brazilian and Peruvian mountains,—by the heights of land which, on the north, disembogue their waters through the mouths of the Amazons and the Orinoco,—on the south, by the widely-expanded Plata, and by a branch of the Cordillera of Chili, that runs across to the Atlantic, leaving, towards the south-east, the immense opening of the Rio de la Plata, as a wide and magnificent portal, proportioned to the grandeur, to the importance, and to the extent of the regions to which it gives access. It is divided into five governments, or provinces.

I. Buenos Ayres, or Rio de la Plata, of which the chief towns are Buenos Ayres, 200 miles from the mouth of the Plata, containing 40,000, or, according to some, 60,000 inhabitants; Santa Fé, a small place at the confluence of the Salado and the Paraguay; Monte Video, 120 miles E. N. E. of Buenos Ayres, containing 20,000 inhabitants. Maldonado is a port on the Plata.

II. Paraguay, of which the chief town is Assumption, on the eastern bank of the great river Paraguay, 18 miles above the junction of the first mouth of the Pilcamayo. It contains 500 families of Spaniards, and several thousand Indians.

III. Tucuman, of which the chief towns are Tucuman, 1170 miles in a direct line from Lima; San Iago del Estero, 650 miles N. N. W. from Buenos Ayres, on the great road to Lima, containing 500 families; Cordova, 468 miles N. N. W. from Buenos Ayres, and containing 1500 Spanish inhabitants, with about 4000 negroes; Xujuy, or Zujuy, in long. 66° 4′ W., lat. 23° 5′ S.; Salta, or San Miguel de Salta, containing 400 houses, long. 64° 130′ W., lat. 24° 17′ S.

IV. Los Charcos, and Potosi, formerly part of Peru, among the eastern ridges of the Andes, of which the chief towns are La Plata, or Chuquisaca, containing 14,000 inhabitants. Potosi once contained above 100,000 inhabitants, but they have now declined to 30,000; it is 1617 miles N. W. of Buenos Ayres, and 1215 N. E. of Lima; Santa Cruz de la Sierra is a pretty large and populous town, lat. 14° 20′ S.; La Paz is 612 miles south-east of Lima, containing 20,000 inhabitants; its great staple article of trade is Paraguay tea, for which 200,000 piastres, or about £.45,000, are received annually.

V. Chiquito, or Cuzco, formerly part of Chili, of which the chief towns are Mendoza, in a plain at the foot of the Andes, with 6000 inhabitants; and San Juan de la Frontera, 94 miles N. by E., from Mendoza.

The Rio de la Plata, with all its tributary streams, such as the Paraguay, the Parana, the Uruguay, the Pilcomayo, the Vermejo, the Salado, is the great drain by which the waters of this immense country are carried to the ocean. The country, with the exception of the western provinces of Los Charcos, Potosi, &c. presents a track of land so nearly level, that many of its principal rivers, unable to roll themselves forward with sufficient impetus, form large shallow lakes. Such is the extreme flatness of the country, that, according to barometrical observations, the great river Paraguay is not estimated to fall one perpendicular foot within a space of 400 miles. The country being so perfect a level, it is found impossible to execute any artificial canal or conduit, so as to distribute an artificial supply through it, because no place being higher than another, there is no declivity along which the water will flow. In Buenos Ayres, accordingly, and other towns, it is found necessary to resort to machinery, in order to bring the water which is in the neighbourhood to the level of the houses. There is no other way of introducing water into these places, from the adjacent level. In consequence of the extreme flatness of the country, many of the numerous streams which flow down the eastern declivity of the Andes, stagnate in the plains below, and there form lakes, or marshy ground. In the flat plains of La Plata, the Los Xarayes is formed by the collected waters of the torrents which flow during the rainy season, from the mountains of Chiquitos; and the Paraguay, swelling over its banks at that period, inundates an expanse of flat land under the 17° of S. lat., to an extent of 330 miles in length, and 120 in breadth. When the waters of the Paraguay abate, this lake becomes a marsh, infested with alligators. Its banks swarm with tigers, monkies, stags, &c., and with venomous reptiles and insects. Besides this lake, there are many others of a great size; and several smaller ones, which are formed by the rivers, which cannot continue their course without inundating the land in the vicinity of their banks.

It is one remarkable feature of this flat country, that it contains an immense track, 600 or 700 miles in length, and 150 in breadth, the soil of which is saturated with fossil salt, and in which there is neither rivulet, lake, nor well, which is not brackish. At the city of Assumption, a considerable quantity of salt is refined from the earth; and between Santa Fé and Cordova, as far as St. Jago del Estero, the whole ground is covered with a white incrustation of salt, even to the foot of the Cordillera. The ground also appears white with saltpetre, after a shower of rain, and the feet are chilled with it excessively. To the south-west of Buenos Ayres, from 400 to 450 miles, the country abounds with salt lakes, which produce very fine crystalline-grained salt. Journies are frequently undertaken from Buenos Ayres to these salt lakes, and two or three carts are annually loaded with it. The country to the south of the great river of Patagonia is also spread out into extensive plains, which extend in almost uninterrupted continuity.

These immense levels present a vast expanse of waving grass, extending for 900 miles, and covered with a strong and luxuriant herbage. No hill rises, in this immense level, to a greater elevation than 600 feet above the plain, so that, if placed on one of these eminences, the eye wanders over a space resembling the ocean, uninterrupted, save by the dark spots formed here and there, by the grazing of cattle, or by the travelling waggons and escorts. The nutritive herbage with which they are covered affords pasture to those innumerable herds of cattle that rove, unvalued and unowned, over a great portion of South America, and whose hides and tallow alone are occasionally sought after by the Spanish hunters, and form a principal article of the trade of Buenos Ayres. This country is not inhabited either by the Indians or by the Spaniards, though it is occasionally traversed by both; in these trackless deserts, there are no land-marks or traces by which the road can be discovered, for many hundred miles, and the rout is therefore pursued by the compass.

From Buenos Ayres, the great road to Potosi and Lima passes through Tucuman.

In 1748, regular stages were built

all the way, post-houses were erected, and relays of horses and carriages provided.

The method of travelling is in covered waggons, drawn by oxen or horses, in which the traveller can recline, and must necessarily exercise much patience; but the silver and gold from the mines, as well as all kinds of merchandize, are conveyed along this road on the backs of mules. Its extent from Buenos Ayres to Potosi is 1617, or, according to some accounts, 1873 miles, 400 of which are over the elevated chains of the Andes, and are impassable for the waggons from Potosi to Lima; the route continues 1215 miles more. The road passes over the highest ridges of the Andes, and the traveller who undertakes so arduous a journey is exposed to various hardships and privations, not only from being exposed to the utmost extremes, both of heat and cold, but from the exceeding rugged and impracticable nature of the country through which he has to pass. About the distance of 500 miles from Buenos Ayres, in a north-west direction, the ground begins to rise considerably; and at the distance of other 500 miles, at the town of Salto, in W. long. 64° 1′, and S. lat. 24° 17′, all the less elevated ridges terminate. In a few hours, the traveller suddenly passes from the scorching heat of the unsheltered plains, to the perpetual winter which reigns amid the snowy summits of the Andes; and the health of the most robust European is undermined by the effect of this violent transition. The road continues among the Andes for 400 miles. The thick woods of Tucuman are then lost; but the swarms of locusts, crickets, ants, mosquitoes, toads, frogs, serpents, and alligators, also disappear, the traveller having now entered the temperate region; the road then winds amid abrupt and frightful precipices and chasms, and sometimes with so narrow a footway, that the mules can scarcely move. The path is here indented with deep holes, in which the animals place their legs, and thus prevent the danger of slipping over the precipices at other places where the road inclines at a great slope. These sagacious creatures place themselves with their fore and hind feet close together, and inclining forward, as if about to lie down, they slide with inconceivable velocity to the bottom. These mountains, in some parts, are traversed at the bottom by narrow and perpendicular clefts, where, if the animal falls, his rider must infallibly be crushed.

The passage of the many torrents and rivers is also another difficulty: across those which are shallow, very large and high horses are used, which are trained for the purpose; over the deeper ones, rope bridges are thrown; and it is only in summer that this journey can be attempted, as the swelling of the rivers in the winter torrents render them impracticable. Even in summer, when the snow in the higher regions suddenly melts, the torrents are swoln to such a degree, and dash with such force from the mountains, that many an unhappy traveller perishes. The country is here mountainous, cold, and barren, rising frequently so high, that the climate is adverse to all vegetation. But these regions are rich in mineral treasures; they abound in silver, and frequently in gold, which is sometimes procured by mining, and in other parts is gathered from the sands, or collected from the streams. The whole country, as it rises from the plains, is rich in mineral ore, and both silver and gold mines abound. Those of Potosi have been long celebrated, though they are not so rich as formerly. This city is built on a ridge of the Andes, in an elevated situation, where the climate is cold, and the environs barren. The mines are in the same mountain on which the city is built. They are composed of a yellow, very firm argillaceous slate, full of veins of ferruginous quartz, in which silver ore, and sometimes brittle vitreous ore, are found interspersed. These rude ores were found by Helms, the German mineralogist, who visited these mines, by order of the King of Spain, to contain from six to eight ounces of silver in every caxon, or fifty hundred weight. There was also a solid silver ore, which yielded for every fifty hundred weight about twenty-four pounds of silver. Nothing, according to Helms, could equal the ignorance and carelessness which prevailed in the conduct of these mines.

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Many of them are overflowed with water, which, with proper machinery, might be easily drawn off. The methods adopted for this purpose were ill-directed, and generally ineffectual. Mr Helms saw a drain, which, even at its mouth, was too high to carry off the water, which, at an incredible expence, had been carried two miles, and which, though too low at first, had been made to slope one yard in every 132, so that it could not possibly free any of the pits from the water with which they were overwhelmed. Still greater ignorance was, if possible, displayed in the smelting-houses and refining-works of Potosi. By their method of amalgamation, they were scarcely able to gain two-thirds of the silver contained in the ore; and for every marc, or eight ounces, of pure ore, frequently two marcs of quicksilver were destroyed. All the operations necessary to separate the metal from the other substances with which it was found combined, were conducted in the most slovenly, wasteful, and unscientific manner. In the Royal Mint at Potosi, where the produce of the mines is coined to the amount, annually, of about 4,800,000 ounces of silver, and about 16,000 ounces of gold, affairs are not better conducted. Every hundred weight of refined copper, used for alloy, in the gold and silver coin, costs £.35, through the gross ignorance of the overseers of the work, who spent a whole month in roasting and calcining it, and, in the end, made it wholly unfit for their purposes. These various evils the German Commissioners, sent over by the King of Spain to inspect the mines, endeavoured to remove. For this purpose, they contrived machinery for draining them of water; and they constructed a new laboratory, according to the most improved model, by which the copper ores used for alloy could be refined in four hours and a half, and for one-twentieth part of the expence incurred by the former process. New amalgamation-works were also erected, and suitable instructions given to the persons employed in the mines. "As soon as the water in the pits (Helms observes) can be got under, the mines of Potosi will be in a more flourishing condition than ever. The total want of timber, however, on the naked ridge of mountains on which Potosi is situated, very much retards the work. The mint of Potosi coined, in 1790, 299,246 piastres of gold, and 3,293,173 of silver, or £.886,620 sterling.

Buenos Ayres trades with Peru, Potosi, and Chili, and is also the great medium of communication with Europe. This consists chiefly in a supply of mules, calculated at 60,000 yearly, with which Peru and Potosi are furnished, for carrying on the work of the mines. These mines being situated on the mountainous regions of the Andes, where nothing is produced for the sustenance of men, must derive supplies of subsistence from the lower and more fruitful regions in their neighbourhood; and the produce thus imported is repaid with the precious metals, the only commodity which is produced in those bleak and barren regions. This gives rise to an extensive trade between Potosi and Peru, and also between the neighbouring provinces of Buenos Ayres, in which gold and silver are exchanged for articles of provision, such as maize, wheat, flour, cotton, oil, pimento, sugar, hides, wax, soap, tallow, articles of clothing, and articles for the use of the mines. There is another article of great importance in the trade of the country, namely, Paraguay tea. So useful is this plant, that the mines would stand still if the owners were to neglect to supply the workmen with it; and every person in Peru, Chili, and Buenos Ayres, consider themselves wretched if not able to procure it, two millions of piastres worth of this herb being sold from the province of Paraguay every year: it is infused and made nearly in the same way as Chinese tea, excepting that the branches are put in with the leaves, and that it is drank out of the vessel it is made in, through a silver or glass pipe, as soon as possible, as, if it stays too long, it is supposed not to be good. The smell and colour of this drink is nearly as fine as the best Indian teas. The population of the vice-royalty of Buenos Ayres is estimated at 1,100,000.

We shall now proceed to give a short account of Mexico, or New

Spain, which generally designates that vast extent of country included within the parallels of the 38th and 10th degrees of latitude, and which, on the west, is bounded by the Pacific Ocean, on the east by the Gulph of Mexico, and on the south-east by the Atlantic Ocean. This vast country is divided into twelve intendancies, to which must be added three other districts, at a great distance from the capital, which have preserved the simple denomination of provinces. 1, The province of Mexico, along the parallel of the Rio del Norte, to the north of the parallel of 31°; 2, The intendancy of New Biscay; 3, The province of New California; 4, The province of Old California; 5, The intendancy of Sonora; 6, San Louis Potosi; 7, Of Zacatecas; 8, Of Guadalaxara; 9, Of Guanaxuato; 10, Of Valladolid, or Mechoacan; 11, Of Mexico; 12, Of Puebla; 13, Of Vera Cruz; 14, Of Oaxaca; 15, Of Merida.

About one half of Mexico is situated under the burning sky of the Tropics, while the other half lies within the Temperate Zone. But such is the general and prodigious elevation of the American continent above the level of the sea, that its climate depends even more on this cause than on its distance from the Equator. In Mexico, the country rises gradually from the ocean towards the interior, and is spread out into vast plains, elevated to the height of from 6000 to 8200 feet above the level of the neighbouring seas. These plains have been usually distinguished, from their uniform elevation, by the denomination of Table-Land, being elevated, in the form of a table, above the surrounding country. On the west, from the Pacific Ocean at Acapulco, the country rises more abruptly than on the east, from the Atlantic Ocean, at Vera Cruz. Taking our direction from Mexico, the capital, which is nearly at an equal distance from both oceans, towards Vera Cruz, the road advances sixty leagues before a single valley occurs, of which the bottom is less than 3280 feet above the level of the sea. In the opposite direction from Mexico to Acapulco, towards the Pacific Ocean, the road descends the same space in less than seventeen leagues. The country is furrowed by four very remarkable oblong valleys, of which the respective heights above the level of the sea are 3217, 1685, 557, and 518 feet. For the space of seventy-two leagues, the distance, in a straight line, from Mexico to Acapulco, there is a continual ascent and descent; and every instant the traveller arrives from a cold climate to regions excessively hot. From this singular construction of the country of Mexico, it happens that the coasts alone possess a warm climate, adapted for all sorts of tropical products, and possessing a climate of which the mean temperature is about 77 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, or about 14 or 16 degrees greater than the mean heat of Naples. These are denominated the Warm Regions; and the climate, especially in populous cities, is exceedingly fatal to Europeans, who are liable to be seized with the yellow fever when they first visit the country. The shores of the Pacific Ocean, from Acapulco to the ports of Colima and San Blas, are very unhealthy. Vera Cruz also, on the Atlantic coast, is visited, periodically, by the yellow fever; and intermittent fevers prevail all along the coast.

The regions to which the natives give the appellation of Temperate, are on the declivity of the Andes, at an elevation of from 4 to 5000 feet above the level of the sea. There reigns here, perpetually, a soft spring temperature, which never varies more than 7 or 9 degrees. The extremes of heat and cold are here equally unknown.

The third region is distinguished by the name of the Cold Region, and comprehends the plains elevated more than 7000 feet above the level of the sea. In the city of Mexico, which is raised above that level, the thermometer has been known to fall several degrees below the freezing point. The plains which are more elevated, namely, those which rise above the height of 8200 feet, possess, even within the Tropics, a rude and disagreeable climate. Under the parallel of Mexico, the limit of perpetual snow is, in January, 12,138 feet, and after the summer heats it recedes to the height of 14,763 feet. The warm regions of Mexico, namely, those which lie along the sea-coast, yield sugar, coffee, indigo, and, generally, all the articles found in tropical countries; while the Temperate Regions are favourable for all sorts of European grain and fruits. The Mexican wheat is of the very best quality, and always brings a high price.

But Mexico is chiefly remarkable for the enormous value of its metallic produce, which is also received from a small number of mines. The value of the American mines, above all others, arises from the abundance of the ore, and from the facility of working it. The ore itself is remarkable for its poverty, a quintal, or 1600 ounces, affording only three or four ounces of pure silver. The same quantity of mineral ore, in the silver mines of Mamerberg, in Saxony, yields from 10 to 15 ounces. Such, however, is the abundance and facility of working the American ore, that the produce of the mines is only limited by the want of mercury for the extraction of the silver from the substances with which it is found mixed. It is calculated that silver is sent from the ports of Acapulco and Vera Cruz to the amount of 1,500,000 pounds, the greater part of which is produced by a small number of mines. The half of this sum is supplied by the mines of Guanaxuato, Zacatecas, and Catorce. The vein of Guanaxuato supplies more than a fourth part of the whole silver of Mexico. The whole annual produce of the American mines is estimated, by Humboldt, to be equivalent to 43,500,000 dollars, equal to £.9,515,625. The quantity of silver annually extracted from the Mexican mines is ten times greater than what is furnished by all the mines of Europe; and, on the other hand, gold is not much more abundant in Mexico than in Europe. From Hungary and Transylvania, gold, to the amount of 3500 pounds, is derived in the course of a year; while the gold delivered into the mint of Mexico only amounts, in common years, to about 4670 pounds. The Mexican gold is, for the most part, extracted from alluvial grounds, by means of washing. Another part of the Mexican gold is extracted from the veins of silver which intersect the primitive rock. Gold is to be found, either pure, or mixed with silver ore, in the greatest number of veins which have been wrought in Mexico; and there is scarcely a single silver mine which does not also contain gold. The principal vein in the mine of Santa Cruz was found intersected by a great number of rotten veins of exceeding richness. The argillaceous slime, with which those small veins are filled, contains so great a quantity of gold, disseminated in impalpable parcels, that the miners are compelled, when they leave the mine, nearly in a state of nakedness, to bathe themselves in large vessels, to prevent any of the auriferous clay from being carried off by them on their bodies.

From a general view of the beds in which the metals are deposited in Mexico, it appears that the Andes contain veins in a great variety of rocks, and that those rocks which, at present, furnish almost the whole silver annually exported from Vera Cruz, are the primitive slate and Alpine limestone, intersected by the veins of Guanaxuato, Zacatecas, and Cotorce. Those mines contain generally one principal vein. That of Guanaxuato, from which there has been extracted, during the course of the last 10 years, more than 3,937,889 pounds of silver, is from 131 to 147 feet in breadth, and it has been traced from Santa Isabella to Buena Vista, a length of more than 41,635 feet, or about eight miles. The district of Guanaxuato also contains the remarkable mine of Valenciana, which reaches to the enormous depth of 1640 feet, and extends horizontally about eight English miles; in consequence of which, there are about 980 miners employed as beasts of burden, under ground, to carry the minerals to the most convenient point for raising them out of the pit; and to save this expence, they have begun to pierce, in the solid rock, a new pit in the centre of the works, which is to terminate at the bottom of the mine. The mine of Valenciana employs about 3100 persons, of whom 1800 work under ground. For these forty years it has yielded a profit of from 80 to above £.120,000 per annum. There have been years in which the net profit amounted to

£.250,000 sterling. In the working of this mine they expend above £.180,000 sterling per annum in wages and in materials, such as powder, tallow, wood, leather, steel. The annual expence for gunpowder is above £.16,000.

A company has been formed, on an extensive scale, in Great Britain, for working the Mexican mines; and, with the advantage of an abundant capital, and of improved science, there is no doubt that the undertaking will make a fair return of profit. The Mexican mines, though they are no doubt under better management than those in Peru, might still be made to yield a greater produce. There are many defects that might be remedied. The theory of mining has made but little progress in Mexico, and the machinery in use, for the extraction of water from the pits, is very imperfect. Some mines, indeed, such as those of Animas and Valenciana, are entirely dry; and here the workmen are annoyed by the dust and extreme heat. It is singular, that, in most mines, the heat increases in proportion as the mine descends into the earth. In several of the Swedish mines, the miners are forced, by the extreme heat, to work almost naked; the heat is also very great in some of the deepest of the Cornish mines; and in the mine of Valenciana, the thermometer indicates from 71 to 77 degrees. Many of the mines, in consequence of the imperfection of their works, either remain under inundation, or the water is drawn off by such an inconvenient and expensive process, as greatly to reduce the profit of the mine. The British proprietors, who subscribe capital for this new undertaking of working the Mexican mines, having likewise a managing committee, to superintend their administration, will no doubt introduce a proper system of machinery, in place of the present imperfect contrivances in use, for clearing the mines of water; and there is reason to believe, that many, which are at present abandoned, may again be wrought; and that of those which are wrought, the profits will be greatly increased. These improvements become the more necessary, and they may be executed with the greater success, as the mine descends deeper into the earth, and as the expence of working it becomes greater. There is another great defect in the management of the Mexican mines, which admits of being remedied, namely, that great inconvenience and expence arises from the want of proper communications established between different parts of the works. The interior economy of the mine frequently resembles an ill-constructed building, when, to pass from one adjoining room to another, we must make the circuit of the whole house. In the mine of Valenciana, for example, which is so justly admired on account of its wealth, the magnificence of its walling, and the facility with which it is entered by spacious and commodious stairs, there is a union of small works without system, and without any lateral communication. Nor is there any plan of the works executed; and hence it may happen, that, in that labyrinth of cross galleries and interior pits, two works may happen to be near one another, without the possibility of perceiving it. The inconvenience of such an arrangement, in this, and indeed in all the Mexican mines, is particularly felt, because the mineral ore being poor, and being, in consequence, very bulky in proportion to its value, is of very expensive carriage. The distances also being unavoidably great, it becomes the more necessary to shorten them as much as possible, and to avoid all circuitous roads, and all unnecessary carriage, of an article which is so bulky, and the expence of transporting, which detracts so materially from the annual profits of the mine. The weekly expence of the carriers, who labour in the mine of Valenciana, amounts to £.624. These enormous expences of transportation would be diminished more than two-thirds, if the works communicated with one another by interior pits, or by galleries adapted for conveyance by wheel-barrows. Well-contrived operations would facilitate the extraction of minerals and the circulation of air, and would render unnecessary this great number of unproductive labourers.

It appears, according to all accounts,

which have been collected by Humboldt chiefly, that the produce of the Mexican mines has been increasing for these last forty years. The average amount, from 1750 to 1759, was above sixteen millions of dollars; from 1771 to 1803, it appears to have been above nineteen millions of dollars. Great improvements might be made in Mexican, as in all the other American mines, in extracting the silver from the ore. It is well known that it is by means of quicksilver that this is effected, and in this operation there is a great waste, by the imperfect modes of extraction now in use. The quantity required annually for Mexico was about 16,000 quintals, of 16,000 ounces each; and for the whole of America, about 25,000 quintals were required. A great part of this supply was imported from Europe, and during the late wars, when the intercourse between Spain and her colonies was interrupted by the vigilance of the British cruisers, the working of the Mexican mines was frequently interrupted for want of this necessary article. There was another great abuse, while the colonies remained under the government of the mother country, namely, that the sale of quicksilver was a royal monopoly, and its distribution a source of favour and influence, which produced the grossest abuses.

The population of Mexico consists of various races, of which they reckon about seven. 1st, There are the whites born in Europe; 2d, The Spanish Creoles, or whites of European extraction, born in America; 3d, The Mestizoes, or descendants of whites and Indians: the remaining races consist of the Indians and negroes, or of crosses of these original breeds with each other, and with the whites. The population, in 1793, was estimated at 4,483,529. This enumeration was, however, imperfect in many respects; and after several necessary corrections, it is raised by Humboldt to 5,200,000. Since this period, the improvement of the country has been visible and rapid. The augmentation of tithes, and of the produce of the Indian capitation tax, the progress of agriculture and of civilization, the aspect of the country, covered with newly-constructed houses, announce a rapid increase in every part of the kingdom. On these grounds, Humboldt calculated the population, in 1808, at 6,500,000.

Mexico contains a number of populous and wealthy cities. The chief of these is Mexico, the capital, about four miles square, containing 136,500 inhabitants, and situated in the high Table Land in the middle of the continent, about half-way between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

Zacatecas, the capital of the intendency of that name; 240 miles north-west of Mexico.

Gaudalaxara, 19,500 inhabitants; 280 miles north-west of Mexico.

Guanaxuato, capital of the intendancy of the same name; 70,600 inhabitants.

Valladolid, 18,000 inhabitants; 120 miles west of Mexico.

Puebla de los Angelos, 67,000 inhabitants; 70 miles E. S. E. of Mexico.

Vera Cruz, the grand sea-port of Mexico, 16,000 inhabitants; 150 miles E.S.E. of Puebla.

Oaxaca, 24,000 inhabitants; 250 miles south of Mexico.

Merida, 10,000 inhabitants; 70 miles north-east of Campeachy.

Acapulco, on the coast of the Pacific Ocean, with an excellent harbour; 4000 inhabitants, mostly people of colour, which are increased to 9000, by the resort of strangers to the annual fair.

Durango, 170 leagues north-west of Mexico; 12,000 inhabitants.

Sonora, 75 miles south of Arispe; 6400 inhabitants.

San Luis Potosi, situated on the eastern declivity of the Table Land, 12,000 inhabitants.

CLASSICAL REVERIES.

No. III.

Did you ever run your head, cautious and courteous reader, against a wall, without the smallest apprehension that there was any serious obstacle in your way? In lining your course over a fine level country, and in navigating your travel by some city spire, or well-known land-mark, have you ever come unexpectedly, and most inopportunely, upon the banks of a broad and deep river, which fairly set all further advance, in that direction, at defiance,—which compelled you to turn aside to the right hand or to the left, in quest of a ford or bridge, though these might lie considerably out of your way? If you have ever, kind and experienced friend, met with any little incident of this sort, you will be the more disposed to enter into my feelings and embarrassments on the present occasion. It did occur to me, some weeks ago, that, within the recesses of my own skull, there were some notions respecting the long and violently-contested subjunctive mood, which were not less original than just. When I viewed the subject, like the spire of some city of the plain from a distance, it seemed quite distinct, and quite accessible, and quite at hand; so off I set accordingly, at hop-step-and-jump pace, all reckless of obstructions and intervening obstacles. But I had not advanced many paces, when I got fairly embogged; and now I find myself, like the rustic in the fable, expecting the deflux of a river, which seems very much disposed to run on. Here I have sat, evening after evening, surrounded with "mays, cans, mights, coulds, woulds, and shoulds, with true subjunctives, and false subjunctives—futurities that are past, and past tenses that are to be considered as future," till my brain has absolutely become a fairy knowe, filled with visions of "unreal mockeries *." At times, I have been enabled to perceive something like plan and consistency, there appeared, at least occasionally, to be a method in my madness; but, on a nearer approach, what seemed fair and well proportioned, vanished into obscurity and confusion, into a kind of "Morgana phantasmagoria," a panorama in the clouds, and melting and shifting away with them into shreds and patches. Thus circumstanced, I have done as Poet Thomson did when he set out upon his journey to London. I have burnt all my MS. upon the subject, and betaken myself, for this month at least, to more inviting and less intricate "reveries." But let none of those numerous writers over whose systems my future lucubrations on subjunctive tense and application are about to pass in darkening eclipse, imagine, that, because I have delayed, I have therefore relinquished my purpose. So soon as I have collected, from the original sources, a sufficient number of examples to bear me out in my speculations, I shall then speak intelligibly, and to the conviction, as I hope, of all who have neither thought or *written* upon the subject. In the mean time, as I have alluded to rivers, and passages, and so forth, what suppose we convey ourselves at once to the banks of the Rhone, with Hannibal's army, and, since we cannot make a good passage for ourselves, see what we can do for him?

Hannibal, we find, in the xxvii. chapter of the 21st book of Livy, has dismissed Hanno about twenty-five miles up the left bank of the Rhone, in order to effect a passage, and to conduct an ambuscade upon the Gauls on the opposite side of the river. "Ad id dati duces Galli edocent, inde millia quinque et viginti ferme supra, parvæ insulæ circumfusum amnem, *latiorem ubi dividebatur*, eoque minus *alto alveo*, transitûm ostendere: ibi raptim cæsa materia, ratesque fabricatæ in quibus *equi virique* et alia onera trajicerentur. Hispanis sine ulla mole, in utres vestimentis conjectis, ipsi cætris suppositis incubantes, flumen transnavere." From all which it is manifest, that horse and man passed over the river either on rafts, or on the shields which the Spaniards placed under them in swimming. There is no reference whatever had here to *fording*, in the common acceptation of the term. It is by means of navigation, in one shape or another, that the whole process is conducted. This being undeniably the fact, it may naturally be asked, why was a broad and comparatively shallow (alveo minus alto) part of the river selected? Since neither horse nor man were to *wade* the stream—why is shallowness made a recommendation? One would think, on the contrary, that where the water ran deep and slow, *i. e.* in a more *poolish* situation, *there* would have been the most convenient navigation. Is there not an apparent inconsistency, therefore, betwixt the selection which is made by Hanno, of what is represented as a convenient *ford*, and the manner in which we find, after all, the passage conducted and effected? This inconsistency has occurred to several scholars of the highest character, and the most extensive reading; and, so far as is known to me, no satisfactory solution has yet been devised. In these circumstances, it is worth while to make an attempt; "to yoke a plough where Patrick thought to till" shews some spirit; it is aiming at a gown, when a sleeve, at least, may fall to one's portion. Let us try, then, what we can make of it.

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* Kean reads this, "unreal, mockery," as two separate appellatives, which is certainly the true reading.

And, in the first place, in whatever way the circumstance may be explained, the *shallowness* of the ford was certainly a recommendation even in the case of navigation; for Cæsar, in speaking of a passage over the same Rhone, observes —De Bel. Gal. lib. i., cap. 8., "Helvetii ea spe dejecti, navibus junctis ratibusque compluribus factis, alii vadis Rhodani qua *minima altitudo fluminis erat*," &c. Here the same selection is made by the Helvetii, who dwelt upon the banks of the Rhone, which had been previously made by the Gaulish guides many years before; in both cases, the "minus altus alveus," or the "minima altitudo fluminis," are considered as advantageous for navigation, or crossing in rafts and boats. This fact being then clearly established, and the difficulty being understood, let us proceed in our attempt to solve it.

Rafts or boats suddenly constructed, for a temporary purpose, such as for crossing a deep and a rapid river, are moved, and can only be advantageously moved, by means of oars, or long poles applied to the banks and to the bottom of the stream, and used, not only in imparting motion, but likewise in giving direction to the floating mass. To the use of oars there are considerable objections: a large clumsy boat, or, what is more generally the case in such navigation, a number of boats joined together, (naves junctæ,) are not easily impelled by oars, particularly in cases where the force of the stream is acting at right angles with the propelling force of the oar. In consequence of this, we find "conti," or long poles, made use of in such circumstances. Charon's boat is thus impelled over Styx, in the sixth book of Virgil—

> "Ipse ratem *conto* subigit;"

and in the eight epistle of the eight book of Pliny, we find it averred of the Clitumnus, "Idem ægerrime *remis contisque* superetur adversis;" whenever, in fact, the rapidity of the river was great, in all such navigation, "conti," or long poles, became indispensable; there was no possibility of stemming the current, and of propelling the raft or warpage of boats without them. The "Rhodanus" was proverbially rapid, and, according to Cæsar, in his second chapter of his first book on the Gallic war, "latissimus," atque "altissimus," at the same time; so that, to any one endeavouring to effect a passage, "*riding* or *wading*" was altogether out of the question. In such circumstances, therefore, it became evidently an object to find a place where the stream of the deep and rapid river was divided, and spread over a broader channel; not, indeed, with the view of wading, but in reference to the propelling, by means of poles, of these heavy masses, or rafts, upon which the rapidity of the stream must have made a very considerable impression. The comparative shallowness of the water at once presented an opportunity for reaching the bottom of the stream conveniently, with the sharpened point of the pole, and, at the same time, implied a diminution, in proportion to the encreased width of the stream, of that force which, in a more contracted and embanked situation, the river would naturally possess. It is quite true, that, in neither instances above quoted, do the historians make any mention of these "conti," but it is equally true, that no such minute and particular detail could have been reasonably expected. It was as much a matter of inference with them, that the *rates*, "ad presentem usum," as the translator of Polybius has it, "paratæ," would require the impelling and divesting power of the "conti," as it is with us, that, when a vessel leaves port, on a sea voyage, she shall have the advantage of rudder and sails, though these be not mentioned.

In the xliii. chapter of the same 21st book, there is another passage which has afforded much speculation among the critics. It forms a part of Hannibal's speech before the battle of Ticinus, at the foot of the Alps, and after he had amused his soldiers with the gladiatorship of his Alpine captives, and runs thus, following the pointing in Hunter's Livy: " Ac nescio, an majora vincula, majoresque necessitates, vobis quam captivis vestris fortuna circumdederit. Dexterâ levâque duo maria claudunt, nullam, ne ad effugium quidem, navem habentibus,—circa Padus amnis * * * ab tergo Alpes urgent," &c. Upon this passage, Gronovius, Græevius, Crevier, Drakenborch, Stroth, and others, have delivered various opinions, and proposed a great variety of alterations. Some are for substituting "habentes" for "habentibus," whilst others wish to throw out "claudunt" altogether, or to associate it with the following substantive, " effugium." By all of these methods, a violence is done to the MS. reading, and therefore, if any thing like sense can be brought out of the present reading, by the help of pointing in particular, a great object is attained. It appears to me, accordingly, that, without altering, or transposing, or leaving out any one word or syllable, by the mere help of pointing, Hannibal's meaning may be tolerably well made out. His object evidently is to impress upon the minds of his soldiers, that they are even worse situated, in many respects, than the captives whom they had just seen relieved from their chains, to engage in combat. They were enchained, as it were, he says, on all sides; by the " mare supernum," and the " mare inferum," on the right and left, by the Po in front, and by the Alps in the rear; and this, or something very like this, may be gathered from the words thus pointed: " Ac nescio an majora vincula majoresque necessitates vobis quam captivis vestris fortuna circumdederit, (dextra levaque duo maria claudunt,) nullam ne ad effugium quidem navem habentibus*," &c. If this solution be deemed harsh, on account of the break at " dextra levaque," I have only to say, that where a difficulty manifestly exists, it is well if, without violence, we can even make *decent* sense of the words as they stand. But, as Dr H. judiciously expresses it, " De his omnibus penes lectorem judicium esto."

At the conclusion of this same speech of Hannibal, we find the following sentences: " Crudelissima (says he, speaking of the Romans) ac superbissima gens sua omnia sui arbitrii facit"—" They have no rule but their own caprice." " Cum quibus bellum, cum quibus pacem habeamus se modum imponere æquum, censet"—"They dictate to us imperiously with whom we are to have peace or war!" " Circumscribit, includitque nos terminis montium fluminumque quos ne excedamus"—" They circumscribe, and shut us up within the boundaries of mountains and rivers, which we are forbid to pass." " Neque eos quos statuit terminos observat"—" But this is not all, they do not even keep to the boundaries which they themselves have so arbitrarily fixed." " Ne transieris Iberum"—" You shall not (say they) pass the Ebro." But scarcely have they fixed upon this boundary, when it is capriciously and arbitrarily shifted. " Ne quid rei tibi sit cum Saguntinis"—" You shall not even approach the Ebro as near as Saguntum—you shall have nothing to say to the Saguntines." And their reasoning is quite of a piece with their justice, for they hold it as a settled point that Saguntum is on the Ebro. " Ad Iberum est Saguntum," say they; because, (as in the second chapter of this same book,) it had been agreed upon betwixt Rome and Carthage, " Ut finis utriusque imperii esset *amnis Iberus, Saguntinisque mediis inter imperia duorum populorum, libertas servaretur*. This being the case, we shall be so circumscribed, by this

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* It does not seem to have occurred to our ingenious friend, that, by the arrangement above proposed, and which, with all deference, we consider somewhat violent, the words " nullam ne ad effugium quidem navem *habentibus*" should refer to and describe " captivis," and *not* " vobis;" which is neither the meaning of Hannibal nor Livy. If this objection be well founded, it is of course fatal to the proposed emendation.

EDITOR.

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encroaching process, at last, that they will say to us, as, in point of fact, they have already said, "Nusquam te vestigio moveris"—"You may not move one step on this side or on that." Then Hannibal, after having represented, through the latter part of this address, Rome as speaking, and accosting him as the representative of Carthage, becomes still more impassioned and figurative, conjuring up into his presence, and emphatically apostrophising Rome—"Parum est quod veterrimas provincias meas, Siciliam et Sardiniam adimis, etiam Hispanias"—"It is not enough (says he) that you, O Rome! deprive me of Sicily and Sardinia, you must thus have the Spains also. You have only to proceed as you have done, by assuming Saguntum to be on the Ebro, to possess yourself of the whole Peninsula. And not only so, you will not be content with the Spains," "Inde cessero, in Africam transcendes"—"When you have driven me out of Spain, you will pass over into Africa." *Will*, did I say? "Transcendes autem dico?"—"You have already done it;" and so forth.

Now, it does appear to me, that the whole of this passage, as thus rendered, coheres, and seems to fall in with, the general scope and tendency of Hannibal's reasoning. Scholars, however, of eminence, and, amongst these, Mr Carson, Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, than whom there are few better entitled to decide upon any subject of the kind, have objected to this view, and have given a different sense, in consequence of what has been deemed an improvement in the pointing of the passage [*]. Instead of reading "ad Iberum est Saguntum," as assertive, or affirmative, they conceive it to be interrogative, and consequently negative. "Ne transieris Iberum"—"You shall not pass the Ebro." "Ne quid rei tibi sit cum Saguntinis"—"You shall have nothing to say to the Saguntines." And then, all at once, Hannibal is conceived as shifting the supposed speaker "Rome," in these sentences, into his own proper person; and under this character, he exclaims indignantly, "Ad Iberum est Saguntum?"—"Is Saguntum on the Ebro? Is there any one present (says he) who does not see the fallacy of this supposition!" Having said this, however, in his own person, and addressed to his own soldiers, he again, and without more ado, resumes his former bearing, and continues the *Address to Rome*, which had been thus abruptly broken off—"Nusquam te vestigio moveris." That these last words are really meant to apply in the same manner, and to the same person, with the former, "Ne transieris—Ne quid rei sit," is evident from the similarity of mood and tense. Whenever, as happens in the very next sentence, Hannibal begins to speak in his own person or character, it is not "ademeris," but "adimis." And then he continues, You not only deprive me of "Sicily and Sardinia," but even of the Spains.

Now, the inconsistency, or incongruity, of this sudden break, implied in the interrogation made use of by Hannibal, in the middle of his apostrophe, appears to me to militate strongly against the views of these eminent critics; whereas, by adopting the meaning which I have endeavoured to bring out, all appears to me to go on smoothly and in consistency with the speaker's state of mind at the time. "Ad Iberum est Saguntum." Saguntum is on the Ebro—Haddington is on the Forth. Why, by this method of reasoning, this progressively "ruens acervus," you may prove, ultimately, the pillars of Hercules to be on the Tagus, and Portpatrick upon the Tweed!

Hannibal was well aware of the fallacy of his own reasoning. He knew, that, by the express words of the League [†] with Carthage, the Ebro, taken in connection with the Saguntines, who were allies of Rome, was to be considered as the boundary betwixt the territories of the two rival states. He knew, that, although Carthage, even after the league with Rome, began her operations in Spain, by subduing Cartija, the Vaccæi, Hermandica, and Arbocala, with the Carpetani, and, in a word, as Livy expresses it, "omnia trans Iberum præter Saguntinos," (*cap.* 5;) yet so long as these Saguntini, the expressly avowed and stipulated allies of Rome, remained unassailed, he knew that no resistance was made, no remonstrance was offered to the extension of Carthagenian domination in Spain. The "Fædus quod Populus Romanus renovaverat," at the end of the first Punic War, had this import, "Ut finis utriusque populi esset amnis Iberus;" this was the great and leading boundary; but there was one expressly stipulated modification, and it was this: that a particular people, which had already called in the assistance of the Romans, in the case of a civil emergency, and which was, at the time, upon the best terms with Rome, but which lay on the Carthaginian side of the stipulated line of boundary, should, notwithstanding, be included in the territory of Rome, as much as if it had dwelt on the other side of the Ebro; and hence Livy adds, "Saguntinis que *mediis inter imperia duorum populorum*;" he considers the Saguntini as much in the *middle*, on the stipulated line of demarcation, betwixt the "Imperia duorum populorum," as if they had actually inhabited the banks of the Ebro. It was not only said by Rome to Carthage, "Ne transieris Iberum," but likewise, "Utriusque populi socii ab utroque populo tuti sunto." "Saguntinis," in particular, "libertas servetur;" and hence, though on the whole line of separation betwixt Rome and Carthage the Ebro was to be regarded, generally, as the ultimate boundary, yet, in the neighbourhood of the sea, this line was to be deflected from the Ebro towards New Carthage, in order to comprehend the Roman allies, the Saguntines. Hannibal, accordingly, takes advantage of this seeming inconsistency betwixt the general rule and the particular exception. He assumes it, as the league expressed it, that the Ebro was the boundary, and, under this supposition, he makes it a matter of aggression in the eyes of his soldiery, that Saguntum should be considered as situated on the Ebro.

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[*] *Vide* Edinburgh Quarterly Review, No. III. p. 494.

[†] ΤΟΝ ΙΒΗΡΑ ΠΟΤΑΜΟΝ ΜΗ ΔΙΑΒΑΙΝΕΙΝ ΕΠΙ ΠΟΛΕΜΩ ΚΑΡΧΗΔΟΝΙΟΥΣ, &c. &c. *Vide Polyb. lib.* 3. *cap.* 29.—*passim.*

With respect to the interrogation inserted in all versions of the text which I have seen, after the word "Hispanias," I cannot help *feeling*, though I may not be capable of enunciating distinctly my meaning, that this likewise is superfluous, and rather tends to weaken than to strengthen the force of Hannibal's reasoning. "Parum est," says Hannibal, addressing himself directly to the personified presence of Rome,—speaking, in short, as if Rome were an actually present person, "Parum est"—"It is a small matter, no doubt, in your estimation"—"quod veterrimas provincias meas, Siciliam et Sardinian, adimis"—"that you deprive me, by aggression, of my ancient provinces, Sicily and Sardinia." All this is "parum"—a mere trifle in your estimation;—you must proceed still farther than this, with a vengeance to you!—and nothing will satisfy you but the Spains likewise! And let me once concede to you the conquest you are after, these Spains, upon which you are laying your clutches, (adimis,) you will not stop there, but even affect Africa—Carthage herself. "Will, did I say? Nay, you have already done so," &c.

Now, let us see how this passage reads with the help of the interrogation: "Parum est quod Siciliam et Sardiniam adimis. Etiam Hispanias?"—"It is a mere trifle, as *you* seem to think, your taking Sicily and Sardinia from me. Do you also presume to take the Spains?" And here, according to this view, the climax of Rome's ambition and injustice should terminate. "You have already done one thing, do you now dare to accomplish another?" But, according to Hannibal's previous statement, the assumption of Sicily and Sardinia was not more a matter of fact (for *adimis* is applied to both) than that of the Spains. "You stride," says he, "from the Ebro to Saguntum, and, by the same method of progress, over all Spain—there is no fixing any boundary to your aggressions. There can *be no question upon these facts*, which are now matters of record; but you will not stop here; you will, upon my abdication of the Spains, pass into Africa. Will, did I say? Nay, even this extreme of ambitious outrage you have already carried into effect." *This* too, as well as the former enumeration, is a matter of record, not of supposition.

SIGMA.

REAVING ROB, AND NORMAN NEEDY;

A Border Tale.

The Border history, as it is termed, of our country, cannot be entirely unknown to any of your readers. It is full of adventure and risk, and takes a hold upon the young mind in particular. But it is entirely destitute of every chivalrous feature; and as it generally deals in "reavings," and moonlight marches, it not unfrequently ends in ignoble and brutal skirmishes, over a few head of black cattle, somewhere about the Loans of Lochmaben, or the Dubs of Dryfe. When we read, or hear told, of Percy and his "merry men all," of the undaunted and invincible Douglas, with all his flowers of chivalry at his wave and his nod, our spirits are up, and we join in the high combat of contending chiefs, as if we were ourselves soldiers, and fighting for our country's glory. But when we read, or hear told, of a Johnstone, or of a Jardine, reposing on the fruits of their last Border depredation, till the full moon shall carry them into Nithsdale, and their predatory habits and hungry bellies shall be gratified and satisfied by the abduction of so many beeves, and so many score of black-faced wethers,—our interest sinks into that attached to mere incident and vulgar enterprise, and we listen as we would to the history of as many foxes or foumarts, who scaled a hen-roost, or made bloody work amongst geese and turkies. It is quite true, however, that, occasionally, a Johnnie Armstrong does arise amidst this forbidding group, who, from the princely character of his retinue, and the undauntedness of his bearing, imparts a kind of nobility and dignity to a profession not naturally elevated. To die bravely and undauntedly, whether by the axe or by the rope, whether as Thurtell for murder, or as Armstrong for robbery, is always a popular and an arresting circumstance; and many a life of shame and ignominy has been, in the public eye, redeemed and atoned for by a heroic death. He who composed "the rant*" which he was himself to play around the gallows-tree, and who merrily danced, in these circumstances, to his own music, would send the spectators of his really disgraceful end home with the best-grounded convictions of his innocence, and the most sincere admiration of the hero. "Finis coronat opus," a kick or two at futurity, and a hardened and unbroken spirit in respect of bye-gone crimes, will go far, in the estimation of a gaping multitude, to deify the possessor of such singular and exalting endowments.

Yet there is one circumstance which is not generally estimated as it ought to be, in favour of these Annandale reavers in particular. They themselves were exposed to the depredation of their English neighbours, and were often, in one night, stript of every thing which would either carry or drive. In these circumstances, necessity became a sword and a halter; and as in the game which puts a "push" given on one side past to the other, they dealt with their Nithsdale neighbours, in particular, after the manner in which they had themselves been dealt by. To have retaliated immediately upon their English friends would, in many instances, have been accompanied with at least doubtful success, for *these* were armed, and upon their guard, against such justly-merited attack; besides, their necessities urged an immediate supply. So that, in order to enable them to boil the pot, and fill the larder in the mean time, they were content to take a midnight walk up "Gavin Muir," and to supply themselves at the expence of the "Creightons," and "Kirkpatricks," and "Douglases" of the adjoining valley. These expeditions were generally conducted, as it were, upon the great scale, some Border chieftain heading the foray, and leading on his hungry followers to secret and crouching stealth, or to public and desperate defence of the booty acquired. But there are many instances still afloat on the breath of tradition, from which it appears, that even men of less distinguished name and influence occasionally adventured, as it were, on their own bottom, and for their own private advantage, allenarly. Having frequently passed through the high and muirish grounds which separate Annan from Nithsdale, they became intimately acquainted with the road, and could, in consequence of that dispatch which ever attends expeditions conducted upon a reduced scale, travel over as much ground in one night as their leaders, under the retarding accompaniment of a numerous train, could do in five. In short, they often left Lochmaben, or its vicinity, early on the preceding evening; and after having visited some honest farmer's byre, or sheep-fold, in the parish of Closeburn, were home again, and snugly seated at their own firesides, before day-light next morning.

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* Macpherson's rant—it runs thus:

> "Sae rantingly, sae wantonly, sae dauntingly gaed he!
> He played a spring, and danced it round,
> Beneath the gallows-tree!"

The following story of this latter sort I have often heard repeated by one whose memory I am bound in affection and in esteem to cherish; and although I can by no means vouch for the authenticity of all the circumstances in which it has travelled down to these times, yet, from various collateral and living testimony, I have no doubt whatever of the truth of the leading facts. These facts are of a nature which easily lay hold upon the popular fancy, and are not readily effaced; and whilst they partake more of the character of the ludicrous than of the perilous or heroic, they are not, on that very account, less characteristic of the manners and the characters of the times from which they are taken. Security, law, peace, and national as well as provincial union, have now altogether altered the face of things in "the Border," as well as every where else over Scotland; and it can never surely be assumed by any one, above the average of mere fatuity, or downright imbecility, as any disgrace to the present respectable inhabitants of a most beautiful and fertile district, that many of their forefathers either deserved to be, or actually were hanged. By this way of reasoning and concluding, in respect of the present generation, I am afraid that even Royalty itself might be traced to a suspicious origin, and much of our nobility to a root certainly not very respectable. We are all the children of one mother, who, so far as we know, was married without the help of priestcraft, or banns proclaimed,—and of one father, who, amidst all his better qualities, was certainly ignorant, in a great measure, of the difference betwixt "meum and tuum," and was not over submissive withal to the laws under which he lived. But now to the story:

There were two brothers, who, as report has it, lived in the ancient and "Brucian" Burgh of Lochmaben, sometime during the reign of king James the Fifth, of facetious but unhappy memory. These brothers, according to tradition, had even held some official dignity in the Burgh, and were regarded by their fellow-Burgesses as men entitled to be looked up to, in cases, in particular, of reference and friendly adjudication and decision betwixt man and man. Yet such was the influence of the times in which these honest men had the misfortune to live, or of the habits which, during the earlier period of their lives, they themselves had contracted, that, though just and equitable to a scruple in all other respects, they never could deal fairly in a case of "abduction" or "reavery." What was obtained by "hook or by crook" from the English border, or even from the inhabitants of Nithsdale, was deemed by them a mere resumption of property, and they knew well how far in this sentiment, and in such judgments, they would be borne out by every existing authority of the place. Their names have been handed down to us in Nithsdale song, and in Nithsdale feeling, under the designation of "Reaving Rob" and "Norman Needy."

"Wha will creep whan nane are by,
An' frae the stake unloose the kye;

Nor leave a pig in a' the stye?
'Tis Reaving Rob, 'tis Reaving Rob!

"Wha will swear the beasts were bought,
And fairly frae the market brought,
What time the stolen gear is sought?
'Tis Norman Needy, 'tis Norman Needy!"

. . . .

Such is a specimen of that description of rhyme in which an age, without much facility of historical records, was compelled to invest its sentiments and feelings. It has often been matter of astonishment to me, that my worthy countryman and friend, Allan Cunningham, has never, seemingly, fallen in with the well-known and popular Nithsdale song of "Reaving Rob, and Norman Needy, or, A true and faithful account of the Annandale thieves," as it must, in this case, have obtained more permanent celebrity than my pen can confer upon it. He might either have given it, amongst his earlier productions, as a genuine specimen of the Nithsdale ballad, or he might at least have afforded it a place as an imitation. He who can *make*, or *select*, at will, and still preserve, at least from the vulgar eye, his *own secret*, could have made any thing he pleased of this. The song, however, consisting of upwards of twenty couplets, and containing, in fact, the germ of my tale, is very much at his service, provided he chuses to pay one shilling and a penny for the postage. But to return to our heroes of the gude town of Lochmaben.

It was during one of these harvest moons which, as my mother was of opinion, were sent us for the express purpose of facilitating the *inning* of corn, and *thiecking* of ricks, during the later months of harvest, that an old woman, who lived in a lonely house, under two ash-trees, called "Lass-cairn," (probably from its having been the immemorial residence of what were then called "Lasses," which was meant to designate old maiden women of eighty and upwards,) that this poor, and "frail," and dependent woman, who lived almost entirely upon the produce of a dodded or hornless cow, granted her by the indulgence of the "guid Laird of Closeburn," was visited by Reaving Rob and Norman Needy, in the prosecution of what they were led to consider as their lawful calling. They had been *up* the Muir, and had passed the "King-strand-chair," and "King-strand-loch," and the "Pot-house-burn-ford," early in the evening, and after having made an unsuccessful attempt upon the gudeman o' Bearswick, the redoubted and fearless "Will Hunter," who had often pursued such depredators to the very loan-end of Lochmaben, they were compelled, in a manner, by necessity, to have recourse to a less formidable conquest;—so, after much dispute and heavy altercation betwixt the two *official* brothers, during which "Reaving Rob" pled hard for the sparing of the poor woman's only cow, it was at last determined that, till better times, and more successful expeditions occurred, "Jannet Smith's Doddy" should be taken, as it were, in pledge, and might be again restored, on some future evening, under a different and even an improved aspect. This method they had actually practised oftener than once; and it was no unusual thing for a Nithsdale farmer, who chanced to be a favourite with the reavers, to find his byre better stocked, after an act of depredation, than it had ever been before. It is quite true, at the same time, and proper, in case of mistakes, to be mentioned, that the original, and what may be termed *righteous* owner, not unfrequently recognised and identified, by spot, or horn, his own property. Yet still the reavers' *good will* was exhibited; and the good-natured farmer found some consolation and security in this proof of the estimation in which his friendly neighbours of "Annan" were disposed to hold him.

It was past one, according to the veritable and half-inspired voice of tradition, when Reaving Rob and Norman Needy stood under the twin ashes of "Lass-cairn," devising a method of silencing a little intermeddling cur-dog, which was like to tear the door to pieces in its efforts to get out, in order to seize upon the depredators. However, there could be nobody in the house but the poor old woman herself, with the mere possibility of the presence of a little girl of thirteen, a niece of her own, who used to attend from Bearswick, occasionally, to make her aunt's bed, and arrange matters in house and byre;—and so the brothers proceeded to work as if there had been neither challenge nor interdict laid against their proceedings. The byre-door, which, in these times, was generally pretty securely latched and bolted, chanced, in this case, to be left quite open, so that, without the inconvenience of shouldering or unhinging, they made their entrance. Doddy was instantly loosed from the stake, and turned head-foremost towards the door. But, whether from surprise at the uninvited visitants with whose presence she was honoured, or from her apprehension of the early hour at which she seemed to be summoned out to pasturage in the Laird's bog, and the Mar-burnside, she instantly rounded again, insisting upon being the best judge in her own affairs. In short, she would not budge a step without compulsion, and fairly set them both at defiance. A lawyer might have been disposed to augur, from her putting the "onus extrudendi" upon her aggressors, that she meant to take out a charge of "*horning*" against them. But it did not appear, either from her head or her conduct, that she was able or disposed to adopt such *brutal* measures. Doddy, however, by that "vis inertiæ" of which all *heavy bodies* are possessed, gained time, and time increased "Help's" impatience and vociferation, which at last aroused and brought into view, in her own doorway, and under the covering of two "plaiden petticoats," (one for the shoulders, and another for the lower extremities,) Jannet Smith herself, in propria persona, and under all the mystifying influence of amazement, at what she saw but imperfectly, and guessed at still more incorrectly. "Wha's there?" said the poor woman, in as firm a voice as she could muster, and whilst Help had taken possession of the byre-door immediately opposite, and was talking in "furious iambics" with the reavers inside; (yet still Help conducted himself as a prudent General, even as Wellington, who kept the wood of Soignes behind him at Waterloo, for he avoided entering the byre-door, though much and earnestly solicited to that measure;) "wha's there?" repeated Jannet, holding, at the same time, the door half-shut in her hand, and ready to exclude all entrance, should any be attempted. "Wha *are* ye, and *what* are ye?" Kemble himself never pronounced these emphatic words more expressively. But the reavers were actually ashamed of the attitude in which they stood, and neither replied nor came forward into the moonlight. The cow, however, recognising the well-known voice of her mistress and benefactor, instantly admitted their former acquaintanceship by a low, or undulated croon, of a peculiarly expressive nature. "Poor beast," said Jannet; "I'se see what's dealing wi' thee, though a' the reavers o' Annandale war there." Doddy now left the byre, and came forward towards the door, to which her mistress was advancing. This being the situation of affairs, the reavers were forced to leave their retreat, in order to secure their booty; and whilst the one held the cow by the neck, the other slipped a halter, or noosed cord, which he drew from a *plaid neuk*, over her head. Jannet's tongue, in the mean time, supported and aided by that of Help, was not silent. But to resist was madness; and all manner of expostulation and reasoning seemed to be cast away. Doddy, half-pushed and half-dragged, was gradually removed out of the close-head, and across the croft towards Dunsyett,—whilst the dog and Jannet followed to a considerable distance, the latter wishing and praying that "Will Hunter of Bearswick had the rogues by the cuff o' the neck for ae half hour, an it were just to bring their pows a wee better acquaint wi' ane anither." Her last words, whilst the reavers preserved an invincible silence, were, "Aweel, ye hae reaved this morning, frae the auld and the infirm, frae the puir and the feckless, an' if ye get baith hame to yere ain firesides without scaith or harm, then say my name's no Jannet Smith—and that there's nane aboon a' to redress me." These words stuck so in "Reaving Rob's" conscience and heart, that he actually proposed to his brother Norman to visit the gudeman o' Gilchristland on their way, and to let the "puir aul' body have her cow again." But there was a kind of fatality, as it were, over Norman this morning, and he flew into a passion, reproaching his brother with cowardice, and shewing the improbability, at this hour of the morning, of their succeeding in a fresh act of depredation. It was now past two, and these heroes of the Border had still seven or eight long Scotch miles to travel before day-light. And the cow proved restive, and every now and then set up such full-mouthed bellowings as were enough to arouse the whole sleeping population of Pothouse, Barmuir, and Gilchristland. What was to be done if they permitted the cow to return home, as she very clamorously and pertinaciously insisted upon? then what had they at Lochmaben but scolding wives, squalling brats, and a starving household? If they persisted in dragging the obstinate brute along with them, day would dawn upon them before they reached Toot-up-head; and the Laird of Closeburn, with Will Hunter, and a score of stout Closeburnians at his heels, would undoubtedly overtake them. If, on the other hand, they descended upon the Gibsons of Gilchristland—fire and fury! the very household dogs would worry them to death. So what was to be done?

Beyond the romantic and retired cottage, to which after-times have affixed the name of "Dunsyett," there lay a glen, or cleugh, then known by the suitable and expressive designation of the "Sunny How," lined with brushwood, and bottomed by the pure and sparkling sand and water of a clear mountain-stream. Along the banks of this "sunny burn" there was a greensward plot, where the young men in the neighbourhood, in these early days, used to practise various athletic exercises. Here lay the ponderous lifting-stane, with iron ring affixed to it, sufficiently large to admit both hands. Here lay, in heaps, the nicely-chipped, and rounded, and edged, "penny-stanes;" and here too reposed the "putting-stane," full three stone weight, and smoothed into polish by frequent handling. By the time that this "par nobile fratrum" had gained this spot, which, after all, was scarcely a mile on their way, it was evident to both, that, by the same rate of progress, they should not reach home for twenty-four hours to come. The suggestions of desperation are generally rash and ill starred, and so, on this occasion, it happened. "Here," exclaimed Norman, at last, as he stood tugging and cursing at the cow's-head, "here is a stone (casting his eyes upon the putting-stane above alluded to) sufficient to knock *in* the skull of twenty score of obstinate brutes like this. Let us dash her brains out, Rob, and 'hame' with the best o' her hinnerlets on our backs!" Rob considered for an instant, and then lending the cow a violent kick, in testimony of his concurrence with Norman's proposal, he quietly and silently spread out his plaid on the grass, adjusted the poke-end of it, placed the putting-stane at the bottom of the poke, tied up the neck of the bag with his garter, and the instrument of death was in a state of perfect readiness. It only remained that this battering engine should be properly swung against the fortress of puir Doddy's skull, in order to produce a breach, and silence her garrison for ever! It was agreed, that, as Norman was the stronger of the two, and by far the most zealous in the work of death going forward, the department of the *neck* should be entrusted to his grasp, whilst his brother Rob should act the part of butcher. Whether or not this sagacious brute—for cows, in old times, have been reported as even capable of speech—whether or not she actually understood any thing of what was going towards, I have no means, independently of the doctrine of the metempsychosis, of guessing—but of this I am as certain as of any other part of this veritable narrative, that even the smiddy-grasp and iron-arm of Norman could not hold her steady, and whilst her executioner was retiring to a convenient distance, in order to make the blow more deadly, Doddy was as pertinaciously swinging her whole person from side to side, and tossing up her front, like a Dominie in a passion. "Strike," exclaimed he of the neck, "strike the brute once, and be done with it;" and scarcely had he uttered the words, when, with the velocity of a comet in its perihelion, the stone came round in deadly ponderosity, and the cow was seen, in a few seconds, in the act of scouring the vale towards her former residence. The fact was, for it is mean and tiresome to keep the reader any longer in needless suspense, that, in the unsteadiness of Norman's hold, and in the misdirection of so tremendous a stroke, or in both, as may have chanced, a *small* mistake originated, and when "Reaving Rob" began to clear his eyes, and look about him, in quest of intelligence, to his utter horror and distraction, he found his brother Norman lying literally *stone* dead at his feet.

In what manner the exulting brute was hailed next morning by her not less exulting mistress,—in what manner the body of Needy Norman was removed, and conveyed by his friends to Lochmaben kirk-yard,—in what manner the business was hushed, and the story suppressed, all over the banks of the Annan, but became at last so public on those of the Nith, as to form a common and a nursery story; I say, in what manner all this was effected, I neither know nor care; of one thing I am sure, that there is scarcely an old woman in Nithsdale, at this present writing, who does not remember the ballad of

"*Reaving Rob and Norman Needy.*"

P.S.—I may mention in conclusion, that I have seen an epitaph in which Reaving Rob is introduced as lamenting the way and manner of his brother's death. This was said to have been written by "the Rev. Luke Gibson, minister of Colvend," a man of distinguished acquirements and considerable poetical talents. I can only recollect a few lines, which ran thus:—

Oh, Norman! brother Norman, now no more,
Why didst thou stand that thraward brute before;
And why did I, oh long unheard-of fate!
Come with such murderous swing upon thy pate?
Long hadst thou been my partner in the field,
And long hadst known what byres and sheep-folds yield;
Thy firm, undaunted heart no terror knew;
Thus to have perish'd by a brother too—
And that unhallow'd, restive brute, *a Cow.*

Farewell, my brother "Needy!" sure no more;
Thou now hast reach'd that cattle-cover'd shore
Where all is common—reavers none are seen;
Oh that a reaver thou hadst never been!
Then should we still, in sweet Lochmaben town,
'Fore beast and body kept the causey crown.

Then rest thee, Norman, all thy travel past
The live-lang night! the day will come at last;
The night was still thy friend—that day shall be
Just as it pleases God—to thee and me.

I have more stories of the Border, but this will suffice in the mean time.

NIDDIS.

Sonnet to ———

OH! do not meet me in the ball-room, love,
Where ruling Pleasure holds her idle reign,
Far rather let us wander through the grove,
Or sail together o'er the lonely main.
Meet me not, dearest! where the heart beats high
With frivolous hopes, and where the giddy dance
Flushes the cheek, and lightens up the eye,
And wraps the soul in a delirious trance;
Oh! what has all the glitter and the show,
Of scenes like these, with love like ours to do?—
Love that was born where mountain breezes blow,
And nurs'd beneath the heavens' deep vault of blue,—
Love that knows nothing of the rules of art,
A solitary flower, that blooms within the heart.

THE NEW JOURNEY ROUND MY CHAMBER. BY JONATHAN FANCIFUL, GENT.

Imagination fondly stops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place. *Goldsmith.*

Chapter I.

Reader! you have surely seen the Pilgrim's Progress; if you have not, there is one of the pleasures of life still awaiting you. Poor Christian's expedition from the City of Destruction through the Slough of Despond, the castle of Giant Despair, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death, are all fixed in my memory as indelibly as—what? Were I a commonplace-man, I would say, as life itself; or were I a lover, as—the colour of my mistress's eye; or, if a poet, as—the excellence of my own verses; or, if a lady, as—the consciousness of my own charms; but being, by the favour of the gods, neither one nor other, I think I must let the comparison drop altogether. Nevertheless, the Pilgrim's Progress is an excellent book, and John Bunyan was, beyond all doubt, as great a genius as Homer.

It is odd how one thought suggests another. Now that I have mentioned Homer, I cannot help saying a word or two in favour of these good old times, so different from the more modern in which Bunyan lived and wrote. What halcyon days must those have been for poets, at least for such of them as were anxious for the "bubble reputation," when even a blind ballad-singer, one of their itinerant musicians, has been created Commander-in-chief, or rather Perpetual Dictator, Emperor, or Sultan, over all the rhyming population of the world! How many a nameless poetaster, who, in these degenerate days, plods on his weary way unknown and unregarded, would have obtained some honourable post in the golden age of Homer!

Coleridge, for example, would very possibly have been elected door-keeper to the Muses' Temple, whilst Wordsworth would have perhaps been created chief penmaker to Apollo; Southey might have been Homer's pence-gatherer, and Moore's Irish Melodies would probably have procured him the patronage of Jupiter, the best-natured of all the gods, and, besides, particularly characterized by his fondness for bulls *. Dr Johnson said, that the man who could make a pun would pick a pocket. But what has all this to do with my journey?

Chapter II.

Nothing more easily answered. The excursion I am about to take very naturally recalled to my memory the Pilgrim's Progress, and indeed I at one time intended to have given to this account of my travels a name somewhat similar; if not the Pilgrim's Progress, perhaps the "Author's Progress," or the "Philosopher's Progress," or the "Domestic Man's Progress." Upon consideration, however, the plain title of the "Journey round my Chamber" pleased me better than any of these, and so I have adopted it.

"Methinks, babbler! you should tell us something about the chamber, then," says the gentle reader, forgetting, for a moment, his usual character, and assuming a frown of discontent. My sweet reader, you are right, and shall be gratified; but do not, in the sequel, if you find me giving free reins to imagination, and following the associations of my ideas wherever they choose to lead me, oh! do not scowl unpropitiously on my wandering lucubrations;

"Thy form benign, oh reader, wear!"

and

"Know thou this truth, enough for thee
to know,"

that, as Lord Bacon expresses it, "we ought to write what we think, and not to think what we are to write." We must have the full liberty of writing *when* we please, *how* we please, and *what* we please. It is this alone which can make our thoughts just, our arrangement natural, and our diction easy.

Chapter III.

I can tell neither the longitude nor latitude of my chamber, although

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* We presume the author alludes to the story of Europa.

I know that it forms one of the apartments of a house in which I have lived for the last twenty years—I repeat again, for the last twenty years. The ladies may draw what conclusions they please.

Bless me! has he had a house of his own for twenty years? Pooh! he must be some ancient, disagreeable fellow; who cares for his motions, or journeys, or any thing else?" And forthwith away flies the unfortunate book to some remote corner of the room, there to mingle with a crowd of now-neglected volumes, romances, novels, plays, and poems. They may all of them, too, though now lying dusty and degraded, have once enjoyed the patronage, protection, and even esteem of their fickle mistress. All of them have doubtless been held in her snowy hands, some of them may have rested on her lap, and a few of the more favoured may even have been pressed to her lovely lips, if they contained a name she loved, or a sentiment she admired. How sad is the contrast now!

"On the bare ground expos'd they lie,"

a prey to the ravenous teeth of the unthinking lap-dog, subject to the devastations of the devouring bookworm, and, in short, the miserable victims of dust, time, and the chamber-maid. Such is the sad fate of books, as well as of their authors.

This is a digression, but a useful one. I must now return to my chamber.

It has two windows, looking in different directions, and from each of them you enjoy a prospect seldom equalled. From my window facing the west, the sea is the principal object; its boundless expanse of waters, for ever in motion, and for ever dashing indignantly against the motionless rocks, never failed to call up feelings of a very peculiar, but not unpleasing kind. This is not my favourite window, when the sun is still in the sky, illuminating the whole world with his beams, and imparting the appearance of life and animation to every production of nature that adorns its surface. At such a time, when the ocean shines one glittering plain of blazing silver, I seldom feel inclined to gaze long on the splendid mirror. But, in the seraphic stillness of a cloudless summer's evening, when the glare of day has given place to the silent twilight, I have sat for hours together, watching the gradual extinction of the golden streaks of light stretched far away in the western horizon. They suggest a thousand gentle images; and when the moon at last, in her smiling majesty, bursts upon me, and restores to my sight the view of some distant island or wandering vessel, pillowed on the scarcely-heaving tide, and formerly lost amid the shades of evening, my eyes have filled with tears, and I have wept, I know not why.

From my window looking to the north, (the one, I must confess, which I most frequently visit,) the prospect is of another cast. In the foreground, a broad and romantic river rolls magnificently on, bordered with picturesque hamlets, villages, and towns. In the distance, various *lochs* run far up among the towering mountains which surround them, whose bare and lofty sides smile in uninterrupted solitude and repose, clad in the same garb that Nature gave them at their creation. To watch the ever-changing shades of light that flit across these mountains, and linger on these lakes, occupies, daily, a few of, perhaps, my happiest moments.

Chapter IV.

Having thus explained what I may term the external advantages of "my chamber," I must now introduce the reader into the interior of this my *sanctum sanctorum*.

Upon opening my door, probably the first thing which would strike a stranger would be the air of comfort and neatness that pervades the whole.

Looking downwards, he would observe a carpet unspotted by a single stain, and of a colour which I have always regarded as peculiarly agreeable to the eye. It is a mixture of green and yellow, at once lively without being gaudy, and simple without being plain. It looks cool in summer, and comfortable in winter, and is, in short, without exception, the best carpet I have ever happened to see.

Lifting your eyes in a direct line from the floor to the roof, you find it also tastefully, but not splendidly ornamented, whilst the walls are covered with a delicate violet-coloured paper.

I detest bare walls; there is nothing upon which one looks with less interest than upon a dead surface, whether it be green, blue, or white. But the little decorations on the paper, the flowers, the leaves, or the figures, which have merely a shape, and nothing else, afford some relief to the eye, and present to the mind some idea or other of a pleasing nature. The French use them universally, and they are in the right.

During summer, my table stands nearly in the middle of the room, covered, betwixt breakfast and dinner, with a green cloth, upon which there is commonly placed a China vase, containing a variety of sweet-smelling flowers. This vase, before it has held its situation an hour, is, in general, garnished with the books, which, in the course of that time, have found their way from my library. During the same season, my grate also is adorned with some little fanciful embellishments, which the taste of my worthy maiden sister (to whom part of my house belongs, and who has, in some measure, the management of the whole) may suggest.

Such is the arrangement in summer, but in winter the face of things is considerably altered. The table holds no longer its former station, but is moved forwards till its feet almost touch the rug; the China vase has disappeared, and the embellishments of the grate have given place to the still more substantial ornament of a large blazing fire, crackling, and sparkling, and moving, as if actually possessed of life and animal enjoyment.

Chapter V.

There is no moment of the whole day in which I enjoy myself more than when I enter my parlour in the morning. The view which then presents itself to me is delightful.

I have stood upon some of the hills of France, and looked down upon a hundred rich vineyards; but their luxuriance made me recollect only with greater sorrow, that none of them belonged to me. The prospect, however, which I descry every morning at nine, possesses additional charms, when I recollect that all I see is my own.

You will doubtless expect me to describe this landscape, and you shall not be disappointed.

My table, covered with a pure damask cloth, is a fine representation of an extensive track of champaigne country. In the distance, it is shut in by a ridge of picturesque hills, or, in other words, by a large basket-full of towering rolls. In the foreground, a bowl of refreshing milk sparkles like the cool lake in the midst of the fertile valley; and my coffee-pot looks to me infinitely more enchanting than ever the *fons Bandusiæ* did to Horace. *My* fountain contains something more substantial than cold water stained with the blood of kids. The cups, cream-pot, and sugar-basin, surrounding this delightful spot, suggest, of course, the idea of various splendid villas, in the possession of the rich, the proud, and the powerful.

But the object which principally attracts my attention is that most bewitching piece of household furniture which my fancy at once metamorphoses into a gay summer bower, to recline in which the god of night descends from Olympus;—its beauties never decay;—it flourishes equally in summer and in winter;—it is an evergreen—a sweet Elysian bower, or, as erring mortals vulgarly denominate it, a large, comfortable, hair-bottomed arm-chair.

Who will tell me, that, with this prospect before me, I ought to envy the monarch who sees stretched before his feet a cringing nation? Do the mighty of the earth ever enjoy the calm repose of an easy chair? Do they relish the delicate flavour of an egg? or, while they sip their coffee, can they believe it to be a beverage not inferior to the nectar of Jove?

Chapter VI.

"Sed quo me rapis, Bacche?" I have not yet commenced my journey, although I have made as many preparations for it as if I were on the point of emigrating to a foreign land. I must really summon up a little courage, and set out at once.

Smile not, dear reader, for I assure you it requires no ordinary share of resolution to leave my elbow-chair, and my comfortable fireside. Heroes have been known to weep upon leaving their native homes,—their lovely cottage embosomed in trees, the abode of all their youthful affections. Heroes have wept, but I shall be more than a hero. I will bid adieu to the residence of my happiest thoughts and most delightful sensations, and not a tear shall glisten in my eye.

Chapter VII.

Upon rising from my chair, the first object that presents itself is my cat. He will probably be discovered stretched at full length upon the cisalpine side of the fender, having at last found out, though not before crossing several times this important barrier, that he will, upon the whole, repose more comfortably where he now is, than were he to make choice of a station still nearer the fire.

I pity those little-minded persons, though they form a pretty numerous class, who have inconsiderately and foolishly adopted a prejudice against the whole feline race. Upon what grounds this prejudice rests I could never discover. It is undoubtedly true, that those respectable persons, vulgarly termed old maids, have in general a very laudable partiality for cats; and it necessarily follows, that every blushing, giggling girl, who looks forward to a husband, as the grand ultimatum of her wishes, as the "one thing needful," must inevitably display the utmost horror at the very sight of so odious a creature. But all the world knows that this is mere affectation. Suppose (if indeed the supposition is not too overwhelming) that this interesting maiden, "just entered in her teens," should, from some unaccountable cause, be allowed to reach her thirtieth summer, unprovided with a mate, and you will find, that, merely from a want of something to fix her affections on, she will, in all probability, relinquish her ancient animosity, and at the same time that she becomes a *man*-hater, she will become a *cat*-lover.

But the old-maid theory does not account for one-third of the instances we meet with of the most determined hatred of poor puss. The little urchin, who has newly emerged from petticoats, into all the glory which his first suit of more manly clothes can confer, already begins to manifest his dislike of the fated tribe, by practising every kind of torment upon the wretched kittens which ill luck throws in his way. The school-boy ventures on still bolder attacks. Armed with a switch, on whose durability he can depend, and accompanied by a yelping, insignificant dog, who is, nevertheless, a great favourite, he takes his way, about nightfall, through the streets and bye-lanes, not less formidable to the poor animals I speak of, than the giants of old were to the wretched damsels whom they chanced to encounter in the course of their rambles.

Examine, too, the history of cats, in every country and in every age, and you will find that they every where are, and have always been, the wretched objects upon which cook-maids have either wreaked their own rage, or upon which they have endeavoured to turn (and often too successfully) the anger of their mistresses. Is a piece of china broken,—it was the cat that did the deed. Is a cold chicken amissing,—the vile cat must have been the thief. Has a favourite bird escaped,—the cat must have broken into the cage. Is a new gown unmercifully torn,—the marks of the cat's teeth and horrible claws are still visible. Alas! poor pussy! many a hard blow dost thou bear! many a hungry day dost thou pass, and yet thy misfortunes are unpitied, thy fortitude is unregarded.

But, as Cowper said of his hare, I rejoice to think that one cat at least has lived ignorant of the distresses which generally attend the species.

Moses! thou hast been my companion ever since thou wert a kitten. I taught thee to lap milk almost as soon as thine eyes were opened upon the world; I have lifted thee to my knee while yet thou wert too young to leap up to it thyself. I have allowed thee to take thy station nightly at the lower end of my bed, and the gratitude which thy gentle purring expressed has often enabled me to sleep more soundly.

"Is this Moses really a cat?" exclaims some portly dowager, in disgust; "had the man bestowed all this attention on some favourite lap-dog, such as my adorable Pompey, I could have excused him,—but a cat, oh hideous barbarism!"

Allow me to inform your ladyship, nevertheless, with all due reverence for Pompey, that I would not exchange my Moses for all the Pompeys which the world has produced since the days of their worthy ancestor, Pompey the Great. And why should I?

Moses will start a spirit as soon as Pompey. Now, in the name of all the gods at once, upon what meat does this Pompey feed, that he is grown so great?

But, to stop at once the mouths of all those who entertain aught of antipathy to poor cats, let them be informed, that Petrarch, the tender-hearted, Laura-loving Petrarch, fixed his earliest and his best-repaid affections on a favourite pussy, whose embalmed figure is still to be seen at Arqua, bearing underneath it a Latin inscription, beginning

"Ignis ego primus," &c.

Petrarch! long have I admired your poetry; but it was not till I discovered this fact, that I perceived the secret bond that linked my soul to yours.

Chapter VIII.

My sister Barbara has just informed me of what she terms a fatal error. It turns out, that Moses, my well-beloved Moses, is a tabby, and not a tom-cat. How, under these circumstances, I could have given him the name which he has borne for years, appears to her a most unaccountable and astonishing mystery.

I feel really ashamed of my conduct, and yet, upon the whole, now that it is over, I can scarcely regret my blunder. Moses appeared to me, even when a kitten, so meek and mild, that the name at once suggested itself as the aptest imaginable, and he (or rather she) was baptized immediately, without any more minute inquiries being made. I say I can hardly regret this, since it is well known that Moses was the meekest man the world ever produced, and that therefore he was the most appropriate god-father imaginable for my dumb friend; but, unfortunately, I never heard of any lady much famed for meekness—so that, had I known pussy's gender sooner, she would probably have remained for ever "sine nomine."

Chapter IX.

But I must move on in my journey, and leave pussy to enjoy her undisturbed repose.

I reach the window, and here, in the recess, I discover an object still more lovely than that which I have just passed. Seated on her stool, and busily engaged in the examination of a book well stored with pictures, is seen a beautiful bright-haired girl, who has not yet witnessed her fourth summer. Little would the stranger imagine, who saw only her laughing blue eyes, and heard only the gay tones of light-hearted pleasure which are all that her lips have yet learned to utter, that she was now an orphan, and that her entrance into the world had been greeted with tears of bitterest sorrow—yet so it was. Her story is a melancholy one, and has brought the tear of pity from many an eye; she alone is ignorant of her woes; and "if ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Alas, poor Albert! he was my only brother, and I would have given up my fondest hopes to have secured his happiness. Many a day of cheerful boyhood have we spent together. Our griefs, our joys, our studies, and our amusements, were all the same; and never have I known a manlier soul, or a more affectionate heart. Care never sate upon his brow, or obtruded on his gaiety, or rendered slower the flow of the warm current of life, till he saw Maria. Then, at last, an occasional cloud was visible on his face, and his mirth became less regular than before. But it was not by any of the severer griefs of humanity that he was disturbed. He was tormented only by the anxiety of a lover,—the alternate hopes and fears of one whose happiness is in the hands of another. It was not till he discovered that Maria's heart was his, and saw, at the same time, the colour fade from her cheek, and the bright expression from her eye, that he knew what real misery was. She told him that a mortal illness had taken hold of her constitution, and that she knew she was to die; he affected to smile at her fears, but they nevertheless haunted his daily thoughts and nightly dreams.

They were married: it was a melancholy wedding, for who could smile to see two beings united in the firmest bonds which affection could covet, and yet, at the same time, know that those bonds would only serve to make the agony of a speedy separation the more complete? It was a melancholy wedding, for the clear lustre of Maria's blue and watery eye was something more than natural; and the look of momentary, but hopeless joy, with which she regarded Albert, filled his heart with terror and despair.

They lived, however, for some months, in a state of tranquil and peaceful enjoyment. Alas! it was but the calm that precedes the bursting of the thunder-bolt—it was the sad stillness of an autumnal day, ere the storms of winter scatter for ever the last leaves and flowers of summer.

Maria became worse, and Albert, still attempting to cherish hope, conveyed his darling treasure to a milder climate, trusting that the soft breezes of Languedoc might restore to her pale cheek the roses that had died on it, never again to bloom. They were absent for some time, but the lilies of France were planted, at last, around Maria's grave, and its cloudless sky was shut for ever from her view.

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It was in the twilight of a summer's evening that a stranger, wrapt in a foreign cloak, presented himself before me. I thought I had seen him before, but could not at first recollect where. He threw aside his cloak,—Heavens! it was my brother! it was Albert!—but oh, how changed from that Albert I had once known! instead of the bright beaming of the sparkling eye lighting up his whole countenance with smiles, I saw a face more haggard and emaciated than I could have imagined the ravages of seventy winters could have made it. He had an infant in his arms; it was the only pledge now left him of his Maria's love. He placed her on my knee. "Keep her! oh, keep her!" he exclaimed, "for Albert's, for Maria's sake!" I endeavoured to comfort him; and it was late before we parted for the evening;—for the evening!—it was for ever!—in the morning he was gone—no one knew how or whither. He died on his Maria's grave, and was buried beside her.

Chapter X.

"Yes, I will protect thee," said I to the helpless babe, as she lay slumbering in her cradle; "for the sake of him who was the dearest companion of my happiest years, I will protect thee, thou sleeping innocent!"

I have kept my promise, and I have obtained my reward. Never, never did there exist a lovelier child than my Ellen. I could not call her Maria, for to me the very name appeared ominous.

Oh childhood! thou art the only period of life in which man enjoys one hour of unsullied felicity. It is then only that the smile on the face springs from the joy of a spotless heart,—it is then only that the eye, unsuspicious of evil, sees nought around but virtue and happiness,—it is then only that the light foot is lifted from the ground on the wings of hope and enchantment! Oh, loveliest season! why dost thou fly so quickly away? Why do we so soon forget thy guileless delights? Why do riper years so rapidly advance—years of sorrow, disappointment, and crime?

Long, long, sweet Ellen, may thy infancy last!—long may I listen to thy childish prattle,—long may it be before thy sorrows commence,—long before thou knowest what it is to be a woman!

Chapter XI.

A thousand pardons, benevolent reader, for the melancholy reflections in which I have just been indulging. I am not often given to these lugubrious meditations. Melancholy is certainly not the sin which doth most easily beset me; but, somehow or other, there are things which one cannot drive from one's memory, especially if they have an opportunity of pretty often recurring to it by some malicious link of association: thus, for example, the romance-reader enjoys, in perfection, at the still hour of midnight, all the horrors which cast only a partial gloom over his mind during the day. He had read of haunted castles and dilapidated chambers, of dim figures flitting noiselessly along, of solitary dungeons lighted up by the scarcely flickering lamp, and, in short, of all the fearful images which the wild imagination of a Radcliffe or a Maturin could suggest. Now, therefore, when darkness has hid every thing else from his view, Fancy brings before his eye, in all the vivid colours of reality, those awful forms, of which only to think is agony. He no longer sees the chair standing quietly by his bed, and loaded with his daily apparel,—no longer do his chest of drawers, his dressing-glass, his table, and his basin-stand, present themselves to him;—these innocent and useful pieces of household furniture are all forgotten, or metamorphosed into coffins, skeletons, new-made graves, and dead bodies. Perhaps his faithful family clock strikes twelve—the sound of the last trumpet could not infuse more horror into his soul. Twelve—the dead of the night—the dreadful time when disembodied spirits rove freely over the world,—a cold sweat oozes from every pore,—his rising hair gradually elevates his night-cap, and at last, unceremoniously, removes it altogether from his head,—he is in an overwhelming heat, but, nevertheless, contracting his limbs into the smallest possible bulk, (to elude, I suppose, the grasp of the demons,) he buries his head among the blankets, with the faint hope, that, at the risk of suffocation, he may be permitted to escape "for this night only." Such are the powers of memory and association, and such are the delights of romance!

Chapter XII.

This little three-legged table is a great favourite of mine. It is small, but it is capable of being put to a great many different uses.

First, it is the table at which I play backgammon.

Second, it is the table at which I play chess.

Third, it is the table at which my sister Barbara usually works during the forenoon.

And, *first*, with regard to backgammon, I cannot say it is a game to which I am partial; but were I to deliver such an opinion in Barbara's hearing, she would conclude that I was either a semi-barbarian or a lunatic, so I suppose I must be prejudiced. She could play at backgammon for ever; and, I must confess, that she never looks so truly well pleased, so remarkably intelligent, and, I had almost said so *venerable*, as when seated at this table; with her spectacles neatly adjusted on her nose, her dice-box in one hand, and her snuff-box in the other, she regulates, like an able General, the movements of her men. At such moments you discover, in her countenance, a certain look of honest pride and conscious superiority at once interesting and dignified.

Still I do not like the game; there is something overwhelmingly tiresome in the perpetual repetition of six-ace, and cinque-deux, and quatre-trois, and then six-ace again, and cinque-deux, and quatre-trois. It is nevertheless a harmless, though certainly a very unprofitable way of spending time; and, considering how great a favourite it is with your respectable country clergymen, your village schoolmasters, and even your city shopkeepers, it would surely be cruel to attempt to extirpate it.

But, according to the phrase which is to be found in every sermon that has ever yet been delivered from a pulpit, "this brings me to the *second* part of my discourse—" which is *chess*. Now, *why* any thing I have been saying should bring me to the second part of my discourse, can be known only to myself and my worthy brethren in the ministry, for, to vulgar minds, the link of association is probably tolerably obscure. To prove to you, however, gentle reader, how much I esteem you, I will let you into the secret, provided you do not inform upon me to any of my dear friends among the Reverend Doctors. You must know, then, that *why* this brings me to the second part of my discourse is, that I have nothing more to say on the *first* part. This being understood, the link of association I have alluded to becomes sufficiently plain.

Well, then, it is at this table I play chess.

I confess I am partial to short chapters; the mind is relieved, the attention is better kept up, and the interest more excited by the frequent recurrence of those little artificial breaks in one's narrative. I detest your long chapters, unmercifully extending over countless pages, and with scarcely half-a-dozen new lines dispersed through the whole. There is something most uncomfortably dreary in such a sight. It instantly causes a feeling of drowsiness which no effort can dispel. You must inevitably sleep, and will as inevitably dream, of huge heaps of musty folios, or of immense quartos bound in lead, or of Southey's epics, or Galt's novels.

The reader, of course, expects that I shall here indulge him with one of my favourite breaks; I am sorry that he will find himself disappointed.

Chess is a game of which I can never tire. I have loved it from my infancy; a veneration for its charms was instilled into my bosom about the same time that I first read and thought of those mighty spirits of antiquity, whose writings and actions, smiling at the attacks of time, will live as long as the world exists. Well do I remember with what sentiments of youthful awe and delight I used to gaze on what to me appeared the mysterious shapes and movements of those pigmy warriors, arranged upon their circumscribed field of action with all the regularity and gaiety of an army on a review-day. Even after my knowledge of the game had in some degree dispelled these feelings, I could never divest myself of a kind of romantic belief, that the little heroes were endowed with something like life, and this made me value them the more. For the pawns I always felt a peculiar affection; it was they who were exposed to the first brunt of the battle—it was they who often fell a willing sacrifice for the safety of some more powerful piece—it was they who guarded, with unpretending loyalty and fidelity, their apparent chiefs—it was they, too, who often, after surmounting unparalleled dangers, finally turned the fortune of the day, and rendered the victory of one side over the other no longer doubtful. I could not help loving the pawns. After them, the rooks were my favourites; there was something manly and imposing in their very shape; they reminded me of the old feudal baron, who, confiding in the strength of his venerable castle, would often shut himself up within its walls, and defy the utmost malice of his foes; occasionally, too, he would sally from his strong-hold, and spread desolation and terror through the surrounding country. Thus did the rook, standing securely in his corner, appear to look with proud superiority on the war raging before him, and thus, too, when an opportunity offered, did he majestically move along the board, sweeping from its surface whatever obstructed his progress; there was certainly something like the prowess of ancient chivalry in the achievements of the rook. Not half so well did I love the queen,—her power was too despotic. She shone too haughtily pre-eminent among the crowd that surrounded her.

> ———*velut inter ignes,*
> *Luna minores;*—

there was too much of the queen, and too little of the woman, in the ease with which she made every one fly before her; she was too much like the proud Elizabeth, or the English Mary. She seemed to feel that she was queen in her own right, or, if she ever thought of her lord, it was only to arrogate to herself greater glory, as being his protectress. I could never be partial to the queen. The bishop I always considered a respectable personage, and yet I know not whether the esteem in which I held him resulted from the imposing appearance of his mitre or his actual worth; certain it is, that he always attains his purposes by indirect, not by straight-forward means; a circumstance which cannot fail to shew the difference between him and his great originals. But the piece which, above all others, raised my admiration, was the knight—his dexterity, his power, the ease with which, by a single leap, he evaded the attacks of his enemies, could not fail to interest me in him. There was a mixture of daring courage and crafty prudence in his operations,—he moved with so much ease and cunning,—and his blows, when he did strike, were often so deadly, that it was impossible not to respect even whilst fearing him. His great *chef-d'œuvre*, however, his *ne plus ultra*, was, when, having advanced boldly, though slily, he placed himself in such a situation, that both the king and the queen became at the same instant subject to his power. It was then that he looked most majestic, and it was then that every one was convinced of his consequence. He stood more proud than ever did worthy provost when he rises upon his feet, for the first time after the honour-conferring sword has been placed upon his shoulder.

Chess! thou art an inimitable game! he who feels any of the enthusiasm which thou inspirest, forgets in an instant his cares and anxieties, and his whole soul becomes full of thee; like the sparkling and exhilarating champaigne, thou drivest from the mind every intruding and troublesome thought, thou sharpenest the observation, thou unfoldest the faculties, thou enlargest the mind. Chess! thou art an inimitable game!

No wonder that priests, generals, philosophers, and princes, have all gloried in their knowledge of chess. No wonder that, in former times, they used to play it on boards made of silver or gold, with men ornamented with amethysts, rubies, topazes, sapphires, pearls, diamonds, and all the gems

> " The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean
> bore."

He who sits over a chess-board, enjoys all the pleasure, and none of the pain, of a mighty chief, regulating a great army on the field of battle; and, if the combatants are well matched, the exultation of victory is as great as the horror of defeat is overwhelming. Chess! thou art a spirit-stirring, glorious, inimitable game!

Chapter XIII.

In chapter twelfth (which, by the way, is a most unconscionably long one,) I have done much to immortalize the game of chess, provided it were not immortalized already. I must not, however, pipe my own praises. As I am not writing an epic poem, I am not entitled, like Homer, and Virgil, and Tasso, and *(horresco referens!)* Southey, to predict that my feeble strains will embalm, in never-dying renown, whatsoever or whomsoever they choose to mention.

I am still at my little table;—the critic may think I have been a most unreasonable time in changing horses. The only excuse I can make, is, that in the country through which my present journey lies, horses are rather scarce. H. G. B.

MEMOIRS OF OWAIN GLYNDWR.

(Continued.)

The Scots now took advantage of the King's absence from the capital, and, under the command of the renowned Archibald Douglas, the Tyneman, invaded England with an army of thirteen thousand men. It is probable that they acted in concert with the Welsh. Both nations had been rendered tributary to the English by compulsory measures,—both entertained a common hatred for their conquerors,—and both had groaned under their oppressive domination. Be this as it may, the revolt of the North was of no small advantage to Glyndwr, for this event, and the adverse state of the weather, contributed to compel Henry once more to relinquish his design of reducing the Welsh rebels; and for the third time he quitted the Principality, without having accomplished any part of his purpose.

Three times did Henry Bolingbroke make head
Against the Welsh: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, did they send
Him bootless back, and weather-beaten home.

The crown of England now began to tremble on the brow of the usurper

Bolingbroke, for, in addition to his disasters in Wales, the powerful and wealthy family of the Percies conspired to throw off its allegiance to Henry. A dispute between the King and the Earl of Northumberland, respecting the exchange of some prisoners, appears to have been the primary cause of this disaffection; and, perhaps, the desire of becoming entirely independent might have contributed, in no small degree, to the same effect. At all events, this family, and its numerous adherents, joined Glyndwr, and added very materially to the power of the Welsh. The rebels gained another important ally this year,—Sir Edmund Mortimer, whom, we have already mentioned, Glyndwr had taken prisoner at the battle of Brynglas. He procured the alliance of this knight, whom he had treated with great kindness and liberality since his capture, by insinuating that it might be in his power to seat the representative of his house upon the throne of his ancestors,—a temptation not to be withstood by the ambitious captive; and Glyndwr, and the gallant Percies, entered into a confederacy to overthrow the House of Lancaster, and to advance to the sovereignty of England the descendant of the Plantagenets. So confident were the rebel chieftains of success, that they determined, beforehand, to divide the empire between them, so that, when they had subdued their opponents, no discord might arise as to a division of the booty. Henry Percy was to possess the district north of the Trent; Sir Edmund Mortimer, all the country from the Trent and Severn, to the eastern and western limits of the island; and Glyndwr the whole of Wales westward from the Severn. It was on this occasion that Owain, to animate his followers, reminded them of the ancient prophecy, which predicted the fall of Henry, under the name of *Moldwarp*, or "cursed of God's own mouth;" and, to revive those pleasing and heroic sentiments, which are always associated in the mind of a Briton, with the achievements of the mighty Uthyn Pendragon, (the father of the immortal Arthur,) he adopted the title of the Dragon; Percy was styled the Lion, and Mortimer the Wolf: and now, in the meridian of his glory, he assembled the states of the Principality at Machynlleth, in Montgomeryshire, where he was formally crowned and acknowledged Prince of Wales *.

At this assembly the newly-crowned prince narrowly escaped assassination. A gentleman of Brecknockshire, called David Gain, (afterwards knighted for preserving the life of Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt,) was among the chieftains who attended the coronation of Glyndwr. He had been long in the service of Bolingbroke, and was firmly attached to that king. Instigated by his attachment to Henry, or, as some say, by the personal exhortations of the monarch himself, he formed the cowardly design of murdering his prince. His plot, however, was timely discovered, and he was immediately arrested and imprisoned. He would have met with the punishment due to the crime he meditated, had not the prince's most zealous friends exerted their influence in his behalf. He was pardoned, therefore, upon condition that he would adhere in future to the common cause of his country,—a condition he had no opportunity of observing, as he was kept in rigid confinement till the rebellion was quelled.

The affairs of Owain Glyndwr now bore so prosperous an aspect, that Charles, King of France, entered into an alliance with him †, and compensated, in a slight degree, for the loss of the gallant and high-spirited Hotspur, who fell in the battle of Oswestry about a year before. But he did not reap any very extensive advantages from this union. When it was contracted, he appears to have arrived at the very acmé of his career, and the crisis was any thing but favourable. Although Fortune had hitherto smiled upon him, the time was not far distant when he was to experience her capricious mutability; for, in an engagement between a party of his adherents (in number about eight thousand) and some English troops, the former were defeated with the loss of nearly a thousand men. To repair this misfortune, Glyndwr instantly dispatched his son Gruffydd, with a strong force, and another battle was fought five days afterwards, at Mynydd y Pwll Melyn, in Brecknockshire, when the Welsh again sustained a defeat, the prince's son being taken prisoner, and his brother Tudyr slain. The latter resembled the prince so closely, that it was at first reported that Glyndwr himself had fallen; but on examining the body, it was found to be without a wart over the eye, by which the brothers were distinguished from each other.

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* The building, now converted into a stable, in which this memorable synod was convened, is still to be seen.

† The treaty is dated from Dolgellan, in right royal style: "Datum apud Dolgellum, 10 die mensis Maii, 1404, et Principatus nostri quarto," and begins, "Owenus, Dei gratia, Princeps Walliæ, &c." *Rymer*, viii. 356.

After this defeat, many of the patriot's followers deserted him, and he was compelled to conceal himself in caves and desert places, from which he occasionally ventured forth to visit a few trusty friends, who still adhered to him, and who supported him with food and other necessaries *.

It is possible that our chieftain's career would have terminated without further hostilities, had not his new ally, the King of France, afforded him assistance. A fleet, carrying an army of twelve thousand men, sailed from Brest, and reached Wales after a favourable voyage. But this succour, seasonable and liberal as it was, served only to prolong the war, without being eventually of any important service. Glyndwr never recovered the defeat of Mynydd y Pwll Melyn. From that time he acted chiefly on the defensive, or meditated nothing more than mere marauding excursions; his followers were daily forsaking him, and he was at length obliged to seek refuge among the mountains, from whence he never emerged to perform any exploit of consequence. "A worlde it was," says an old annalist, "to see his quotidiane removyng, his painfull and busy wanderyng, his troublesome and uncertaine abiding, his continuall mocion, his daily peregrinacion in the desert felles and craggy mountains of that barreine, unfertile, and depopulate country †." Notwithstanding his ill fortune, however, he was still considered so important an enemy, that Henry the Fifth condescended to propose terms for a cessation of hostilities; and a treaty to this effect was concluded a short time before his death, which happened on the 20th of September 1415,—and afterwards renewed with his son Meredydd, on the 24th of February in the year following ‡.

The most prominent features in the character of Owain Glyndwr were boldness and activity, ambition, bravery, with no small portion of military skill;—he was hospitable to profuseness,—the patron and liberal encourager of the bards §,—eager and faithful in his friendship—unforgiving and revengeful in his enmities—patriotic, enthusiastic, and irrasci-

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* There is a cavern, near the sea-side, in the parish of Llangelynin, in Merionethshire, into which, in our youth, we have often crept, still called *Ogov Owain*, or the Cave of Owain. Here the prince is said to have concealed himself, being secretly supported by Ednyved ab Arom, the representative of the royal tribe of Ednywain ab Bradwen.

† *Hall's Chronicle*, 19.

‡ *Rymer*, ix. 283. This contradicts the general opinion that the Cambrian patriot died in extreme distress,—"lackeing meate to sustaine nature, and for meere hunger and lacke of food, miserablie pining awaie." It was immediately after the defeat of Mynydd y Pwll Melyn, that he experienced those calamities usually attributed to a later period of his life; and we have every reason to suppose that he died, broken, indeed, in spirit, but unsubdued. He died in Herefordshire, at the house of one of his daughters: Rapin says, that he did not die till the year 1417, but the Welsh accounts, to be preferred in this case, place the event in 1415, as above stated.

§ The Rev. Evan Evans, in his "Dissertatio de Bardis," thus speaks of Owain's liberality to the then persecuted race of poets. "Hoc ævo multi claruere Bardi, inter quos Iolo Goch, *(Iolo the Red,)* Oweni magnificentiam et victoria sad sidera tulit, fuit enim Owenus Bardorum fautor et Mæcenas, et eos undiquâque ad aulam liberalitate provocabat." *Page* 89.

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ble;—in him were combined all the characteristics of the warm-hearted, impetuous Cambro-Briton; and his gallant spirit, unsubdued to the last, achieved those exploits, which are familiar, to this day, to the mountain-peasants of Merionethshire. Of his hospitality—a quality so conspicuous in the genuine Welshman—his chief bard, Iolo Goch, has given us a good estimation. Within his mansion (sings the poet) were nine spacious halls, each furnished with a wardrobe containing clothing for his retainers; on a verdant bank, near the castle, was a wooden building, erected on pillars, and covered with tiles: it contained eight apartments, designed as sleeping-chambers for such guests as graced the castle with their company. In the immediate vicinity of the residence was every requisite for the purposes of good eating and drinking; a park well stocked with deer, a warren, a pigeon-house and heronry, a mill, an orchard, and vineyard, with a preserve well filled with pike, trout, and salmon. The hospitality of the chieftain was so boundless, says the bard, that no one could hunger or thirst in the house.

Owain was deeply imbued with the superstition of the times. The fearful omens, which were supposed to have ushered in his birth, had, no doubt, considerable influence upon his future life. At *his* nativity,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs had mark'd him extraordinary,
And all the courses of his life did shew
He was not in the roll of common men.

Shakespeare, indeed, has glowingly delineated the portrait of this extraordinary man. His belief in supernatural agency—nay, more—his exulting boast that *he* could "call spirits from the vasty deep," and his ill-constrained choler at the taunts of the provoking Hotspur, are admirable illustrations of what we may suppose to have been the character of the Cambrian chief: and although, in this enlightened age, we cannot but regard with detestation the cruelties which he often inflicted upon those who fell into his hands, yet we must admire his heroism, and admit that his incitement to arms, in the first instance, was a just and powerful extenuation of the illegality of his conduct. But it is of little importance now, whether he was justified or not in the course which he pursued. Years have rolled on, and repaired the ravages which he committed; the bones of his brave warriors have mouldered into dust; and no traces of his valiant exploits remain, save such as tradition will supply in the minds of his admiring countrymen.

The laws which were enacted by the English Parliament, in consequence of the insurrection of Owain Glyndwr, subjected the Welsh to a state of bondage, if possible, more severe than that in which they were immersed previous to the rebellion. While they were yet in arms, the provisions of these statutes could not well be enforced; but no sooner was the rebellion quelled, than they were put into execution with the most relentless vigilance. And it must be confessed, that, rigorous as these measures were, the peculiar circumstances of the times fully justified the remorseless severity of the English Government. In 1400, (2 Hen. IV.,) an Act passed, by which all native Welshmen were incapacitated from purchasing property in England, or from being made burgesses in any of the English towns; and they were not allowed to hold any civil office whatever. In consequence, also, of the complaints which were daily made of the daring incursions of the Welsh borderers, (in which they frequently plundered the English lordships to a very large amount,) it was enacted, that, if restitution was not made within seven days after request had been made under the seal of the Sheriff, Mayor, or Bailiff of the place where the injured party dwelt, it was lawful for the aggrieved person to arrest *any* Welshman coming from the district where the plunderer resided, with goods or cattle for sale; and he was to be detained, although he bore no relation whatever to the robbers, until complete satisfaction had been rendered for the robbery. In 1402, the tumults in Wales seem to have engrossed a considerable portion of the attention of the Legislature, as several enactments were made, for the purpose of limiting the extension of the revolt. In the first place, it was ordained, that an Englishman marrying a Welshwoman should lose his privileges, and become incapable of enjoying any office in the Principality. No Englishman, by the same statute, (4 Hen. IV.,) could be convicted in Wales at the suit of a Welshman, unless by English justices, and on the evidence of English burgesses. It was also enacted, that there should be no "westours, rymours, ministralx, ou autres vacabondes, pur faire kymorthas, ou coillage,"—no wasters, rhymers, minstrels, or other vagabonds, to institute assemblies or collections*; that no Welshman should bear arms; that no victual, arms, or ammunition, should be conveyed into Wales, "sanz speciale congee de nostre seignur le Roy, ou de son conseil;" and that no Welshman should possess or command any "chastel, fortresse, ne maison defensive;" but that the castles in Wales should be garrisoned by Englishmen, and by such as were "estranges a les Seignories ou les ditz chastelx sont assiz."

Such is the substance of the most important Acts passed in the reign of Henry the Fourth: his successor added others not quite so rigorous, and certainly more beneficial. The following relates to the abolition of a curious custom:—By the laws of Wales, the evidence of three hundred men was necessary for the acquittal of a foreigner accused of any crime or misdemeanor. This was called an Assach †, and as the twentieth part of this preposterous number of compurgators could very rarely be procured by an Englishman, the suspected criminal was liable to languish in prison for life. It was therefore enacted, (1 Hen. V., c. 6.) that every attempt to enforce this law should be a penal offence; and the punishment consisted of two years imprisonment, the payment of treble costs, and a fine and ransom, "devaunt qu'il soit deliverez hors de prisone."

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* Some of these terms require explanation. "A player at wasters," Mr Barrington informs us, on the authority of Minshew, signifies "a cudgeller;" but an ingenious correspondent supposes it rather to imply "a wrestler," from "wast," *hodie* waist. Mr Pennant, however, offers another signification. He supposes it corrupted from *gwester*, which, in Welsh, means "the proprietor of a place of public entertainment;" and such a place, he observes, must have been very convenient for rendezvous of this nature. *Tours, Vol. III., p.* 389.

The word kymortha is mis-spelt from the Welsh cymorth, (*plural*, cymorthau,) an assembly of people to assist each other in manual labour. They exist even at present, and there are cymorthau for spinning, for works of husbandry, and for other employments. But we are inclined to believe, that the cymorthau of that period were rather of a political character. "They were composed," says Mr Pennant, "of men the most dreaded by tyrants and usurpers—of BARDS—who animated their countrymen, by recalling to their recollection the heroic exploits of their ancestors, and by relating, in soul-stirring poetry, their sanguinary and successful contests with the Saxons and the Normans." They revived, also, the remembrance of ancient prophecies, and shewed that, in the hero Glyndwr, descended from the illustrious race of their princes, was to be expected the completion of the fondly-cherished predictions of the oracular Merlin." The band of minstrels then struck up, and the harp and the pipe filled up the measure of that enthusiasm which their wild recitations had begun to inspire. The people afterwards rushed fearlessly to battle, and, like their ancestors, when excited by the chants of the Druids, despised that death which was destined to confer upon them an enviable immortality.

————Inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces,
Mortis, et ignavum est redituræ parcere vitæ.

† This law is not contained in the ancient code of Hywel Dda, which did not, in any case, require more than forty-eight compurgators. It appears to have been enacted—we know not with what right—subsequently to the Conquest, for the purpose, no doubt, of retaliating upon the English for their oppressive conduct towards the Welsh. The literal meaning of the word *Assach* seems to have mightily puzzled the learned. It was proposed as a query to the Society of Antiquaries, in the reign of James the First, when a Mr Jones, who appeared to be well versed in the language and antiquities of Wales, answered, that he could not pretend to interpret the word. Richards, however, in his Dictionary, renders it "oath."

These laws, like those enacted by Edward at the Conquest, were abused in their execution to a most unjustifiable extent; and the condition of the Welsh, who were now exposed, with very inadequate means of resistance, to the full brunt of revengeful power, became forlorn and miserable in the extreme. Altogether deprived of the benefits arising from an impartial administration of justice *, still pertinaciously attached to the unshackled customs of their ancestors, holding in utter detestation the English and their country, and burning with an eager desire of revenge,—their first impulse was to endeavour to avenge the indignities which had been heaped upon them, and which they were daily receiving at the hands of their persecutors. For this purpose, they plundered and laid waste the lordships on the confines of England, with unceasing activity; and a species of petty warfare was established between the English and Welsh on the Borders, which was carried on with the utmost animosity and rancour. This system of mutual robbery and rapine became generally prevalent, in a greater or less degree, throughout the Marches; and it appears to have continued, without any material interruption, to a comparatively late period. These feuds became at length so destructive, that the most summary methods were resorted to by both parties for the preservation of their lives and property. The dwellings of the English were surrounded by moats, and defended by palisadoes, and their cattle were driven every night into the fence thus constructed. For the intimidation of their predatory opponents, a gallows was erected in every frontier manor; and if any Welshman was reckless enough to be captured beyond the line of demarcation between the two countries, he was immediately hanged upon the said gallows, and there suspended *in terrorem*, until another victim was ready to supply his place. Every town within the Marches had also "a horseman, readye equipped with a sworde and speere," who was maintained for the express purpose of apprehending these marauders. On the other hand, the Welsh trusted for their safety to the intricate recesses of their deep woods, as well as to the ruggedness of the mountain-fastnesses; and they did not fail to put in force the *lex talionis*, wherever opportunity occurred, to its fullest and most rigorous extent.

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* So wretchedly were the Welsh situated in this respect, that they could obtain no relief whatever from the English Justices. To remedy this, a few of the principal landholders in North Wales assembled in different parts of the Principality, in order to enforce the observance of justice by their own influence, without any other legal sanction, and the following is a brief summary of the resolutions which they adopted. In the first place, it was agreed, that no cognizance should be taken of the offences committed during the actual period of the rebellion, but all wrongs inflicted before or after that turbulent time were to be redressed. Every one was to have his property restored to him, without law-suit; and any goods detained after the institution of this enactment, were to be considered as stolen; or if they were sold, the seller was to be fined ten pounds, and restitution made to the right owner. If the refractory person died, the demand continued against his widow, heirs, or executors; but if they, or she, denied the demand, the plaintiff must procure six compurgators, to swear to the right of his claim; but, like the English in cases of jury, the defendant was permitted to challenge any one of the six compurgators. After this, follow various regulations for restoring the government of the country in general, and several laws, relative to waifs, and estrays, vagrants, bail, recovery of debts, manslaughter, and theft. The code concludes with the valuation of the several goods and chattels for which satisfaction was to be made. For example, a horse, sound in wind and limb, was valued at ten shillings; a foal at twentypence; an ox at a mark; a cow at ten shillings: the hire of an ox, and the milk of a cow, were also valued. An ewe was reckoned worth sixteenpence, her wool fourpence, her milk twopence, and her lamb eightpence. As a proof of the high value of arms, a two-handed sword was valued at ten shillings, (the price of a horse, it will be observed,) a single-handed one at six shillings and eightpence, and a steel-buckler at two shillings and eightpence; a bow was valued at sixteenpence, and an arrow at sixpence.

In addition to these self-constituted measures, more than one statute was framed by the English Parliament, for the special purpose of curtailing the depredations of the Welshmen; and the preamble of the principal one affords a tolerable idea of the turbulent audacity of the mountaineers. "Whereas, divers Welsh rebels, sometimes by night, and sometimes by day, have come into the counties of Salop, Hereford, and Glo'ster, and the parts adjoining; and, hiding and lodging in the woods, have traitorously taken and carried off many of the King's liege subjects, and detained them, in divers parts of the mountains of Wales, for half a year, 'ascun foitz pluis, et ascun foitz meins,' until they were ransomed, to the great damage and mischief of the people of the said counties: the King has therefore enacted and ordained, that the Justices of the Peace of the English counties shall have power to inquire of, hear, and determine, all such sorts of treasons and felonies: and if the offenders will not appear, the Justices of the Peace shall cause them to be outlawed, and shall certify such, their outlawry, to the officers of the lordship to which such outlaws may have retreated, or where they may be sojourning or resident; and that, thereupon, the said officers do take their bodies, and do such execution upon them as by law required, without fine or redemption. 2 *Hen. V. Stat. ii., cap. 5.*

This offence was made High Treason by 20 Hen. VI.; but it does not appear that either of these Statutes had much effect, for, in 1534, (26 Hen. VIII.) an Act passed, forbidding the keepers of the ferries, on the borders of Wales, to take any passenger across the River Severn after sun-set, or before sun-rise, as "daily divers felonies, robberies, and murders, have been many times committed in the counties of Glo'ster and Somerset, near the Severn, and the felons make their escape over the said river into South Wales, or the Forest of Dean, by night; and when they are over the water, they are by divers privileges there kept." At this time, indeed, these contests and robberies were in full vogue, and, in addition to these legislational proceedings, the Lieutenants of Oswestry and Powis Castles entered into a compact, to endeavour to restrain, within their own districts, these licentious and disgraceful practices. It was accordingly agreed, that if, after a certain day then specified, any person of either of these two lordships committed felony in another, he should be arrested, and sent to the lordship where the offence had been committed; and that, if any goods or cattle were stolen from either lordship, and conveyed into another, the tenants or inhabitants of that lordship should either pay for the same within fifteen days, or, otherwise, four of their principal men should remain in bail, or mainprize, till the property was paid for, or recovered. It does not appear, however, that the exertions of these officers effectually annihilated these "detestable malefacts," as they were called; for, amongst the Records of the Drapers' Company, at Shrewsbury, there is the following Minute: "25 Elizabeth, Anno 1583. Ordered, That no draper set out for Oswestry-Market, on Mondays, before six o'clocke in the morning, on forfeiture of 6s. 8d.; *and that they weare their weapons all the waie*, and goe in companie. Not to go over the Welsh Bridge before the bell toll six." It is further stated, that "William Jones, Esq., left to the said Companie £.1, 6s. 8d., to be paid annually to the Vicar of St. Alkmunds, for reading prayers on Monday mornings, before the drapers set out for Oswestry-Market.

While the Welsh Borderers were thus actively engaged in hostilities with their English neighbours, those in the interior of the country were occupied in contests with each other. Their irascible and contentious disposition, spurning the more gentle pastimes of a pastoral life, became embroiled in constant quarrels among themselves, and the whole of North Wales, more especially the retired districts of Caernarvon and Merioneth, displayed a horrible scene of contention, of anarchy, and of bloodshed. The disgraceful turbulence which then existed was, no doubt, occasioned as much by the contumacious disposition of the Welsh, as by the absence of all formal legislational interference; and well may we apply to these ferocious mountaineers, at this unhappy period, the forcible expression of the Roman Annalist, "atrox prœliis, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace sævum." The whole country, in fact, seemed in a state of ungovernable confusion, and every high and honourable feeling appeared to have been almost extinguished, by the headstrong fury of the people. "Soe bloody and irefull were quarrells in those dayes," says an old writer, who has bequeathed to us a terrible memorial of those tumultuous times, "and the revenge of the sword at such libertie, as almost nothing was punished, whatsoever happened *;" and these "irefull quarrells" were contested with such relentless perseverance, that death alone terminated the dispute; and even *then*, an hereditary enmity was entailed upon the descendants. These contentions were, unfortunately, carried on with the greatest acrimony, when the different members of the same family, or sept, became the object of each other's hatred and persecution. Two brothers-in-law, Iwan ab Robert, and Howel ab Vaughan, had quarrelled with each other upon some trifling occasion, and a feud was consequently engendered between the two families, which was fostered with all the animosity of revengeful malice. "The fashion was, in those dayes," says the amusing writer just quoted, "that the gentlemen and their retainers met commonly every day, to shoote matches and masteries: there was noe gentleman of worth in the country but had a wine cellar of his owne, which wine was sold to his profit; thither came his friends to meete him, and there spent the day in shooting, wrestling, throwing the sledge, and other actes of activitie, and drinkeing very moderately withall, not according to the healthing, and gluttonous manner of our dayes." Now, Howel Vaughan, hearing that his brother-in-law intended to shoot a match at one of these assemblies, determined to way-lay him, and dispatched a spy to watch the operations of his foe, and to ascertain the road by which he would proceed to the place of rendezvous. In addition to this, he hired an assassin to murder Iwan, giving him strict directions "not to undertake any of the companie untill he saw them in a medley, and every man fighting." Then was he to join the fray, and to go behind the tallest man in the company, (for Iwan was remarkable for the tallness of his stature,) and, if he could, knock him down, which, it appears, was no easy achievement; for, said Howell Vaughan, "There is a foster-brother of his, one Robin ab Inko, a little fallow, that useth to watch him behind: take heed of him; for be the encounter never soe hot, his eye is ever on his foster-brother." With these precautions, Howell's party held themselves in readiness, and at the appointed time rode forth to meet their victim. In the mean time, Iwan ab Robert set out with his friends sooner than he had originally intended; and "you are to understand, that, in those dayes, and in that wild worlde, every man stood upon his guard, and went not abroad but in sort and soe armed, as if he went to the field to encountre with his enemies." Thus prepared for assault, but totally unconscious of the treacherous and cowardly design of his foeman, Iwan and his friends rode leisurely onwards, accompanied by Howel Vaughan's sister, who was Iwan's wife, and who had walked by the side of her husband's horse "a mile or thereabout, talking with him; and soe parted with him." In her way homeward, she encountered her brother and his party riding, as she rightly conjectured, furiously after her husband. But she was determined, if possible, to prevent them from executing their iniquitous designs, and, "crying out upon her brother, desired him, for the love of God, not to harme her husband, that meant him noe harme; and withal steps to his horse, meaning to have caught him by the bridle, which he seeing, turned his horse about. She then caught the horse by the tail, hanging upon him soe long, and crying upon her brother, that, in the

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* History of the Gwedir Family, p. 86.

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end, he drew out his short sworde, and struck at her arme, which she perceiving, was faine to lett slippe her hold, and running before him to a narrow passage, whereby he must pass through a brooke, where there was a foot-bridge near the ford, she then steps to the foot-bridge, and takes away the *canllaw*, or hand-stay of the bridge, and, with the same, letts flie at her brother, and, if he had not avoyded the blow, she had struck him doune from his horse." Thus foiled in her affectionate and valiant purpose, this heroic woman returned home, leaving her headstrong brother to pursue his own course. Howel, therefore, rode on at the head of his well-armed and numerous band, and speedily overtook his enemy, who immediately turned head upon him, although greatly over-matched. In a moment, all was uproar and confusion; a sharp contest ensued, and many were knocked down on either side. In the midst of the bustle, the assassin, watching a fit opportunity, proceeded to execute his commission, and had already lifted up his hand against the defenceless head of his victim, when he himself was stretched lifeless on the ground by the unerring hand of Robin ab Inko, which Howel Vaughan perceiving, "cryed to his people, 'Let's away and begone; for I had given charege that Robin ab Inko should have been better looked into:' and soe that bickering brake, with the hurt of many, and the death of that one man *."

This, as may naturally be expected, merely added fresh fuel to the fire, and a very trifling cause only was necessary to produce another irruption. Now it happened, a short time after this affray, that the parson of Llanvrothen, in Merionethshire, took one of Iwan ab Robert's children to foster and to educate, which made Howel Vaughan's wife exceedingly wroth, "her husband having then more land in that parish than Iwan ab Robert had." This terrible woman appears to have been imbued with a full proportion of the savage ferocity of the times, and she determined to be revenged upon the poor inoffensive parson. She sent, therefore, a woman to solicit a night's lodging of the minister, "who used not to deny any," and, in the middle of the night, this well-tutored accomplice began to cry aloud, and roar violently, as if somebody were assaulting her. The benevolent pastor, thinking that something had happened to her, hastened to her, when she immediately accused him of attempting to ravish her, and ran out of the house, threatening the deepest revenge. This woman was allied to the sept of the Howels, and had three brothers, "notable rogues, of a damned crew, fit for any mischief." To these miscreants she fled from Llanvrothen, and the next morning the unfortunate pastor was found murdered near his own cow-house. No doubt was entertained as to the perpetrators of this foul deed, and Iwan ab Robert prepared to take signal vengeance upon the murderers of his clansman and friend. According to the abominable custom of those times, only the actual murderer, or he who had struck the blow, was amenable to the law, and he was consequently called a *Uawrudd*, or Red-hand: his accomplices and abettors were never noticed, except, indeed, by the friends of the murdered individual, who were, of course, exceedingly assiduous in seeking that retribution which the imperfect laws of their country denied them. But these ready assassins had their places of refuge to resort to, for they always sought and found protection from the friends and kindred of their employers. All the great families in Wales had their "alliances, partisans, and friends, in all the countreys round thereabouts, to whome, as the manner of the time was, they sent such of their followers as committed murther or manslaughter, which were safely kept as very precious jewells; and they received the like from their friends. These kind of people were stowed, in the day-time, in chambers in their houses, and in the night they went to the next wine-house that belonged to the gentleman, or to his tenant's houses not farre off, to make merrie and to wench." It was no small difficulty, therefore, to capture these wretches by open force, as the whole clan, or sept, would immediately rise, like a nest of hornets, in their defence. Stratagem was consequently had recourse to, and proved successful or not, according to the ingenuity and means of the prosecutor. Iwan ab Robert, well aware of the inutility of attempting, publicly, to apprehend the murderers of his friend, repaired privately into Chirkeland, whither they had fled, accompanied only by six trusty friends. "Being come to Chirkeland, he abode there many dayes, in secret and unseene, sleeping in the day, and watching all the night. In the end, with the helpe of his friends, he caught the two murderers, whom he had no sooner in hand, but the crie did rise—*The Trevors to their friends, and the Kyffins to their leaders!* To the latter of these cries, Meredith ab Howel ab Moris (a friend of Iwan, by whom he had been materially assisted in the apprehension of the criminals) resorted, who told Iwan ab Robert that it was impossible for him to carry them out of the countrey, to any place, to have judicial proceedings against them, by reason that the factor of the Trevors would lay the way and the narrow passages of the country; and if they were brought to Chirke-castle gate, to receive the triall of the countrey lawes, it was lawfull for the offender's friends, whosoever they were, to bring £.5 for every man, for a fine to the lord, and to acquit them, soe it were not in cases of treason—a damnable custome used in those days in the lordships' marches, which was used also in Mowddwy, untill the new ordinance of Wales, made in the seven-and-twentieth yeare of Henry VIII. Hereupon Iwan ab Robert commanded one of his men to strike off their heads, which the fellow doeing faintely, the offender told him, that if he had *his* neck under his sworde, he would make his sworde take better edge than he did—soe resolute were they, in those dayes, in contempt of death! Whereupon Iwan ab Robert, in a rage, stepping to them, strucke off their heads*."

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* History of the Gwedir Family, p. 96-102.

Thus were two of these wretches disposed of; and, well satisfied with the result of his expedition, Iwan ab Robert prepared to return homeward. As he was waiting for the ebbing of the tide at Traesh Mawr, in Merionethshire, and talking carelessly with his friends, an arrow, shot from a wood on one side, suddenly glanced by them. Turning round, the seven shot towards the spot whence the weapon had issued, and, to their surprise, they found that they had shot "the third brother of the murtherers." So, "God revenged that wicked murther by the death of every one of the three murtherers. Dayly bickerings," continues our entertaining annalist, "too long to be written, passed between so neare and hatefull neighbours. In the end, the plague, which commonly followeth warre and desolation, after the Earle of Pembroke's expedition, took away Iwan ab Robert, at his house in Keselgyfarch, in the flowere of his age, being thirty-one yeares old, whose death ended the strife of those houses, for his three eldest sonnes were sister's-sonnes to Howel ab Rys ab Howel Vaughan †."

From the midst of all this barbarous turbulence, sparks of rude and savage heroism occasionally flashed forth, shining with redoubled lustre in the deep gloom from which they were emitted. In a feud between our old friend Howel Vaughan and Gruffydd ab John ab Gronw, the latter surrounded his foeman's mansion with a numerous tribe of kindred and friends, and, after consuming all the out-houses, commenced an assault upon the house itself, setting it on fire with bundles of ignited straw. The smoke of these combustible materials, with that of the burning out-houses, greatly annoyed the defendants, so that they crept under the tables and benches in the hall, nearly in a state of suffocation. During this scene of confusion and alarm, Howel Vaughan, then an old man, disdained to stoop his head, and stood valiantly in the middle of the hall, with his sword in his hand, and urging his panic-stricken men to fight. He bade them "arise, like men! for shame! for he had known there as great a smoke in that hall upon a Christmas Even!" He was, however, overpowered by numbers, and compelled at last to capitulate. In the wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, when

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* History of the Gwedir Family, p. 104-8.

† Ibid, p. 115.

————"here a snow-white rose,
And there a red, with fatal blossoming
And deadly fragrance madden'd all the land,"

the castle of Harlech, in Merionethshire, was defended, on the part of the latter, by a most fearless chieftain, named Dafydd ab Evan ab Einion. After Edward the Fourth had taken possession of every stronghold in the kingdom, excepting this, and two or three others in Northumberland, he sent an officer to demand from Dafydd the unconditional surrender of Harlech Castle, probably anticipating the ready compliance of the Welshman;—but he was mistaken. Dafydd was too sturdy a soldier to yield so quietly, and he determined to hazard a siege, although his garrison was miserably defective, in point both of numbers and provision. The King, therefore, dispatched William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, with an army to subdue him. After many toils and difficulties, Pembroke succeeded in marching his troops into the heart of the Principality, and again the surrender of the castle was demanded, when the following bold and energetic answer was returned: "No! we will not give up this castle," said Dafydd; "and you may tell your leader, that, some years ago, I held out a castle in France so long that all the old women in Wales talked of it;—I will now keep this Welsh castle so long that all the old women of France shall talk of it." And he did "keep" it, till all his provision was consumed, and famine was staring him and his heroic band in the face. He was then compelled to capitulate, but on honourable terms; and his life, together with that of his men, was preserved, after much entreaty with the King, who would fain have deprived the adverse party of so stout and resolute a champion. Camden has preserved the names of this gallant band; and it appears that the garrison consisted of only *fifteen men*, including the commander, Dafydd; and this small company was opposed to an English army of probably three or four thousand men! "He was a most goodly man of personage," says the Historian of Gwedir, speaking of Dafydd, "of greate stature, (as may appeare by the Welsh songes made unto him,) and most valliant withal. Besides the turmoiles abroad, he sustayned deadly feud (as the northerne man termeth it) *at home at his doore*, a warre more dangerous than the other."

In this barbarous and turbulent state did the Welsh continue till the middle of the sixteenth century, when the union of their country with England prepared the way for the abolition of those gloomy and disgraceful practices which had hitherto prevailed so destructively amongst them. This union was founded upon principles equally advantageous to both parties. It gave the utmost advancement (to use the words of Mr Justice Blackstone,) to the civil prosperity of the Welsh, by admitting them to a thorough communication of laws with the people of England; and the great circumspection which was used in the framing of the requisite ordinances, proved the real sincerity of the monarch's intentions. "The King's Highness," says the first statute (26 Henry viii.) enacted for this purpose, "of a singular zeal, love, and favour, that he bears towards the subjects of his dominion of Wales, ordains, that his said country and dominion of Wales shall be for ever, henceforth, incorporated, united, and annexed to and with this his realm of England; and that all persons born, and to be born, in the said Principality, country, and dominion of Wales, shall have, enjoy, and inherit, all and singular freedoms, liberties, rights, privileges, and laws, within this his realm, as other of the King's subjects naturally born within the same have, enjoy, and inherit." And, by a subsequent section of the same Act, two members were to be returned to Parliament for the county of Monmouth, and

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one for each of the shires in Wales, besides one burgess to be elected by every burgh, being a shire town, except the shire town of the county of Merioneth; and, finally, a commission was directed to be issued "to such persons as to his Highness shall seem convenient," to inquire into the laws, usages, and customs of Wales, and to certify the same to the King in council. This latter provision seems to have been made in contemplation of an event, which, by the introduction of the English laws, and an impartial administration of justice throughout the Principality, tended effectually to the extirpation of the "lewd and detestable malefacts," which were daily perpetrated, "to the high displeasure of God, inquietation of the King's well-disposed subjects, and disturbancie of the public weal." The event here alluded to was the enacting of the statute of the 34th and 35th of the same reign,—a statute which Mr Barrington characterizes as containing a "most complete code of regulations for the administration of justice, framed with such precision and accuracy, that no one clause of it hath ever occasioned a doubt, or required explanation." By this edict, also, four new counties were added to Wales, and one to England *.

Many years, however, elapsed before the Welsh reaped the full advantage of this union. They were at first most obstinately averse to the adoption of the milder manners of their conquerors; but the abolition of the severe laws enacted against them in former reigns, led them to think more favourably of the English; and, finally, by associating more amicably with them, to adopt their manners, and imitate their customs. The page of the historian, and the traditions of the country, are now the only proofs of their vindictive enmity toward the English, and nearly all the traces of their fierce hostility are now wiped away from the face of the earth. The Welsh bridge at Shrewsbury, with its well-defended towers, is no more; the appalling gibbets on the border are demolished; and all that remains of Oswestry Castle is the mound of earth on which it was erected, with a few scattered stones which once composed its masonry. But although this long-cherished animosity was at length annihilated, the Welsh continued in a state of considerable rudeness and simplicity for some time after they had been admitted to an equal participation in the laws and privileges of the English; and it was not till within these last sixty or seventy years that they began to adopt the more polished manners of their neighbours. If we may credit a reverend, though an anonymous writer, we must form what many will term a very lowly idea of Wales and her inhabitants, about the middle of the last century. The following passage is transcribed from a rare tract, printed in 1769, the author of which has evinced no little zeal and ingenuity in endeavouring to prove the illegality and evil tendency of presenting to Welsh benifices, incumbents totally ignorant of the language of their parishoners. "The greatest part of Wales," writes our author, "by its situation and its distance from the metropolis, is almost entirely excluded from the benefits of commerce. The produce of the country is the chief, and almost the only support of the natives; what remains, after supplying the home consumption, is exported. The money they receive, in exchange for their commodities, serves them for the purposes of hospitality, not luxury. As money is not otherwise valuable than as it is the means of acquiring the necessaries and conveniences of life, they know no other use for it †. If accumulations of gold and silver be the only criterion of wealth—then are they poor; if plenty is—then are they rich. Happy

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* These counties were those of Radnor, Brecknock, Montgomery, and Denbigh: the one added to England was that of Monmouth. Wales now consisted of twelve shires, eight having been made by Edward at the Conquest.

† The following curious Epistle from Sir Roger Mostyn of Mostyn in Flintshire, to his neighbour, Pyers Pennant, Esq. of Bychton, affords a striking proof of the value of money in Wales in the seventeenth century:—

in finding an asylum among those impregnable fortresses, built by the hand of Nature, which were formerly their security against the power, and, since, against the luxury, of the English; environed on all sides by these *(fastnesses)*, they enjoy tranquillity without indolence, liberty without licentiousness, and plenty without luxury. Thus they experience a happiness unknown in better-cultivated and more-refined conntries—a happiness which opulence can never purchase!" This, exaggerated as it may appear, affords, we have no doubt, a tolerably correct view of the condition of the Welsh at the period in question. Even now, they are, for the most part, (we speak more particularly of the peasantry in the secluded districts of North Wales,) a rude and unpolished people; but their contumacious turbulence is softened down, and transformed into kind but rugged courtesy. Nor have they forgotten the martial deeds and valiant exploits of their forefathers; and the narration of their feuds and forays still serves to while away the winter's evening in the peasant's cottage.

Such themes inspire the Border shepherd's tale,
When in the grey-thatch sounds the fitful gale;
And constant wheels go round with whirling din,
As by red ember-light the damsels spin:
Each chants by turns the song his soul approves,
Or bears the burthen to the maid he loves.

Still to the surly strain of martial deeds,
In cadence soft the dirge of love succeeds,
With tales of ghosts that haunt unhallow'd ground;
While, narrowing still, the circle closes round,
Till shrinking pale, from nameless cause of fear,
Each peasant starts his neighbour's voice to hear.

And are not these simple and innocent pastimes a thousand times more profitable than all the rude and sanguinary heroism of a savage Border chieftain and his clan?

THE WHOLE RIGHTS OF MAN.

Letter I.

Sir,

No argument is, I believe, more perplexed with fallacies, than that which professes to state the positive claim which all persons are often said to possess equally, on principles of natural or constitutional right, to vote in the election of Members of Parliament. Honest men, of all parties, ought to be anxious to see this argument probed to the bottom. For even the advocates of what is called equal representation ought to be glad to see error refuted; and if their cause be, on the whole, just or reasonable, they may be sure that it will ultimately be benefited by the rejection of any false theory on which they may have been accustomed to support it. I have to request the use, therefore, of a few pages of your Journal, for the examination of this question of right.

It is, in the first place, necessary to inquire what right is, and what its extent and its limits;—right po-

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Dear Pyers, *Mostyn*, ——— 1674.

I hope you will excuse me for asking for the £.4 you owe me for *the pair of oxen;* but I want the money to make up £.20 to send my son to Oxford next week. I am,

Dear Pyers,
Your's &c.
Roger Mostyn.

P.S.—How does your head this morning? }
Mine aches confoundedly. }

At this time, money was so scarce, that four pounds was the price of a pair of oxen; and the Baronet of Mostyn, (one of the richest individuals in North Wales,) was contented with sending his heir-apparent to the University with twenty pounds in his pocket! *Hist. of Whitford and Holywell, p.* 63.

litical is of course meant; and that inquiry into the true nature of right which the particular question of universal suffrage requires, will be found to involve the whole rights of man, and, therefore, to supply the criterion of every popular claim which can be in any case asserted or implied.

Now, *right*, (if we connect its political meaning with the true elementary signification of the term,) may be defined to consist in the possession or exercise of those political functions or powers which God commands or wills us to have. What, then, are those political functions and powers which are, by God's will, made the right of mankind? or what those functions which he appears to assign, without any reservation or difference, to any, or to all individuals? The powers and functions which he assigns as our *right*, he may be said, in other words, to make it our *duty* to claim: and accordingly the assertors of every popular claim hold, and justly, that it is man's duty to assert all rights which it is God's pleasure that he should have.

Here first present themselves two sorts of right, clearly distinguished from all hypothetical rights, or from all rights which can be made out only by reasoning. These are, first, the right of possession; and, secondly, right given by law. Possession may, no doubt, be wrongful: a law may be inexpedient. No one man can have a just right to any thing inconsistent with the just right of another. Of these rights, however, namely, the right of possession, and the right which is given by law, the existence, and, under the restriction of higher principles, the validity, are quite incontestable. To say the least, they are always valid *primâ facie*; and that of possession is often the plainer of the two: for a right possessed, is, in the case now before us, always visible in its exercise; but cases may be imagined in which a law, though certain, is not practically allowed and exemplified.

We have now to ask, whether man ever possesses any other rights than these? and two methods offer themselves of obtaining an answer. The first method is, to consult the Scripture for such lights on this subject as may be revealed; the second is, to look for those indications which the order of Nature may be found to exhibit. Both these authorities, if both speak to the question, will undoubtedly speak with a consentient voice, for, in the same Great Author of Nature and of Revelation, there can be no contradiction: His word and works must always be in unison one with the other. I am, Sir, your humble Servant, &c.

Letter II.

In the first place, then, what says Revelation? I believe I may affirm, that it neither teaches nor implies the existence of any political right in any person, or in any class of society, with the exception of the two rights which have been enumerated, namely, the right of actual possession, and the right which is created by positive law. It seems to speak always of actual power as vested by a *primâ facie* right in the hands of those who possess it; it seems to sanction men in availing themselves of those privileges to which the law of the land entitles them: but the most which can be urged from Scripture, in favour of any other natural rights, is, that it contains many plain indications that God, besides the eternal happiness, wills also the temporal happiness of man. Willing this end, he must of course necessarily will the means also of producing it. If, therefore, we can prove any thing to be the means, that is, the sole, or, in any given circumstances, the best means of attaining that happiness which God has designed for us, Scripture may be said, perhaps, to afford ground for inferring that the end may, in such case, justify the means,—may, in a certain sense of the word, give a *right* to them,—may give a right to a specific system of polity, if that system can be adequately proved to constitute the specific means which are wanted.

Of the very material inquiry into the qualification to which this right is subject, it is not here my purpose to speak. It is enough for me to observe for the present, that this right is no other than that of expediency; and that what I have to say of the application of it to the case before us will be reserved for one of my following letters *. The question of expediency, whether abandoned or not by the advocates of an equal representation in Parliament, it is not by any means my intention to argue, but only to bring back to the true state of the argument those reasoners who may have unwillingly wandered from it.—I am, Sir, &c.

Letter III.

We have now to ask, whether we can discern *in nature*, any other sort or sorts of right than those already enumerated? This can be discerned only by an examination of the human race, in all the varieties of the social order or progress, and by observing whether any political powers are either so universally committed to man, or at least so clearly intended for him, that they can be inferred, from the actual history of the species, to constitute its universal or natural rights. We, for the present, exclude, as before, the argument from expediency.

Now, here it is plain, that there are no other functions whatever in which there is so great and so irreconcilable a disparity between different men, and ages, and countries, as that which exists in the political functions which are created by different systems of polity. The passions, the common necessities of nature, the demand for luxuries by the wealthy part of mankind, seem, in some respects, to establish a community of feature between all different ages and countries: but nothing can be more various; nothing, I might almost say, more incapable of being reduced to a fixed and definite rule, than the degrees and kinds of political power, as diffused through the different ranks in society. The very last affirmation, however, which can be made, by any one who looks into the page of history, is the affirmation, that an equality of power, among the inhabitants of a single state, or of the whole world, is the intention universally of Nature or of Providence. All, surely, that history shows in this case, is not, that mankind are entitled equally to the exercise of any political power, but only that liberty is one of the ingredients by which, in certain circumstances, the *improvement* and *happiness* of the human race are promoted, and without which, perhaps, they cannot reach their highest practicable degree of advancement. But this is only a form of the argument from expediency.

Here we come, however, to a popular argument, which professes to hinge on that very authority which is truly supposed to be paramount on the question. This argument, if I understand it accurately, is as follows:—"God gives to every man a right in his own labour, which cannot in any case be justly infringed, without the consent of the person to whom it is given. From the exercise of labour springs wealth or property, which is to be regarded, in all cases, as the representative of labour, and which, whether acquired or transmitted, is always held by precisely the same personal title which he who earned it possessed originally to his own labour. An inherited estate was the direct product of labour to the person by whom it was first accumulated. That person possessed, of course, to the product, the same title which he had to the labour producing it. It is *his own:* he transfers the right to whom he pleases. Hence the right accrues to the person to whom he sells that product, or to the person to whom he may choose to give it."

Now for the application of these principles to politics: "All Governments, we see, necessarily take something, either of the labour or of the wealth of those individuals by whom, in the aggregate, the whole people is composed, or of the command over labour or wealth which is possessed by those individuals. But it is unjust to dispossess any one forcibly of any thing to which he has a natural right. Each individual, therefore, has a natural right to give or to withhold, as he chooses, his consent to every measure which affects his labour or property, or rather which confers that command over them which is, of course, supposed to be lodged in the Government. He has a right to a voice, therefore, in every act of the Legislature. This is free government, in its simplest form; a form, also, which is perhaps applicable, with much strictness, in very small communities, such as some states of antiquity are said to have been, and such as, in Switzerland, some are represented still to be,—states constituted by only a single town, with a very compact adjacent territory." Yet it must be observed, that, in many states which have been called free, the population has been composed principally of slaves, and, consequently, that the citizens were a privileged class. But to pursue the argument:

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* Letter V.

"In large states, to take, literally, the voice of each individual on every law or every tax which is proposed, becomes impracticable. What *is* practicable, and deviates least from the simple plan, is to legislate, not in mass, but by representatives. It is easy to arrange the election of representatives in such a manner that each individual shall have an equal voice in electing them: and as this is the only equitable way in which can be secured to each his natural equivalent of weight and influence, it is contended that he has a right to such a voice; and thus the right to an equal representation succeeds naturally and necessarily to the simple right of giving or withholding consent to every act of the Government."

These assumptions, if I do not mistake, or assumptions equivalent to these, are at the bottom of most arguments for equal rights, or for the right of universal suffrage; arguments, I believe, more injurious to true liberty, by substituting an erroneous in the place of the true theory on which the merits of a free Government may be supported, and more likely to occasion its entire subversion than any other cause which can be assigned. That the order of nature gives to every man a right in his own labour, and in the produce of it, is, I believe, true, as a general position. Every Government which denies this right, or which denies the exercise of it, must be tyrannical. But it is another question, whether this right be uncontrollable, except by the personal consent of all those who have property or labour at their command, or by their consent, as signified by their representatives. We will examine this question, therefore, article by article, according to the order of the propositions which have been advanced.

First, then, it is said, that God gives to every man a right to his own labour, and to its produce. Unquestionably, it is a most imperfect form of society in which labour is compulsory instead of free; nor can the order of Providence be counteracted more fatally, than by making the many, if susceptible of liberty, the vassals of the few. This tends to degrade their moral perceptions, to intercept their happiness in the present life, and to limit their means of preparing themselves for a better. On the general principle, therefore, that labour ought to be free,—that the happiness of mankind requires it should be so,—and that, so far, Providence makes free labour their right,—that, in some sense, and under certain circumstances, God gives a right to claim and assert this freedom,—and that a representative system is a very happy device, and a very natural one, both for gaining it, and for securing it when gained, I entirely agree with what has been said. That universal suffrage may also be the best basis on which a representative system can rest, is a proposition which, on the ground I have here to take, I am not in the least concerned to deny. But the right, in every one of these cases, is measured by the utility. Prove the utility, and I admit the right: that is, I admit it under certain provisos. But the prior question is, of those rights or functions which may be challenged by all men, in all circumstances, as being conferred by a plainer or more direct title than that of their utility, or as being prescribed by the voice of Nature or by the will of God.

I suppose it then asserted, that, in all cases, it is the unqualified right of the labourer to do no work for the public, unless he has bound himself by some positive contract; that the man of property may, in like manner, withhold all contribution to the exigences of the State. It must surely be allowed, that no observation of history can lead us to infer this as the common right of mankind. There has never, probably, been a single case, in which governors have not claimed and exercised a qualified right over the labour or the property of the community: there has been no case, probably, in which this claim of the governor's has been practically resisted, by setting up, in opposition to it, an abstract principle of right. In all cases of resistance to Government, tyranny, either suffered or apprehended,—excess in the use of power, not a false title to power, used wisely or with moderation, has been the true motive and reason for such resistance.

But suppose that the true title of a governor to exact labour from any individual, or to impose a tax on him, depends absolutely on that individual's consent. Observe the consequences to which this position must lead, and then judge how far it may be tenable. The country is invaded; they who choose may repel the invader;—a tax is necessary, let those pay it who will. Is it not plain, that to trust, in such cases, to the courage or to the patriotism of individuals, is to encounter evils far more destructive of *right*, far more fatal to liberty, than can be redeemed by any speculative independence of tyrannical or arbitrary institutions?

But this is allowed, and it is replied, that in such cases individuals must be bound by the act of the majority. True; we can propose no better *expedient*: but where lurks, meanwhile, our positive *right*? *Why* am I bound by the act of majority? Why must I submit rather to numbers than to force? Suppose that I deem the war to have been unwise, which terminated, in the year 1815, so much to the glory of England, but, at the same time, so much to the exhaustion of her finances, and that, during the course of it, I opposed, as much as I could, the expensive policy which the Government pursued. My personal labour, or my patrimonial estate, are now taxed immoderately, to pay an expence which I never consented to incur. Am I, though I allow the war to have been carried on with the implied consent of the majority of the nation, less injured by the actual burden so imposed, than I should have been had it been imposed by a single despot? that system is, I believe, wisely devised, which gives to public opinion a decided influence on the choice of all measures in which the public is interested. It may be better to live where a majority makes the law, than where the law rests with a faction, or with an individual. The expediency, on the whole, of so living, reconciles me to single evils, which else, perhaps, I could not readily tolerate: but the might of numbers cannot make right, any more than the might of one.

And farther—over and above the submission which, on this theory of natural right, I am bound to pay to the will of the majority, a submission which, in truth, cannot be exacted on any principle, but that, for certain cases, it is the best *expedient* which can be devised, (and so defensible, no doubt, on the score of expediency,) I am supposed to delegate also my own rights to a representative, (and that representative appointed also by a majority,) and to be bound by the acts of a majority of the representatives of the district or empire in which I live. On principles of expediency this is well: I may not have any better plan to propose: but duty, or loyalty, being here out of the question, this, assuredly, is my only reason for submitting to measures which I do not approve.

The case will be plainer if stated as follows: Richard and Thomas live on two sides of a ditch, the boundary of their respective parishes. We will suppose that the ruling powers in both parishes are possessed with a love of litigation. Thomas and Richard hate equally the going to law, but are totally unable to prevent the law-suit. Richard's parish is governed by a vestry appointed by the universal suffrage of the inhabitants, and he has ultimately to pay ten pounds to his lawyer. The other parish is ruled arbitrarily by the Squire, and Thomas has the luck to come off for forty shillings. Yet it is said that Richard's natural rights are respected, while Thomas is only a slave or a vassal.

Now, that Thomas is only a slave or a vassal, I must, of course, in these circumstances, concede. But surely Richard, as to this particular point, can hardly be regarded as much better. "Poor fellow," says Thomas, "I pity you; you are five times worse off even than I am." Richard is sturdy, and will not allow this.

Says Thomas, "Five times forty shillings is ten pounds."

"Yes," says Richard, "but we are governed by our representatives."

"Yet ten pounds is still five times forty shillings. Besides, Richard, were your representatives all agreed to run into this foolish extravagance?"

"Agreed? No! The representative of our hamlet voted in a minority of five to six on the question."

"Then, truly, I cannot see how your rights are any better secured by representatives who are out-voted on such a question, than mine are, though I leave all to the Squire. Your member, however, I suppose, did all he could?"

"I know not: I expected but little from him. You remember, that at the election I voted against him."

"*You*, therefore, properly, have no representative, since the representative who is returned by your hamlet is returned in opposition to your wishes and interest. It appears, also, that the member sent by your neighbours is powerless to protect your right. I still think, therefore, that I am as well off with the Squire."

"But I," says Richard, "have my natural right to be governed according to my own consent."

"Against it," says Thomas, "is what you mean."

"But I *have a right* to be governed by the majority."

"And," quoth Thomas, "so has the Squire to govern me."

Who shall decide when doctors disagree? or how is the one right to be proved better than the other, except by showing that it is more conducive to happiness, that it is less likely that Richard's property will be dilapidated, or his essential interests violated, by representatives chosen by a majority of the parish, than Thomas's by an individual master? "Our lawyer," Richard may say, "is Lawyer Gripe, and I wish we were fairly out of his hands, and that the vestry would agree to choose a better. They will not turn me, however, out of my farm. Though not composed of the men I could wish, they are too dependent on the public opinion to act so manifestly in the teeth of the common interest, while your Squire may send *you* adrift any day." If this be so, we turn the tables on Thomas; but it is necessary to see the true hinge on which they move.

Of the natural right to *Annual* Parliaments I need not now, I presume, be expected to speak.

I am, &c.

Letter IV.

Sir,

If it be thus shown that what is called equal representation cannot possibly, unless we prove its expediency, be assumed as the common birth-right of mankind; the next point is, whether any just title to it accrues by the law under which we happen to live. And here I ask, whether any fact can be plainer, than that the law limits the right of representation to men who have freeholds of a certain small value, and to those who have votes by prescription or charter in certain towns? By the law can accrue no more than it gives; and, if it any where gives more than this, let it be shown.

But here we are referred to the times of the Anglo-Saxons, and to the many questions of great intricacy and doubtfulness which have been raised to the constitution of their Wittenagemote; an assembly which was, in fact, the Parliament of those times, and in which I would not venture to deny that some few members *may* have sat as the representatives of particular districts or boroughs; though I am fully persuaded that it was chiefly composed of nobles and clergy, who sat, not as deputies, but in their own right; and though, *if it contained any popular representatives*, all traces are yet indisputably lost of the principles on which the elections took place. Though we were to grant this body, therefore, to have been a body of representatives, yet, since we are ignorant of the mode in which it was formed, we cannot deduce, from the mere existence of such a body, any precedent as to the right of suffrage in the people. Or, if it were otherwise, yet no *right* of those times, which may not have been exercised for at least eight hundred years, can still be regarded even as a *dictum* of law. Or, though we were to grant, that either personally, or by his representatives, every freeman had a voice in the Wittenagemote—a concession this the most gratuitous imaginable—still we are to remember, that, in the period referred to, a great, and, as is usually supposed, the greater part of the community were absolute slaves; "in the same circumstances," as it is expressed by Dr Henry, "with the horses, oxen, cows, and sheep," of their masters, "except that it was not fashionable to kill and eat them." The slaves possessed no rights whatever, but those which were conferred by laws made by the freeman, or, as it may be far more correctly stated, conferred by laws which were made by the aristocracy; for, whatever may have been the composition of the Wittenagemote, it is altogether certain, that the more powerful nobles, and the superior clergy, who, at that time, were the great humanizers of society, and did much more than any other class of men to improve the condition of the lower ranks of the people, had a commanding influence on its decisions.

I shall be here asked, whether it is the jet of my argument, that, because a slave population then constituted a large portion of the population, a large portion of it ought to be slaves even now? Far from it; I would revive no precedents of antiquity, except for the sake of some manifest usefulness. And as for slavery, I hold fully, in the emphatic language of Locke, that "slavery is so vile and so miserable an estate of man, and so directly opposite to the generous temper and courage of our nation, that it is hardly to be conceived that an *Englishman*, much less a *gentleman*, should plead for it."

But what I argue is, that although it should be conceded that, at the time when freemen were a privileged class, the law might have given to every freeman a certain share of political power or right, we cannot infer that the principle of that law applies, in the case where all are free, to the whole mass of the people. I do not mean that it ought not to be matter of consideration whether that principle may not be made to apply. There may be an analogy in it which deserves attention. But it does not follow, that because, in one state of society, a certain rule of law has been adopted, it must be adopted of necessity in a very different state, (for the natural right has been discussed already,) any more than it follows that, because the trial by jury is, in civil cases, the true birth-right of an Englishman, there cannot legally be such a thing as a court-martial.

I am, Sir, &c.

Letter V.

We now recur, then, to the true fountain of right—that Great Power who wills the happiness of mankind, and consequently the means of attaining and of preserving it. Prove that, on the whole, human happiness is promoted by an equality of political right, and I grant, on the whole, an incontrovertible claim to it. But this is the question of how far it is expedient? This expediency, though not the criterion of morals, yet is, in politics, always the true question to which, of necessity, we must come at last. By what means, therefore, is human happiness best promoted? Is it, in truth, by that equality of which we speak?

Here I admit, that, to provide for every man the free direction and employment of his own labour, and the unrestricted use of its produce, abstracting, on the whole, as little as possible, is one of the essential constituents of public happiness. It may justly be said to be the great object of good government; and that every individual has, on this ground, a just right, or, as I would rather say, an equitable claim, to expect the law to provide accordingly; otherwise the government does not answer its end. I have no objection to take, as the criterion of good government, its tendency to this particular end. And it may be said, perhaps, that representative government is the sole method, or, at least, the best and the most effectual, by which this end can, in any case, be secured.

Provide then, if possible, a representative government. Still, however, you have this reserve to make, that, in the peculiar circumstances in which you are placed, neither the adoption of the principle itself, nor the application of it which you purpose to make, shall subject you to any particular inconveniences, of a nature adverse to the great end in view, and not to be compensated by the representative system. That particular inconveniences may be found in a regimen which must, on the whole, be accounted salutary, is quite incontestable. Wine is good, but, if the patient be in a fever, it will not be prescribed by any sane physician. The exercise of walking strengthens the muscles of the leg; but still rest may be the true remedy for a sprain. And so in every other cure that can be named.

Granting the uses, therefore, of a representative system, and even, in general, of making its basis extensive, the indications in any individual case, that, if adopted, it will be found to answer its purpose, can be learned only by looking to particulars, to the habit and wants of the body politic, and the effect on its state or condition, which may fairly be expected from those measures which we would prescribe. The case in which we are most interested is our own. That to give more weight to the popular voice in elections would impede or not the real happiness of the public, is a question into which I do not enter. I only pretend to show the true principles on which this question must be resolved,—measuring happiness by the degree in which labour and property are respected, or are left uncontrolled, and are, at the same time, fully protected by the state.

It is said, then, that, under an equal representation, the representatives, emanating from the people at large, would be more tenacious, both of their freedom and of their property, and would afford a safeguard which we do not now possess, both from the evils of an aristocratical tyranny, and from those also of an excessive taxation.

Two questions, therefore, arise for discussion.

The first, whether this effect would really follow from rendering the Senate more popular than it now is,—whether it would, in fact, be less arbitrary or less warlike—I say less warlike, because, in all our experience, war, and war only, seems to be the occasion of heavy taxes: or whether, on the contrary, a very popular Senate would not itself be a sort of tyranny of the mob, alternately fierce and timorous, and not so much a representative of the public mind, as a pander to all its worst vices?

The second question is, whether property or liberty would, on the whole, be benefited by having a body of representatives which might, in any considerable degree, be more susceptible than the English Parliament is found to be, of all changes which take place in public opinion? A rapid influence of public opinion in Parliament is one chief end which most reformers have in view. But it is at least a question which deserves serious consideration, whether the great advantage of having a body of representatives be, that such a body furnishes a convenient method of bringing into contact the Government and the people: whether it be not rather that of standing between the two, to *prevent* their coming into immediate collision: whether, though no doubt it ought, in the long-run, fairly and fully to express the public opinion, it ought not to accumulate some momentum in itself, and though it follow, at last, the public voice, yet follow slowly and cautiously? I pretend not here to say whether Parliament is or is not, as it is now constituted, exactly that index of opinion which is most wanted, or that it follows the variations of opinion either with too slow or with too rapid a pace; but only that a material question to solve is, whether, if made much more accessible than it now is, to all the fluctuations of public opinion, at all times, true freedom would not be essentially impaired by the very method taken to strengthen it? If a more popular constitution of Parliament would give to its acts more turbulence and uncertainty, such a constitution might, on the very principles of liberty, be inexpedient in a very high degree. For no true liberty can be consistent with violence, or with that apprehension of it, which necessarily accompanies a shifting and tumultuous national council. In the same manner, though such a constitution, once established, were to prove good, yet, if existing opinions or institutions should oppose, in any case, a strong obstacle to its establishment, the attempt to establish it may be unadvisable; and this even though those existing opinions be allowed to be merely prejudices, those institutions to be imperfect or corrupt. We have still to set against the good we project, or rather against our chance of obtaining it, the evils we may incur in making the trial.

I may add, that, conceding the existence of those dangers by which many persons apprehend our liberties to be menaced, nothing can be more certain, than that convulsion and tumult would infallibly make the matter much worse. This is confessed, indeed, by all those reformers who profess to trust the fortune of their cause to the eventual prevalence of reason and truth. But if this be so, nothing can be more unwise, than to attempt to parade the physical force of the country in a sort of defiance of the established authority. It is supposed, indeed, that no concessions to liberty will ever be made voluntarily by men in power; that such concessions can only be extorted by apprehension or terror: as we know that the independence of the Irish Parliament was yielded only to the armed force of Ireland, which sprung up during the American war. If, then, as, in some cases, terror certainly has had the effect of gaining objects which have been thought wanting for liberty; so, in the present case, it is sufficiently likely to have that effect, without our incurring too much risk by the way; we may concede, perhaps, even to the most turbulent demagogues, that they are the true and efficient patrons of liberty.

But it is necessary, before we concede so much, that we should examine carefully the following questions.

The first question is, whether the end which we propose is worth purchasing at the expence of a revolution? If not, it is of course necessary to beware that we do not pay for it more than it is worth. We have to consider, also, how much, and how peculiarly, our own country would suffer from such a convulsion. There exists not any other country in the world in which so much property, which would be destroyed by a revolution, or which would at least migrate to other shores, is occupied in providing employment for industry, in the shape of commercial and manufacturing, and even of agricultural capital. The whole of the immense National Debt, burdensome and injurious as it is, is also, in some sense, capital of this kind, since its extinction would annihilate one great market in which industry is at present employed.

The second question is, whether a revolution would gain those ends of liberty which we have in view? And here, as I suppose, it is necessary to grant, that there may be cases in which Governments are so bad, so regardless, and so independent of public opinion, that a revolution becomes unavoidable. Yet it may be asserted confidently, that the tendency of revolutions, unless intercepted by some rare happiness of circumstances, is always to terminate in a military despotism,—a despotism which cannot give place to liberty, till after a long and painful agony of alternate "tossing and exhaustion, as on a bed of death *." Is the state of England so much diseased as to justify so dangerous an experiment? an experiment which, as our own history may teach us, certainly does not always succeed. I do not allude to the expulsion of James II. The revolution which England would now imitate, if we should once more venture on so perilous a risk, is that revolution which was effected by Cromwell, and which we know ended in a complete tyranny of the army, and in a restoration which would have made the throne of the monarch one of the most arbitrary thrones in Europe, if Charles II. had been as artful as he was unprincipled. Nor does it yet appear, that, to make revolutions useful, in states where opinion has any influence on the Government, is a

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* Harrington's Oceana.

discovery reserved for the age in which we live. For the revolution in America is not in point. That, properly, had the character of a foreign war. If, then, to the certain evils of a revolution, be added a doubt whether it will gain the end we propose by it, the alternative becomes still worse than before.

The question remains, whether, though we admit the existence of those evils which a revolution would produce, and though we would shrink both from inflicting and risking them, it still may not be the part of a good citizen to endeavour to alarm the Government into those concessions which he contends are politic in themselves, and which, if granted, would, he thinks, obviate discontent, and be powerful to avert the revolution which he dreads?

Now, to this I answer, that to threaten the Government, to alarm its fears of insurrection or resistance, is plainly to threaten nothing less than a revolution: and I know of no instance in which the code of politics will authorise what the code of morals forbids,—the threat of any thing, which, in the last alternative, we should not be justified and determined to do. That threats may be wise in some cases, where we are prepared and authorised to carry them into execution, is a point which I do not either doubt or deny. If a *demonstration* of our force will gain us a victory, we may be spared the actual battle. *Mere* threatening, however, serves only to exasperate, and we have to consider whether, in the case before us, alarm or apprehension, instead of gaining from the Government any of the concessions which are thought wanting for liberty, does not, in fact, throw into alliance with Government, the natural friends of liberty, and so weaken, perhaps irremediably, its cause. For it is at least probable, that, if what is wanted is reasonable, and is also seen to be the decided wish of the public, one or other of the existing parties in the Legislature, though it be only for the sake of its own popularity, will, unless alarmed, be found to adopt the cause: and such a party, so backed by public opinion, can scarcely fail, ultimately, of success.—I am, Sir, &c.

Letter VI.

Sir,

The points which have been advanced in the foregoing letters are, in general, these: that the sole rights of mankind are the right of possession, and the right given by law, and that further right, which, I do not deny, may be found in some cases to accrue from expediency. That the consent of the governed is not always a necessary condition of just right in the governor, may have been shown sufficiently in what has already been said; but I shall now proceed to select some particular instances in which it has been pretended, that the existence of right depends on its origin in some such consent, that I may show more evidently the emptiness of the pretension.

This opinion, then, that the consent of the governed is a necessary element of the governor's right, I have often seen so stated, as to assert that no monarch in Europe, but the King of England, has properly a rightful title to his crown; because he only reigns by the choice of the people, as signified at the Revolution, and by the Act of Settlement.

But say, omitting many natural observations which this assertion might readily suggest, say that precisely the same laws, assigning, in each case, the same rights to the subject, are also established in some other country where the monarch has succeeded to a seat hereditary from the very oldest times; say that the people in both countries are equally happy and contented, and equally secure of the advantages which they enjoy;—is it for a moment credible that there can be more right to disturb the monarch who reigns by title of succession, than him who claims by compact or consent? The truth is, as I have said in a former letter, that power, by whatever means acquired, and law, whether it be equitable or not, carry always a *primâ facie* title; and that, in all cases, the only just ground of resisting them is, that the yoke which they impose is intolerable, or, at least, that some other system may probably be adopted more conducive to the public welfare or happiness.

Thus, while Buonaparte was master of France, right in that country

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was measured, apparently, by his will, or by those laws which bent always to his convenience. He had a right also *primâ facie* to his crown; and that precisely on the same principle on which, in this country, right is declared by the most equitable of its magistrates, and on which George IV. has peaceably succeeded to his father's undisputed inheritance,—on the same principle on which the President of the United States fills that station which he has been elected to fill,—or on which Louis sits on the throne of his ancestors. I will not deny, that, in each case, the same principle of expediency might justify resistance to the established authority, if, in each case, the expediency could be evidently made out: but then there are so many differences in the cases, that the expediency is very different in them all. The right of Buonaparte was often in conflict with law, with those very laws which he himself had established: it was exercised hardly, and with oppression. There was therefore the more reason for resisting it; and as it wanted the natural strength and hold of opinion which a regular transmission communicates, there was the more prospect of resisting it with success. On the other hand, the Revolution had remedied many evils: many of the evils of the Revolution itself had been remedied by the strong hand of Buonaparte; and the splendour of his career and his military triumphs had gained him the public vanity for his friend. All these circumstances operated in his favour: and that Frenchmen would have had an arduous question to settle, who might have been called on, during the reign of Buonaparte, to say, whether, in comparing the evils of the tyranny established, with the prospect of success in the attempt to subvert it, the calculation would justify such an attempt. But yet this plainly was the question for him to decide.

In our own country, the true question is the same, though, happily, the circumstances are so much clearer, that it may be thought to be only the wantonness of disputation which can ever call on us to agitate it. "Why has the magistrate a right to expect obedience?" "Because this right is given by prescription or statute." "But the law of power, or the statute-law, is oppressive; it deprives me of my natural liberty, it imposes on me an excessive taxation. I have a full right, therefore, to overturn it if I can." "Not unless you can suggest a better law,—not unless you can get that better law established,—not unless the good you propose outweigh the risk of the struggle: and can it be possible to affirm all these points in a country in which the public opinion possesses a certain, though perhaps a tardy operation, and in which there exist so many legal ways of asserting the cause of justice and truth?"

I must own, however, that if certain dicta were true, which are authorised even by most respectable names, I could not resist any of those popular arguments, which rest on the consent of the governed, the sole right which is possessed by the crown or the magistrate. It is said by Blackstone*, that the right of the magistrate to punish offences against the laws of society, is founded on the consent of the criminal to those laws by which he is doomed to suffer. And, undoubtedly, if we begin with one fiction,—by assuming that the consent of the governed is, in every free government, a necessary ingredient of constitutional law, we must be compelled to follow it up with another, or rather to follow up the same fiction into all the particular applications which it may receive. But this sort of fiction, though it may be convenient for lawyers, to enable them to methodize their legal analogies, has no foundation in the nature of man or of things, and can only serve, in any practical question, to throw men off from the true footing on which they stand. The criminal who is this day to be executed, has given, it is said, his consent to the law by which he dies! Is this the fact? or can it be supposed to be fact on any principle of the real origin of law? Is he not in truth the declared enemy of law, and the actual victim of power? The true reason why a criminal is not injured even by the infliction of capital punishment, is, that it is his *duty* to submit to the law. Why his duty? Because, cut off as he is from all commerce in future with mankind, it is still his duty to God and to society to do what he can to expiate his transgression. Else I know not of any obligation he can be under, or that there is any principle which is to prevent him from taking arms, and resisting the execution of the law.

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* Commentaries, Vol. IV. p. 8.

The most remarkable instance, perhaps, on record, of the effect produced by the legal fiction of which I have spoken, the fiction that compact and consent are the sole basis of right, was the instance, probably, of that war with America, which eventually established the independence of the colonies. During that war, it was contended for the Americans, that the principle of natural right exempted them, because unrepresented in Parliament, from any taxation which England might impose. And no person can recur to, or can remember the history of, that ill-managed contest, without recognising the great influence on men's opinions which this principle then possessed and exerted. On the same principle, no doubt, in the mother country, every payer of taxes may claim a right to vote in imposing them, or, as is said, to vote for a representative: or rather, this position is too limited in its extent: and every person who is destined by Providence to act or suffer, to avoid evil, or to enjoy good, has a right to an equal voice in the representation of that country in which he happens to live.

While this pretension was confined to the colonies, its only effect was to hasten that separation by which the interests, both of America and of England, may possibly have been, on the whole, benefited. But when the pretension comes to be agitated on our own shores, we ought to beware that we do not urge inconsiderately, any claim which cannot be urged without serious danger, the danger of actually losing those rights of which we are now in present enjoyment, or the danger, at least, of some public convulsion.

It is at length seen, probably, that the argument of the colonies should have been altogether of a different purport. If they had held that the English rule was oppressive, that their own period of nonage was now past, and that they claimed a right of setting up for themselves, analogous to that of an adult individual, who is about to leave the paternal mansion for his own, their claim, if the facts stated were accurate, or the analogy fully borne out by them, could scarcely, perhaps, have been reasonably denied.

But those Englishmen who are dissatisfied with their condition, or that large class which feels most sensibly the exhaustion which a war of upwards of twenty years' duration, in very peculiar and trying circumstances, has produced, are far from being in the same condition with the Americans. They form of the state an integral portion: it is not possible that they can be severed from it. They have more to risk, both for themselves and for others, in any changes of polity which may take place, namely, the whole difference between revolution and war. I say, not that there can never be circumstances in which even a wise and temperate man may not apprehend, that even the risk of a revolution may be compensated by the good which it promises. I hold no opinions adverse to liberty. Though I deny that, in its true and natural course, power emanates either actually or virtually from the people, I admit most willingly, that the benefit of the people is the sole legitimate purpose for which it can be used. If not so used, the people may, perhaps justly, *take*, though they cannot often be properly said to *resume* it, from a vicious or from an imbecile hand. But this, again, is that only argument, namely, the argument derived from expediency, which I have so often shown, in so many different ways, to be the sole argument which, on the principles of liberty, can exist in any case for any change of constitution; and which I am persuaded, also, must, in all government by law, where law is not made the tool of power, oppose universally every inroad of violence on the established rights, either of the magistrate or of the people.

I am, Sir, &c.

WILLIAM AND MARY; A SIMPLE TALE.

There is no connection in life more beautiful than that subsisting between an amiable brother and sister. To see two young people of different sexes loving each other with all the warmth and tenderness of which their nature is capable, yet with a purity and disinterestedness which has so little reference to self, is peculiarly gratifying to those who delight in the more pleasing traits of human nature. While we look back to our own happy days of childhood, when we knew no other home than our father's house, does not the brother or sister who shared our sports, and sympathized in all our little sorrows, as the recollection steals upon our minds, kindle in our breasts a glow of generous affection which all our later attachments in life have failed to inspire? They are so intimately connected with the endearing remembrance of our father's house, and the little history of our early years, that cold indeed is his heart who can forget the tie which binds him to a being who shared in course with himself, a parent's blessing, and a parent's care.

These reflections were suggested to me by a circumstance which lately came under my observation, and deeply interested my feelings. I have, for nearly forty years, been the pastor of a small parish in a beautiful and retired spot in the west of Scotland. I have there been a happy husband and father, and I have there mourned the loss of those who were near and dear to my affections; yet I am not disgusted with the world, and though willing, cheerfully, to resign my life when called for by Him who bestowed it, I still find much to attach and interest me in those by whom I am surrounded.

William and Mary Lindsay were the children of my nearest neighbour, at least among those who had any claim to the title of gentlemen, and, by birth and education, Mr Lindsay merited that epithet. He was the younger son of a great landed proprietor in ——shire, but the extravagant habits of his youth had reduced his fortune so much, that he found it necessary to retire to a small property in my parish, known by the name of Woodside, consisting of only a few acres of ground, on which stood a small, though commodious house, hitherto occupied by a farmer, who rented the place from Mr Lindsay.

At the time my acquaintance with that gentleman commenced, he was a widower; his wife had died about a twelvemonth before, leaving behind her two children, William and Mary. I soon found that the dispositions of my new neighbour would prevent all approaches to an intimacy between us, to which I had looked forward with pleasure. He was cold and reserved in his manners, seemed discontented with himself and the world in which he lived, and secluded himself, as much as politeness would allow, from those around him. He was, in short, a man satiated by the pleasure which, in youth, he had too deeply indulged in, and the recollection of which, joined to his loss of fortune, probably caused that sort of morbid melancholy which gives a distaste for the endearing enjoyments of social intercourse. Be that as it may, Mr Lindsay's time was more frequently spent in solitary rambles, or in perusing the contents of a well-selected library, than in holding communion with his fellows. Till William and Mary had reached their eighth and ninth years, their education had been the joint care of the village schoolmaster, and a sort of upper-servant, who likewise superintended the concerns of Mr Lindsay's household. I often sighed to think, had my children been spared to me, with what delight every leisure hour should have been devoted to their improvement; the uncommonly interesting appearance of the two children inspired me with a wish to serve them; and a resemblance that I traced, or fancied that I traced, in the features of William, to my own dear boy, strengthened this desire so much, that I at length proposed to Mr Lindsay, (one day, when he had broken so far through his usual habits as to call at the Manse,) that his son should spend a part of each day, in listening to my instructions. I was the more urgent in my request, as I knew that Mr Lindsay, from the state of his affairs, could not afford to do justice to the education of his children. After a little hesitation, he complied with my request, on being assured that the task I imposed upon myself was a pleasant one, and would serve to divert some tedious hours. "And little Mary may come too," said my wife, taking off her spectacles, and looking up from her work. "I do not like to see the poor things separated; and if she does not learn Latin with her brother, she shall at least learn all that I can teach her, which is not very much, to be sure, but she will be better here than with the servants at home, or idling about Mr ——'s school: do not refuse me now, Mr Lindsay, for it will do good both to her and me. I sometimes think the forenoons very long, since my poor little Elizabeth was taken from me, that used to while away the time with her prattle." My good wife wiped her eyes, and Mr Lindsay, looking really grateful, shook her cordially by the hand, and promised that both his children should spend their forenoons at the Manse.

From this time, the intercourse between the young Lindsays and my family was so close and constant, that I felt for them almost a parental affection; and never were two beings more formed to excite the liveliest emotions of interest and attachment. I can yet bring them distinctly to my recollection, as they used to trip gaily along the little foot-path between Woodside and the Manse; the dimpled cheek and laughing eyes of Mary forming a fine contrast to the darker complexion and more pensive expression of her brother, while the motions of both were full of grace and nature. The minds of each were of a most superior cast, although the same shades of difference were perceptible in their characters, as in their external appearance. William was grave and thoughtful, but possessed of an intenseness of feeling that displayed itself in the enthusiastic ardour with which he engaged in any study or pursuit, suited to his inclination and genius. His sister, with talents not inferior to those of her brother, joined a thousand little sportive graces, which gave an additional charm to the powers of her mind. She joined William in all his studies; for, secluded as she was from the society of her equals in age and rank, I considered it a duty to supply her with those resources in herself, which might serve to employ many a solitary hour, otherwise, possibly, passed in painful, or at least idle contemplations. Nor were those branches more immediately connected with female usefulness neglected; my wife instructed her in the management of household affairs, and the use of her needle, which her more serious studies did not cause her to neglect; in short, she united, to what is admirable in our sex, all that is lovely in her own.

To the happiness of possessing such children Mr Lindsay could not be insensible, yet his repulsive manners and reserved habits prevented that interchange of thought and endearing intercourse which sweetens the connections of domestic life. William and Mary felt for their father that attachment and respect which an amiable child instinctively feels for a parent who is neither vicious nor cruel: they did more; they felt the keenest pity for the dejection that so often clouded his mind. But their warmest affections were centred in each other, and neither had a thought of happiness that was not, in some degree, connected with the other; nor could it have been otherwise, gifted, as they were, with the ardent feelings natural to youth and genius, and, from childhood, dependent upon each other's society for almost every pleasure they enjoyed. In this happy and tranquil manner they passed their days, till William had attained his seventeenth year, when it was judged advisable, by Mr Lindsay and myself, that he should be sent to one of our principal Universities, to pursue his studies, which I was unable to complete. My reader can scarcely conceive the pain with which William and Mary looked forward to a separation of little more than six months, unless, like them, during early youth, he has been shut out from the enjoyments and society of his equals in age, and his affections almost entirely centred in one beloved object, who has soothed him in his moments of affliction, and participated in all his joys. Yet the feelings with which they anticipated William's introduction to the world were not wholly unmingled with pleasure. Mary fondly dreamt of the fame he should acquire by the display of powers which had hitherto been buried in retirement; while the youth himself, independent of the natural desire for improvement and distinction, which is the companion of talent, was not without a portion of that curiosity, which few young men of his age have not experienced, to mingle in scenes with which he was as yet acquainted only by report.

The evening, however, preceding William's departure for —— was a very melancholy one; all pleasurable emotions were banished, by the pang of approaching separation. Mary could not suppress her tears, when she thought of her cheerless prospect for the winter, deprived, as she would be, of her friend and brother, and left alone with a parent, whose gloomy disposition had too often baffled their united efforts to enliven or cheer him. It was a fine autumnal evening, and they wandered into the little garden surrounding the house, where they had so often worked and played together, in the happy days of childhood. Every thing was still, and the general appearance of decay which that season of the year exhibits, heightened the melancholy which, in spite of their efforts, insensibly stole into their hearts. "Come," said Mary, "we must not indulge in useless sorrow; you will return, and we shall again be happy together; I shall have the garden in nice order, and every thing will look smiling and beautiful in the month of June." "And, in the meantime, I shall assist you," said William, "in transplanting this rose-bush; you wish it put into the border at the gate, do not you?"

He accordingly employed himself in transplanting the flower, while his sister stood by, superintending the work.

"It will be in full bloom when you return, William," said she, making an effort to suppress a sob, which at that moment struggled in her throat. "I shall always think of you when I look at it," added she, as the tears forced themselves down her cheek.

The rest of the evening was spent in preparing for William's departure, and in talking over his future prospects. He had already taken an affectionate leave of me, promising never to forget what he owed me; not merely for the pains I had taken with his classical education, but for instilling into his mind those principles of virtue, which he declared should ever regulate his conduct.

"You will have need of them all, my son," said Mr Lindsay, who had accompanied William to the Manse, and, impelled by the natural feelings of a parent, now broke through his customary reserve; "you will have need of them all; you are going to enter scenes of vice and temptation; but be warned by the melancholy wreck you now see before you, and resist them, as you wish to retain your peace. I was once as blooming and as happy as you, but I cast peace and happiness away, in the pursuit of phantoms, which led me on to misery and want."

Mr Lindsay said no more; nor could he have heightened the impression his words and earnest manner left upon the mind of his son. They soon after took their leave; and my young friend was the next day on his road to ——. His sister, to ardent affections united a strong understanding, which taught her to repress the grief she felt at his departure, and to direct her mind to other objects as much as possible, till time should have accustomed her to the loss of his society.

Her books, her garden, and household affairs, claimed each, in turn, her attention; but her chief pleasure consisted in her visits to the Manse, where she would sit for hours, talking of her absent William, to auditors who never found it an unwelcome subject.

Mr Lindsay, too, as if sensible of the deprivation his daughter had sustained, would sometimes, in his happier moods, seem to interest himself in her occupations, and draw her into conversation. But constant attention to the feelings of others was foreign to his habits; and it was only by fits and starts he seemed aware that any exertion was called for, on his part, to support the cheerfulness of a daughter, who, without his being conscious of it, formed the chief happiness and comfort of his life. Time, however, imperceptibly passed away, and Mary began to count the weeks and days that must intervene before her brother was restored to her. He, meanwhile, introduced to scenes where his talents were called forth, and put upon the full stretch, laboured, with all the honest emulation and romantic ardour belonging to his character, for that distinction which is the dearest reward of genius. But how often, when crowned with success, did he turn, in disgust, from companions, who, far from participating in his pleasure, with a meanness and envy which were equally contemptible, endeavoured to detract from his merit, or to deprive him of its reward! He turned from them to the recollection of his sister, whose affection for him had never been tarnished by one hostile feeling, and who had a pleasure and interest in his success little inferior to his own. Amid those scenes, too, of vice and brutality, to which he was sometimes unavoidably a witness, would her pure and peaceful image steal upon his mind, as if to preserve his love of innocence and virtue; and often, after a day of fatigue and mortification, has he sunk to sleep, soothed by dreams of that peaceful home of which absence only heightened every charm. At length that period arrived which is anticipated by the student with so much eagerness, a period when the deserving reap the rewards due to industry and genius; while those who are destitute of such qualifications enjoy the meaner delights of freedom from discipline and study. William, while his name resounded through the classic hall, as the successful candidate for many a prize, felt the glow of triumph mantle on his cheek, as he thought of the delight he should give at home, where he was sure of finding at least one heart that would proudly rejoice in his success. As Mary, in her last letter, had mentioned that her father proposed leaving home about this time, upon business of importance, William resolved to hasten his return, and calculated upon arriving several days before he could possibly be expected.

As the weather was fine, and his purse light, he determined to travel on foot, and set out, with the pleasurable emotions excited by our return to a happy home, after a first and long absence;—and how did these emotions encrease, as, on the third day of his journey, he drew near those objects which had been familiar to him from his infancy! The spire of the village church peeping from among the trees,—the white foam of a cascade, which he had often in boyhood gazed on with silent admiration, and which was now sparkling in the summer sun, with the green hedges and white gate belonging to the Manse,—all sent to his heart a throb of inexpressible delight.

It was a lovely afternoon in the end of May; the season was remarkably far advanced; and, as the weather had been fine for some days, every thing appeared to the fullest advantage. Not a leaf stirred among the trees; no sound was heard but the singing of the birds, mingled with the distant murmur of the cascade, and now and then interrupted by the lowing of some cattle that grazed in a neighbouring field. William gazed on the peaceful scene with heartfelt delight, contrasted as it was, in his imagination, with the noisy din and bustle of the city he had quitted. He stopped at the gate of the Manse, and peeped into the green, half in expectation of seeing some old friend wandering there; no one, however, appeared, and he passed on; "my first meeting," thought he, "shall be with Mary;" and he hurried along the well-known path leading to Woodside. Every bush and tree he now passed wore the aspect of an old acquaintance; at length he caught a view of his father's dwelling, and his heart swelled with rapture as he almost bounded along. He paused, on reaching the gate, to consider how he might give his sister the agreeable surprise with most effect; his eye unconsciously rested upon the rose which he had planted there the night before leaving home. It had put forth its buds, and bloomed, but was now parched, and drooping in the heat of the sun. A feeling slightly allied to reproach passed over his mind, as he recollected that Mary had said it should be in full bloom when he returned. "I thought she would have cherished it for my sake," said he; but he had now reached the house-door, and every other idea was forgotten in the expectation of embracing his beloved sister. "I shall steal upon her, as she sits at work," thought he, while he entered without knocking, and stepped softly along the passage to the little parlour usually occupied by the family. He entered with a beating heart; but no one was there. With a feeling of disappointment, that things had not happened precisely as he had anticipated, he rung the bell, and then looked round the room, to enjoy, for a moment, the satisfactory assurance of being again at home. It seemed as if he had left it but yesterday, so little alteration had taken place in its appearance. The tables and chairs stood in the same places they had occupied for years, and a bird, belonging to his sister, still carolled its accustomed note. Her work-box, too, stood upon a small table in the window, where she usually sat, but seemed to have been untouched that day. Not a book was out of its place; and, indeed, so little did the room wear the appearance of having been inhabited, that William was, for the first time, struck with a fear that his sister might be from home. As no one had answered his summons, he was about to leave the room, when it was entered by a servant, who was, however, a stranger to him. "Where is Miss Lindsay?" said he, impatiently: the girl gazed in stupified astonishment, as she exclaimed, "Miss Lindsay! oh, Sir, she died last night!"

"Oh, my God! support me!" cried the wretched youth, sinking into a chair, and striking his forehead with his hands, while Reason seemed for a moment to totter on her throne.

But we must draw a veil over the scenes which followed: for what pen can describe the agonized feelings that succeed the extinction of every cherished hope in a mind unschooled by affliction, at the moment its cup of happiness seems full? The wretched William shut himself up in solitude, refusing to be comforted, or to admit any one to his presence; even his ancient friend and pastor was denied that consolation, so absorbing, for a season, were the effects of his grief.

Mr Lindsay, who had quitted his home, uncertain when he might return, and without giving any positive direction to where he might be found, was spared for a time the overwhelming intelligence that awaited him. His daughter's illness, which had seized her the day after he quitted Woodside, had been so fatally rapid in its effects, that her brother had set out on his return home, before any intimation of it could reach ——. The funeral was deferred for some days, in the hope that Mr Lindsay might return ere the grave had closed for ever from his sight that daughter whom, a week before, he had left blooming in health and beauty. At length, however, it took place, with all the dismal paraphernalia attendant upon such occasions. It has always struck me that there is something peculiarly touching in the appearance of a funeral, amidst the still and peaceful scenes of the country;—perhaps it may be owing to its more frequent occurrence, that, in a town, we pass by with indifference the remains of the rich and powerful going to their long home, while, in the country, we gaze with sympathy and melancholy moralizings, on seeing some simple and insignificant peasant laid in his native dust. With what mingled feelings, then, of regret and pity, did we look upon the weeping train which followed youth, beauty, and innocence, to the tomb, headed by one whose speechless sorrow and despairing countenance alone told how much he had lost!

I, who had been as another father to the departed, could not, without feelings of the most overwhelming nature, see the mournful group moving along the path, which, a few Sabbaths before, she whose lifeless clay they bore had trode in strength and beauty, to the house of God. Her brother, who had never raised his

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eyes from the bier, had not yet recognised me; but when we had surrounded the grave, and the coffin had slowly descended into the earth, he cast round him a glance of wild and unutterable anguish, as if it said, "Is there no one to help or pity me?" I seized his hand,—he gazed on me for a moment in silence,—returned my pressure, and burst into tears. The kind and simple hearts of the villagers were melted at this sight, and stifled sobs were heard on every side, as the green sod was laid over her whom they had ever regarded with love and admiration. William retraced, alone and in silence, the path to his father's solitary dwelling; nor did I judge it wise to intrude upon his privacy, till the violence of his grief should have spent itself, and left him open to the consolations of reason and religion.

The evening after Mary was buried, I directed my footsteps to the village church-yard, that I might there indulge my melancholy musings. It stood upon a rising ground, at some distance from the village, the distant hum of which mingled with the gentle breeze that sighed among the trees surrounding the rustic burying-ground; a small stream, on one side, meandered beneath their peaceful shade, on the banks of which the village children were wont to sport with the thoughtless glee of infancy. All now, however, was still; no one ventured to obtrude near the spot which had so lately been hallowed by affliction. The sun, as I reached the church-yard, was just sinking, in full splendour, behind a distant hill; not a cloud was on the blue surface of the sky: it seemed an emblem of the pure untarnished course and peaceful death of her I had come to mourn.

While I stood for an instant gazing upon the glorious spectacle, I heard a deep groan proceed from some one near me; my eyes instinctively turned to Mary's grave, on which lay extended the unhappy William, his face pressing the turf which covered her, unconscious that any human being was witness to his agony. "Oh! Mary, my sister, my sister!" he exclaimed, in a voice that pierced to my very soul; then starting up, he cast around him a wild and hurried glance, till his eye rested, for the first time, upon me; he sprung forward, and grasping both my hands in his, a flood of tears came to his relief. "Oh! Sir," he exclaimed, "*you* can pity me, for you know what I have lost; she was my sister, my friend, my all; but I shall soon follow her: God cannot doom me to such misery long," added he, while his countenance assumed a wildness of expression that terrified me. "William, my dear William," said I, when I could command composure, "moderate these transports, and learn submission to the will of Heaven; this violent indulgence of your grief is impious and unmanly; it renders you unworthy of *her* you mourn; I was with her in the last moments her pure spirit lingered here: 'Comfort my dear brother,' said she to me; 'tell him my last earthly thoughts were of him and of my father: bid him live to be a comfort and pride to my poor father, as he has ever been to me. Oh! William,' she continued, 'I shall never see you again in this world! but you, Sir, will teach him to look forward to our meeting, where we shall be eternally happy.' These, my dear son, were the last words of your sister—let them not be forgotten.' "Oh! never, Sir," said he, in a subdued and faltering tone; "grief had almost blinded my reason, but *she* has pointed out the path of duty; assist me to tread it, so shall I obey the last wishes of her who was virtue and purity itself."

I have seen William frequently since this interview; his grief is now calm, though deep, and he is successively struggling with his own feelings, to mitigate the misery of his parent, who returned two days after his daughter's funeral, to be plunged into the bitterest despair.

The summer is now far advanced; the green grass is waving o'er Mary's grave, and the wild-flowers have sprung up, and bloomed on it; but often shall they have bloomed again, and faded, ere she who sleeps beneath can be forgotten.

THOUGHTS ON SUBJECTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

"Res accendunt lumina rebus."—*Lucretius.*

VII. Profit of Capital[*].

It seems to me that the rate of profit depends principally on three circumstances:

1*st*, On the safety or hazard, facility or difficulty, of accumulating and employing capital. Difficulty and hazard raise the wages of *productive economy*, in the same way that they raise the wages of productive labour; they raise the profits of capital, as they raise the profits of industry; and in proportion as the difficulties and dangers of accumulating and employing capital are diminished by political *justice* and commercial *experience*, the wages of productive economy, or, in other words, the profits of capital, will gradually fall. Whatever tends to secure the capital of the capitalist, will lower the rate of profit. Whatever lessens the difficulty of production, will lessen its rewards. It will lower the price, by increasing the supply.

2*d*, On the extent of the market. The narrower the market, the smaller will be the capital which it is possible to employ; and the smaller the capital, the higher will be the rate of profit. "The capitalist must not only live by his trade, but live by it suitably to the qualifications which it requires [†];" and the price paid for these qualifications must be proportioned to the demand for them.

3*d*, On the rise or fall that may take place in the value of currency, *during the interval* between the production and the sale of the commodity. A rise in the value of currency will lower the price of commodities, lessen the difference between the price and the cost, and consequently lower the profits of capital; and a fall in the value of currency will produce the opposite effects.

Increase of *commerce* must produce a greater demand for currency, and raise its value. Increase of commercial *confidence* must lower the value of currency, by lessening the demand for *ready money*, (that is, for currency.) Commerce and credit naturally grow together, and counteract one another; the former tends to raise, and the latter to lower, the exchangeable value of money; and it is often extremely difficult to estimate the *relative* strength of these opposite principles, and thereby predict the rise and fall in the value of currency. Commercial confidence rises or falls, under the influence of a great many political causes, of which we rather feel the effects, than perceive the operation [‡].

An abolition of the restrictions on trade would produce a considerable rise in the relative value of currency[§], and lower, proportionally, the prices of goods, and the profits of capital. It is very probable, that the price of the commodities *actually in the market* would fall *much below the cost of production.* This would be advantageous to the consumers; and it would *not* be injurious to the pro-

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[*] It was remarked at the conclusion of No. II., that when a rise in the price of labour is accompanied with an increase in its productive power, it raises the rate of profit. This is a mistake. Its tendency is to raise the rent of land, not the profit of stock. The cheapness of production, coupled with the great demand for produce, encourages production; *this* raises the value of the materials, and *that* raises the value of the land that produces the materials.

[†] Wealth of Nations, Vol. I., p. 172, Eighth Edit. 8vo.

[‡] See Richard III., Act ii., Scene 3d.

[§] A considerable quantity of the bank paper now in circulation would be exchanged for gold, and the gold would be exported, in exchange for foreign commodities. The quantity of circulation in the country would become less, and the commodities circulated would become greater. The value of the circulating medium would, therefore, be raised in two ways—by the lesser supply, and greater demand for it. A rise in the value of the circulating medium is only another name for an *equal* and *universal* fall in the prices of goods. I suppose that this is what some political economists mean by excessive production.

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ducers, though it would reduce their nominal capitals. The reduction of his income would be compensated to every individual, by a proportional fall in the price of the commodities consumed by him; and the loss produced by an universal reduction of income, would be instantly repaired by an universal fall of prices.

When the value of money rises, the prices of *all* goods, the rent of *all* lands, and the nominal amount of *all* debts, public and private, ought to be *proportionally* reduced. The ignorance of some, and the obstinacy of others, is opposed to this comprehensive adjustment. Hence the complaints of the scarcity of money, excess of production, excess of taxation, evils produced by the transition from war to peace, &c. &c. These evils proceed from the unwillingness of capitalists to reduce their prices *below the cost of production*, of landholders to reduce their rents, of creditors to reduce the debts due to them. They do not perceive, that the deduction from the nominal amount of their incomes takes nothing from their relative value, when compared with the price of goods. A capitalist would sustain no *real loss*, though he were compelled to sell all his commodities at a *nominal loss* of 50 per cent., provided the price of *all* the commodities consumed by him were to fall in the same ratio *. His *money* would be 50 per cent. less than it was before, but the *worth* of his money would be the same. The same principle applies to the landlord whose rents are reduced 50 per cent. by the importation of foreign corn. The same principle applies to the public creditor, whose income is diminished in the same ratio, by a reduction of the national debt,—to the private creditor, who is willing to depart from the half of his legal right, &c. &c. It seems to me, that a reduction of private debts might be easily accomplished, with the consent of the creditors, if every insolvent debtor were to be tried by a jury, before he was subjected to imprisonment or loss. A reduction of debts, with the consent of creditors, is a measure perfectly similar to the reduction of rents with the consent of landholders. The last measure *has* been accomplished,—the former *may*. The elements of our intellectual and moral nature are the very same in creditors as in landholders. Do we really believe that corn will grow no where but on the rigs of Tillietudlem?

VIII. On Rent.

It seems to me, that the *rent* of land, and the *interest* of money, are two words which differ, not in their meaning, but in their application. *Rent* is the *interest* paid for the *use* of land, and *interest* is the *rent* paid for the *use* of money. Thus we say, a *pair* of gloves, a *couple* of hounds, a *brace* of wild-fowl, &c.

The rent of land must, *cæteris paribus*, be proportioned to the relative value of land, and the value of land to the profits of agriculture. An increase in the profit arising from the cultivation of land will raise the rent of land in the same way that an increase in the profits arising from the employment of money raises the interest or rent of money.

The profit of agricultural industry must be proportioned to the relative value of agricultural produce; the value of land produce must be proportioned to the cost of production†; and the cost of production must be proportioned to the relative value of labour. It is by the employment or consumption of labour that we obtain the produce of land, and it is by the consumption or employment of land produce that we obtain labour. A rise in the relative value of labour, therefore, will raise the relative value of land produce, by increasing the cost of production; and a rise in the relative value of the land produce consumed by the labourer, will in, the same way, raise the relative value of labour.

The relative value of land, therefore, is proportioned to the relative value of labour; or, in other words, the interests of the landholders and those of the labourers are the same. There is a proverb in Hindostan, that "master's favour is of more value than ten thousand rupees." And I wish that the landholders could be persuaded to *promote their own interests*, by extending this protection to the labourers. The interests of the landholders, and those of the *radicals*, are in reality the same! Whatever raises the relative value of labour, must increase the cost of production, and consequently raise the *relative* value of those commodities that are produced rather by human industry than by mechanical contrivance; it must, in the same way, lower the relative value of the commodities that are produced rather by mechanical contrivance than by human industry; it must, therefore, raise the relative value of land produce, and lower the relative value of manufactures; it must, consequently, increase the relative wealth of the landlord, and lessen the relative wealth of the master manufacturers*. On the other hand, whatever raises the *relative* value of the land produce consumed by the labourer, will increase the cost of production, and consequently raise the relative value of labour †.

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* In other words, a nominal loss of 50 per cent. would produce no real detriment to anybody, provided it were universal.

† Cheapness of production encourages production, as the cheapness of commodities encourages consumption; and production lowers price, by increasing supply.

The poor laws, the combination laws, and all other laws or *habits of thinking*, that tend, either directly or indirectly, to lower the relative value of labour, must, in the same degree, lower the relative value of land. The landed aristocracy is the class which possesses the greatest political power in almost all countries; the labourers are the class that possess the least political power; and the interests of the first class are the same with the interests of the second. We have therefore obtained, from the science of Political Economy, a *purchase* or *security* in favour of the rights of the labourers, which we could never have obtained from the science of Political Government. See *Edinburgh Review, Vol. XIII., p.* 196, &c. This passage is too long to be quoted, but it is a very important one, and the reader is requested to peruse it attentively.

IX. *On Labour, considered as a Measure of Value.*

In order that labour may be an accurate measure of value, it is necessary that its own value should be invariable, or nearly so. But this is not true, either of the *real* or of the *exchangeable* value of labour; and it is evident that there is no other sort of value.

The real value of labour is proportioned to the *real happiness* which it gives to the consumer; and this depends much more on the consumer's own dispositions, and on his physical and moral capacity of enjoyment, than on the quantity or nature of the industry exerted in his favour. The real value of labour varies with every change in the physical and moral condition of the employer; and it is evident that nothing can be more variable than the physical and moral condition of so capricious and unaccountable a being as man.

The *exchangeable value* of labour is nearly proportioned to its productive power; or, at least, the productive power of labour cannot be increased without raising, *more or less*, its value, when exchanged for other commodities. But every new invention in art increases the productive power of labour, and consequently raises, more or less, its exchangeable value. To employ labour, therefore, as a measure of value, is as absurd as to employ the foot of a growing child as a measure of length.

For the same reason, *corn* cannot be an accurate measure of value. Every rise in the exchangeable value of agricultural labour, and every obstacle to the extension of agriculture over the inferior or exhausted soils, must raise the relative value of corn, by increasing the cost of production.

Do we need a measure of value?

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* It will not lessen their absolute wealth. They will grow richer, but not in the same degree that the landlords and labourers will grow richer. Their absolute wealth will be greater, but their relative wealth will be less.

† There will be no rise in the value of labour relatively to land produce, nor in the value of land produce relatively to labour. But the value, both of labour and of the produce that subsists the labourer, will rise, *relatively to manufactures*.

Can we obtain it? I conceive that both these questions ought to be answered in the negative. The object of Political Economy is not to measure quantities, but to ascertain their relations. The subjects of inquiry are not absolute, but relative values. The calculations are algebraical, not arithmetical; the notation is *literal*, not numeral. The combination of letters in an algebraic formula, discovers to us the *relations* of numbers, but not the numbers themselves. It is the same in those *general reasonings* which constitute the science of Political Economy. We cannot measure the value of *any* commodity, but by comparing it with the value of *every other* commodity for which it is exchangeable. And as we cannot collect the price of *all* the commodities that are mutually exchangeable, we cannot obtain an *accurate* measure of the *exchangeable* value of *any* commodity whatever. As for an accurate measure of *real* value, the absurdity of measuring it is too obvious to require illustration.

It is common in Political Economy to inquire into the causes that *regulate* certain events. But for this word "regulate," I think that we ought always to substitute the word *influence*. One event cannot be the *regulating* cause of another event, unless it is the *only* cause; because the occurrence of a second cause must modify, if it does not change altogether, the operation of the first. The first cause, therefore, will cease to *regulate* the event; but it never can cease to influence it, if it has any operation at all *.

"Toutes choses étant causées et causantes, aidées et aidantes, médiatement et immédiatement, et toutes s'entretenent par un lien naturel et insensible, qui lie les plus eloignées, et les plus differentes, je tient impossible de connoitre les parties, sans connoitre le tout, non plus que de connoitre le tout sans connoitre *en detail* les parties." *(Pascal.)* It it evident that this knowledge, at once minutely accurate and comprehensive, cannot be obtained but by the mutual intercourse of speculative men, with men of observation and business. What are the causes which obstruct this intellectual intercourse? The first step towards freedom of trade must be to remove, or at least lessen, the obstacles which obstruct the commerce of the mind.

X. *On Tyranny.*

It is remarked by Dr Chalmers, that "the success produced by a more *vigorous administration* of the poor laws, has suspended the desire for a *reformation* of them." (*Christian and Civil Economy,* Vol. II. p. 268, &c. p. 277, &c.) It is evident, that an unnatural law cannot be executed at all, if it is not enforced with severity. The error in the principle necessarily produces severity in the execution; and, in proportion as the good sense or humanity of those who administer the law, or of those who witness its operation, prevents the recourse to tyranny, in the same proportion is the inefficacy of the law *manifested*, and the progress of political improvement accelerated. If the humanity of the people prevents the continuance of a harsh or oppressive law, and if their good sense prevents the continuance of a law that is absurd and useless, all such laws will be repealed; other laws will be substituted which are *effectual, without being oppressive;* and if no such laws can be devised, the cure of the evils will be committed to Nature.

Tyranny subdues or conceals the natural re-action of popular *reason* against an ineffectual law, and of popular *sentiment* against an unjust law; and this re-action is as useful in guiding the legislator, as the motion of the compass in directing the mariner. The lawgiver who has recourse to tyranny, acts like the mariner who throws his compass into the sea. Severity may sometimes lessen, and more frequently conceal, the immediate evils produced by bad laws; but it perpetuates all these evils, by perpetuating all the laws that produce them. It converts all the acute diseases of the body politic into chronic ones. It would not be easy to do mischief in a more compendious way.

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* For the same reason, the political economist ought to be content with pointing out *tendencies,* without attempting to produce *effects.* We cannot predict with certainty the effects of one cause, till we have discovered *all* the causes by which it is promoted or impeded.

XI. Securities for the payment of Debt.

What would be the effect of a law, making it legal for a lender to accept a higher rate of interest, provided he surrenders his right of prosecuting his debtor for the payment of the debt? We should see, by the number of such loans, (which might be recorded in a public register*) and from the rate of interest stipulated, the exact difference between the natural and the artificial securities for the payment of debt. We should obtain a political *barometer*, which would shew us the rise or fall of mercantile confidence, and from which we might infer the rise or fall of mercantile prudence and integrity. It seems to me that this would be a very useful instrument, both to the philosopher, who speculates on the political condition of the country, and to the statesman, who wishes to bring the results of speculation to practice. Every political improvement ought to be preceded by moral improvement; and the philosopher ought not to recommend a hazardous measure, or the statesman to attempt it, till his barometer indicates that the moral improvement has been accomplished.

If the legal securities for the payment of debt were abolished, the *risk* which now falls on the borrower would be transferred to the lender; and if the usury laws were abolished, the *interest* of the debt would rise in proportion to the risk. I do not perceive in what way the prudential and moral securities, which Nature has provided for the security of the lender, are either less effectual in their operation, or more objectionable in principle, than the securities provided by law. Debts of honour, contracted at the gaming-table, are more punctually paid than any other debts whatever; and there is no good reason why the honour of traders should be less than that of gamesters†. Their religious and moral principles cannot surely be worse, and the temptations of their situation are much less violent. And if the natural securities of the lender are *effectual* in their *operation*, they cannot be *objectionable* in *principle*, because the goodness of the principle consists altogether in its being effectual to the production of the desired effects. To say that a political arrangement, which is effectual in its operation, is, nevertheless, objectionable in its principle, is to affirm that a *clock* is objectionable in principle, which accurately tells the hours of the day. "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much rather, then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean!" If the laws for securing the rights of creditors were repealed, there would be no loans without confidence,—no confidence without honour,—and the progress of mercantile accommodation would be exactly proportioned to the progress of mercantile morality. The demand for mercantile honour would rise: and I perceive no reason why the supply should not increase proportionally. The demand for military honour has always been accompanied with a proportional supply; and the demand for mercantile honour would produce the same effects, if we would trust more to the wisdom of Nature, and less to our own contrivances ‡. The difficulty of borrowing might, for some time, be greater, and the interest of money would rise; but of what consequence would be this temporary inconvenience, when a permanent good must arise from it? And of what consequence is any commercial evil, when it is productive of *moral* good?

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* The names of those who violate such engagements ought to be recorded in the same register, and published in the newspapers. This would be a sufficient compulsitor to ensure the payment of debt.

† I have heard it objected to this argument, that gamesters, notwithstanding their vices, and the temptations to which they are peculiarly exposed, have generally more of the *spirit of gentlemen* than traders have. The reason (I conceive) is, because they are less subject to the degrading authority of the laws. The insolvency law is the *cause* of the evil, not the remedy.

‡ "This only I have seen, that God made man upright, but he hath found out many *inventions*."

In order to prevent an injury to those who have already lent their money under the security of the existing law, and who may conceive that their security would be lessened by a repeal of the law, I would propose, that every creditor, who could prove before a court of justice that his debtor was able to pay, but not willing, should be indemnified at the expense of the state, and that the name of the debtor should be published in the newspapers. I conceive that this would be a sufficient compulsitor where the payment of the debt was possible[*]; and where it is not possible, the creditor does not gain much by confining the person of his debtor within four walls. The dread of infamy would be as strong a motive to prevent the contraction of debts which cannot be paid, and to enforce the discharge of debts which can be paid, as the dread of confiscation and imprisonment; and it would have the advantage of bringing a nobler principle of our nature into operation. I will quote a passage from Milton's Preface to his "Doctrine and Principle of Divorce," and support my opinion by the authority of the greatest Christian and civil economist, as well as the most sublime poet, which this country has produced.

"What middle way can be taken, (may some interrupt,) if we must neither turn to the right nor to the left, and that the people hate to be reformed? Mark, then, Judges and Lawyers, and ye whose office it is to be our teachers, for I will utter now a doctrine, if ever any other, though neglected or not understood, yet of great and powerful importance to the governing of mankind: *He who wisely would restrain the reasonable soul of man within due bounds, must first himself know perfectly how far the territory and dominion extends of just and honest liberty. As little must he offer to bind that which God hath loosened, as to loosen that which He hath bound. The ignorance and mistake of this high point hath heaped up one huge half of all the misery that hath been since Adam.* In the Gospel, we shall read a supercilious crew of masters, whose holiness, or rather whose evil eye, grieving that God should be so facile to man, was to set straiter limits to obedience than God hath set, to enslave the dignity of man, to put a garrison upon his neck of empty and over-dignified precepts; and we shall read our Saviour never more grieved and troubled than to meet with such *madness* in men against their own freedom. How can we expect," &c. I am aware that those who admit the principle laid down by Milton may question the propriety of my application of that principle; but the passage is so *characteristic*, that I could not resist the temptation of going a little out of my way to quote it. Near the conclusion of the "*Defensio Secunda*," in his eloquent address to Crŏmwell, he says, "Tum, si leges non tot rogaveris novas, *quot abrovageris veteres;* sunt enim saepe in republica, qui multas leges ferendi, est versificatores multa carmina fundendi, impetigine quadam pruriunt; sed leges quo sunt plures, eò fere sunt deteriores, &c. Leges enim ad frenandam malitiam solum sunt comparatæ, virtutis libertas *formatrix* optima atque *matrix* est. *Deinde si juventutis institutioni ac moribus melius prospexeris, &c.* Milton's opinions on political and religious economy are remarkably like those of Dr Chalmers, with this important difference, that he was much less aided by the wisdom of his contemporaries[†]. Were it not for a certain peculiarity of manner which marks the originality of his thoughts, one would have almost imagined that Dr Chalmers had borrowed his opinions from Milton. But, at all events, the exact coincidence between the opinions of these two men is the best proof of the justness and importance of these opinions. There are instances of prospective sagacity in the works of Milton, not inferior to that of Bacon himself, as in Paradise Lost, Book viii. 484.

"First crept the parsimonious comet, &c."

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[*] If the debtor could pay any portion of the debt, by surrendering a part of his property, he would certainly relinquish as much as the law ought ever in justice to take from him.

[†] See his "Reason of Church Government," Book II. Chap. 3.

‡‡

FATAL PRESENTIMENTS.

'Tis the *sunset of life* teaches mystical lore,
And *coming events cast their shadows before.*
Lochiel's Warning.

MR EDITOR,

It is a common practice with sceptics, and other narrow-minded persons, to reject as fabulous every fact, however well authenticated, for which they are unable to account, and to bestow sundry hard epithets upon those who are weak enough to believe that there are things, both in heaven and earth, which are not dreamt of in our philosophy. As one of the latter class, I must, of course, be content to be pronounced credulous and imbecile, for entertaining a firm belief in many things which the wise men of this generation will probably pronounce incredible, or set down to the account of some morbid affection of the mind; but having a great faith in human testimony, when it is honest, disinterested, and consistent, and when the facts recorded fell under the immediate observation of those by whom they were related, and who could have no possible motive to embellish or mislead, I must be excused for not suffering any antecedent improbability, resulting, in a great measure, if not altogether, from the imperfection of our knowledge, to weigh against such unexceptionable evidence. In my view of the matter, nothing can be more unphilosophical, than to refuse assent to a statement merely because it is extraordinary or uncommon, and although the testimony in support of it be ever so clear, consistent, and trust-worthy; for, admitting that a statement of this kind will require *more* evidence to authenticate it than one of an opposite kind, and in some measure conformable to our previous experience, it does not surely follow that mere abstract improbability, which is only relative, is sufficient to neutralise *all* evidence, and destroy every ground of reasonable belief. This were, indeed, to cut off one of the most important sources of human knowledge, and, by leading us to make our own experience the measure of our faith, to seal up the instruction derivable from history, and to oppose an effectual bar to human improvement.

No fact is better authenticated than this, that many men, distinguished for personal bravery, and the most intrepid contempt of danger in its most appalling forms, have, on the eve of battle, been overwhelmed with a *fatal presentiment* that they would not survive the combat; and that, in no instance, so far as I have been able to learn, has this presentiment been falsified by the event. The self-doomed victim has, in every case, fallen as he had foretold and anticipated. I shall mention a few of the numerous accounts of this prophetic anticipation of death which have come to my knowledge, and then adventure a few remarks on a phenomenon as singular as it is interesting.

A young officer of great merit, belonging to the 92d Regiment, was observed, on the day before the battle of Corunna, to be peculiarly low-spirited and dejected; which was the more readily remarked, as he was in general gay, cheerful, and full of spirit. Several of his brother officers inquired the reason, and received no answer; but on getting an opportunity of conversing alone with one of them to whom he was much attached, being of the same name, and from the same part of the country, "M.," said he, "I shall to a certainty be killed to-morrow; I know I shall, and you will see it." His friend and countryman tried to laugh him out of this notion, and said it was childish, and unworthy of a man who had so often beheld the eye of the enemy, to harbour such forebodings. The next day, after the heat of the action, the two young men met by accident, and he who the day before had derided the gloomy imagination of his friend, accosted the other with "What, M.! I thought you were to have been killed; did I not tell you that you should not?" The unfortunate young man replied that nothing could convince him that he would ever see the sun of that day go down; and, strange as it may seem, the words had scarcely escaped from his lips, when he was struck in the left shoulder by a cannon-shot, and instantly expired.

There are few regiments in the service which have not some anecdotes of this sort to record. I shall mention one or two more which were communicated to me by officers of great respectability and intelligence, who only stated such facts as were consistent with their own personal knowledge. A Lieutenant M'D., of the 43d Regiment, felt this presentiment so strongly on the eve of one of the battles in the Peninsula, that he sent for an officer, (Captain S.,) a countryman of his own, but belonging to a different regiment, (the 88th,) and requested him to take charge of several little things, and see them conveyed home in safety to his relations, particularly his mother. Captain S., in surprise, asked him the reason why he, who was in perfect health, should think of making such arrangements? To which M'D. replied, "Yes, I am in perfect health, but I know I shall never return from the field of battle." Knowing M'D. to be a particularly brave man, (at that moment he wore on his breast several medals which had been given him by the Commander-in-Chief, in testimony of the high approbation which his conduct in the field had repeatedly called forth,) and never having heard him express himself in such terms before, Captain S. was lost in astonishment, and his first impression was, that poor M'D. had caught some febrile infection, and that his mind was wandering. He therefore proceeded to remonstrate with his young friend, though in the gentlest terms, and to endeavour, if possible, to rally him out of that desponding presentiment which appeared to have taken such deep hold on his imagination. M'D. heard him calmly, and without taking any notice of what he said, repeated his request in such a cool and collected manner, as to leave no doubt that he was in the full and perfect exercise of all his faculties; Captain S. having therefore given him a promise that all his wishes should be complied with, they separated, and each went to his post. On the following day, after the tumult and *melée* of the battle had subsided, the British arms being, as usual, victorious, a number of the officers met, to congratulate one another on their safety. When Captain S. joined the party, he immediately inquired after his friend M'D., but none of the survivors had seen him, or knew any thing of his fate. The conversation of the preceding day now rushed upon his mind, and, without saying a word, he instantly returned to the field to search for him among the wounded, the dead, and the dying. Nor was the search in vain. He found him already stript of part of his regimentals, but knew him at once, his head and face being untouched. Captain S. became deeply affected, and could not help melting into tears as he bent over the lifeless body of the brave and gallant youth, fore-doomed to so premature a fate.

The same thing happened in the case of Serjeant Macdonald from Lochaber, one of the bravest fellows who ever drew a sword or carried a halbert, and who had been at least in ten or twelve general engagements, in each of which he had distinguished himself. On one occasion, however, he was so greatly overwhelmed with the presentiment of death, that, on the day of battle, when his regiment was ordered to advance, his limbs refused to do their office, and his comrades had literally to support and assist the man to whom they had been accustomed to look up as an example and model of a brave soldier. In about half an hour thereafter, he was shot through the head, and died without a struggle.

A private of the name of Mackay, a man of the most reckless, daring, and eccentric character, used to be the delight of the bivouacs of the 42d, during the Peninsular War. He had a great deal of that coarse but effective wit and drollery, which never fail to call forth a peal of inextinguishable laughter: he abounded in anecdotes and stories, which he told with a remarkable degree of naiveté and humour; and often did he beguile the watches of the night, as poor Allan did to Mungo Park, "by singing the songs of our dear native land." The moment Mackay made his appearance, hunger, and thirst, and fatigue were forgotten; the soldiers clustered around him, like a parcel of school-boys eager to witness a cockfight, and, seating themselves round the watch-fires, thought only of listening to the joke, the tale, or the song. Even some of the officers did not disdain to mingle in these parties, and to acknowledge the powerful fascination which hung on the lips of this unlettered soldier. Nor was his humour, mirth, and song, confined to the march and the camp; in the thickest of the enemy's fire he was the same person as in the bivouac. "Never," said the officer who communicated to me these particulars, "never shall I forget the impression made upon my mind by hearing Mackay's full and deep-toned voice pealing forth 'Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,' under the destructive diagonal fire from the enemy's artillery on the heights above the village of St. Boes. A soldier only knows the effect of such an incident at such a moment!" Yet this singular man was seized with one of those fatal presentiments of which I have been speaking. On the eve of the battle of Toulouse, he suddenly became thoughtful and silent. His previous character rendered this change more apparent, and his comrades crowded round him to inquire the reason, being at first inclined to gibe him with what they called his "methodist face;" but on observing his dejected look, the wild and unearthly expression of his eye, and the determined obstinacy with which he resisted all solicitations to join their party, as usual, they stared at each other with astonishment, and ceased to annoy him. It was, moreover, his turn to go on duty to the outposts, and he soon left them. On his way to his post, he met a young officer, who had shown him much kindness, and whose life he had been instrumental in saving. "Ha! Mackay!" said the officer, "is it you? Bless me, how ill you look!—what is the matter with you,—are you unwell? Stay,—I will go to the Colonel, and request him to allow some one else to take your duty." "I thank you kindly, Mr M." said Mackay, respectfully saluting the officer; "I am not unwell, and had rather go myself. But I have a favour to ask of you; you have been always kind—very kind—to me, and I am sure you will not refuse it." "What is it? What is it? Speak it out at once, man," said Mr M. "It is *borne in* upon my mind that I shall fall to-morrow," rejoined Mackay; "here are ten dollars; will you take charge of them, and send them to my mother? You know where she resides; and—and—if it were not too much trouble," he added, his voice faltering, "you might tell her, her son never ceased, till his last hour, to implore the blessing of Heaven on her aged head, or to reproach himself with having disobeyed, and left her solitary and destitute." The tears now flowed down his weather-beaten cheeks. Mr M. was deeply affected, and taking the money in silence, broke away from Mackay, in order to conceal his emotion. Mr M. retired to his quarters, oppressed with the melancholy feelings which this strange scene had occasioned, but anxious, at the same time, to persuade himself that it was a mere hallucination of fancy, and that the poor fellow's mind was touched. On the succeeding day, however, when the remains of the regiment were mustered, after the battle, which had cost so many valuable lives, Mackay was missing; but the tears of his surviving comrades sufficiently indicated that his presentiment had been fulfilled. He had fallen late in the action, beside one of the redoubts, pierced with more than twenty bullets.

The last instance of this kind I shall mention is one which will probably make a greater impression than any of the preceding, as it is derived from an authority which, on such a subject, must, I should suppose, prove decisive. Napoleon, on the 7th of May 1796, had surprised the passage of the Po at Placenza, while Beaulieu was expecting him at Valeggio; and General Laharpe, commanding the grenadiers of the advanced guard, fixed his head-quarters at Emmetri, between Fiombio and the Po. During the night, Liptay's Austrian division arrived at Fiombio, which is only one league from the river, and having embattled the houses and steeples, filled them with troops. As the position was strong, and Liptay might receive reinforcements, it became of the utmost importance to dislodge him; which was effected after an obstinate contest. Laharpe then executed a retrograde movement, to cover the roads leading to Pavia and Lodi. In the course of the night, a regiment of the enemy's cavalry appeared at his outposts, and created considerable alarm, but, after a few discharges, retired. Nevertheless, Laharpe, followed by a piquet and several officers, went forward to reconnoitre, and particularly to interrogate, in person, the inhabitants of the farm-houses on the road. Unfortunately, however, he returned towards the camp by a different road from that by which he had been observed to set out; and the troops being on the watch, and mistaking the reconnoitring party for a detachment of the enemy, opened a brisk fire of musketry, and Laharpe fell dead, pierced with the bullets of his own soldiers, by whom he was greatly beloved. "*It was remarked, that, during the action of Fiombio, throughout the evening preceding his death, he had seemed very absent and dejected; giving no orders, appearing, as it were, deprived of his usual faculties, and entirely overwhelmed by a* FATAL PRESENTIMENT." General Laharpe was one of the bravest men in the Army of Italy; "a grenadier both in stature and courage; and, though a foreigner by birth, (a Swiss,) had raised himself to the rank of a General Officer, by his skill and gallantry [*]." *(Napoleon's Memoirs, III.* 172.*)*

Similar details might be multiplied to almost any extent; but the above are sufficient to serve the purpose I have at present in view; and the question that now presents itself for consideration is, Supposing these facts to be perfectly authentic, which on the strongest moral evidence I believe them to be, is it possible, consistently with any known principle or attribute of the human mind, to offer any explanation of this remarkable phenomenon? It is obvious, from the preceding anecdotes, that this "fatal presentiment," as Napoleon calls it, cannot be considered as an hallucination of mind, engendered by cowardice or fear, as, in all the instances that have been communicated to me, or I have come to the knowledge of, it has happened to men of approved courage, and of great firmness and intrepidity of character. One of the most striking concomitants of this prophetic anticipation of death is the overweening conviction that it will be inevitably realized; a conviction so strong as not to be shaken by either argument or ridicule; the man, therefore, who marches to battle, assured, in his own mind, that he will never return, by that very act, and in the peculiar circumstances, gives the most decisive proof of constancy and resolution, of his mastery over the passion of fear, and of his superiority to the weakness with which some minds are overwhelmed by the certainty of death. In the conflict of antagonist passions, the more powerful of course prevails, and determines human conduct; *in* other words, man always acts from the stronger motive.

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[*] Not remotely connected with this subject is the following anecdote, upon the authenticity of which the reader may rely: On the night before Massena's attack on Lord Wellington's position, on the Sierra de Busaco, the troops, not expecting that the enemy was near, had laid down on the summit of the ridge to take a little rest; and numbers, both of the men and officers, overcome with fatigue, naturally fell asleep. Among the latter was the gallant officer who then commanded the Connaught Rangers. He had not slept, however, any length of time, when he started up, apparently in great alarm, and calling one of the officers of the same regiment, who had laid down quite close by him, said, "I have just had a most extraordinary dream; such as I once had before, the night before a battle. Depend on it we shall be attacked very soon." The young man immediately went forward, and after looking between him and the horizon, and listening for a while to every sound and murmur wafted on the night-breeze, returned, and reported that all was still. The Colonel was satisfied, and they again laid down; but, in less than half an hour, he started up a second time, exclaiming, in strong language, that ere an hour elapsed they would be attacked! On seeing the Colonel and his young friend throwing aside their cloaks, and moving off, several of the officers around them took the alarm; and it was time,—for, on examination, it was found that the enemy's columns of attack were ascending the heights, with the utmost secrecy and expedition. It is known that they had reached the summit, and that some of their battalions had deployed into line before the British were ready to attack them. They were then charged, broken, and driven down the hill with great loss. It is remarkable that the same gallant officer, now a General, had a similar dream in Egypt, on the morning of the 21st March, before the British position was attacked by the French under cover of the darkness.—The reader will find a case nearly parallel in the 7th Chapter of the Book of Judges.

Nor is it consistent with the principles of reason, or even the doctrine of chances, to hold, that the realization of these fatal forebodings is to be ascribed to accident alone. The result of all the information I have been able to collect on the subject is, that in no case has the presentiment been falsified by the event; and, to say the least, it is very improbable, that, in so many instances, the prediction should be followed by the accomplishment, were there nothing more in the matter than a morbid imagination on the one hand, and a remarkable coincidence, like that of repeatedly throwing the same dice, on the other. Soldiers, and particularly veteran soldiers, familiar with danger and death, are not liable to be troubled with hypochondriac affections, or phantoms of visionary terror, the progeny of ennui or jaded epicurism; the evils they suffer and feel are physical, not mental; their life has too much of stern reality to be embittered by the phantasmagoria of the brain; food and rest after fatigue, and after battle, victory, and glory, are, in general, the prime objects with which they concern themselves. It is therefore highly improbable that such gloomy forebodings as those of which I have been writing should, in the first instance, be occasioned by any distempered affection of the mind; and it is no less improbable that the constant fulfilment of the prediction should be a mere accidental coincidence. I have heard at least a hundred anecdotes of the kind of which I have now given some specimens; and the result was invariably the same in all. Now, I say, that it would be absolutely miraculous were the dice (supposing them not loaded) to turn up a hundred times, in succession, the same numbers. It ought likewise to be remarked, that this is one of those predictions which cannot be said to produce its own accomplishment; soldiers, exposed to an enemy's fire, can scarcely increase or diminish, by any act of their own, the hazards to which all are equally exposed.

Upon what principle, then, are we to account for the appalling certainty of approaching death thus irresistibly "borne in" upon the mind? By what secret intimation is it thus, in some instances, assured of the near approach of an event, which, to the vast majority of men, "clouds and shadows rest upon" till the fatal moment when it is revealed? Whence the overwhelming conviction with which the presentiment is accompanied? I confess I cannot tell; but I believe the fact, because the moral evidence in favour of it is, to me, irresistible. The physiology of the mind is a subject of which we are, and will for ever continue, in total ignorance. It may have *latent* powers, which only a particular combination of causes can call into action; and that combination may be of rare occurrence, and beyond the reach of our inquiries, when it does happen. Many of the lower animals are gifted with a presentiment of danger, the manner of acquiring which is probably as mysterious as that which we are considering; and this seems to be given them by Nature for their preservation. Man is, in general, placed in a less enviable situation, because he has reason, instead of instinct, as his guide. Yet it has been believed, in all ages, that men have been, occasionally, forewarned of their approaching dissolution, and that "sounds, by no mortal made," are intelligible to "death's prophetic ear." This belief, probably, I may add, certainly, originated from the observation of facts similar to those I have mentioned; but how, at the "sunset of life," "coming events cast their shadows before," is a mystery which we shall never be able to penetrate. It is equally impossible, I suspect, even to conjecture, with

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any degree of plausibility, whether these premonitions result from any internal consciousness, or external agency,—from some latent power of the mind suddenly called into action, or from the immediate influence of that Mighty Being of whom it is only an emanation. Be this as it may, it is the business of philosophy to accumulate facts, not theories, and where these are few, and the connecting principle doubtful, to avoid all hasty generalizations *.

I am, yours, &c.
CASSIUS.

Edinburgh, *Feb.* 6, 1824.

Sonnet to Evening.

BRIGHT is the hour, when, bursting from the sea,
The glorious Sun begins his course on high;
Then Nature smiles, and o'er the flowery lea
A flood of music streams along the sky.

But dearer far, sweet even-tide! art thou;
Gentler thy breeze, and sweeter still thy light;
Whilst yet, perchance, on some far mountain's brow,
A sunbeam rests, in mockery of night.

O! it is then, when every sound is still,
Save where the lark his untaught vesper sings,
Then sinks to sleep, beside the gurgling rill
Meand'ring near, and rests his little wings,—
'Tis then that I, my soul to rapture given,
Can look around, and fancy earth is heaven!

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* Having confined myself to military anecdotes, illustrative of the presentiment of approaching and inevitable death, I shall advert, in this note, to the well-known case of Henri IV. That truly great prince, on the night immediately preceding the day on which he fell by the knife of Ravaillac, " could take no rest, and was in continual uneasiness," and, " in the morning, he told those about him that he had not slept, and was very much disordered. Thereupon, M. de Vendome entreated His Majesty *to take care of himself that day, and not to go out;* FOR THAT DAY WAS FATAL TO HIM." *(Pere de l' Etoile.)* The King, however, treated this advice with derision; and as one La Brosse had predicted that he would fall on that day, he seemed resolved, like Cæsar, to brave the ides of March, and, *if possible*, to give the prophet the lie. This disturbance and disorder continued unabated, till the very moment that he formed the resolution to go abroad in the afternoon. Mathieu, in recounting his discourse both before and after dinner, adds, that " he could not stay one moment in any place, nor conceal his irresolution and disorder;" and that striking his forehead with his hand, he exclaimed, " *My God! there is something here which strangely troubles me; I know not what is the matter!*" The assassin, who was on the watch for his opportunity, hearing that the King had ordered his carriage, muttered to himself, " *I have thee—thou art lost!*" and the dreadful prediction was fulfilled. We are informed by Sully, that Henri lived in perpetual apprehension of assassination; and it is therefore quite probable that the prediction of La Brosse, coupled with the constant dread that he would, in this way, be immolated, to satiate the implacable rage of his enemies, may have occasioned that undefinable irresolution and disorder for which he himself was unable to account. It may therefore be doubted whether the state of Henri's mind, immediately preceding his death, can be considered as that of a person labouring under a presentiment of his approaching fate. He derided, or affected to deride, La Brosse's prediction; he appears to have been oppressed by no overmastering conviction that his hours were numbered; he only felt an unusual restlessness, and a disorder of the brain, which *might* have been produced involuntarily by the causes already mentioned. The circumstance, however, was altogether too remarkable to be passed over.

THE ALBIGENSES, A ROMANCE; BY THE AUTHOR OF "BERTRAM," &c. &c.

This is really a very good Romance;—not exactly so original as we might have expected from Mr Maturin, but all the more reasonable, perhaps, on that account; possessing much eloquence, some pathos, great bustle and variety of incident, a few absurdities, and not a few specimens of exaggeration and bad taste. There is an obvious improvement, however, in this last particular, since the publication of Melmoth, which we can attribute only to the author's having abandoned the Devil and all his works; so far, at least, as to dispense with his personal appearance upon the scene, though it is quite evident, from many things in the present work, that he is still a little reluctant to dissolve the connection, and has a strange hankering after all sorts of *diablerie*, and other abominations. But he has abandoned, in a great measure, the *falsetto* of passion—the systematic rant which characterised his former works; and here, with all the versatility of Bottom, "he roars us as gently as 'twere a sucking dove, as 'twere any nightingale,"—"bridling in his struggling muse" with a great deal of patience and address, and elaborating his style with a degree of vigilance and care which we had hardly given him credit for. We do not mean to say that his Romance, even now, is a very common-sense production; nor do we believe that he ever has written, or will write, any thing which it could not be easy for any ill-natured critic, with more judgment than imagination about him, to cut to pieces in a most savage and truculent manner; but if one could just allow the reasoning faculty to sleep a little, and let the imagination do its work, and yield, unresistingly, to the influence of those wild and shapeless fancies over which Mr Maturin has so great a mastery, the interest of his Tales must far overbalance their extravagance. They will hardly bear to be read in daylight, to be sure; and we should scarcely answer for the quiescence of our risible muscles if we were called on to read them aloud at any time; but if we were to take them up, on some winter evening, in the country,

> "Where glowing embers through the room
> Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,"

"while rocking winds are piping loud" among leafless boughs, or roaring down the chimney, or the rain comes battering the windows with its "arrowy shower," we should certainly feel a little, or rather not a little tremulous, after yielding, for an hour or two, to the spell of Montorio. The early part of that Romance, notwithstanding the author's opinion, (which, by the bye, he has since virtually retracted, by imitating it,) appears to us by far the most splendid and successful of his romantic efforts. The midnight watchings at the Tomb of Count Orazio, the death of the old Steward interrupting his disclosures, and the meeting in the ruined house near Naples, are masterpieces of the terrible; and the escape of Filippo will scarcely suffer from a comparison with the exquisite storm-scene in the Antiquary. Like all other Romances, however, constructed on the system of Mrs Radcliffe, its conclusion is unsatisfactory, from the obvious inadequacy of the means assigned for the production of events apparently supernatural, yet proceeding from natural causes;—and its popularity was injured, we have no doubt, by the monstrous nature of the leading idea on which the Tale is founded. With all its defects, however, it could never be confounded with the thousand and one still-born children of the Minerva Press;—and had Mr Maturin never written any thing but that Romance, of which he now speaks with so much indifference, we question whether his character as a novelist would not have stood just as high as it does at this moment.

But *revenons à nos moutons*. The present Romance, we are informed, is the first of a series of three Historical Romances, descriptive of the progress of manners from the commencement to the decline of the feudal system. The design is certainly striking and ambitious enough; and the subject affords (as Mr Maturin rather injudiciously remarks)

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room "for all that is picturesque, intelligent, and interesting in description." But we have our doubts whether Mr Maturin is the person to realize all these splendid anticipations, and bring into play these capabilities. We suspect he is deficient in the most indispensable qualification for the task, namely, a minute and extensive acquaintance with the antiquities of the middle ages. His descriptions, at least, are always of that vague and conventional cast which may be executed by any one moderately read in Froissart, and tolerably conversant with the less recondite sources of information contained in the common English and German Romances. But, at all events, be his information limited or extensive, any one must see that it is not in the description of realities that Mr Maturin's forte consists. It is in the conception of what never has been, and, in all probability, never will be, that he is peculiarly at home, and the restraint of history sits heavy on him. It will readily occur, too, to any one who has read the Albigenses, that the choice of a subject was rather unfortunate, as leading, we believe, almost necessarily, to some obvious coincidences, and some dangerous competitions, with the Author of Waverley. The mind is continually wandering from Mr Maturin to Old Mortality and Ivanhoe; and even where there is no immediate imitation of particular incidents, the general tone and manner of the book irresistibly recal the idea of those popular novels. We must confess we find it impossible to separate the character of Genevieve from that of Rebecca, and equally so to disjoin those of that Member of the Church Militant, the Bishop of Toulouse, and the Templar Bois Guilbert. One would swear to the identity of the persecuted Albigenses with those worthies whom an Italian translator of our novels has libelled under the title of "I fanatici di Scozia;" and the misquoting Abbot of Normoutier is certainly a resuscitation of our old friend Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx. But all this, perhaps, is a little invidious, and it is better to let Mr Maturin speak for himself.

The Tale opens about the year 1214, when the persecuted Albigenses, after their midnight flight from Carcassone, dispersed over the country in woods and caves, are endeavouring, under the protection of the vacillating Count Raymond of Toulouse, to make head against the Army of the Church, commanded by Simon de Monfort. In this situation, a certain Lord of Courtenaye, strongly suspected of cowardice and magical practices, conceiving his money-bags and his beautiful niece to be in danger, from the neighbourhood of the heretical Albigenses, summons the Crusaders to his assistance. The call is obeyed; and the Hall of the Castle of Courtenaye soon exhibits a strange and varied assemblage of character,—the warlike Bishop of Toulouse, ambitious, fearless, luxurious, and sceptical,—the Abbot of Normoutier, a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, and a murderer of Latin quotations,—Sir Aymer, a brave old Knight, somewhat of a coxcomb withal, and still endeavouring, notwithstanding his "weak hams," to play the reveller and the gay deceiver,—Sir Ezzelin de Verac, the Piercy Shafton of the Tale, absorbed in the contemplation of the fashion of his garments,—Semonville, a dull-headed cypher,—Sir Paladour, the hero of the story, a very melancholy and mystical personage,—the old Lord of Courtenaye, and his niece, the beautiful Isabelle, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes." This Lady had just been replying, in a very flattering manner, to a speech from Paladour, when the sound is drowned by a trumpet-blast from the walls. It announces the arrival of the redoubted champion of the Church, Simon de Monfort.

The heavy tread of armed steps was heard approaching the hall—the folding doors were expanded to their utmost limits by the pages—marshal and minstrel, sewer and seneshal, were all in their places to perform their appropriate rites of ceremony—the guests rose from their seats, and the Lord of Courtenaye was gracefully carrying the cup of wine to his lips, about to give as his pledge the health of De Monfort, when the object of all this homage strode into the hall; and following him, like skiffs in the wake of some mighty galleon, came knights and squires of noble birth, with their various trains of attendants; and, as they floated on in a tide of gorgeous and gloomy magnificence, seemed as if they entered the castle rather as conquerors than guests. The courtesy with which the company was prepared to receive the champion of the church was repelled by the uncouth and unnurtured fashion in which he made his entry. Armed from head to foot, and scanning the guests through the bars of his helmet, as he would the features of a foe, he stalked to the board-end of the hall, like an iron tower that was moved by some internal mechanism.

Arrived there, without greeting the lord of the castle, or bowing to the lady of the feast, he flung himself on a seat, and made signs to his squires to undo his helm and gorget. While this was performing, he growled internal curses at their unskilfulness; and, rending all asunder, flung the weighty pieces of armour on the floor, and disclosed a visage that accorded with the promise of his figure. The latter was gigantic, of a clownish, heavy make, but unequalled in strength; the former were coarse and inexpressive, but sometimes lit by a gleam of rude jocularity, and oftener by a glare of ruthless and savage ferocity. As he flung his helmet on the floor, his heavy but not undiscriminating eye rested for a moment on the Lady Isabelle; and the omnipotence of female beauty received at the moment that homage of *instinct* which is perhaps the most powerful, as it is the most sincere. As he viewed the fair vision, the jaws of the uncourtly gazer involuntarily expanded, his cold eyes twinkled and rolled in their sockets, and his vague and savage laugh indicated that species of admiration which, wanting words, announces itself by a fierce and involuntary delight. This rude homage paid, the Count de Monfort began to give a glance of surly recognition at the guests.

" My Lord of Monfort, we pledge you," repeated the Lord of Courtenaye, holding his goblet high.

" I will do you reason, Lord of Courtenaye," answered the Count; " but first let me know those who pledge me, as well as thee. Now, by my faith, that star of beauty had almost quenched my sight!—I drink to thee, Lord of Courtenaye. And whom have we here?—Ha! the Lord Abbot of Normoutier?—Nay, then, all the fathers have taken the field in one thick volume, and we may lay aside sword and spear, and beat out the brains of the heretics (if the Dominican preachers have left them any) with mere books. But what say the fathers to this, Lord Abbot?" he pursued, in a tone of rude jocularity; " where be thine authorities, thy citations and quotations, and the devil knows what?—Nay, if thou lackest motto for thy crusading banner, it shall go hard with my Latin an' I do not furnish thee with a meet one—'*qui ensem capit, ense peribit.*' "

" I have thought of it," said the Abbot demurely, who sometimes blundered on a right construction; " but methought it savoured too much of carnal vanity for a churchman; wherefore, I pray you, cherish the motto for yourself."

" Sinful man that I am!" said De Monfort, not heeding him, " and have I overpassed the Bishop of Toulouse?"

" Champion of the Church!" said the Bishop, " Champion of the Church! we greet you well, and give you the amplest benediction of the cause whose noble and approved soldier you are."

The warlike savage bowed his head in short reverence at these words; then raising it, and shaking back his thick and uncombed locks, " Now foul befall the meddling priests," he exclaimed, " who put a mitre on thy head, and a crosier in thy hand, when the one should have borne the helmet, and the other wielded the brand!"

" The sword of the church," said the Bishop, " is two-edged, and smiteth both ways."

" I wot it well," said the rude lord; " one edge to scare the wolf, and another to shear the flock. How now, Lord Abbot? Drain not thy flagon so fast! I am sore athirst; and thou, though a crusader against the heretics, wilt not, on such occasion, deny the cup to a layman?"

" By the bones of St. Benedict," said the Abbot, much incensed, " a most scurril and profane jest, *lepidè ac facetè dictum!*"

" And who be these," said Simon De Monfort, finishing his ample draught, " who cluster round thy board, Lord of Courtenaye?—minstrels or mimes, as it should seem by their holiday array. What pageant, what device, are they about to show us? Let them forth with their foolery, that we may laugh."

The scrutiny was not favourable, it appeared, to the company, and the rude Knight endeavoured to digest his spleen, by an ample indulgence in the pleasures of the table. The scene that follows is spirited:

By this time the Lady Isabelle, shrinking alike from this gross excess and obvious negligence of her rank and sex, rose with her female attendants to quit the banquet-hall, polluted by the presence of the brutal lord and his companions, who were fast following his example in insolence and licentiousness.

" Stay, lady, stay!" cried De Monfort, as he saw her preparing to retire;

"what! flying without news from the courts?—how Queen Ingelberg sets her hood, and how many gems her girdle is studded withal—meet tidings for fair dames when uttered by courtier-lips like mine!"

"We will hear the court-tidings at our better leisure," said the Lady Isabelle, with the dignity of offended beauty; "and we trust your ample draughts of Maivoisie wilt not have washed such precious matter from your brains ere the morning."

"Marry! my tidings from the court will brook no such delay," said the stern lord, exalting his voice to a pitch the ears of the proud beauty were ill accustomed to; "I bear a message from King Philip, which matters of higher import had swept from my remembrance."

He rose with fierce action from his seat, and while the Lady Isabelle, terrified and incensed, stood pale and proud, averting her looks, but delaying her departure—"Lady of Courtenaye and Beaurevoir," he cried, "I come to claim thee as the ward of King Philip. He hath vowed thine hand to the Lord of Auberval; and if his lands be not broad as thine, or his coffers filled like yon ample chests," (here the Lord of Courtenaye cast a look of speechless agony on the chests that then formed the principal furniture of feudal mansions, and which in the hall of Courtenaye were loaded with plate, gems, and coin, so as almost to be immoveable,) "I pledged word, oath, and fealty, to deliver the royal hest, and five hundred of my knights and men-at-arms shall be thine escort to the court of King Philip, though their absence cost me to spare the lives of thrice that number of heretics—a debt which this good arm and brand shall soon redeem," and he brandished the former as he spoke: "meanwhile," he added, crossing the hall, "let me hail the future bride of the Lord of Auberval."

The spirit of her high-descended race glowed on the cheek, and lit the eye of the noble maiden, as, withdrawing her hand from his touch, she exclaimed, with a strong but an ill-timed allusion to the masculine and martial propensities of certain females of the count's family, "The dames of the house of De Monfort may be won, like the Amazons of old, by him who can deal the heaviest blows; but the ladies of Courtenaye are to be won by other suitors, and in different wise from those who claim them as tributes to their liege lord."

Neither the incensed looks which the younger knights exchanged as they half rose from their seats, nor the majesty of insulted and trembling beauty, touched the fierce spirit of De Monfort.

"For my dame," he said with a hoarse laugh, "I grant she can furbish a corslet, and even wield a brand at need—good gifts in times like these; but for thee, thou gaudy, delicate, disdainful toy, what must I say to thee? This only—yield thee to the will of King Philip, whose ward thou art, and think not to strive with me. Will thy skirt of tissue prove a fence against a royal mandate, or thy braided tresses man thy towers, when the boldest of thy warders would tremble at the summons of the royal trumpet? Nay, dry thine eyes, lady—I promise thee a bridegroom noble and valiant—the minion of the King—the very Hylas of our royal Hercules, as our school-bred courtiers phrase him; what would woman in all her fantastic cupidity, all her minstrel-taught visionry of loving days and livelong nights, desire beyond such offer?"

"Her liberty!" answered the lady with a voice of power that made her persecutor start at the spirit he had raised. "Her liberty—that liberty granted to the meanest cottage-dame, whose locks are hid by the coif, not bound by the coronal—the liberty which I would give to the daughter of the meanest serf who lives under the shadow of the towers of Courtenaye, to choose or reject her humble partner. And shall such privilege be denied to the daughter of the lordly line of Beaurevoir and Courtenaye?"—and the pride and spirit of her ancestry (the proudest of their day) seemed to dilate her form, and inspire her looks as she spoke.

"Thou knowest the law, or rather the will of the King," said De Monfort doggedly; "thy hand, person, and ample dower, are all at his dispose, or thou must redeem the pledge perchance at the price of half thy lands. The wars against these heretics have deeply drained the royal coffers; our liege hath also to watch the movements of King John of England; and other matters, which may not be told to a lady's ear, have made King Philip willing to transfer some of the heavy chests that cumber this hall to make easy seats for his favourites at Paris."

"Lord of Monfort!" said the Lady Isabelle, with that high-wrought energy of look, voice, and resolve, which, though originating in fear, has in woman all the effect of courage, "Lord of Monfort! Bear back my greetings to the King, and tell him thus, as thou art true knight—let him take lands and living, towers and towns—despoil my domains, and enslave my vassals; and then let him despair of bending to his will the spirit of Isabelle of

> Courtenaye, nor deem that her hand and her heart shall ever be bestowed but upon him *she* deems worthy of them, without consulting prince or peasant on the bequest."
>
> "Haughty terms and proud," said De Monfort, biting his lip till the blood came to curb his mood, "from a ward to her guardian and her sovereign !"
>
> "Say," cried Isabelle, sinking on her chair of state, that trembled with her emotion—"say from a persecuted but not powerless female to her oppressor."
>
> A murmur, like a rising storm, began to stir and gather through the banquet-hall. The Crusaders, who had been prepared to behold De Monfort with veneration, as the champion of the church and their leader, and to greet him with deference, as a peer of France and a warrior of fame, felt both claims dissolved by his insulting and brutal bearing towards a lady.

The haughty De Monfort is moved by the lofty bearing of Isabelle, so far as to promise, that if a knight can be found to undertake her cause, and overcome him in the lists, this compulsory wedding may still be avoided. Paladour accepts the challenge, and is, of course, the conqueror of De Monfort and of the heart of Isabelle.

But the approach of the Albigenses draws their attention to a sterner warfare. The commencement of hostilities, however, is prefaced by a theological controversy, or rather harangue, since the speaking is all on one side, the preparations for which, and the muster of the rival parties, are given with much force and splendour of description :

> The next morning, at the close of the month of September 1216, at an early hour, the cavalcade set out from the Castle of Courtenaye. The lord of the castle had taken care that his own appointment should be sufficiently gorgeous ; and to increase its splendour, he required that the lady Isabelle, with her female attendants, should accompany him,—a request with which she complied the more readily, as knowing that every female of rank in the vicinity proposed to join in the procession. The Bishop of Toulouse, his embroidered vestments resplendent with gold and gems, arranged so as to represent the cross-keys, the insignia of his rank—his noble steed almost hid beneath his gorgeous caparisons, but evincing, by his impatient prancings and curvettings, a spirit that the rider gracefully and majestically restrained—his cross-bearer and other attendants, habited as splendidly and imposingly as their profession and station allowed, surrounding or following ; the magnificent standard of the Crusaders, blazing aloof in the morning sun, like the banner of a king, waving before him : the Bishop, I say, rode in the van, "in shape and gesture proudly eminent," and seeming, indeed, fit to lead the van of an army of kings.
>
> The Abbot of Normoutier, with scarce less pomp, but far less dignity, followed in the rear. Next in this magnificent march came the horse-litters of the Lord of Courtenaye, the lady Isabelle with her attendants, and a train of noble females, whom devotion, curiosity, or the wish to display their sumptuous habits and furniture, had collected on that day. Around them rode nobles and knights, their armour exchanged for weeds of peace, and their squires and attendants bearing their pensiles and bannerols, as the indication of rank, not the announcement of hostility.
>
> The litter in which the lady Isabelle rode was as gorgeous as that which Margaret of Valois described with such ostentatious accuracy, more than three centuries afterwards. The cushions were of velvet, embroidered ; flourishings in gold, and curious paintings of the sufferings of Saints, diversified its carved and gilded pannels ; and the Lord of Courtenaye, looking back from his seat, saw with delighted vanity the arms of the house of Courtenaye blazoned on every small flag that rose from the corners of the litter, like the pinnacles of a church-battlement, or the minarets of an Oriental mosque ; for the morning, though in autumn, was so calm, that every decorative pendant stood as still, and gleamed as fair, as if a breeze were never to stir its folds again. Around this, and other splendid litters, the Crusaders, and attendant peers and knights of France, made, as they rode, their proud steeds caracole, sometimes throwing them almost on their haunches, to shew how skilfully and difficultly the rider kept his seat ; and oftener, as they rode close by the litters, kissing their ungloved hands, causing them to make certain capricio's, which drew first a faint shriek, and then a smile, from the fair spectators ; nor did such action fail to display to full advantage the mantles of cloth of gold, the chains set with gems, the barrets sparkling with jewels, and bending under the weight of plumage, now disclosed and now concealed, by the banners waved over them by the squires and men-at-arms.
>
> Amid the cavalcade rode Sir Paladour, without squire, banner-man, or attendant, distinguished only by a form that ranked

him among the first and fairest of the sons of men, the report of former valour, well-accredited by the recent glory of the combat in which he had encountered the giant-champion of the Church, and rescued the noblest heiress in France from thraldom of person, will, and wealth. Formed in that perfect mould which antiquity chose for that of her gods, yet with that exquisite symmetry, alike obvious in the robe of silk or the elastic coat-of-mail, Sir Paladour rode near the litter of the lady Isabelle; and not all the flutter of emblazoned banners, the gorgeous array of attendants, ecclesiastical, civil, or martial, the long parade of caparisoned steeds and sumptuous litters, nor the glow and glitter of their proud riders, could prevent the lady from often waving her white hand from her litter, to Sir Paladour,—nor him, though many heads bowed at the signal, from understanding to whom that mark of distinction was addressed. But his proud steed felt the impulse that the rider scarce dared own; for at once he felt the spur and the rein, and his fiercest bounds at the unwonted manege were scarce so high and wild as the throbbings of Paladour's heart.

The place of meeting fixed on was a vast plain surrounded by hills, in the neighbourhood of the castle, and in the territories of Courtenaye. The eminences that enclosed this plain were covered with spectators, many hours previous to the arrival of the slow-travelling cavalcade of the Crusaders: hundreds, and even thousands, had risen at midnight, to be in time for the spectacle, and before dawn, their dimly-defined forms were seen moving in shadowy masses, like mist on the hill-tops which commanded the plain. They were arranged, in spite of their immense and increasing multitudes, in amply-accommodated rows, and were "at large, though without number," till, as the sun arose, it seemed as if one vast sheet of human vegetation covered the hills with a kind of spontaneous efflorescence. There they sat, still and patient, forming to themselves magnificent ideas of the spectacle they were to witness; and a few hours after dawn, their most ambitious anticipations were realized, as the van of the long procession of the Crusaders appeared, gleaming in gold on the summit of a richly-wooded hill, like the sun rising in his glory.

The plain on which the parties were to meet seemed, indeed, like an apt and ample theatre for the splendid and eventful drama that was to be acted on it: it was almost square, and bounded on two of its sides by rocks of dark granite, hewed by the hand of Nature, into a resemblance of terraces, and crowded to their very pinnacles by thousands who "sent their souls into their eyes."

The remaining sides were as opposite in their character and scenery as in their position. The march of the Crusaders wound by an easy path down hills, feathered from their base to their summit with the larch, the pine, and the picturesque ash-tree, with its hoary trunk and leaves of the lightest green; and on the rich sward that clothed its declivities, flowers were glowing, and scents were breathing, and all that is grand and lovely in Nature was effusing its bounty and its beauty. As the pageant first rose on the summit of the hill, the voices of thousands of spectators, pealing in thunder from the rocks on which their dark and crowded masses rested, (like the clouds from whence the thunder issues,) sent forth a shout of mingled triumph on their appearance and approbation of their cause; and its echoes continued to roll round the hills long after the lips of the acclaimers were closed, as if the spirits of the mountains had caught up the sound, and swelled and prolonged it with the powers of more than mortal intonation.

And now between the trees, with their dark trunks and leaves of vivid green slightly discoloured by the tints of autumn, the proud array of the Crusaders came glancing nearer; and every moment were more distinctly seen the gleams of glittering mantles, of steeds caparisoned in embroidery, of floating plumage and gemmed banners, and they gorgeously emblazoned with all the rich and fantastic profusion of heraldic devices; the group now emerging from the greenwood shade, now concealed by a thick cluster of ancient trees, now gleaming gaily out on a spot of greensward, and now at length pouring the full glory of their march in all the splendour of broad sun-light on the open plain, whose surrounding scenery, with all its magnificence of Nature, seemed but an appendage to the dignity who were born to be her lords.

As the great standard floated into the valley, the multitudes that covered the hills made the holy sign with the solemn ardour of rapturous devotion. The Bishop of Toulouse caught the signal, and made a sign to the ecclesiastical attendants to raise in chorus the Psalm "Quare fremuerent gentes?" The melody, or chaunt, adapted to these words, was so simple and monotonous, that it was easily caught and repeated by those to whose ears it was wafted; and thousands on thousands of voices, above, below, and around, in ascending circles, thundered "Quare fremuerent gentes?" till the very mountains seemed vocal from base to summit, and Nature and the elements appeared inspired and voiceful in the spontaneous eloquence of musical devotion.

Right opposite to the richly-clothed and verdurous hill from which the Crusaders had descended, rose a naked rock, bare, save that here and there it was dotted with a few firs, the sterility of the soil denying any other produce even under the sunny skies of Languedoc. There was no path down its rude sides; the passenger had to make his perilous way from crag to crag, slowly and ungracefully. Nothing in inanimate nature was ever more dreary, comfortless, and unlovely; and nothing in animated nature seemed better suited to the cheerless scene, than the group of the Albigeois, who, clad in the grey woollen garments worn by the peasantry (and some of them in sheep-skins), slowly and painfully wound their way down the dangerous declivities of the hill. The group consisted of the delegates of the Albigeois, and was chiefly composed of their preachers, Mattathias, and the chief of their military leaders, having been disabled in their late conflict. Pierre, the pastor, was in their van; and from long habit and fond association, believing himself unable to walk without the aid of his grand-daughter, he was supported by Genevieve. This sole appearance of an humble female, consecrated by duty, and sustained by motive alone, heightened instead of destroying the delicacy among so many persons of the other sex, though of her own community, and silently enhanced the respect it claimed.

As the party advanced into the plain, singing the Psalm "In exitu Israel," there was no applause, no echoed thunders of the mountains: violence was indeed forbidden, but disdain and hatred were strongly expressed in the profound silence that attended their progress; and the feeble and ill-modulated strain, supported by tuneless tenors and hoarse basses, contrasted with the choral magnificence of the Crusaders' hymn, to which the very air bore burthen, struck the ear as powerfully as their appearance did the eye; their squalid garments, coarse visages, and uncouth procession, stood in helpless opposition to all that Nature could boast of loveliness, or earth could display of magnificence.

The Bishop of Toulouse with all his eloquence—and he is really eloquent—appeals in vain to the obstinacy of the Albigenses; and the parties separate more hostile than ever. The Crusaders are soon after betrayed into an ambush, among the hills, and totally defeated, in a manner a good deal resembling the stratagem of Adosinda, and the defeat of the Moors in Covadonga, in Southey's Roderick.

We cannot go on with the Tale, which, in this place, diverges into a good many channels, some of them not a little worn and *usés*—battles, sieges, seizures, rescues, banditti, and the other elements of a Romance of the old school. They are told, however, in a superior style; and there can be no stronger proof of Mr Maturin's talent, than the fact of his having contrived to impart interest even to these most hackneyed materials. There is one point, however, in which he has exaggerated even the absurdity of his models. Nothing can be more ridiculous, now-a-days, than the attempt to effect a denouement by the discovery of concealed marks upon the skin. This species of *anagnorisis* is as old, we believe, as the Odyssey where Ulyssis is discovered in some such way by Euryclea. It then ran its course through the Greek Romances, the Comedies of Plautus and Terence, (with the slight alteration of transferring the marks to the dress, instead of the body) the Romances of Chivalry, and the Romances of the Minerva Press; though we believe this system of tattooing is, in point of fact, confined to the seamen of the British Navy, and the North American Indians. Not content, however, with one discovery of this kind, Mr Maturin introduces *two* brothers, both of whom are marked in this convenient way. No doubt he may say, that it is just *as likely* the operator might have performed the ceremony to two as to one;—and so far we are inclined to agree with him; but though this may be true on a common-sense consideration of the matter, it is rather more doubtful under a romantic point of view.

We must bid adieu to Mr Maturin for the present, however, assuring him that we have been very much delighted with his Romance on the whole. It is animated and eloquent; and, after all, where readers necessarily lay their account with a good deal of improbability, why should they be startled by a slight addition to the sum total? We are not so unreasonable.

CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

The late Dr D——, Minister of P******, was somewhat notorious for preaching long sermons, and for ill-disguised self-approbation of their worth; mistaking length for essence, quantity for quality. Upon one occasion, the Doctor had spent the greater part of a frosty forenoon in January, in lecturing upon the eventful history of the ill-starred Haman, with a degree of warmth which communicated no sympathetic glow to his audience. On his descent from the pulpit, the worthy Doctor said to one of his Elders, "Well, did I not hang Haman in fine style today?" "Yes," replied the shivering cynic, "but you should have cut him down half an hour earlier!"

A strange coincidence in the application of texts from the pulpit, to existing circumstances, appears in the following instances: The College church of Edinburgh was then, as it now is, "a single charge," but at the period to which this anecdote refers, one half of each Sunday's duty in that church was performed by the clergyman last introduced into the city. In conformity to that arrangement, Dr Hardie had to preach in the forenoon of that Sunday, when, in their annual visits to the different churches of the city, before retiring from office, the Magistrates were present during service. Before sermon in the forenoon, they met in the vestry, and there the subject of discussion among them was who should or should not be first, second, and third Bailies, and who should be the next Dean of Guild. Dr H. preached from the text, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

In the afternoon, Mr L., the then incumbent, preached. It so happened, that he had had some correspondence with the Town Council about the stipendary affairs of this church, and, before sermon, his case became the subject of discussion in the vestry. At length, Bailie G. intimated to his brethren in office, that it was quite unnecessary to prolong the debate, or to trouble themselves any farther in the matter, as he could venture to prognosticate Mr L.'s then state of health such, that he might spin out an existence of a month or six weeks, but that life for six months longer must be to him a hopeless case. Mr L., as if in defiance to the denunciation of the civic prophet, read this text, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

One more instance, at present, of the *seria mixta jocis*, in the application of texts. Mr T., Clergyman of a parish in a southern county of Scotland, was a man of rather small stature, so that it behoved him, in the pulpit, to stand upon an elevation above the ordinary measure; nevertheless, in process of time he mustered courage to ask, and to take unto himself a wife, a woman of masculine appearance and stature, whose Christian name was "Grace." For the Sunday following the solemnization of his matrimonial engagement, Mr T. bespoke the pulpit service of Mr M., a copresbyter. Mr M., though a bit of a wag, was also a pious and orthodox divine, and it is but fair to state, that in the discourse he then delivered, nothing escaped his lips unbecoming the genuine meaning of the text, or the place in which he stood. Nevertheless, some young men in the congregation were compelled to bite their lips, and some young women had to lower their bonnets, to conceal their titters, when the preacher read out these as "the subject of the following discourse"—"Unto me, who am the *least* of the apostles, is this *great grace* given."

Colonel B., while residing in the neighbourhood of Kirkaldy, was wont to attend the public ministrations of Mr Shirreff, of Paul Jones' notoriety, and preacher to the Associate Congregation of the "Lang Toun." Circumstances detaining the Colonel at home on one Sunday, he inquired of his servant John, after returning from chapel, what subject had that day engaged the attention of Mr S. and the congregation? "Oh, Sir," said John, "he was on faith, and a grand discourse we had."

"Aye," said the Colonel, "and what did he say about faith, John?" "Oh, Sir," replied John, "besides many other beautiful things, he told us that the Christian who lives the life of faith, casts his anchor in heaven, as sure and steadfast as the mariners who cast anchor in the Bay of Biscay." "Indeed!" replied the Colonel.

In a short time afterwards, Colonel B. met the reverend and loyal seceder, in one of his meditative moods, on the sands of Kirkaldy, when, after some preliminary talk, Colonel B. took the liberty of informing Mr S., that, in the foregoing instance, his illustration was peculiarly unfortunate; that in all the annals of navigation, no mariner ever did, or could, cast anchor in the Bay of Biscay with safety; that its swell is enormous, its depths unfathomable, and that to cast anchor there, were to run all risks of losing anchor, ship, and mariners to boot. "Weel, weel," replied Mr Shirreff, "I'm no geographer; but I thank your honour for the information, and since the Bay of Biscay will not do, I maun e'en tell my Christians, when next I preach upon faith, to cast their anchor in some other bay."

Mr Shirreff was no less remarkable for his loyalty to the British Government, than for his zeal in matters of religion. At that period when the promulgation of republican principles, and the meetings of those who here styled themselves "Friends of the People," produced a strong sensation throughout our island, Mr S. was peculiarly active, by addresses from the pulpit and from the press, in inculcating habits of subordination to the constituted and lawful authorities. The Government appreciated his services in its cause, so far as to award him its thanks, and Mr B., then Sheriff of Fife, was deputed to deliver unto Mr S. the Government award. Mr B. accordingly found a friend, who introduced him to Mr S. for the purpose of his mission. The reply of Mr S. to the Government-deputy was, in substance, as follows: "I do not want the thanks either of you, Mr B., or of the Government: I have always been of opinion, that no society can long exist without a gradation of rank, and the consequent subordination which that gradation must necessarily impose. In the Bible, we read of constituted authorities—of the gradation of ranks, both in Heaven and Hell; we read there of Angels and Archangels—of Cherubim and Seraphim—of Beelzebub, the Prince of Devils—of the submission to the powers that be,—and why not so upon earth? In this firm belief, I have done nothing more than my duty. But, Mr B., I have not hitherto had the pleasure of your acquaintance; I knew your father and mother well, and worthy people they were—ever zealous in the cause of religion. If the Sunday was rainy, they went to the Church of Kinghorn; if a fine day, they went to the Church of Auchtertool. I have never yet heard of you, Mr B., their son, being in either of these, or indeed in any church; but, my man, (clapping him on the shoulder,) you'll yet take a thought, and become a better bairn—God grant you may!"

TO J. M., AUTHOR OF "STANZAS TO A LADY."

Unlike the lustre of thine own sweet "bow,"
Whose tints evaporated "ray by ray;"
Thy melting strains with such enchantment glow,
Their charms can never, never "pass away!"

And while sweet Fancy, with her magic art,
Renews the pictures of the poet's dream,
Their truth and worth must fascinate the heart,
Their brightest colourings still *brighter* gleam!

H. B.

St. Andrew's, Feb. 12, 1824.

PARGA AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS[*].

The cession of Parga and its little territory to the Turks, or, more properly speaking, to Ali Pasha, excited a very strong sensation, both in this country and throughout Europe. The abandonment, to their deadly and implacable enemy, of a small Christian community, which, perched on an isolated rock, had so long baffled the arts and the power of the formidable Satrap of Epirus, and, amidst political changes and reverses, maintained its independence, was very generally regarded as an act of extremely doubtful policy, of very questionable humanity, and one which nothing but a great and clearly-established moral necessity could possibly justify. In this country, in particular, it was loudly and forcibly assailed, both through the medium of the press and in Parliament; and, like almost all subjects in which the conduct of Government is arraigned, speedily degenerated into a party question, and instead of undergoing a calm and impartial examination, merely furnished one faction with the opportunity of accusing, and another of recriminating or defending. Notwithstanding the anomalous political position of the individual under whose gracious auspices the cession was consummated, it supplied a welcome topic of declamation to the Whigs, who lauded to the very skies the courage and independent spirit of the Parguinotes; while the Tories, placed in the awkward and embarrassing predicament of defending the proceedings of a Whig Lord High Commissioner, contented themselves with forced constructions of treaties,—with repeating, at second-hand, the special pleading of Sir Thomas Maitland,—launching a little sarcasm and ridicule, when it was necessary to cover a weak position in argument, blink a puzzling fact, or mask a breach in the defence,—and abusing, without mercy, the unhappy Parguinotes, who were depicted as a pestilent horde of Albanian pirates, or, at the best, a pack of such worthless scoundrels, that a nation less humane and generous than our own would have left them to the *Old Lion*[†], to be devoured at his convenience.

While this warfare was going forward, we studiously avoided taking any share in the discussion. It is true, we believed then, as we do now, upon more complete and convincing evidence, that Government had been deceived, and the national honour so far compromised; but we were anxious, before coming to any very decided conclusion, to wait patiently for fuller and more authentic information, and to allow the feelings, caused by the bickerings and contentions of party, time to subside. Nor do we regret that we followed this course. The cession of Parga has now become a question of history; while the fall of the Pasha of Epirus, the insurrection in Greece kindled up from the dying embers of his power, the peculiar position of the Septinsular Republic in reference to the belligerent parties, and the conduct which the Lord High Commissioner has thought fit to pursue, have all contributed to keep alive a feeling of interest in every discussion which relates either to Greece, or the British power in the Ionian Sea. We shall therefore make no apology for *now* calling the attention of our readers to a subject, which, though the mere amateur of novelty may regard it as *un peu passé*, presents strong claims to the attentive consideration of those who, to a prevailing love of truth, unite, like ourselves, an extreme sensibility to every act which can, in any degree, however remote, tarnish the lustre of British renown, or tend to lower that moral pre-eminence among the nations which made the name of Englishman be respected even when the tide of fortune set in most strongly against us, and to which, perhaps, as much as to our great power, or any other cause, we have been indebted, ultimately, for our unparalleled successes.

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[*] Parga and the Ionian Islands; comprehending a Refutation of the Quarterly Review and of Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Maitland on the subject; with a Report of the Trial between that Officer and the Author. By Lieut.-Colonel C. P. de Bosset, &c. &c. London, 1821.

A Historical and Topographical Essay upon the Islands of Corfu, Leucadia, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Zante: with Remarks upon the Character, Manners, and Customs, of the Ionian Greeks; descriptions of the scenery and remains of antiquity discovered therein, and Reflections upon the Cyclopean Ruins. By W. Goodisson, A. B., Assistant-Surgeon in His Majesty's 75th Regiment. London, 1822.

[†] The name given to Ali Pasha by the Albanian Κλεφτεις.

Parga is a small town situated on the coast of Epirus, or Albania, opposite the southern end of Corfu, and the northern extremity of Paxo: it is built on a conical rock, the summit of which is crowned by a fortified building, or citadel, and the base, which is on three sides washed by the sea, is surrounded with walls. From this isolated rock, the elevation of which above the level of the sea is about 215 feet, the eye ranges over one of the most magnificent prospects: in the back-ground are the lofty mountains of Albania rising in the form of an amphitheatre, and in the fore-ground the Ionian Sea; on the right, at the distance of twelve miles, are the little islands of Paxo and Antipaxo; on the left, Santa Maura and the famous promontory of Leucate, immortalized by the death of Sappho: and further on, in nearly the same direction, appear the mountains of Cephalonia. The town itself, from which this glorious *coup d'œil* is obtained, consists of only one street, with a few narrow lanes, and, before the expatriation of the Parguinotes, contained between three and four thousand inhabitants. Anterior to the same event, the territory of Parga extended along the coast about three miles on either side of the fortress, and two into Albania, where it is bounded by a ridge of considerable elevation,—the hand of Nature having apparently marked it out as an abode fitted for a small, happy, and independent community. All the accounts we have seen concur in representing this as one of the most smiling and delightful spots on which the eye of man could wish to rest; while its picturesque beauty had been greatly improved by the industry of the inhabitants, aided by the fertilizing influence of the springs and rivulets which water every part of the soil. It was, in fact, one continued olive grove, agreeably diversified by a few scattered cottages, with oaks, plane-trees, or cypresses; by plantations of citrons, oranges, and cedrats *, which last constituted a considerable branch of commerce, and by here and there a vineyard or a field devoted to the growing of corn.

The Parguinotes differed materially in language, manners, and costume, from their neighbours the Albanians: the first was the Romaic, with a large mixture of Italian; the second were, many of them, peculiar to themselves; the last was that of the Greek Islanders. Their peculiar position in regard to the Turks, with whom they were almost constantly in a state of hostility, rendered them brave—their habits of industry, temperate. Agriculture and navigation constituted their principal occupations,—and they excelled in both. Notwithstanding the calumnies which have been so basely propagated in this country, they appear, upon the whole, to have been a moral and virtuous community; superstitious, indeed, but certainly not more so than their countrymen of the islands, whom they greatly surpassed in courage, independence, and hospitality. The very circumstances of their having existed so long as a separate state in the bosom of the Turkish Empire, and latterly defied the whole power of the Pasha of Epirus, furnish sufficient proof of their courage and independence of spirit; while their hospitality was honourably displayed in the generous protection, which, at their own imminent peril, they afforded to the unhappy Suliotes, who escaped from the general massacre of their countrymen by the blood-thirsty and merciless Ali.

Parga cannot boast of any high

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* *Citrus decumana.*

antiquity*. Prior to the year 1400, the principal residence of the Parguinotes was situated, beyond the modern limits, at a mountainous spot now called Palæo Parga, where are still seen the ruins of a church or temple, and of some dwellings†. A traditional legend ascribes the migration of the Parguinotes from their elevated position on the adjacent mountain, to some miraculous freaks performed by an image of the Panagia, discovered by a shepherd in a cavern of the rock on which the modern town was afterwards built, and which, though carried by him to Palæo Parga, returned, in an invisible manner of course, to the place where it had been found; thus conveying to the people a broad hint—which was not lost—to follow it. Setting this fable aside, which looks very like a trick of policy, played off to facilitate the execution of a measure wise and judicious in itself, it is clear, that the existence of the present town cannot be traced farther back than the irruption of the Turks into Greece under Mohammed II.

In 1401, the Parguinotes, alarmed by the great power and successes of the Moslems, invoked the protection of the Venetian Republic, which then commanded the Adriatic, possessed the Ionian Islands, and extended her commerce and influence throughout the whole of the Levant. This protection was granted, and (particularly after 1447) numerous privileges conferred upon the people. But all the authority and might of the Lion of St. Mark could not prevent Parga, in 1500, from being sacked and burnt by the Turks; and it was not till 1571 that it was rebuilt by the Parguinotes, and fortified by the Venetians. Subsequently to this event, from which its existence as a separate, and in some sort independent community is to be dated, one of the nobility of Corfu, with the title of Governor, regularly presided in Parga; but the inferior magistrates were appointed by a council composed of the people, by which, when the Governors were guilty of malversation in office, they could be put under arrest till justice were obtained from Corfu, the residence of the Governor-General of the Venetian possessions in the Ionian Islands. By their protectors, the Parguinotes were uniformly treated with great indulgence and favour. Though the garrison of the fortress, which generally consisted of a company of Italian or Sclavonian troops, was entirely dependent on the orders of the Governor, the Parguinotes, among other advantages, enjoyed a total exemption from direct taxes, or from customs on the commodities either exported or imported, together with the liberty of cultivating and manufacturing tobacco; while natives trading with other Venetian possessions paid only half the duties established and exigible in those places. Thus encouraged and protected, Parga continued to prosper till the destruction of this venerable republic, in 1797, when it shared the fate of the Ionian Islands, and was taken military possession of by the French, in consequence of the treaty of Campo Formio.

It was easy to foresee that the invasion of Egypt by Napoleon, at the head of the greater part of the Army of Italy, would lead to an immediate declaration of war against France, on the part of the Ottoman Porte. Of this the Vizier Ali, Pasha of Epirus, —who had lately been intriguing with the conqueror of Italy, declaring himself "the staunchest disciple of the *Jacobin religion*," and protesting "that he was most anxious to be initiated into the worship of the *Carmagnole*, actually mistaking

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* No antique coins, or vestiges of Grecian ruins, are to be found in the district which lately constituted the Territory of Parga.

† The Quarterly Review says—"According to Miletius, Paleo Parga, or *Old Parga*, contained a greater number of inhabitants than any *other* (Parga ?) in the Thesprotian division of Epirus; but of this—*etiam periēre ruinæ*." The assertion contained in the concluding quotation from Lucan, is contradicted by Colonel de Bosset and others, and though of no earthly consequence in itself, it shows that the Reviewer was more solicitous to foist in three words of Latin than to ascertain the truth of his statement. We shall have occasion to allude to the blunders of this Journal relative to Parga, in matters of more pith and moment.

Jacobinism and its excesses for a new religion,"—prepared to take advantage, by endeavouring to get possession of the places formerly held by the Venetians on the Continent. So successful had he been, indeed, in cajoling and deceiving the French Generals in Corfu, that though Napoleon, on his landing in Egypt, despatched an advice-boat for France, with orders to touch at the Ionian Islands, and put the officers in command there on their guard, they continued almost to the very last moment in the dark as to the views of the Vizier, who easily foresaw that the Republic of the Seven Islands might soon change masters. Accordingly, in 1798, he suddenly sat down before Preveza with a considerable army, assaulted and carried the place, massacring a great part of the inhabitants in cold blood. The object of this atrocious act was not so much to glut his appetite for blood, as to intimidate the Parguinotes, and induce them to submit to his power. In this view, he wrote letters to several of the leading individuals, urging them to rise on and put to death the French garrison, and to admit his Albanians into the fortress. But neither the hollow promises, nor the formidable menaces of this subtile and merciless barbarian, could alter the determination of the Parguinotes to maintain their independence, and, if possible, to attach themselves to the fate of the Ionian Islands. The French were immediately apprised of all that had occurred; but the combined attack of the Turks and Russians, which soon afterwards took place, now occupied the attention of their protectors, and forced them to withdraw from the other islands, in order to concentrate their forces in Corfu. From the Russians, however, who had just arrived in Zante, the Parguinotes received a promise of protection.

It is well known that the expulsion of the French from these islands, by the united forces of Russia and Turkey, was followed by the treaty of 1800, by which they were formed into a separate and independent state, under the joint protection of the Porte and its ally, and by the name of the Republic of the Seven Islands. Preveza, Parga, Vonitza, and Butrinto, were ceded to the Porte, on condition that they should enjoy the free and full exercise of their religion; that Mahammedans should be forbidden to acquire any property among them; that "the usages of the country, relative to civil and criminal procedures, the nature of possession, and the order of hereditary possession," should not be changed; and that from the Rayahs of those countries, "who were now to be for the first time subjected to the Sublime Porte," the same tribute only which they had been accustomed to pay to the ex-republic of Venice should be exacted. But the privileges thus solemnly guaranteed to the inhabitants of these islands existed only on the parchment of the treaty. The Porte naturally detested the Giaours; and the Russian guarantee proved a mere delusion. Fortunately for themselves, the Parguinotes from the first refused to submit; they knew too well the inveterate and deadly revenge which the Vizier Ali cherished against them for so often baffling his cupidity and ambition; they had before their eyes the massacres he had perpetrated at Gardiki, for an outrage committed forty years before on his mother and sister, and at Preveza, merely as a piece of what he conceived policy; they were aware that no promises could bind him, and that, by means of his largesses, his influence with the Divan was such that he could readily procure their sanction to any atrocity, especially when committed against Christians[*]: accordingly, they held out for six months, that is, till towards the end of 1800[†], "without any other ægis than their own arms." Perceiving, however, the impossibility of continuing much longer this unequal resistance, they despatched a deputy to Constantinople, and, by means of the Minister of the Septinsular Republic at the Divan, succeeded in procuring a Voivode, or Governor, to be sent them as a protection: and in this state they remained till 1806, with only a single Moslem residing in the fortress.

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[*] In the firmauns of the Divan, this crafty and merciless ruffian was sirnamed *Aslan*, or the Lion, solely on account of his massacres of the Epirote Christians.

[†] The treaty of 1800 bears date the 21st of March.

In that year, war having broke out between the Porte and Russia, Ali Pasha seized upon Preveza, Butrinto, and Vonitza, expelled the greater part of the inhabitants, and confiscated their property. The treaty of 1800, upon which so much stress has been laid, was violated in all its parts, and the Christians exposed to the most wanton outrages and cruelties. The Parguinotes could not possibly view unmoved the fate of their neighbours, or put any faith in a treaty which had served only to ensnare and ruin those who had been credulous enough to rely upon it. They were conscious that, in the event of their falling into the hands of Ali, many of the victims of whose tyranny their hospitable walls had sheltered, the same, or even a heavier fate awaited them: they therefore solicited and obtained the protection of the Russian Admiral commanding on the station, who sent a garrison to occupy their fortress. But things were destined soon to take a different turn. By a secret article in the treaty concluded at Tilsit in 1807, the Ionian Islands were once more delivered into the hands of the French Emperor, who seems to have considered the possession of them as necessary to some ambitious schemes he had formed for assailing our empire in the East. The same views led him to endeavour by all means to conciliate the favour of Ali, with whose character and position in respect to the Divan he was well acquainted, and who, he imagined, might be rendered instrumental in forwarding his projects. But he had to do with a man hardly inferior in talents, and his equal in dissimulation and energy of character. Perceiving at one glance the advantages of his situation, and never having, for a moment, lost sight of Parga, the French Governor-General, Berthier, had hardly reached Corfu, with instructions to maintain a good understanding with the Pasha, even at the expence of some concessions, when Ali despatched a messenger to claim that fortress in the name of the Porte, and, as he pretended, in terms of the treaty of 1800. Berthier was taken by surprise, and was on the point of yielding to a demand urged so positively and plausibly, when a deputation from the Parguinotes, who had been apprised of what was going forward, arrived at Corfu in time to counteract this favourite object of the Pasha, by informing the General of the facts, and earnestly imploring his protection. Notwithstanding the instructions he had received, and the policy which he wished to pursue, these facts appeared to him so irresistibly conclusive, that he not only refused to accede to the Vizier's demand, but sent a detachment of 300 men to garrison Parga; and his conduct in this respect met the entire approbation of his master.

In this state matters continued till 1814, when the dreadful reverses of Napoleon revived the hopes of Ali, and once more turned his views to the possession of Parga, which, by a happy combination of prudence and firmness, had so long baffled his power. For this purpose, he caused his troops to advance towards the Parguinote territory,—seized, without ceremony, on Aja, a village on the frontier,—and ordered his nephew, Daut Bey, to endeavour to carry Parga by a *coup-de-main*. By the vigilance and bravery of the inhabitants, partially aided by the garrison, the attempt failed, but not till after some sharp fighting *, in which the

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* The account of this occurrence by the Quarterly Review (XLV. 115.) or rather by Sir Thomas Maitland, (for it turns out, strangely enough, to be sure, that the article on Parga in that Journal is merely the justificatory despatch of the Lord High Commissioner partially redacted, and dressed up in the usual style of reviews,) is *toto coelo* different from that which, on the very best authority, we have given in the text. It is this:—" A favourite nephew of the Pasha was shot, at the head of his troops, by a Parguinote lying in ambush. *No other person was killed on either side;* yet the Parguinotes boasted of a great victory, and succeeded in persuading Lieut.-Col. de Bosset that they had fought desperately in their own defence, and repulsed the Turks." Unfortunately for the accuracy of the Reviewer, Col. de Bosset does by no means monopolize the " persuasion" that the Parguinotes " fought des-

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nephew of the Pasha was slain. This was certainly a daring proceeding, on the part of a power at peace with France; but General Donzelot was then placed in such a critical predicament, that he was prevented from protesting against this act of violence; while the English could not be supposed to interfere or remonstrate against a proceeding which was as much directed against their enemies, the French, as the Parguinotes. Of this forbearance, Ali did not fail to take immediate advantage, by constructing a fort at Aja, situate on a commanding hill on the frontier, and calculated to overawe, and keep in perpetual alarm, the inhabitants of this little territory.

By the month of March 1814, all the Ionian Islands, except Corfu, had been taken by the English, while, from the closeness of the blockade, the relief of that place had become next to impossible, and the communication with the garrison in Parga extremely difficult. The Parguinotes seeing, therefore, they could no longer rely upon the protection of France, sent a deputation to the English Commandant in the Island of Paxo, requesting the assistance of England, and promising to surrender the fortress. This application was immediately communicated to the Commander-in-chief, Lieut.-General Campbell, who lost no time in sending a reinforcement from Zante to Paxo, in order to be in readiness when a favourable moment should present itself for occupying Parga. About the same time, two English frigates, the Bacchante, Captain (now Sir William) Hoste, and the Havannah, Captain Black, arrived at Paxo; and the French commandant in Parga was summoned to surrender, favourable terms being offered him. This, however, he flatly refused to do upon any conditions: and Captain Hoste, the senior officer, not feeling himself sufficiently authorized to attack the fortress, and not being perfectly assured of the sincerity of the inhabitants, caused them to be informed, that a written declaration, signed by the principal Parguinotes, expressive of their real intentions, would be required, in the first instance; and, further, that if they themselves would take possession of the Citadel, and substitute the British for the French flag, the English forces would come to their aid, and they would be received under the protection of his Britannic Majesty. *These conditions were complied with to the letter.* The required declaration, bearing date the 17th of March, and confirming the offer they had made, and the condition which formed the basis of the engagement they had come under, viz. that "it was the determination of their country *to follow the fate of the Ionian Islands*, having always been under the same jurisdiction," was forwarded with-

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perately." In animadverting upon the details of the cruelties of Ali Pasha, given by Hobhouse, Pouqueville, Duval, and the Edinburgh Review, he himself, after expressing his doubts of their truth, adds, "those stated by Dr Holland are entitled to credit." What, then, does this traveller, confessedly "entitled to credit," say of this affair? "The Parguinotes, *after repelling bravely an attack made on them by the forces of Ali Pasha*, cordially received the English into their town, hoping for an efficient defence from their power." How will the Reviewer reconcile this with his story of a single Parguinote lying in ambush, and with his broad assertion that, except Daut Bey, no person was killed on either side? Were the Pasha's attacks as bloodless as those of the Italian Condottieri? But we have still more minute and detailed testimony to produce. "The French garrison having retired into the citadel," says the Rev. T. S. Hughes, "the only opposition was made by the *bravery* of the inhabitants. They marched out with exultation to the defence of their country, accompanied by their women and children, who handed ammunition, and loaded the muskets of their husbands and their parents. The contest was neither long nor sanguinary, for the Parguinotes having the advantage of ground and shelter, effectually checked the Vizier's troops, who were obliged to retire, *after losing several of their companions!*— In the evening, we took a long walk through the environs of Parga, which had been the scene of Ali Pasha's late defeat; *the olive trees all around were marked with musket balls.*" We might also quote Pouqueville and others; but have confined ourselves to authorities, which the Reviewer acknowledges to be "deserving of credit."

out delay to the British authorities at Paxo; the British flag was hoisted on the citadel *by the inhabitants*, who had surprised and overpowered the French garrison; and on the 22d the fortress, the French garrison, twenty pieces of cannon, ammunition, stores, and the whole country, were delivered over to the British forces, under Sir Charles Gordon; without, be it observed, a single objection being stated to the condition so formally and prominently stated in the declaration of the Primates. From this time, till March 1817, a small detachment of British troops, amounting, we believe, only to thirty, did duty in the Citadel; but, at this latter period, it was found necessary, by Sir Thomas Maitland, who had succeeded General Campbell, to reinforce the garrison, in order, as he emphatically enough said, to put it in a condition to resist any of the "*tricks*" of Ali Pasha to gain possession of it, *brevi manu*.

We have now, therefore, reached the period at which the first and main branch of the case,—namely, whether the stipulations made on the part of the Parguinotes, when they agreed to surrender their fortress and territory to the British, and tacitly acceded to by the officers to whom, at their own special request, those conditions were presented, gave the inhabitants a right to the continuance of British protection; and whether the treaty of 1800 was so far obligatory on Britain as to leave our Government no alternative but the surrender of Parga to the Porte, in terms of that treaty, and in violation of the agreement entered into by our own officers,—naturally falls to be discussed. The destiny of the Ionian Islands was, it seems, a matter of much deliberation, both at the Congress of Vienna and at Paris in 1815: at last, however, Russia, Austria, and Prussia[*], were induced to offer to Great Britain the sovereign protection of the Septinsular Republic; and the first article of the Treaty of Paris, of date November 5, 1815, by which that offer was ratified and consummated, is in the following words:—"The Isles of Corfu, Cephalonia, Zante, Santa Maura, Ithaca, Cerigo, and Paxo, WITH THEIR DEPENDENCIES, *as designated in the treaty between his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias and the Ottoman Porte, concluded on the 21st of March* 1800, shall form a single, free, and independent State, under the denomination of the United States of the Ionian Isles." Now, two questions, which it is of great importance to solve, here present themselves; and these are, What is meant by the "dependencies" of the Ionian Isles? and, Was the treaty of 1800 revived, and re-enforced by that of Paris in 1815? In answer to the former of these questions, we beg leave to quote a passage from the copy of Instructions, dated Corfu, 11th May 1815, and furnished by General Campbell, Commander of the Forces in the Ionian Islands, to the officer commanding the detachment of British troops in Parga: "The fortress of Parga is considered as *an appendage* of the Government of the Seven Ionian Islands, and *more particularly* as *an outwork* of the garrison of Corfu, towards the Turkish frontier." This is a correct description of the *fact*; for, with the exception of the six years immediately succeeding the ratification of the treaty of 1800, between Russia and the Ottoman Porte, when a single Turkish Voivode resided in Parga, at the express request of the people themselves, they had invariably "followed the fate of the Ionian Isles, and been always under the same jurisdiction *." But we shall here be answered, that the "dependencies" of the Ionian Isles are expressly pointed out by the words, *as designated in the treaty of 1800 between Russia and the Ottoman Porte*, according to which, Preveza, Parga, Vonitza, and Butrintro, are ceded to the latter power, under certain specified conditions solemnly guaranteed by the former. The examination of this plea will constitute the answer to our second question.

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[*] It sounds strange in our ears, we confess, to hear of *Austria and Prussia*, who do not both possess as many ships of war as would suffice to silence a ten-gun battery, well served, generously "*offering*" to Britain the "*sovereign protection*" of colonies which her own forces had wrested from the common enemy. This, however, may be part of the eisoteric mysteries of diplomacy which none but the initiated are able to comprehend. Upon the same principle (and it is only from general principles that we can reason on such subjects) they might have kindly "offered" her the "sovereign protection" of her Indian Empire, which she holds by no better title than she did the Republic of the Seven Islands, *anterior* to this gracious and condescending "offer" on the part of the powers above named. Of Russia we say nothing, because in her case, at least, there is no absurdity.

The treaty of 1800 was either revived by the treaty of 1815, and still in full force, or it was not. If the former be assumed, then we were bound to undertake the Russian guarantee, not only in the case of Parga, but also in that of Preveza, Vonitza, and Butrintro, and to ensure to the Christian inhabitants of those towns the free exercise of their religion, the undisturbed enjoyment of their personal and real property, and the continuance of their own "usages, relative to civil and criminal procedures." If, on the *contrary*, the latter be assumed, namely, that the treaty of 1800 was no longer in force, then it is as clear as day, that neither Ali Pasha nor the Porte had the least right or title to set up any claim for the surrender of Parga, as that town is not so much as mentioned in the treaty of 1815; and by *the supposition* the former one, upon which the Pasha invariably grounded his claim, was no longer in force. But even if the treaty of 1800 had been still in force, it is manifest, that no person in the world could plead the stipulations of that treaty with a worse grace than Ali Pasha, who had violated every one of them, who had exterminated or expelled the Christian inhabitants, confiscated their property, and reduced Preveza, Butrintro, Suli, Nivitza, Aghio Vassali, Gardiki, and other neighbouring places, to heaps of smoking ruins, and whose course, like that of the Angel of Death, was marked by havoc and destruction. It is notorious, moreover, that he was burning to wreak his fury on the devoted Parguinotes, and to consign them to slaughter, in revenge for the numerous disappointments and repulses he had met with, and particularly for the death of Daut Bey, his favourite nephew, over whose body he erected a monument within view of the ramparts of Parga, thereby giving warning what fate was decreed for them, should fortune place them in his power. This barbarian was as smooth, supple, and insinuating, as he was unpitying and remorseless. In reference to his real character, his fierce but well-disguised passions, and his long-cherished and never-satiated revenge, as contrasted with his outward mildness and placid address, Dr Holland has remarked, with singular truth and felicity of illustration, that it was "the fire of a stove, burning fiercely under a smooth and polished surface." To talk of construing a treaty rigidly to the letter, in favour of a man whom no treaty could bind, when either his passions or his interest was concerned in the breach of it, is as ridiculous in reason as it would have proved inhuman in its consequences.

But, says the Quarterly Review, "there is no article in the British Treaty of 1815 which confirms, or by which Great Britain takes upon herself the conditions of 1800; *they were perfectly foreign to her; they could not have been listened to for a moment*; and that treaty was referred to *merely as the means of defining the limits of the new territory to be placed under her protection*." If this was the case, how comes the Reviewer to state, as he does in the preceding page, that "every arrangement which related to Parga was comprehended in the treaty between Russia and the Ottoman Porte, WHICH WAS STILL IN FULL FORCE?" Now, with respect to whom, we would ask, was this treaty "still in full force?" Not on the part of

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* This is, in some degree, admitted by Sir T. Maitland himself. In the preamble to an Act passed in the Second Session of the First Parliament of the United States of the Ionian Islands, under date May 22d 1819, and declaratory of the state and condition of the inhabitants of Parga and its territory, we meet with the following words: "Whereas the inhabitants of the city, fort, and territory of Parga, *have* EVER *been considered as citizens of the Ionian States, &c. &c.*"

Britain; for that, as we have just seen, is formally disavowed: not on the part of Russia; for she was no longer to possess the Ionian Islands, which rendered her guarantee unnecessary: not with respect to the Porte, to whom, by the treaty, Russia alone could deliver up the towns on the Albanian coast: not on the part of Parga; for that little state had constantly resisted the surrender of its fort and territory, and been aided and abetted by Russia herself in that resistance. But without attempting to reconcile these incongruities, if, as has been asserted, the treaty of 1800 "was referred to merely as the means of defining the limits of the new territory to be placed under the protection of Great Britain," our negociators must have been very inattentive indeed not to perceive, that, in the altered circumstances of 1815, this would lead to great confusion, and that it would have been better to specify distinctly what was to be considered as "dependencies" of the Ionian Isles, than to dismiss the matter with a mere vague reference to a treaty which ought to have expired with the events that gave it birth. Whether from neglect or intention, no mention is made of Parga in the treaty of Paris, though at the very time when that treaty was signed, it was occupied by British troops, who had been admitted by the inhabitants *upon certain* conditions, and though, as the Reviewer contends, the surrender of that territory was then contemplated by the British Ministers. This seems to us sufficiently strange. It is true, the Reviewer strenuously maintains, that "no stipulations whatever were entered into by, or *in behalf* of, the British Government; no other promises were made—no other assurances given, than such as held out to them (the Parguinotes) generally a continuance of security and protection, so long as the British flag should fly on their fort;" and he quotes, in support of his allegation, some letter said to have been dictated by General Sir James Campbell, "a few days before his death," but of which, unfortunately, no copy has been given to the public. Be this as it may, however, we have been accustomed to think, that a positive contract might be inferred from certain *public acts*, with nearly as much certainty as if it had been reduced to a formal deed, and that, in the absence of such a deed, these acts form the only data from which a conclusion can be drawn. Now, what are the public acts in this case? A declaration is required from the inhabitants of Parga, and that declaration, engaging to submit their "country and territories to the arms of Great Britain," is given, coupled, however, with a *condition*, expressive of the "determination of the country to follow the fate of the Ionian Isles, as it had *always* been under the same jurisdiction." Will it be pretended that this condition, when tendered, was *refused*? Surely *that* was the moment to apprize the Primates of the exact amount of the dependence they were to place on British protection. The Parguinotes stated, fairly and explicitly, their object and views in throwing themselves into the arms of Britain, and they had every right to expect the same good faith in return: the more especially as (according to the declaration of Capt. Hoste) "the dispossessing the enemy of Parga would considerably distress Corfu," then closely blockaded. It is allowed on all hands, that the Parguinotes firmly believed that they were taken under the permanent protection of Britain, and that they would ultimately form an appendage of the Ionian Islands. Why were they allowed to cherish this belief, when one word might have undeceived them, and when they ought to have been formally certified that they were only taken *provisionally* under British protection, and till the fate of their little country should be determined at a general peace? The Reviewer and his client, Sir Thomas Maitland, are, therefore, between the horns of a dilemma: either the condition specified by the Parguinotes was accepted, or the British officers acted with a degree of bad faith not often exceeded: they may take their choice. Had the Parguinotes ever dreamt that Britain, from a ridiculous deference to a defunct treaty, would deliver up their country to their mortal enemy, a catastrophe which, amidst all the political commotions and changes of the last thirty years, and in spite of all the wiles and power of Ali Pasha, they had successfully struggled to avert, there cannot be a doubt, we think, that they would have tempted all hazards, and braved every extremity, rather than have witnessed the British flag floating over their ramparts.

But farther; if Britain was really bound to deliver up the place at all, she was bound to do so unconditionally, just as she would a sugar or a spice island to the French or Dutch at the end of a war: and if the inhabitants chose to emigrate, it was no affair of hers; she was not bound to procure them an equivalent for the property they voluntarily abandoned; they might stay and enjoy it, as heretofore, or sell it to the highest bidder. On the other hand, it is extremely improbable that Ali Pasha would have subscribed to such an arrangement, had he felt that his title to the possession of Parga was clear and undisputable. But the interference of the British Government, or rather of the Lord High Commissioner, in this matter, it has been said, was dictated by humanity, by a desire at once to preserve to the Parguinotes the value of their property, and to enable such of them as chose to embrace the opportunity to withdraw beyond the reach of the Pasha's vengeance. Now, this plea would not only be creditable, but in the highest degree honourable and praiseworthy, did we not unfortunately happen to know that Mr Cartwright, the Commissioner appointed by Sir Thomas Maitland, used every effort, in conjunction with the Ottoman Commissioner, Hamed Bey, to induce the Parguinotes to give up their intention to emigrate, and to trust to the hollow and deceitful promises of the Vizier.

> Pudet haec opprobria nobis,
> Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

Thus we have seen, that, during the Russian and French occupation of the Ionian Isles, the pretensions of Ali Pasha to the possession of Parga were either directly or indirectly resisted, even when, as in the case of the former, the treaty of 1800 was in full force; that the assumed revival of this treaty by that of Paris in 1815, involves numberless contradictions and absurdities; that Parga was delivered up to the British forces under a distinct stipulation, ratified and accepted by the *act* of the English Commanders, that it should "follow the fate of the Ionian Isles; and that the surrender of this little territory, by which the inhabitants were compelled, in order to avoid extermination, to abandon the country of their birth and of their forefathers,—endeared to them *non quia larga, sed quia sua*, and by the struggles which they had made to defend and preserve it,—was rendered obligatory upon us, neither in respect to national honour, nor the faith which this country has uniformly and proudly maintained in the matter of treaties. We shall now proceed to record, briefly, the circumstances connected with the final abandonment of this unhappy country.

From the moment of the British occupation, the hopes of Ali Pasha, who had never lost sight of his favourite object, were revived; and one of his first steps was an act of such coarse and vulgar fraud, as, while it is characteristic of the man, renders it utterly ridiculous, nay, monstrous, to talk or reason of the faith of treaties as far as he is concerned. He caused a memorial, or petition, to be drawn up, in the name of the Parguinotes, with the forged signatures of fifty of the principal inhabitants, and addressed to the Ottoman Porte, entreating that power to place Parga under its direct and immediate jurisdiction. But General Campbell, who then commanded at Corfu, and who was not to be cajoled or humbugged, like his successor, discovered this paltry trick, and defeated its object. Ali was not, however, discouraged. He had long intrigued with the Divan, the members of which sapient conclave had frequently fingered the gold wrung from the blood and marrow of his subjects. By means of this very intelligible logic, he succeeded in persuading the Divan to demand Parga, as the price of the accession of the Ottoman Porte to the Convention of Paris; and, what is more wonderful still, his Britannic Majesty's Minister at Constantinople agreed to the proposition of the Divan, and that a Commissioner from the Porte should repair to Yanina, to treat with a Commissioner to be sent thither by Sir T. Maitland, for the definitive cession of Parga. This was a most extraordinary arrangement, and certainly cast "ominous conjecture" on the whole affair. What! send Commissioners to treat under the very Pasha's nose, in his capital, exposed to all his insidious manœuvres, intrigues, and cajoleries, for the cession of a place which he had never lost sight of for a moment during all the events and changes of twenty of the most memorable years in the history of the world! And yet, with equal impudence and presumption, it has been averred, that "it was neither *with* Ali Pasha that the negociations respecting Parga were conducted, nor *to* Ali that it was to be surrendered!" These are the words of the Quarterly Review, and they are the mere echo of Sir Thomas Maitland's: "In respect to its (Parga's) being ceded *to* Ali Pasha, *I positively deny that such a thing ever took place!*" Now this, however strongly asserted, is too ridiculous to gain even a moment's credit. Who had all along shown such an anxiety to get possession of Parga? It was Ali Pasha. To whom was Parga at length delivered up? It was to the troops of Ali Pasha. Who paid what, with cruel mockery, has been called the equivalent ultimately awarded to the inhabitants for the property they were to abandon? It was Ali Pasha. And who was Ali Pasha? The most powerful of the Turkish Pashas, who had hardly preserved the semblance of a nominal subjection to the Porte,—who had a court, a capital, an army, and a territory of his own,—who had once already been at open war with the Grand Seignior,—and who, not many months after the completion of this disgraceful transaction, was declared *firmanlee* by the Divan, and attacked by the whole disposable force of the Turkish Empire. But fortunately we can contradict this assertion on the best possible authority—that of Sir Thomas Maitland himself! In a letter to Colonel de Bosset, dated the 2d of April 1817, Sir Thomas thus writes: "You always mention to me the Vizier, but, upon the present occasion, HOWEVER MUCH WE MAY BE AWARE THAT TO HIM ULTIMATELY PARGA WILL FALL, still the Commissioner from the Porte is the only person with whom we can *officially* treat in regard to it. And though it is necessary that I, in Corfu, *should endeavour to keep Ali Pasha in good humour,* YOU AT PARGA MUST NEVER MENTION HIS NAME, *but that of the Commissioner nominated by the Porte, viz. Hamed Bey.*" We leave these matters to make their own impression!

Upon the arrival of the Hadgee Khan Hamed Bey at Yanina, the Lord High Commissioner, aware that Ali Pasha was assembling troops, and justly afraid that he would play one of his old "*tricks,*" surprise the garrison, and thus cut short the negociations, deemed it expedient immediately to reinforce Parga by a detachment of 300 men, and to give the command of the fort to Colonel de Bosset, a highly-respectable officer, who had performed some distinguished services under General (now Sir John) Oswald at the capture of Santa Maura, and been appointed, by that discriminating judge of merit, to the command of Cephalonia. He also nominated Mr Cartwright (then British Consul at Patras, and subsequently Consul-General at Constantinople) to treat with Hamed Bey in quality of British Commissioner, and to arrange all matters relative to the cession of Parga. After a residence of two months at the Pasha's capital, these Commissioners signed a convention, by which it was agreed, that they were both to repair to Parga, ascertain the number of inhabitants who wished to leave the country after the cession, and to value their property "in a prompt and equitable manner." While this was going forward, the Pasha was not idle: he endeavoured to sow jealousy and division among the Parguinotes, and to excite them to some act of violence against the British garrison; and he caused a report to be circulated, that, for "a consideration," as the old miser Trapbois says, the British were to put him in possession of Parga, and to pocket the money. In this, however, he was unsuccessful, chiefly, as it should seem, by the firmness, moderation, and integrity of Colonel de Bosset.

Without pursuing all the details and doublings of this affair, it is sufficient for our present purpose to mention, that when, after many difficulties and negociations, the Commissioners reached Parga, it was found that the people had unanimously determined to abandon their country, rather than put themselves in power of Ali Pasha. Nothing now remained but to value the property of the inhabitants " in a prompt and equitable manner;" and, had the intention been to proceed fairly to work, this might have been greatly facilitated by the preliminary estimate, or approximate valuation made, under the superintendance of Colonel de Bosset, by the inhabitants themselves. A dreadful outcry has been raised against poor de Bosset for this proceeding, and even Sir Thomas Maitland sneers at the "rare sagacity" which could suffer people to value their own property. We shall soon see how groundless this clamour was, and with how much *rarer* sagacity this Whig Lord High Commissioner proceeded in respect to the valuation made by individuals appointed by himself, and who had not been guilty of any such *bêtise* as allowing the people to have a voice in estimating the value of their own property. According to the approximate valuation made by the inhabitants, under the inspection of Colonel de Bosset, there were 839 houses, and 81,321 olive trees of all descriptions: according to the valuation made by the " four gentlemen of respectability in the Island of Corfu," the houses and cottages amounted to 852, and the olive trees to 89,933; which considerably *exceeds* the numbers which the Parguinotes themselves had specified. The value of this property the Parguinotes stated at £.500,000, which he asserts was " *thrice* as much as it was worth," and of which £.200,000 were for the olive trees alone; the Corfu Commissioners, appointed by Sir T. Maitland himself, fixed it at £.280,000, which is more than *half* the Parguinote valuation; and the Commissioners on the part of the Sultan made it so low as £.56,756. Let us now attend, for a moment, to the principle on which such a valuation *ought* to be constructed.

" The *value* of an olive tree," says Mr Goodisson, " when once it begins to yield its crops, *is very great*, in proportion to the ground it covers; and the labour and expence which it afterwards requires is very *inconsiderable*, compared with the *gain* from its produce." (p. 18.) " Will any traveller in Greece," asks the Rev. T. H. Hughes, " or any other person acquainted with the subject, say that 81,000 of the finest olive trees in the world (as the district in which Parga is situated is called *Eliatis* by Thucydides, κατ' ἐξόχην, for the abundance and excellence of these trees) are not *alone* worth *more* than the whole sum given by Ali Pasha for the Parghiote territory? This, I will venture to say, *without any fear of contradiction*, that the gathering of the *fruit alone*, in an abundant season, is worth *more* than was given for the trees." " An acre planted with vines, or olives," says Michaelis, on the Laws of Moses, " however arid or rocky the soil may be, will very easily be worth *ten* times as much as an acre of the richest corn land." Now, according to the Parguinote valuation, 81,000 olive trees were estimated at £.200,000, or about £.2, 9s. each tree, which, taking into consideration what we have just quoted from different writers, does not appear to be very extravagant. Again, 839, or, according to the Corfuote estimate, 852 houses, *with about eighteen square miles of the richest territory*, to say nothing of the fortress and the public buildings, do not appear to have been rated very high at £.300,000[*]; at least according to any idea of the value of property in those parts, which we have been able to form. At all events, it would certainly have been desirable, had Sir Thomas Maitland and his defenders furnished us with some certain data on which we could have proceeded in forming a correct judgment between the conflicting valuations; that of the Sultan's, or rather Ali's Commissioners, being, as we have seen, little more than one-fifth of the Corfuote, and one-tenth of the Parguinote estimate. This horrid discrepancy did not, however, surprise Sir Thomas Maitland in the least, for, in his justificatory despatch, he remarks, with the most bewitching naiveté of manner, "*that certainly the difference of* £.130,000 *was not more than the state of the case gave us full reason to anticipate!!*" We do not happen to know exactly what idea the Lord High Commissioner attached to a "*difference;*" but it occurs to us, that £.130,000, being nearly the *half* of the Corfuote estimate, and more than *double* that of Ali's Commissioners, were, after all, no such trifle as he seems to imagine; and that to 2700 people this sum (or "difference") must have been a matter of rather serious concernment.

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[*] In the " *Life of Ali Pacha*," published some time ago, and which is principally a translation of the French work entitled " *Vie d'Ali Pacha*," of M. Beauchamp, the author has been guilty of innumerable blunders on the subject of Parga; which is the more surprising, as the means of correct information were surely within his reach. Whether the following nonsense is to be charged against M. Beauchamp, or his translator, we cannot tell: the French were never famous for a very minute attention

The parties were certainly most grievously at issue in this business: and how does Sir T. Maitland bring them to an adjustment? Why, he at once proposes to accept £.150,000 Sterling, or 666,000 dollars, in lieu of all claims; and to this sum the Porte, or rather Ali, ultimately agreed. This, to be sure, was £.130,000 less than the "four respectable gentlemen," appointed by himself, had agreed on, and rather a serious "difference" upon so small a concern; but still it was *something*, and would have done the people a great deal of good, had they received it *without farther deduction.* This, however, was by no means the case: and lest we should be supposed to misrepresent Sir Thomas Maitland, we shall give the statement in his own words: "The original stipulation was £.150,000, or 666,000 dollars, in the ultimate adjustment of the affair; however, *I deemed it advisable to remit* 33,000 dollars out of the 666,000, on condition that the money was all paid in Spanish or Imperial dollars, instead of the current coin of the kingdom of Turkey." Now it was never minted at, pending the discussion, that the Parguinotes were to be paid in a debased or depreciated coin; on the contrary, it was all along understood that the payment was to be made in Sterling money, or Spanish dollars; and how Sir Thomas Maitland could take upon him to make such a deduction, is more, we confess, than we have been able to understand. It is true, he enters upon a most extraordinary calculation, intended to prove, that, even with this deduction, the Parguinotes obtained *more* than if the valuation by the "four respectable gentlemen" had been adopted and carried into effect: and this calculation is as follows: Property, he assures us, (and we have nothing but his *ipse dixit* for the fact,) is 33 per cent. less valuable in Parga than in Corfu, according to the standard in which latter place the valuation was made; while 25 per cent. were to be deducted, "in consequence of *immediate* payment of the whole purchase-money in cash;" making a deduction or abatement of 58 per cent. in all, and leaving just £.117,000 of the £.280,000 to reach the pockets of the unhappy Parguinotes! The Quarterly Review says, that the 33 per cent. difference between Corfuote and Parguinote property were determined "by the rule in force, *even* under the Venetian Government," which, the reader will remember, expired in the year 1797; but no explanation is attempted, either by the Lord High Commissioner or his defender, of the extraordinary abatement of 25 per cent., or

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to *facts*, and the translator seems as ignorant as his original. "The first estimate," says the work, p. 257, "was now made of public and private property; and about £.400,000 was (were) considered as a just equivalent for a *well-built* town, containing 4000 citizens, besides its villages, extending about *twenty miles round, the inhabitants of which were still more numerous.* 81,000 *feet* of olive plantations enriched a soil the most fertile, perhaps, ever known, and yielded the finest oil of the Levant." The gross ignorance displayed in this passage requires not to be particularly pointed out: it is erroneous in almost every respect, as the reader will at once discover from the text.

one-fourth for ready money; and therefore we must leave this part of the calculation as we found it. We presume, however, the Parguinotes never contemplated any, far less this enormous discount, and considered, that, when they abandoned their country and their homes, the victims of the most mischievous and juggling policy, they were entitled to the immediate payment in cash of the value of the property they surrendered.

By this decisive logic, Sir Thomas Maitland proves, to his own entire satisfaction, that the Parguinotes, who might have been paid with £.117,000, were liberally dealt by in receiving £.150,000, subject to the deduction of 33,000 dollars, or £.7432. But by referring to the rate of exchange between Constantinople and London, at the period when this transaction took place, it will be found that £.150,000 would produce 670,494 dollars, or 4494 dollars more than the estimate of Sir T. Maitland, which, with the 33,000 dollars, as above stated, makes a total diminution of 37,494 dollars from the sum fixed by Sir T. Maitland himself; an error no doubt occasioned by his superlative skill in financial operations. "I then ask," says the Lord High Commissioner, "whether having given the Parguinotes £.93,244 more * than the valuation made by their fellow-countrymen, (The *Ottoman* Commissioners of the purchaser, Ali Pasha!) under all the depreciating circumstances in which that property was then placed, with the certainty of the whole being immediately paid in cash, was either an unfair or an inequitable arrangement?" With all deference, we would remark, that Sir Thomas Maitland was required to "give" nothing but justice, or, in other words, cause the property of Parguinotes to be fairly and equitably valued, and to secure to them the price of it. But it is singular enough, and deserves the particular attention of the reader, that every operation he performs is clearly and incontestibly for the benefit of the Pasha, and to the injury of the poor people, who were about to forsake their hearths, and carry their household gods into a strange land; and that nothing can surpass the ingenuity with which he lays hold of every pretext, and presses into his service every expedient, however absurd or extraordinary, in order to *reduce* more and more the sum which would ultimately fall to be paid, by his good friend Ali, to these "*fellows*" of Parga. It is a great evil for men to be compelled to abandon the country of their forefathers, the spot where they first drew breath, and which a thousand associations have endeared and embalmed in the deepest affections of the heart. The cost of such a sacrifice cannot well be estimated in dollars or piastres. It would not, therefore, have been too much to expect, that, if a stern policy, which makes no account of human feelings, rendered such a measure imperative, a full pecuniary recompence, for the actual property left behind, would at least have been secured; and, farther, that opportunities would not have been anxiously sought for to gratify the cupidity of a wretch, who had shed more blood, and caused more misery, than any despot of his time, one only excepted. "If a fair estimate had been made of the Pargiot property," says Mr Hughes, whom we have already quoted, "I know Ali Pasha enough to say, that he never would have become the purchaser!"

But Sir Thomas Maitland feels

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* His Lordship is here in error. He does not surely mean to say that he "gave" the Parguinotes the 33,000 dollars *deducted* on account of the particular currency in which the payment was effected, or the 4494 dollars of loss sustained by his miscalculation of the rate of exchange. Let, then, 37,494 dollars, or about £.8444, be deducted, and there remain only £.84,800, as the excess of Sir T. Maitland's award above the absurd valuation of the Ottoman Commissioners. Col. de Bosset explains satisfactorily the *cause* of the lowness of that valuation. Before they left Yanina, the Turkish Appraisers were called before Ali, who told them, with great gravity, that it was his intention to do justice to every one, and that an olive tree, worth eight piastres, should be valued at eight piastres; and one worth ten, at ten. They took the hint, and valued accordingly: to have done otherwise would have endangered their heads. *The average price of an olive tree is about* FIFTY PIASTRES!

that the deduction of the 33,000 dollars has an awkward and ugly aspect; he therefore recurs to the subject, and asks, "*Were the Parguinotes taken by surprise on the subject?*" Here we meet him at once, and say most decidedly, that they *were* taken by surprise. Let the reader mark the proof. In his proclamation, dated the 4th of March 1819, the Lord High Commissioner informs the Parguinotes, that the sum of £.150,000 had been definitively fixed on as a full indemnification, and that each individual would receive a ticket in writing, stating the amount of his share; but he makes no mention of any modification or deduction whatever; and the tickets which were at the same time delivered, were calculated on the full sum of £.150,000. Parga was delivered over to Ali Pasha on the 10th of May following, and the emigration of the inhabitants had, as a matter of course, been completed a few days earlier: but no intimation of the above-mentioned deduction was given till the 9th of June, *thirty-six days after their arrival in Corfu!* Now, Sir Thomas himself admits, that the deduction was *first* contemplated when he received from Ali Pasha the £.150,000, and consequently, *after* the Parguinotes had arrived at Corfu; with what face, then, can it be asserted, that "the Parguinotes were not taken by surprise," and that "*it was left to their option either* TO REMAIN AT PARGA, *or to accept the money?*" This is adding insult to injustice, and is, moreover, no bad specimen of the blundering impetuosity of which the whole defence furnishes so many striking examples.

But we have not yet done with *deductions!!!* A fifth part, viz. £.28,400, was directed to be withheld until the expenses of the commission, as well as the expense of transporting the money from Preveza to Corfu, in a king's frigate, were known, and cleared off; and in the memorial of the Parguinotes to Earl Bathurst, dated the 8th of January 1820, it is stated, that, "notwithstanding his Excellency's engagement, and this first deduction, (viz. the 33,000 dollars,) the Commission obliged every proprietor, who received a sum above £.700 sterling, TO TAKE ONE-FOURTH IN TURKISH MONEY, and to suffer the consequent exhorbitant loss*." These are indeed "heavy charges," and even yet call loudly for investigation. It is remarkable that, in his defence, Sir Thomas Maitland cautiously avoids even so much as alluding to them; and, we think, with very good reason. The story of the Spanish dollars, in which the greater part of the payment was effected, being procured from Constantinople "by the voluntary liberality of Hamed Bey, at the expense of 33,000 dollars," is obviously an entire fiction; for it was Ali Pasha, who had enormous treasures secreted in all his seraglios and strong places, who was to pay what has been facetiously called the *equivalent*; and even if the Porte had engaged to pay the money, it would never (as Col. de Bosset justly observes) "have been sent 'from Constantinople;' but, *as is the uniform practice in money transactions between the Porte and its provinces,* Ali would have received an order to advance the money, and deduct it from the annual amount of tribute due from his Pashaliks."

In a speech to the Legislative Assembly of the Ionian States, soon after the completion of these memorable transactions, Sir Thomas Maitland says, "I flatter myself it (the cession of Parga) presents a strong instance of *British humanity* and *British consideration;*" God forbid! He is nearer the truth, however, when he says it came "*to an issue*

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* We have had occasion to learn, from the most undoubted authority, that, anterior to the cession of Parga, Government were by no means aware of all the bearings of the case, nor had they received correct information from those whose business and whose duty it was to supply it. We could speak more explicitly if we chose; but we beg once for all to caution our readers against drawing any inference, either from our statements or reasonings, criminative of the Government *at home*. They acted on the best information they had received; but, unfortunately, the truth came out too late to prevent an act derogatory to the character of the country, and *so far* injurious to the interests of an ally, whom it was ostensibly meant to serve.

UNPRECEDENTED *in the annals of the British Government*, on whose records it will go down to posterity," not, as he conceitedly says, "*as a* SOLITARY *emblem of the effect of British justice*," but as an enduring memorial of Ali Pasha's success in cajoling and humbugging a British Lord High Commissioner. Sir T. Maitland's whole defence breathes a domineering spirit, and seems to have been written in the full consciousness that he stood by influence peculiar to himself: but it is past all endurance gravely to assert, in the face of the world, that the cession of Parga is "a *solitary* emblem of the effect of British justice." If such be Sir T. Maitland's notion of "British justice," we think we cannot conceive or utter a better wish for our country, than that this "emblem" may long remain a "solitary one."

So much for the substantial merits of the case. The story of the disinterment and cremation of the bones of their forefathers, by the Parguinotes, anterior to their emigration, is flatly contradicted by the *Quarterly* Critic, who confidently refers to Sir Frederick Adam and Lieut.-Col. Gubbins for the truth of his assertion, and triumphs not a little on their expected confirmation. The same assertion is repeated by Assistant-Surgeon Goodisson, who calls it a "mere fabrication." Now, Sir Frederick Adam was not present when Parga was delivered up, and is not, therefore, a competent person to refer to: he could only speak to what he had *heard* or what he *believed*. But Lieut.-Col. Gubbins *was* present, and to him Col. de Bosset refers as confidently as the Critic. Nothing more can, therefore, be said, if Col. Gubbins, whose veracity is perfectly indisputable, choose to remain silent. The Critic, however, has cautiously kept his retreat open, in case his appeal should not prove as successful as it is confident. "Whether," says he, "a story so destitute of truth, was wholly imagined, *or built on some trifling circumstance*, it is not *material* to inquire." Now we think it is exceedingly "*material*," where a flat contradiction has been given upon a mere *reference* to individuals who, for ought we know, may be dead, or may chuse, from whatever motive, to remain silent, to "inquire" into every circumstance, however "trifling," that the truth may be elicited, and the shame and guilt of wilful falsification be laid at the door of the right person.

Great pains have been taken to persuade the public that the Parguinotes were not only satisfied, but grateful for what Sir Thomas Maitland, to use his own phrase, "had given" them; and tourists and travellers, who have visited Corfu, and experienced civilities from the Lord High Commissioner, all unite in asserting the same thing. Goodisson, whose silly book is now before us, chimes to the same tune. "The fact is," says the assistant-surgeon *, "that this people (the Parguinotes) are *at present* happily and contentedly situated, being identified with the population of each island where fancy or their connections led them to settle *in*; and having received *full compensation of their property*, they enjoy there all the rights and privileges, with the security of Ionian subjects." (p. 26–27.) Such unsubstantiated statements as this, we mean with regard to the inhabitants being convinced that they had "received full compensation for their property, when placed in opposition to the whole circumstances of the transaction, and particularly to their own repeated and earnest remonstrances and complaints, merit only contempt—and receive it. But even were they as true as they are demonstrably the reverse, they would not prove that the Parguinotes had received full compensation, but only that they were satisfied with what they had been able to preserve of the wreck of their property; and that their industry and enterprise had not abandoned them, when the name of their country was extinguished, and when the desire to "follow the fate of the Ionian Islands" had been somewhat too literally fulfilled.

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* If the book should chance to reach a second edition, we would recommend to Mr Goodisson to procure the benefit of some hand more experienced than his own, to lop off a few of the glaring deformities that stare the reader in the face, on every page. His style is miserably bad, as well as inaccurate. A man who quotes Greek so freely, though, we fear, only at second-hand, should be able to form a guess at the plural of the world "*acropolis*." We had marked, for citation, a great number of the blemishes to which we refer; but we have no room for a more lengthened notice at present.

The history of Parga, subsequent to the cession, may be soon told. The interest which this event excited throughout all Europe, extended even to the Turkish Capital, and the Divan found that it had too readily yielded a place which only went to strengthen and aggrandize a subject already too powerful. The enemies of Ali Pacha watched the favourable moment: the Sultan's eyes were opened to the atrocity of his general conduct, as well as the danger that he might soon shake off all semblance of submission, and kindle an insurrection in Greece, already known to be ripe for revolt: his immense treasures inflamed the cupidity of those who were callous to his crimes; and the romantic escapes and daring character of Pascho Bey, a native of Yanina, and the deadly foe of Ali, though connected with him by marriage, turned the scale against the Vizier. An immediate attack was ordered both by land and sea; and no sooner did Pascho Bey appear at the head of the land forces, on the confines of Ali's territory, than the numerous Albanian tribes spontaneously rose against Ali; and the man who, so lately, appeared more than a match for the whole Ottoman power, was speedily compelled to shut himself up in his capital, and trust to a few desperate followers, the instruments of his former crimes, for its defence. Here, however, he made a long and desperate stand; but the Old Lion was at last drawn into the toils, and disposed of in that summary manner common in such cases among the followers of the Prophet.

A considerable while before he was destroyed, however, he had been abandoned to his fate even by his own children—a memorable lesson to tyrants! and, among other places, Parga, where Ali had deposited a considerable part of his treasure, was surrendered by his grandson Mehemet Pasha. No sooner did the scattered Parguinotes learn this event, than they applied to the Sultan for permission to return to their native country, under the protection granted them by the treaty of 1800. Towards the end of September 1820, Ismael Pasha, who had superseded Ali, sent them an earnest invitation to return to their country, holding out the most ample promises of protection and security, but unaccompanied by any special guarantee. They thanked the Pasha for his offer, but craved permission to wait the result of their application to the Sultan. In the meantime, they applied to Sir T. Maitland, informing him of the step they had taken, and humbly supplicating the good offices of the British Government in their favour. To this application, it was answered, that they had been guilty of a crime in holding communication with a foreign power, without previously obtaining the sanction of Government; that his Excellency was, however, pleased to overlook their offence; and "that he had no commission whatever to grant them any further benefits, beyond *the distinguished proofs of British consideration and generosity already heaped upon them!!*" We have not learned that their application to the Sultan has ever been so much as noticed; although there cannot be a doubt, that, had their application to the Divan been backed by British influence, they would have been restored to their native country, and a just and honourable atonement made for an act which can only be viewed in one light by every candid and impartial inquirer.

[The remaining part of this article, which treats of the state and government of the Ionian Islands, will be published in a future Number. The Author has received some new and curious information, which he is anxious to incorporate with that to which he had previously had access.]

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Memoirs of the Life of Riego and his Family, including a history of Spain from the restoration of Ferdinand to the present time, are preparing for publication, under the superintendance of the Canon Riego, and for the benefit of the widow of that unfortunate General. The work will be illustrated with several portraits and fac-similes.

It is alleged that a manuscript work of Milton's has been discovered in the State-Paper Office, but in the hand of his nephew Phillips.

Mr G. Dyer, formerly of Emanuel College, Cambridge, announces for early publication his long-promised work on "the Privileges of the University of Cambridge."

An account of Six Months' Residence and Travels in Mexico, by W. Bullock, F.L.S. with a map and many plates, is in the press.

Capt. Parry's Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-west Passage, with twenty-five plates, from the drawings of Capt. Lyon, and with numerous charts, &c. is nearly ready.

Proposals are circulated for publishing, by subscription, a prose translation of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, by Miss L. Princeps.

Dr Thornton's Green-house Companion is considerably advanced in printing, and will soon be ready for publication.

A Volume of Critical Researches, on Philology and Geography, will be published in a *few* days.

Mr Henry Phillips, author of the "History of Cultivated Vegetables," "Sylva Floriffera," &c. has a work on the eve of publication, entitled Flora Historica, or the Three Seasons of the British Parterre, historically treated, with observations on planting, to secure a regular succession of flowers from the commencement of spring to the end of autumn. To which are added, the most approved methods of cultivating bulbous and other plants, as practised by the most celebrated florists of England, Holland, and France.

An original work, under the title of the English Spy, has been for some time in preparation, and is nearly ready for publication. It embraces characteristic sketches and scenes of the present age, and particularly of high life, including Eton and the Universities. A series of coloured plates and wood engravings will accompany each part, designed by Cruikshank from the life, and containing portraits and scenes drawn upon the spot.

Mr J. Williams, the editor of the last edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, is preparing a new edition of Milton's Poetical Works, with copious notes and illustrations. This edition will be preceded by the criticism of Dr Johnson, with numerous emendations and corrections of the misconceptions, misrepresentations, and party prejudices and partialities, of the critic; and it will contain many additional facts and circumstances which have been omitted, or imperfectly stated, in the biographer's life of the poet.

Dr Hooker, Professor of Botany at Glasgow University, is preparing a complete System of Plants, arranged according to the natural orders, with a Linnean Index, and illustrated with numerous coloured plates. One object of the author is to divest the study of Botany of the repelling feature of a dead language, in which it has hitherto been clothed, by adopting our own instead of the Latin, and thus to promote the cultivation of the science throughout all classes of the community.

Mr Blore's work of Monuments is announced for publication in February. Mr B. has recently returned from a journey in the north, for the purpose of collecting materials for this work, and has succeeded in tracing and restoring some very valuable specimens of ancient monuments, particularly those of the early Douglases.

Damm's Etymological Lexicon to Homer and Pindar, is preparing, in one volume, quarto. This work was printed at Berlin, in a thick quarto volume, in 1765. This "Herculei laboris!" as Heyne characterized it, has been long and extensively known to the learned world: but, for some years past, copies have been so very rare, and consequently so expensive, that the work has been unattainable, particularly to youthful scholars.

Biographia Poetica, or Lives of the British Poets from Chaucer to Cowper, in four volumes, octavo, including every poet in the collections of Chalmers, Campbell, &c. and those of the early bibliographers, whose writings or whose names retain sufficient interest to be comprised in an historical collection. Vol. I. is nearly ready.

The Life of Thomas Lord Erskine, with observations on the character of his eloquence at the Bar and in Parliament, and critical notices of his speeches and writings, interspersed with private anecdotes, is preparing by H. Cooper, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, in two vols. octavo.

Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been neglected, by the Author of "Confessions of an Opium Eater," will soon appear.

The Pilot, a Tale of the Sea, by the Author of "the Spy," "Pioneers," &c. is forthcoming.

The Old English Drama, a selection of Plays from the early English dramatists, which will include the whole of Dodsley's Collection, and every play of any excellence, is printing in small octavo, with biographical and critical notices, and will be published in monthly parts, at a moderate price.

Mr G. Cruikshank is engaged in illustrating two volumes, entitled Tales of Irish Life, written from actual observation, during a residence of several years in various parts of Ireland, and intended to display a faithful picture of the habits, manners, and condition, of the people. The same ingenious and original artist is also preparing several designs for a humorous exposition of the Tread-mill.

A Catalogue of Pictures in England, collected and arranged with the permission of the proprietors, and divided into counties, is about to appear periodically.

In a few days, a Shilling Pamphlet will appear, entitled Aspersions Answered; an Explanatory Statement addressed to the public at large, and to every reader of the Quarterly Review in particular, by William Hone.

A small volume of Notes, Biographical, Critical, and Poetical, on the Portraits of "the Poets from Chaucer to Cowper," is in preparation.

The Posthumous Works of Percy B. Shelley, Esq. are in the press.

The Rev. S. Piggott's volume on Suicide, in a series of anecdotes, and actual narratives, with reflections on mental distress, will be published in the course of the month.

Mrs Lanfear has a small volume nearly ready, entitled Letters to Young Ladies on their first entrance into the World; to which will be added, Sketches from Real Life.

Dr Uwins will shortly publish a Compendium of Medical Theory and Practice, founded on Cullen's Nosology.

A second part will soon appear of Geo. Cruikshank's etchings, entitled Points of Humour, containing passages from celebrated comic writers, selected for the humour of situation, illustrated by original designs, drawn and engraved by Cruikshank.

A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Music, is preparing by G. F. Graham.

S. T. Coleridge, Esq. announces the Wanderings of Cain.

Marston Moor, or the Queen's Page, an Historical Novel, in 3 vols. is in the press.

The History of the Roman Empire from the Accession of Augustus to the Death of the Younger Antonius, is preparing by W. Haygarth, Esq.

The Good Samaritan, or an Appeal to the Sympathy of the Young on behalf of the Heathen World, by the Rev. J. Hooper, A.M. will soon appear.

J. Buckingham, Esq. author of "Travels in Palestine," will shortly publish Travels among the Arab Tribes of the Countries East of Syria.

One Hundred Original Songs, by A. Cunningham, in one volume, and Scottish Songs, ancient and modern, in fou volumes, are in preparation.

The New Shepherd's Calendar, by J. Clarke, may soon be expected.

Specimens of the early French Poets, with biographical and critical notices, are in the press.

The Mother's Offering, or Tales in Rhyme for Children, is preparing for publication, by a Lady, embellished with sixty-two superior engravings.

H. W. Williams, Esq. of Edinburgh, author of "Travels in Greece, Italy, &c." will shortly publish Select Views in Greece, to be comprised in six numbers, each containing six plates, with descriptive letter-press.

A Sketch of the System of Education at New Lanark, by R. D. Owen, is in the press.

Mr J. E. Gray is preparing the Elements of Zoology, containing, besides an outline of comparative anatomy and physiology, and a natural disposition of the animal kingdom, with an analytical table of the genera, an explanation of all the terms used in the science, illustrated by numerous engravings.

Mr De la Beche will shortly publish a Selection of the Geological Memoirs contained in the "Annales des Mines," together with a synoptical table of equivalent formations, and M. Brongniart's Table of the Classification of Mixed Rocks.

EDINBURGH.

An account of the Life and Writings of the late Thomas Brown, M.D. Professor, of Moral Philosphy in the University of Edinburgh, will soon be published by the Rev. D. Walsh.

Traditions of Edinburgh, or Legends and Anecdotes respecting the City in former times, are preparing.

The Scottish Tourist and Itinerary; or, a Guide to the Scenery, Antiquities, Natural Curiosities, and Remarkable Objects in Scotland and the Western Islands; with an accurate description of the Roads, on an improved plan. Illustrated by Maps and Plates.

Enchiridion of Theology, to consist of a Series of the most Popular and Interesting Religious Works which have been published in the English Language. To be printed in 18mo, with a neat type, on fine wove paper, and each volume to be embellished with a fine portrait or emblematical frontispiece.

The following will first appear.

1. Pascall's Thoughts on Religion, newly translated, and a Biographical Memoir, by the Rev. Edward Craig, A. M.

2. David Brainerd's Life and Diary, by President Edwards, D.D.

3. Scott's (Rev. Thomas) Theological Tracts, comprising the Force of Truth, Treatise on Repentance, and on Growth in Grace.

4. Newton, (Rev. John) Letters to a Wife. 2 vols.

A New Edition of Professor Paxton's Illustrations of the Holy Scriptures is in the press, with large additions, indexes, map and portrait, &c. &c.

The "Poetical Scrap-Book," a Selection of beautiful pieces, most of them uncommon and little known, collected during a series of years, by the Editor of "The Poetical Common-place Book."

Extracts from a Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the years 1820, 1821, and 1822; containing some Account of the recent Revolutions, together with Observations on the State of Society in those Countries. By Captain Basil Hall, R.N. Author of a Voyage to Loo Choo. In 2 vols. post 8vo. with a Chart.

A Treatise on Mineralogy. By Fred. Mohs. Translated from the German by William Haidinger. In 2 vols. post 8vo. with numerous Figures.

Historical Romances of the "Author of Waverley," comprising Ivanhoe, The Monastery, The Abbot, and Kenilworth, in 6 vols. 18mo. Beautifully printed, and embellished with Six Plates, after Designs by C. R. Leslie, A.R.A. and Vignette Title-pages.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1823 will be published in March.

The Bachelor's Wife; A Selection of Curious and Elegant Extracts, with Observations. By John Galt, Esq. In one volume, post 8vo.

The Life and Diary of Lieut.-Colonel John Blackadder. By Andrew Crichton, S.T.P. in 12mo.

Speedily will be published, Renfrewshire Characters and Scenery, a Poem in three hundred and sixty-five Cantos, by Isaac Brown, late manufacturer in the Plunkin of Paisley, with Curious Notes by Cornelius MacDirdum, Ludemagister and Session-Clerk. "What do you lack, gentlemen, what do you lack? Any fine fancies, figures, humours, characters, ideas, definitions of lords and ladies? Waiting-women, parasites, knights, captains, lawyers, what do you lack?"

Johnson's Magnetic Lady.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

AGRICULTURE.

Harding's Farmers' Account-Book for 1824, being a collection of forms ruled for keeping the Accounts of a Farming Establishment, highly useful to Landholders, Farmers, Stewards, &c. Continued annually. £.1-1s. for a year, or 10s. 6d. for half a-year's book.

The Farmer's Memorandum Book, or Journal for 1824. 4to. 10s. 6d.

ANATOMY.

Introduction to the Study of the Anatomy of the Human Body; particularly designed for the use of Painters, Sculptors, and Artists in general; translated from the German of John Henry Lavater, and illustrated by twenty-seven plates. 8vo. 12s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Dowding's Catalogue of a very comprehensive collection of Second-hand Books, consisting of nearly 120,000 volumes, embracing the most useful and desirable class of works in general literature.

Beckley's Catalogue of Books, chiefly in the Italian, French, and English languages.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the year 1824. 8vo. 15s.

Memoirs of Ferdinand VII. King of the Spains. By Don ——, advocate of the Spanish Tribunals. Translated from the original Spanish manuscripts. By Michael I. Quin. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

BOTANY AND GARDENING.

The Botanist's Manuel. By Richard Morris.

A Practical Treatise, describing the whole process of cultivating the White Poppy for the production of Opium, with the instruments for cutting and collecting the same; and also a Poppy-head, containing Seed, from which Opium has been gathered. 5s. 6d.

CLASSICS.

The Agamemnon of Æschylus, a Tragedy, translated from the Greek. By Hugh Stuart Boyd. 8vo. 3s.

Extracts from various Greek Authors, with Notes and a Lexicon; for the use of the Junior Greek Class in the University of Glasgow. By Professor Sandford. 8vo. 6s.

EDUCATION.

A Praxis on the Latin Prepositions, being an attempt to illustrate their origin, power, and signification, in the way of Exercise. By Samuel Butler, D.D. F.R.S. archdeacon of Derby, and head-master of Shrewsbury school. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Observations on the Antichristian Tendency of Modern Education, and on the Practicability and Means of its Improvement. By John Campbell, Esq. F.R.S.E. 12mo. 2s. 6d. boards.

The Oratorical Class-Book, with the Principles of Elocution simplified and illustrated by suitable Examples; intended for the use of Public and Private Seminaries. By A. M. Hartley, Teacher of Elocution. 12mo. 4s. boards.

FINE ARTS.

No. VI. of Views in Spain. By Edward Hawke Locker, Esq. F.R.S. To be completed in Twelve Numbers, and will form an appropriate illustration of Mr Southey's History of the Peninsular War. 8vo. 8s., 4to. 12s.

GEOGRAPHY.

A concise New Gazetteer of the World, describing the respective Situation, Extent, and Boundaries, of its great Natural Features, and Political Divisions and Subdivisions, &c. By Chris. Earnshaw. 12mo. 5s.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Part. I of Pathological Observations on Dropsy, Purpura, and the Influenza of 1822-3: and particularly on the Morbid Changes of the Blood, and their influence on the production and course of these diseases, illustrated by select cases and dissections. By William Stokes, M.D. 8s. boards.

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Prose; by a Poet. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. 12s. boards.

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The Life of an Actor, Peregrine Proteus. By Pierce Egan, author of a Life in London, Tom and Jerry, &c.; assisted with numerous original poetical descriptions, by Thomas Greenwood, Esq., with three coloured Engravings. Royal 8vo. 3s.

The Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth. Among which are interspersed other solemnities, public entertainments, and remarkable events, during the reign of that illustrious Princess. To be completed in eighteen monthly parts. 10s. 6d. each.

The Spirit of the Public Journals for the year 1823.

List of Plates in the Gentleman's Magazine, from 1731 to 1822 inclusive. 8vo. 2s.

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Appendix of Natural History, &c. to Captain Parry's first Voyage of Discovery, with Plates. 4to. 7s. 6d.

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No. 1. of the Zoological Journal; to be continued quarterly. 8vo. 10s.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophical Essays, selected from the Originals printed in the Philosophical Journals between the years 1802 and 1807. Containing, among other discoveries and improvements, new outlines of Chemical Philosophy, founded on Original Experiments. To which are added, Essays on Interesting Subjects, not before printed, with an Appendix, containing a new method of determining the Longitude at Sea; and an Essay on the Generation of Solar Light. By Ezekiel Walker. 8vo. Illustrated with Plates. 10s. 6d.

A Philosophical Treatise on Malting and Brewing. By Geo. Adolphus Wigney. 8vo. 12s.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Charlton, or Scenes of the North of Ireland. By John Gamble. 3 vols. 18s.

Virtue Rewarded, exemplified in a Narrative founded on Facts, and published as a Warning to Youth of both Sexes, to guard them against the specious appearance of Friendship, and the dangerous delusions of Vice. 12mo. 3s.

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Scotch Nationality, a vision; in 3 books, 7s.

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the Dutch Poets; with remarks on the Poetical Literature and Language of the Netherlands. By John Bowring and Harry S. Van Dyk. Foolscap 8vo.

The Star in the East, with other Poems. By Jos. Conder. Foolscap 8vo. 6s. boards.

The Night before the Bridal, a Spanish Tale; Sappho, a Dramatic Sketch; and other Poems. By Catherine Grace Garnet, daughter of the late Dr Garnet, of the Royal Institution. 8vo. 9s. boards.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Memoir of Count Hulin, relative to the Military Commission appointed in the Year 12, by the Consular Government, for the Trial of the Duke d'Enghien. 8vo.

THEOLOGY.

Thoughts, chiefly designed as Preparative or Persuasive to Private Devotion. By John Sheppard. 12mo. 5s. boards.

The whole Works of the late Rev. John Hurrion, consisting of Sermons on Christ Crucified and Glorified; on the Holy Spirit; with other Sermons. 3 vols. 12mo. 13s. 6d. boards.

The Preacher, or Sketches of Original Sermons. 5 vols. 12mo. £.1.

Twenty Sermons on the Apostolical Preaching and Vindication of the Gospel to the Jews, Samaritans, and devout Gentiles, as exhibited in the Acts of the Apostles, &c. Preached before the University of Cambridge in 1823, at the Lecture founded by the Rev. John Hulse. By James Clark Franks, M.A. 8vo. 12s.

An Examination of the Hypothesis advanced in a recent publication, entitled, "Palæoromaica;" maintaining, in opposition thereto, that the Text of the Elzevir Greek Testament is not a translation from the Latin, &c. By the Rev. W. G. Broughton. 8vo. 9s. boards.

Observations on Christianity. By —— Mitford. 8vo. 9s.

Thornton on Prayer. 12mo. 5s.

Private Thoughts on Religion, by the Rev. Thomas Adam: with an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. D. Wilson, A.M. minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford-row. 12mo. 3s. boards.

A New and greatly-improved Edition of Dr Brown's History of Missions, in two thick volumes. 8vo. £1„6s. bds.

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TOPOGRAPHY.

The Netherlands; containing a description of the Character, Manners, Habits, and Costumes of the Inhabitants of the late Seven United Provinces, Flanders, and Brabant; illustrated with eighteen coloured engravings. 8s.

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EDINBURGH.

Ballantyne's Novelist's Library. Vols. VI., VII., and VIII. Containing Pamela, Clarissa Harlowe, and Sir Charles Grandison; with the Life of the Author. £.4„4. boards.

The Edinburgh Review, or Critical Journal. (No. LXXVIII.) January 1824.

The Farmer's Magazine; a Periodical Work, exclusively devoted to Agriculture and Rural Affairs. Published Quarterly. (No. XCVII.) Being the First Number of the Twenty-fifth Volume, and containing a Complete General Index to the preceding Twenty-four Volumes, from the Commencement of the Work in 1800 to 1823 inclusive.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1822, one large volume octavo, closely printed in double columns. £.1„1s.

Essays on various subjects of Belles Lettres: to which are added, Two Dissertations written during the late War against France. By David Scott, M.D. Minister of Corstorphin. 12mo. 7s.

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‸ This Number contains "God Save the King,"—" 'Twas within a mile of

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Letters to the Hon. William Smith, Lord Provost of Glasgow, on the Gorbals Police Bill, with the Report of the Committee of Commissioners, a Defence of his Lordship, &c. 1s.

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Hints to Emigrants, in a Series of Letters from Upper Canada. By the Rev. Wm. Bell, Minister of the Presbyterian Congregation, Perth, Upper Canada. 12mo. 4s. 6d. boards. Illustrated with a Map.

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Character and Scenery. By Cincinnatus Caledonius. 7s. boards.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

France.—Extract of a private letter from Paris, dated January 17:—" It is remarked that the King has been particularly active lately—that is to say, as active as his infirmity will allow him to be. He rises at eight o'clock, and before nine all the French newspapers are placed before him, with a bottle of good wine also, of which he partakes sparingly. He reads the leading articles of every paper, and continues this labour—for it is indeed a labour here, and would be found one, I believe, even in England, with some of your papers—until breakfast time, and when that is over, the English newspapers are brought to his Majesty. The entire remainder of the day is taken up in audiences, Cabinet Councils, intrigues with Foreign Ministers, and now and then an airing. At ten o'clock he retires to bed. Considering his local afflictions, he really enjoys something like health; for though, in his appearance, he is all that is gross and displeasing, he is rarely in bodily pain. His chief illness is rather a personal blessing. He drops into a lethargic stupor, from which nothing can for a time arouse him, and he is insensible to bodily pain."

Italy.—The French papers contain some details of the trials instituted in Lombardy by the Austrian Government against the Carbonari and members of secret political societies. The accused were twenty-five in number, several of them noblemen. Sixteen were condemned capitally, and nine acquitted. Of the sixteen condemned ten are not in custody, and the sentences of the others were commuted to imprisonment for life, or for terms of years. Even those stated to be acquitted were fined, and deprived of their privileges of nobility.

Spain.—The accounts from Spain, received through the French papers, and by private letters, show how deplorable is the condition of that country. The province of Gallicia is said to be in a state of general commotion. The active disturbers and aggressors are the partizans of the Faith, who traverse the province in armed bands, for the purpose of plunder and revenge. The consequence may be easily conceived—in every quarter robbery and bloodshed. The capital is equally convulsed, but without the same scenes of pillage and bloodshed. Lives, however, have been lost in affrays between the Spanish regiments and the troops of the French garrison. The consequence of the frequent quarrels between them is, that the French General, Bourmont, has ordered all the Spanish troops out of Madrid. Only some small bands of the corps of the

Faith have been disembodied, and of these some have become absolute banditti. Such is the powerless state of the Government, that, in defiance of its command, the Bishops, and heads of monkish orders, maintain their ground in the capital, under a mockery of sickness. In Madrid, it is believed that a new convulsion will ere long take place.

King Ferdinand is represented, in letters from Bayonne, as persecuting furiously the partisans of the late Constitution, fining and banishing even the women who have sung patriotic songs. He has prohibited the entry of all foreign books and publications into Spain, and orders the police to seize them, either in the booksellers' shops or in private hands—particularly journals, pamphlets, satirical pieces, or caricatures, which attack his person or prerogatives, or wherein the measures of his government are censured or ridiculed. In another decree, Ferdinand admits that his enemies exist in great numbers, and indulge, not only with audacity of speech, but they also infest the public roads, with arms in their hands; and he therefore orders a permanent military commission to be fixed in each of the capitals of provinces, to try such offenders.

In the night of the 10th, an attempt was made to carry off the guard at Valencia, but failed.

The Spanish Prime Minister, M. de Casa Irujo, is dead. His demise was accelerated, if not wholly occasioned, by a calamity of a domestic nature—the loss of an only son, who was lately killed in a duel. M. Heredia, already a Minister, has succeeded Casa Irujo.

The proposed expedition from Cadiz to South America has been abandoned: at least no troops are to be sent; but the ship of war Asia, and the Achilles brig, have actually sailed with sealed orders, it is supposed for Peru. If they should reach the Pacific, they will probably soon be added to the independent naval force.

Portugal.—It is stated in a French paper, that the Portuguese Government is preparing an expedition of 10,000 men, to recover possession of the Brazils.

Russia and Turkey.—From a statement in the Vienna Gazette, it appears that all matters are not yet amicably settled between Russia and Turkey. In answer to a formal demand of the Austrian Internuncio, for the evacuation of Moldavia and Wallachia, a new note had been written by the Reis Effendi, in which it is declared, that the Turkish forces shall not be withdrawn from these principalities, unless the troops of Russia are previously withdrawn from the Ottoman frontier. The Emperor Alexander, on his part, had given positive orders that the Russian armies shall remain in their present cantonments until the differences with the Porte are finally settled. The Vienna Gazette says, that the note of the Reis Effendi has actually been received in the Austrian capital by an extraordinary courier.

Russia.—The Emperor Alexander has promulgated an Imperial Ukase, making considerable additions to the Russian Tariff of duties on the importation of various articles of luxury and manufacture. The professed object of these regulations is the discouragement of luxury, and the protection and encouragement of the native industry of Russia; but they are characterized by the blindness of a semi-barbarous nation, and will terminate in a loss to the prohibiting Government, by lessening the demand for the articles which Russia has to export.

Turkey and Greece.—The news from the East is extremely favourable to the Greeks, who have not only raised the siege of Missolunghi, but have landed at Scio, and compelled the Turks to shut themselves up in the castle. They have also made an attack upon Smyrna, with some success. The Turks are at the last extremity in Patras. They lost 3000 men before Missolunghi, with all their artillery. Maurocordato (who had arrived there, accompanied by Lord Byron, Colonel Stanhope, and Lieutenant-Colonel de Launy,) had cut two Turkish ships out of the Gulf of Patras, one of which had on board 300,000 piastres in specie. All foreigners have been requested to assemble at Missolunghi, under the command of Lord Byron, for the aid of Greece. The Central Government of Greece is transferred to Argos. A new rupture between the Porte and Persia is dreaded. During the negotiations for peace, a Turkish corps suddenly attacked Bagdad, and put the Persian garrison to the sword. The foregoing intelligence has produced such a sensation in the Divan, that the Turkish Ministry has been turned out. The Reis Effendi is succeeded by Saib Effendi. The Grand Vizier is exiled to Gallipoli, and he is succeeded by Galib Effendi. It is the moderate European party which is now in office.

An article dated Frankfort, Jan. 18th, says, "According to the latest intelligence from Greece, the Albanians have definitively abandoned the standard of the Crescent, and declared themselves neuter. Lord Byron is, at this moment, very active. He is occupied in forming a corps of 800 Europeans, fully equipped, and who will be ready to enter the campaign in the commencement of spring. The remains of the German Legion in Greece will be added to this corps."

ASIA.

Cape of Good Hope.—Melancholy accounts continue to be received from the Cape of the deplorable state in which the poor emigrants have found themselves. For three years successively, the crops of wheat and India corn have been famished by drought, or been destroyed by a species of blight called rust. The soil and climate were discovered, from this said experience, to be utterly unfit for purposes of tillage husbandry, and the resources of the settlers were wholly exhausted. Many of them are said to have applied to Lord Charles Somerset for a conveyance to England or to Van Diemen's Land, but the answer, as reported in the letters, was, that no means of such conveyance " were at his Excellency's disposal."

New South Wales.—A file of Sydney gazettes has been received. The news they contain is not of much interest, but their advertisements shew the growing importance of that remote colony. In one single paper there are seven ships advertised to sail for different ports in Great Britain—sales of mathematical and philosophical instruments, millinery, silks, laces, Scotch Cambrics, Java and Japan shawls, jewellery, hardware, books, stationary, and Lochfine herrings—from one to six race horses are wanted, L.80 to L.150 to be given for each, &c. &c.

AMERICA.

United States.—In the Congress of the United States two resolutions of some interest were submitted to the consideration of that Assembly—the first, that the Secretary of the Treasury be required to furnish a statement of the exports from the United States to Greece, Asia Minor, and Egypt, during the years 1820, 1821, and 1822; and also the amount of imports from these countries—the second resolution requests the President of the United States to lay before the House such information as he may have obtained relative to any Sovereign, or combination of Sovereigns, having proffered his or their assistance to Spain to subjugate her late colonies on the American Continent; and whether any Government of Europe is disposed to oppose such interference.

In December last, the House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania adopted a resolution proposed by General Ogle, for imposing a tax on old bachelors.

Mexico.—A loan has been negociated in London for the new Government of this country, for £.3,200,000 of stock. It bears an intersst of 5 ℔ cent., payable half-yearly in London. The public revenues are pledged for its payment, of which the security appears unexceptionable. Another company has also been formed for working the Mexican mines, with a capital of a million, divided into shares of £.100 each. Contracts have been already formed with the proprietors of the following mines, namely, Valencia, one of the richest mines in Mexico, Tepeyac, Sirena, Cata, and La Luz, situated in the district of Guanaxuato, and Purisima Conception, in the district of Potosi: not the Potosi in Peru, but San Luis de Potosi in Mexico. The mines are represented to be private property, and to have been in the hands of the same proprietors during all the changes which have taken place in Mexico. The association are admitted to a share in their administration jointly with the proprietors. The great mining works of Mexico are under better management than almost any other of the Spanish mines. But there is still scope for improvement; and if the system of mining in use in Germany, where the' business is conducted according to the best rules of science, were transferred to Mexico, there can be no doubt that an increased produce of the precious metals would be the consequence. Many of the mines are at present choaked with water, which might be carried off by the application of proper machinery, and as there will now be no want of capital, nor of science, mines may be again worked which have been for years neglected. There are other improvements, in separating the metal from the dross, which might also be adopted, and from which a greater quantity of pure metal would be obtained, at less expence.

Brazil.—A very extrordinary revolution has taken place at Rio Janiero, the real causes or object of which is not very well explained. It appears that a dispute had taken place between the Emperor and the Congress, in consequence of which that body was suddenly dissolved. This measure was effected by means of armed troops, whom the Emperor had gained over to his will. This took place on the 12th of August last; and, not content with a simple dissolution of the Legislative Body, an order was at the same time issued for placing under arrest those of its members known to be attached to liberal principles. They were seized and placed on board a transport lying in the harbour, which immediately sailed with this new and unexpected freight, for the destination, as was given out, of Havre de Grace. The dissolution of the Congress was followed by the dismissal of the existing Ministry, and the appointment of a new one, the members of which are characterized as likely to be subservient to the Prince. The object of these violent and summary proceedings are yet involved in mystery. One inference is, that the Emperor of Brazil is desirous to invest himself with absolute power; another, that he wishes to throw back his dominions under the authority of Portugal. All that is known, meanwhile, is, that he has dismissed and banished several of his Ministers, because, he says, "they were led away by pride and ambition." And the following sentence, from a proclamation addressed to the Brazilians, seems to prove that he suspected them of disaffection: "The arrests which have taken place will be considered by the enemies of the empire as despotic. They are not so. You see that they are measures of policy, calculated to avoid anarchy, and to save the unfortunate persons themselves—that they may enjoy theirs in tranquillity, and that we may enjoy ours in security." As this proclamation forms a part of the latest intelligence that has been received, it of course throws all the light upon the recent changes which they have yet received.

Letters from Rio de Janeiro state, that the Emperor of Brazil has confirmed to Lord Cochrane the rank of Marquis, and has presented him with a valuable estate, as an appendage to his title. It is said, too, that his Lordship has been offered the appointment of Governor of Bahia.

Some serious disturbances broke out in Para on the 15th of October, where, it appears, the Brazilian soldiers had formed a conspiracy to massacre the European residents there. Their rallying cry was, "Long live the Emperor Don Pedro," and, "Down with the Europeans." The English and other foreigners, however, aided by Captain Grenfell of the Maranham brig of war, then in the harbour, successfully opposed, and finally defeated the soldiers, many of whom were taken prisoners, and conveyed on board the brig. On the 20th, according to a private letter, the following horrid catastrophe took place:—

"About ten P. M., a loud discharge of musketry being heard, it was discovered that the prisoners, to the number of 256, on board a vessel in the harbour, had attempted to escape, and that the guard placed over them had, in consequence, fired upon them. On the hatches being opened early the next morning, only four of the 256 were found alive!! As marks of violence, particularly strangulation, were found upon the dead bodies, it was supposed they had destroyed each other in a state of insanity, or desperation. Many were also found hanging to the beams. This most horrible catastrophe has much inflamed the minds of the lower and ignorant order of the people, and they are now more than ever incensed at the English; as they think, because Grenfell is an Englishman, that they (the English) must be concerned in the affair. Indeed, reports very prejudicial to the English have already been carried into the interior by runaway-soldiers, which are, that we had taken possession of the city, that our flag flew on the forts, and that bodies of armed seamen paraded the streets."

PERU.—The Intelligence from Lima, which is to the 20th of September, seems decisive as to the result of the campaign in Peru. All the late accounts of the progress of the independent armies, and the defeat of the royalist divisions opposed to them, are confirmed. The united forces of the patriots, amounting to upwards of 20,000 men, are now in possession of every stronghold of any importance, and the remnant of the royalist troops, driven back among the mountains, must be either soon entirely dispersed, or made prisoners. The three small corps of the Spanish army, one of 3000 men under Canterac, another of 1500 under Laserna, and the third of 1200 under Olaneta, were completely cut off from each other by the advance of the independent divisions, which were marching in great force in the different directions of Guancavelica, Pomato, and Oruro. There seemed to be no doubt of the speedy termination of the campaign.

WEST INDIES.—According to the latest accounts from Jamaica, that island continues to be agitated on the slave question. In the House of Assembly, a series of resolutions was passed on the 11th of December, the language of which indicates resistance of the legislative authority of Great Britain. These resolutions are accompanied with a memorial and petition to his Majesty. In the course of the debate, clauses were moved, as amendments, directly censuring Ministers, and praying especially for the dismissal of Earl Bathurst from his Majesty's Councils. They were, however, negatived, and the memorial and petition passed the House in their original form. Mr Mais, the senior member for St. Andrew's, in moving the resolutions, branded the advocates for emancipation as a powerful party, which had been long seeking their destruction, and pursuing it with "the ardour of a well-trained blood-hound." Speaking of the intentions of the abolitionists, he says—"Villainy points out the victim, and prejudice pursues it." On the subject of legislative independence, Mr Mais observes —"It is no new thing for the British Parliament to assume the right of legislating for the colonies, nor will it be a novelty if they should be foiled in the present attempt." This is so perfectly intelligible, that it has at least the merit of plain-dealing. Mr Burke followed in a speech of similar tendency. He says—"The abolitionists are of a fanatical party, and Mr Wilberforce the arch-foe of the colonies."

Some discoveries have been made of conspiracies among the negroes, in several parts of the island, which have been checked in the bud; and a number of the slaves, who were principally concerned in these plots, have been tried and executed.

Martinique.—In this island, also, a projected revolt of the negroes has been defeated, and the ringleaders have suffered the punishment of death.

Demerara.—The whole of this colony, according to the last accounts, was tranquil, with the exception of the eastern part, where the insurrection first broke out, and where it is said the negroes, in consequence of being forbidden to dance during the Christmas holidays, were riotous and disorderly. Mr Smith the missionary, it is now stated, was condemned on an *ex post facto* law; but in bringing him in guilty of the charge of knowing the intention of the negroes, and withholding the information from Government, he was recommended to mercy, on the score of the error being one of judgment only, and not of design. The whole proceedings and the sentence had been transmitted to the government at home.

The Cato transport, with 200 men of the 93d Regiment, arrived at Demerara on the 18th December; but, contrary to expectation generally entertained, were only to remain there until the expiration of the Christmas holidays, when they were to proceed to Barbadoes.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

House of Lords.—*Feb.* 3.—This day the Session of Parliament was opened by commission. His Majesty had intended to open it in person, but was unable, in consequence of an attack of the gout. The Commissioners were the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Westmoreland, and the Earl of Shaftsbury.

The Royal Speech was delivered by the Lord Chancellor as follows;—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

We are commanded by his Majesty to express to you his Majesty's deep regret, that, in consequence of indisposition, he is prevented from meeting you in Parliament upon the present occasion.

"It would have been a peculiar satisfaction to his Majesty to be enabled, in person, to congratulate you on the prosperous condition of the country.

"Trade and commerce are extending themselves both at home and abroad.

"An increasing activity pervades almost every branch of manufacture.

"The growth of the revenue is such as not only to sustain public credit, and to prove the unimpaired productiveness of our resources, but (what is yet more gratifying to his Majesty's feelings) to evince a diffusion of comfort among the great body of the people.

"Agriculture is recovering from the depression under which it laboured, and, by the steady operation of natural causes, is gradually re-assuming the station to which its importance entitles it, among the great interests of the nation.

"At no former period has there prevailed throughout all classes of the community in this island a more cheerful spirit of order, or a more just sense of the advantages which, under the blessing of Providence, they enjoy.

"In Ireland, which has for some time past been the object of his Majesty's particular solicitude, there are many indications of amendment, and his Majesty relies upon your continued endeavours to secure the welfare and happines of that part of the kingdom.

"His Majesty commanded us further to inform you, that he has every reason to believe, that the progress of our internal prosperity and improvement will not be disturbed by any interruption of tranquillity abroad.

"His Majesty continues to receive from the Powers his Allies, and, generally, from all Princes and States, assurances of their earnest desire to maintain and cultivate the relations of friendship with his Majesty, and nothing is omitted on his Majesty's part, as well to preserve general peace, as to remove any causes of disagreement, and to draw closer the bonds of amity between other nations and Great Britain.

"The negotiations which have been so long carried on through his Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople, for the arrangement of differences between Russia and the Ottoman Porte, are, as his Majesty flatters himself, drawing near to a favourable termination.

"A convention has been concluded between his Majesty and the Emperor of Austria, for the settlement of the pecuniary claims of the country upon the Court of Vienna.

"His Majesty has directed that a copy of this convention shall be laid before you, and he relies on your assistance for the execution of some of its provisions.

"Anxiously as his Majesty deprecated the commencement of the war in Spain, he is every day more satisfied, that, in the strict neutrality which he determined to observe in that contest (and which you so cordially approved), he best consulted the true interests of his people.

"With respect to the provinces of America, which have declared their separation from Spain, his Majesty's conduct has been open and consistent, and his opinions have been at all times fairly avowed to Spain and to other Powers.

"His Majesty has appointed Consuls to reside at the principal ports and places of those provinces, for the protection of the trade of his subjects.

"As to any further measures, his Majesty has reserved to himself an unfettered discretion, to be exercised as the circumstances of those countries, and the interests of his own people, may appear to his Majesty to require.

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

"His Majesty has directed us to inform you, that the estimates for the year are prepared, and shall be forthwith laid before you.

"The numerous points at which, under present circumstances, his Majesty's naval force is necessarily distributed, and the occasion which has arisen for strengthening his garrisons in the West Indies, have rendered unavoidable some augmentation of his establishments, by sea and land.

"His Majesty has, however, the gratification of believing, that, notwithstanding the increase of expence, incident to these augmentations, it will still be in your power, after providing for the services of the year, to make arrangements in some parts of our systems of taxation, which may afford relief to certain important branches of the national industry.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"His Majesty has commanded us to acquaint you, that he has not been inattentive to the desire expressed by the House of Commons in the last Session of Parliament, that means should be devised for ameliorating the condition of the Negro Slaves in the West Indies.

"His Majesty has directed the necessary information relative to this subject to be laid before you.

"His Majesty is confident that you will afford your best attention and assistance to any proposition which may be submitted to you, for promoting the moral improvement of the negroes, by an extended plan of religious instruction, and by such other measures as may gradually conduce to the same end.

"But his Majesty earnestly recommends to you to treat the whole subject with the calmness and discretion which it demands.

"To excite exaggerated expectations in those who are the objects of your benevolence, would be as fatal to their welfare as to that of their employers.

"And his Majesty assures himself you will bear in mind, that, where the correction of a long-standing and complicated system, and the safety of large classes of his Majesty's subjects are involved, that course of proceeding is alone likely to attain practical good, and to avoid aggravation of evil, in which regard shall be paid to considerations of justice, and in which caution shall temper zeal."

The Address, in answer to his Majesty's Speech, was moved by Lord Somers, and seconded by Lord Lorton. The Noble Mover discussed, *seriatim*, all the clauses of the Speech, and bore testimony, with peculiar earnestness, to the marked improvement in the agricultural interest. Lord Lorton, on the other hand, confined his observations to that part of the Speech which adverted to Ireland: the afflictions of that kingdom he ascribed to the number of proprietors who absented themselves, and to the ignorance and superstitious blindness of the Catholic peasantry. The Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord Holland acquiesced in the justice of the flattering picture of the prosperity of the empire, presented in the Royal communication, but animadverted with some severity upon the apathy with which, they said, Ministers had connived at the subjugation of Spain. Lord Liverpool defended the Government in a very able speech. No amendment was proposed to the Address.

House of Commons.—*Feb.* 3.—After the Speech from the throne was read, Mr Rowland Hill and Mr Daly seconded the Address, the mover directing his observations to topics of general policy; the seconder bestowing particular attention upon the affairs of Ireland. The same ground taken by Lords Lansdowne and Holland in the other House was assumed by Mr Brougham, who was replied to at length by Mr Canning. No amendment was moved.

Feb. 4—On bringing up the Address in answer to the King's Speech, Mr Hobhouse took occasion to express his disapprobation of the Royal Speech, and his abhorrence of the policy observed by Ministers with respect to Spain. He asked the Right Hon. Secretary for Foreign Affairs what hope could be entertained that the French Government would withdraw its troops from Spain? And how, if it should not withdraw them, King Ferdinand could be regarded as a free and uncontrolled agent to negotiate, or to go to war with the South American Republics? He also adverted with asperity to Sir Thomas Maitland's late proclamation. Mr Canning replied, that no friend of humanity could wish to see the French troops withdrawn from Spain in the present state of that miserable country. He explained that the Government would not permit to France any interference with the South American States *direct* or *indirect*; and proceeded to justify, at some length, the measures of Sir Thomas Maitland. Colonel Palmer warmly condemned Mr Canning's expression of a wish that the French troops should remain in Spain, and delivered a very strong invective against the foreign policy pursued by Ministers. Mr Hume repeated the charge against Sir Thomas Maitland. Sir Thomas Lethbridge bore testimony to the rapid recovery of the agricultural interest, and expressed great satisfaction at the obvious proofs to be found in the state of the country, that that recovery was owing to causes which promised that it would be permanent. He warmly applauded the conduct of Ministers.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

DECEMBER.

High Court of Justiciary.—On the 22d, John Wilson and Duncan Fraser were found Guilty of housebreaking and theft on their own confession. The Lord Advocate stated his determination not to restrict the libel in this case; and the unhappy men were repeatedly warned not to look for mercy on account of their confession; but they persisted in their plea. They were in consequence sentenced to be executed at Edinburgh on the 28th of January.

23.—Christian Paterson, a woman of bad fame, was tried for the murder of Margaret Baird, or Dunlop, keeper of an infamous house in Edinburgh. It appeared from the evidence, that the prisoner entered Baird's house in the night of the 11th August, in a state of intoxication, and in the course of a quarrel, and other violent proceedings, struck the deceased on the head with a smoothing iron, which laid open her skull. She lived notwithstanding till the 14th of October following; and the opinion of two surgeons examined was, that if the wound had been properly treated, it might have been healed in a fortnight. It appeared, also, that the woman was frequently drunk in the interval, and ten days before her death had a ball in her house, at which she danced, and was in a state of intoxication. It was after this that the wound assumed a dangerous appearance, and inflammation and death followed. In consequence of this evidence, the Lord Advocate departed from the charge of murder; and the jury found Paterson Guilty on the minor charge of the indictment, namely, assaulting Baird, and striking, maiming, and wounding her, to the great effusion of her blood, and imminent danger of her life. The prisoner was then sentenced to seven years' transportation.

24.—Wm. Johnston Millar was found Guilty, in terms of his own confession, of theft, aggravated by being habit and repute a thief; as was likewise Alexander Philip, who was accused of eight several acts of theft. Both prisoners were sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. John Douglas was next tried for robbing James Anderson of his watch and some silver money, on the 1st of November last, in a lane leading from Portobello to the sea-side. He was found guilty on clear evidence, but the jury recommended him to mercy, on account that he had not used any personal violence to the old man. He was sentenced to be hanged on the 28th of January, which he heard without being moved. It was stated in the addresses delivered by the Judges, that he had been tried in 1821 for highway robbery, convicted, and sentenced, but afterwards pardoned, in consequence of an informality in the verdict;

and that, though the recommendation of the Jury should be duly forwarded, their Lordships were unable to discover any thing in the evidence which entitled Douglas to a repetition of royal clemency, and saw no prospect of its being obtained.—[Douglas has, notwithstanding this opinion of their Lordships, been since respited; and his sentence will most likely be changed to transportation for life.]

JANUARY 1824.

Water.—A meeting was held early last week, by a number of gentlemen, on a subject of some public interest. Complaints have, it seems, been made against the charges of the Edinburgh Water Company as too high, and the meeting alluded to (at which Mr Downie, M. P. presided) was held to consider the practicability of bringing in a supply by pipes from Duddingston Loch. The general depth of the loch is about five or six feet, and its greatest depth little more than nine. It is thought, therefore, that it might be entirely drained for a moderate sum, and the waters of the copious spring, which chiefly feeds it, might then be obtained at the point where they issue from the ground, perfectly free of muddy sediment, and, being raised to the necessary height by a steam-engine, might be conveyed to town. As nothing could be done, however, without the consent of the proprietor of Prestonfield, Sir R. K. Dick, it was resolved to communicate with him on the subject. We undersand it does not enter into the view of the gentlemen who met to bring in a supply for the whole town, but merely for the southern districts, and the less distant parts of the old city generally.

Atrocious case of Murder.—On the 24th of October last, a murder was committed in an obscure place, called Gills-Hill-Lane, about six miles from the town of Watford, in Hertfordshire, which has excited a greater sensation in the public mind, and has occupied a greater portion of the periodical press, than any similar circumstance we ever recollect of. This was partly owing to the horrid and treacherous manner in which the murder was perpetrated, and partly on account of the character and situation in life of the murderer and his associates. On the night of the 25th, certain voices were heard in the lane, and in the morning, a pistol and pen-knife were found in it, and such marks observed, as left no doubt that a murder had been committed. The county magistrates investigated all the circumstances, and applied to Bow-street Office, London, for assistance, where suspicion immediately rested on a person named Probert, who had a country-house near the lane, and three of his gambling associates, namely Thomas and John Thurtell, sons of a very respectable gentleman, Mr Alderman Thurtell of Norwich, and a singing companion of theirs, named Joseph Hunt, at one time keeper of a low tavern or chop-house in London. The Thurtells had been lately bombazine-manufacturers, and Probert a wine-merchant there; but they were now known to live chiefly by gambling. Upon these four being apprehended, Hunt, under a promise from his solicitor that he would be admitted king's evidence, made a long confession, implicating John Thurtell as the principal in the murder of a Mr Weare, of Lyon's Inn, Strand, a person well known in the gambling circles, and an intimate acquaintance of the Thurtells. Probert and Hunt, according to the confession of the latter, were so far accessories, as to have a guilty knowledge of the design, and to have assisted in throwing the body into a pond near the place. To this pond Hunt was carried by the officers, and pointing out the spot, the body of Mr Weare was dragged out, the head shockingly mangled by a pistol bullet, and the throat cut. After various examinations, Thomas Thurtell was acquitted of having any share in the murder, and the other three were committed for trial. In the meantime, for certain reasons which came out in the investigation, it was determined to try Thurtell and Hunt for the murder, and admit Probert as king's evidence. The trial came on at Hertford on the 6th instant, and lasted two days, when they were both found guilty. The evidence disclosed a case of the blackest and cold-blooded treachery on the part of Thurtell, whose motives seem to have been revenge for some considerable sums Weare had won from him at the gaming-table, and a design to possess himself of Weare's money, of which he was known to have always a great sum concealed about his person. For this purpose, he enticed him to the country, on pretence of enjoying a few days shooting, and drove him down, late in the evening in question, in a gig; and when in the lane, out of hearing of any human inhabitant, fired a pistol at his head, while conversing socially with him in the gig. The shot, however, was not mortal, and Weare jumped out, and struggled on the ground with his assassin, who coolly took out a pen-knife, and finished the murder by cutting his throat. He then went to Probert's cottage, and, with the assistance of him and Hunt, dragged the body to the pond in which it was found. The assassins afterwards spent part of the night carousing in Probert's cottage. Thurtell made a long speech to the Jury, in which he endeavoured to criminate the other two, and to show that they had conspired to bring himself, an innocent person, to the gallows; but the direct testimony of Probert, with the great body of circumstantial evidence adduced, made the case quite clear against him. He was hanged on the Friday morning following, in presence of an immense multitude of spectators. He had ceased to persist in his innocence, but made no confession of guilt. Hunt's sentence has been since changed to transportation for life, in consequence of the promise that had been held out to him previous to the trial.

Attempt of a man to murder his wife.—A diabolical attempt was made in Edinburgh, on the evening of the 29th ult. by a copperplate printer of the name of Mitchell, to murder his wife, from whom, in consequence of his bad conduct, he had been sometime separated. Mrs Mitchell resided with her aged mother in the Potterrow, and kept a young girl in the capacity of a servant. Mitchell used frequently to call at the house; but his wife, apprehensive of his brutal usage, always refused him admittance, and kept the door secure against his approach. As it was necessary to dispatch the girl at times upon messages, it was arranged that, when the girl returned, she should rattle the handle of the door, by way of signal, to her mistress. This came to the knowledge of Mitchell, who, upon the evening when the atrocious act was committed, and while the girl was from home, he came to his wife's door, and making use of the signal, was readily admitted. He at once seized hold of a lighted candle, and rushed into a back-room, the window of which he threw up with great violence, commanding his wife at the same time to come and speak to him. She refused; he approached her, and her mother took hold of her, to prevent her going; upon which Mitchell required to know what right she had to detain his wife from him? The old woman replied, that her daughter was under her protection. "Then," said Mitchell, "I'll soon put her out of your protection;" and drawing a table-knife from beneath his sleave, he brandished it in her face. At this time the girl returned; and Mrs Mitchell, upon seeing her, cried to her to run for assistance. Mitchell hearing this, dashed the girl to the ground, and at the same instant plunged the knife into his wife's side, and rushed out of the house. He has hitherto contrived to elude the search made for him; and his unhappy wife is gradually recovering from the wound, which was for some time thought to have been mortal.

19.—*Oil Gas Works.*—We understand the Edinburgh Gas Company have at length fixed upon a situation for their works. They have bought a piece of ground, between four and five acres in extent, immediately on the west side of the bridge at Canonmills, and ranging along the north side of the water. A small part of this will be reserved for their own erections, and the rest will be feued off as building-ground for houses, according to a determinate plan, which will add to the beauty of that growing suburb of the city. The gas-work, we are informed, from the nature of the operations and the materials employed, will not produce the smallest nuisance, either by its smoke or its refuse. It is intended to be tastefully built, in a style which will reflect no discredit on the elegant buildings in its neighbourhood; and it will be set off with an ornamented chimney, which will be nearly in a direct line with Dundas Street, and have the effect of a handsome spire in the landscape.

18.—*Libel on the late King.*—In the Court of King's Bench, on the 15th, an action for a libel on the memory of George III. was brought, at the instance of the Constitutional Association, against John Hunt, for publishing, in a periodical work called The Liberal, (now discontinued,) a poem entitled The Vision of Judgment, written by Lord Byron. The jury found Hunt guilty of publishing the libel.

Case important to Law Agents.—The following case was decided in the Justice-of-Peace Court at Beith. A law-agent was employed by the creditors of William Harvie, grocer in Dalry, to execute a poinding of certain effects in his possession, which was accordingly done, and the execution of poinding reported, and a warrant of sale granted by the Sheriff of Ayrshire. The apprized value of the goods poinded amounted to £.16 odds, but an interdict was applied for and obtained, on caution by certain relatives of Harvie, who claimed the greater part of the goods, to the amount of £.14, and the remainder was sold in terms of the Sheriff's warrant, and brought £.2„3s. A complaint was afterwards preferred to the Justices at Beith, at the instance of one Taylor, a servant to Harvie, against the agent for the poinding creditors, who are now bankrupts, claiming £.3„15s. as her half year's wages, for which she pretended she had a preference. The defence, *in limine*, was, that the defender, as agent, was not the proper party, and consequently not liable. But the Justices being of a different opinion, he, on the merits, contended that the wages of domestic servants were not privileged claims like those of farm-servants. The Justices were of opinion that the same principle of preference applied to domestic as to farm-servants, and found, by a majority, the agent liable in the £.2, 3s. recovered by him, without any deduction of the expences by which this sum was realized.

23.—*New Voyage of Discovery.*——His Majesty's discovery-ships, Hecla and Fury, were re-commissioned at Deptford yesterday by Captains Parry and Hoppner. The latter officer was the first Lieutenant on board of Captain Lyon's ship on the recent voyage. Such is the confidence felt in the intrepidity, judgment, and conduct of the distinguished officer in command of the expedition, and in the attention paid by the different naval departments to the comfort of the men, that no sooner were the ships commissioned, than one-third of the crew belonging to the Fury on the former voyage again volunteered for the Hecla, the ship bearing Captain Parry's pendant. Captain Lyon, at the same time, commissioned his Majesty's ship Griper, which ship is destined for Repulse Bay, whence Captain Lyon proceeds overland to the back of that bay, to survey the coast thence to the "Cape Turnagain," of Captain Franklin's recent discoveries. Captain Franklin proceeds by the way of New York to Fort Enterprize, with a view to survey the coast on the American continent to the westward, connecting, if possible, the survey between Fort Enterprize and Icy Cape.

Court of Session.—On Tuesday the 20th instant, Mr John Hay, who was a few weeks ago incarcerated for contempt of Court, was again brought before their Lordships. The surgeons' report was read, stating their inability to give the information on the state of Mr Hay's mind, in consequence of his refusal to meet them—he having disputed the right of the Court to make such inquiry. Mr Hay then proceeded to address the Court, stating the grounds of his complaint, admitting that his conduct might not be entirely blameless, but offering to prove his statements at the bar. The Judges then gave concurrent opinions, condemning Mr Hay to three month's imprisonment in the jail of Edinburgh, and further until he shall find caution to the amount of two hundred pounds to keep the peace towards the Court.

29.—*Swindling.*—A few days ago an advertisement appeared in one of the Edinburgh newspapers for "a young man as porter, to take out light parcels, &c." with reference to a person in Leith. A young man applied to the referee, and was engaged at the weekly wages of 18s.; being informed, at the same time, that, before entering on his duties, he must advance two pounds, to purchase account-books. He with difficulty procured the sum, and paid it; but on returning at the time appointed for his commencing business, he found that the advertiser had decamped with the money, without paying his room-rent. This case is peculiarly hard, as the poor man, on the faith of the engagement, gave up another situation where he received 12s. weekly, and is now unprovided for. We understand a number of other persons have been entrapped by this miscreant, who pretended to have come from Glasgow, and to deal in soft goods. Some of the applicants for employment he caused to procure a deposit of five or six pounds, as security for their intromissions, with the whole of which he has decamped.

Execution.—Yesterday morning, the melancholy spectacle of two young men expiating their crimes on the gibbet was exhibited here, at the ordinary place of execution in the Lawnmarket. The sufferers were, John Wilson and Duncan Fraser, convicted some time ago, before the High Court of Justiciary, of the crime of housebreaking. The momentary phrenzy which the former was thrown into yesterday week, by the disappointment of his hope of respite, soon gave way, as was expected, to a more suitable temper of mind, and both he and Fraser were latterly very attentive to the instructions of those appointed to administer consolation to them in the view of their approaching fate. Upon leaving the jail on Tuesday afternoon, they evinced the greatest piety and resignation. They went to bed about eleven o'clock, and slept calmly till four in the morning, when they arose, and again engaged earnestly in devotion. The melancholy procession left the lock-up-house a quarter before nine o'clock, consisting of Bailies Blackwood and Allan, preceded by the city-officers with their halberts, and followed by Wilson, leaning on the arms of the Rev. Mr Porteous and Mr Young, and Fraser assisted by the Rev. Mr Tait. The prisoners walked with a steady step, and ascended the platform, where a psalm was sung, and an impressive prayer offered up by the Rev. Mr Tait, during which the prisoners sat on chairs provided for them on the platform. After the prayer, Fraser, whose countenance and manner were at once expressive of the deepest sorrow and resignation, came forward to the front of the scaffold, and addressed the multitude, which was much greater than on ordinary occasions. He spoke with considerable feeling and energy, but in rather a hurried manner; exhorted the spectators to take warning by the melancholy fate which they (the prisoners) had brought themselves to, by Sabbath-breaking, bad company, and similar vices; thanked the Almighty that he had not cut them off in the midst of their crimes, but had allowed them time for repentance, and hoped there was still mercy for them through Jesus Christ. Wilson did not speak, but his features exhibited more firmness than those of Fraser. Whilst the executioner was making the necessary preparations, they both prayed earnestly, and, having shaken hands, Wilson, after uttering a short prayer aloud for mercy, dropt the signal. Fraser appeared to die instantly, but Wilson's body was for several minutes convulsed. Wilson was about 26 years of age, and Fraser about 20. They were both hardened and incorrigible offenders; and the public sympathy which has been so much excited in their favour, arose partly from the unexpected respite received by Douglas, who was considered a worse felon, and partly from ignorance of their true characters. From the circumstance of their persevering in the plea of guilty, in the vain hope of a restriction of punishment, the public could not be so well aware of their desperate and incorrigible hardihood, an instance of which may be mentioned. When Fraser was apprehended on the street, he made a thrust at the watchman's neck with a penknife, which the latter fortunately warded off with his arm. Fraser's parents are both dead; but it is understood he owed little to their watchfulness or instructions while alive. Wilson was born of respectable parents, although his life did not at all correspond with the example before him. Its disgraceful termination, we are sorry to learn, has deprived his poor father of reason.

High Court of Justiciary.—On the 19th instant, Margaret Boag was arraigned on the charges of having murdered an old women, named Elizabeth Low, or M'Laren, at Dunning, Perthshire, in the month of February 1818; or of theft and reset of theft, in stealing from the house of the deceased a quantity of linen in webs and sheeting, and various other articles, the property of the late Elizabeth Low, and having the same unlawfully in her possession. The prisoner pleaded generally Not Guilty. After some endeavours on the part of the prisoner's counsel to establish an irrelevancy in the indictment, which the court overruled, a jury was chosen, and the trial proceeded. A great number of witnesses were examined on the part of the Crown; but their testimony failed in fixing the murder on the prisoner. From the number of articles belonging to the deceased, which were proved to have been found in the pannel's possession, the Jury had no doubt that the other charges in the indictment were fully made out, and they convicted her accordingly. The charge of murder they found *Not Proven*.—The Court sentenced Boag to transportation for life.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Jan. 20. William John Crosbie, Esq. (Secretary to his Majesty's Legation in Swisserland,) to be Secretary to his Majesty's Legation at Florence.

— Richard Pakenham, Esq. to be Secretary to his Majesty's Legation in Swisserland.

II. JUDICIAL.

9. Sir Robert Gifford to be Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

— William Alexander, Esq. to be Chief Baron of Exchequer.

— Sir John Singleton Copley to be his Majesty's Attorney-General.

12. Chas. Wetheral, Esq. to be Solicitor-General.

III. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Dec. 12. The First United Associate Congregation in Selkirk gave a call to the Rev. Andrew Lawson of Ecclefechan, (youngest son of the late learned Professor Lawson,) to be their Minister.

Jan. 3. The Rev. Christopher Greig, of Leslie, has been elected, by the heritors, &c. of the Parish of St. Ninians, to be Minister of the Parish, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Wm. Shirreff.

5. James Raymond Johnstone, Esq. of Alva, has presented Mr James Smith, A.M. to the Church and Parish of Alva, Presbytery of Stirling, vacant by the translation of the Rev. Andrew Bulloch, A.M. to Tulliallan.

14. The Congregation of Old Presbyterian Dissenters, in Craigs of Stirling, formerly under the Pastoral Charge of the late Rev. John M'Millan, gave a unanimous call to Mr James Dick of Strabane, County of Tyrone, Ireland.

14. The Rev. Wm. Steel was ordained Minister of the Second Congregation of the United Associate Synod of the Secession in Falkirk.

IV. MILITARY.

Brevet	Capt. Hall, 3 Royal Vet. Bn. Major in the Army	4 June 1814.
4 Dr.	Cornet St. Quintin, Lieut. by purch. vice Coney, 17 Dr.	8 Jan. 1824.
	H. S. Phillips, Cornet by purch.	do.
11	Cornet Hare, Lieut. by purch. vice Partridge, cancelled	30 Oct. 1823.
13	Lieut. Stones, Capt. by purch. vice Crawford, ret.	25 Dec.
	Cornet Strange, Lieut. by purch.	do.
	C. Bigg, Cornet by purch.	do.
5 F.	Ens. Dodd, from 53 F. Ens. vice Brooke, 27 F.	8 Jan. 1824.
10	Colonel Sir R. Travers, Inspector Field-Officer of Mil. Ionian Islands, Lieut. Col. vice Stewart, h. p.	do.
24	Ensign Buckley, from h. p. Ens. vice Frankland, 67 F.	25 Dec. 1823.
27	——— Brooke, from 5 F. Lieut. vice Drewe, African Col. Corps	8 Jan. 1824.
39	——— Burns, Lieut. vice Baynes, African Col. Corps	do.
	W. S. Coke, Ens.	do.

40 F. Major Creagh, from 86 F. Maj. vice Stretton, h. p. 84 F. 8th Jan. 1824.

47 Ens. Millar, Lieut. vice Keayes, dead 17 June 1823.

Ens. and Adj. M'Carthy, rank of Lieut. 18 do.

A. M. Robinson, Ens. 1 Jan. 1824.

52 Quart. Mast. Serj. J. Morgan, Quart. Mast. vice Campbell, ret. full pay do.

55 B. Knox, Ens. vice Dodd, 5 F. 8 do.

58 Lieut. Baverhoudt, Adj. vice Morrison, res. Adj. only 1 do.

——— Pack, from 60 F. Lieut. vice O'Brien, h. p. 29 F. 8 do.

60 ——— Adair, Capt. vice Purdon, African Col. Corps do.

——— Greaves, from h. p. 29 F. Lieut. vice Pack, 58 F. do.

65 Ensign Gibbons, Lieut. vice Campbell, African Col. Corps do.

——— Gordon, from 93 F. Ens. do.

67 Lieut. Warburton, Adj. vice M'Pherson, dead 25 Dec. 1823.

Ens. Frankland, from 24 F. Lieut. do.

72 Lieut. Logie, Capt. vice Nicolls, 2 West-India Reg. 8 Jan. 1824.

Ens. Adair, Lieut. do.

W. H. Robinson, Ens. do.

86 Major Chamberlain, from h. p. 84 F. Maj. vice Creagh, 40 F. do.

90 Ens. Wilson, Lieut. vice Dowson, African Col. Corps do.

H. Massey, Ens. vice Sankey, dead 7 do.

A. Mackenzie, Ens. vice Wilson 8 do.

93 Gent. Cadet A. R. Evans, from Royal Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Gordon, 65 F. do.

94 J. Mackenzie, (late Colour Serj. in Rifle Brig.) Quart. Mast. 1 do.

95 Surg. Hodson, from h. p. Bourbon R. Surg. 25 Dec. 1823.

Assist. Surg. Leonard, from h. p. Waggon Train, Assist. Surg. do.

Rif. Brig. Bt. Maj. Eeles, Maj. by purch. vice Ross, African Col. Corps 8 Jan. 1824.

1st. Lieut. Gossett, Capt. by purch. do.

2d Lieut. Logan, 1st Lieut. by purch. do.

Gent. Cadet. J. St. V. Saumarez, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lieut. by purch. do.

1 W.I.R. Lieut. Hemsworth, Capt. 25 Dec. 1823.

Ensign Brannan, Lieut. do.

——— Lewis, Lieut. 26 do.

——— Wemyss, Lieut. 27 do.

J. Russell, Ens. 25 do.

A. Caddy, Ens. 26 do.

E. H. Finney, Ens. 27 do.

2 Bt. Maj. Nicolls, from 72 F. Maj. vice Grant, African Col. Corps 8 Jan. 1824.

Lieut. Macpherson, Capt. 25 Dec. 1823.

Ensign Wells, Lieut. do.

——— Sparks, Lieut. 26 do.

——— Holt, Lieut. 27 do.

R. M. Sutherland, Ens. 25 do.

P. Kettlewell, Ens. 26 do.

Ceylon R. 2d Lieut. Skinner, 1st Lieut. vice Auber, 83 F. 28 Jan. 1824.

Gent. Cadet T. W. Rogers, from Royal Mil. Coll. 2d Lieut. 7 do.

——— J. R. Reyland, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lieut. 8 do.

Cape C. Colonel Ross, from Rifle Brig. Lieut. Col. vice Fraser, dead do.

Unattached.

Bt. Lieut. Col. G. Fitz-Clarence, from 6 Dr. Gds. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Maj. Gen. Alexander, ret. 8 Jan. 1824.

Staff.

Colonel Sir C. Sutton, K.C.B. from h. p. Port. Serv. Inspect. Field Officer of Mil. in Ionian Islands, vice Sir R. Travers, 10 F. 8 Jan. 1824.

Hospital Staff.

Dr Walters, h. p. Assist. Inspect. of Hosp. Inpect. by Brevet 19 July 1821.

Hosp. Assist. M'Christie, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Christie, res. 25 Dec. 1823.

Dr Murray, do. vice Wyllie, cancelled do.

Exchanges.

Bt. Major Ellard, from 13 F. with Capt. Debnam, 65 F.

Capt. Mildmay, from Coldst. Gds. with Capt. Hall, 35 F.

——— Richardson, from 63 F. with Capt. Marshall, 91 F.

Lieut. Cubitt, from 6 Dr. with Lieut. Snow, h. p. 4 Dr.

——— J. C. Cowell, from 1 F. with Lieut. Bennett, h. p. 24 F.

——— Morrison, from 58 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Fenwick, h. p. 7 F.

——— Knight, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Champaign, h. p. 22 F.

——— Marshall, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Young, h. p. 17 F.

Lieut. & Adj. Dunwoody, from 7 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Doyne, h. p. 18 Dr.

Cornet and Sub-Lieut. Brett, from 2 Life Gds. with Cornet Williams, 16 Dr.

Ensign Reed, from 34 F. with Ensign Milner, h. p. 6 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major Gen. Alexander, late of 1 Gar. Bn.
Captain Crawford, 13 Dr.
Surgeon Oliver, West Norfolk Mil.
Hosp. Assist. J. Christie.
——— C. Butler, h. p.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. Partridge, 11 Dr.
Hosp. Assist. Wyllie.

Deaths.

General Dundas, Colonel of 71 F. Gov. of Dumbarton Castle 16 Jan. 1824.

Lieut. Gen. Sir F. J. Wilder, from 35 F.

——— Barlow, of late Cheshire Fenc. Inf. at St. Faith, near Winchester 13 Nov. 1823.

——— Nepean, of late Banff Fenc. Inf.

Lieut. Col. Fraser, Cape Corps 19 Oct.

Major Ball, 85 F. Genoa.

Capt. Carey, 3 Royal Vet. Bn. Galway 24 Dec.

——— Douglas, late 7 do. Jersey 17 Nov.

——— Chapman, Royal Invalids Art. 9 Dec.

——— Dexeter, h. p. 3 F.

——— Amiel, h. p. 8 W. I. R. Chelsea 14 Dec.

——— Brown, h. p. Royal Marines 26 Dec. 1822.

——— W. Macdonald, h. p. 35 F. Oct. 1823.

——— Lane, Adj. of Wilts Mil. 12 Dec.

Lieut. Keayes, 47 F.

——— Macpherson, Adj. of 67 F.

——— Hon. James De Courcy, of late Invalids, Lieut. Gov. of Gravesend and Tilbury, Kinsale 13 Jan. 1824.

——— Atkinson, of late 7 Vet. Bn. Bristol 17 Dec. 1823.

——— Leslie, h. p. 27 F. 23 do.

——— Heelis, h. p. 29 F. 12 Nov.

——— Robertson, h. p. 8 W. I. R. Stromness, Orkney 3 Dec.

——— Gregg, Royal Marines 25 Sept. 1822.

——— Burrow, do.

——— Thomas h. p. do. 27 do.

——— Wightman, h. p. do. 7 Dec.

Ensign Saukey, 90 F. Cerigo, Mediterranean 19 Sept. 1823.

——— Miles, 1 W. I. R. Demarara 23 Oct.

Paymast. Dewes, h. p. 28 F. Stubbington, Hants 6 Nov.

Quart. Mast. M'Cann, h. p. 2 Dr. Gds. 5 do.

Commissariat Department.

Dep. Com. Gen. De Bels, h. p.

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. Burmester, Jamaica

——— Beaumont, h. p. Exeter 22 Jan. 1824.

Assist. Surg. England, of late 5 Royal Vet. Bn.

——— Faulkner, of late 1 Royal Vet. Bn. Potton, Bedfordshire 2 Dec. 1823.

——— Robertson, h. p. 58 F. Jamaica 18 July

——— Barnett, h. p. Ordnance Med. Dep. at Calcutta 31 do.

Erratum in Last Month's List.

For Surg. Oliver, West Norfolk Militia, Dead, Read Surg. Oliver, West Norfolk Militia, Resigned.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1824.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Jan. 1	M.33 A. 41	29.109 .107	M.41 A. 40	W.	Showery most of day.
2	M.35 A. 43	28.999 29.595	M.42 A. 43	W.	Mild, with sunshine.
3	M.34½ A. 40	.915 .960	M.43 A. 42	SW.	Fresh morn. sunshine day
4	M.37½ A. 42	.996 .995	M.42 A. 42	SW.	Dull, but fair.
5	M.38 A. 44	.989 .890	M.43 A. 43	SW.	Ditto.
6	M.37 A. 42	.715 .992	M.44 A. 40	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
7	M.29 A. 40	.999 .925	M.38 A. 39	Cble.	Frosty, with sunshine.
8	M.30½ A. 43	.626 .558	M.41 A. 45	SW.	Fair & mild, rather dull.
9	M.32 A. 48	.725 .745	M.47 A. 49	W.	Ditto.
10	M.41 A. 49	.660 .930	M.49 A. 43	W.	Frost morn. fair day.
11	M.29½ A. 36	.996 .995	M.40 A. 42	W.	Ditto.
12	M.35½ A. 42	.945 .945	M.42 A. 42	W.	Fair, but dull even. windy.
13	M.38 A. 42	.999 .999	M.42 A. 42	NW.	Ditto.
14	M.36 A. 41	.999 30.202	M.42 A. 38	NW.	Forn. mild, aftern. cold.
15	M.24 A. 29	.175 .340	M.34 A. 35	NW.	Keen frost, with sunsh.
16	M.23 A. 29	.350 .316	M.32 A. 35	NW.	Ditto.
Jan. 17	M.23 A. 35	30.192 29.999	M.35 A. 39	Cble.	Frost morn. fresh day.
18	M.23 A. 42	.996 .954	M.41 A. 43	S.	Dull, but fair and fresh.
19	M.35 A. 39	.855 .918	M.40 A. 41	NW.	Fresh, with sunshine.
20	M.35 A. 39	.707 .535	M.40 A. 41	NW.	Frost morn. sunshine day
21	M.32½ A. 39	28.999 .984	M.40 A. 40	W.	Morn. rain, dayfair, suns.
22	M.33 A. 38	.785 .492	M.39 A. 39	Cble.	Dull, but fair and mild.
23	M.31 A. 35	.395 .914	M.38 A. 37	SW.	Rain morn. fair day.
24	M.31½ A. 36	29.340 28.999	M.37 A. 42	SW.	Fairday, dull rain at night.
25	M.45 A. 36	29.275 .340	M.45 A. 46	SW.	Fair day, m. rain night.
26	M.40½ A. 51	.316 .320	M.50 A. 49	SW.	Ditto.
27	M.38½ A. 43	.215 .307	M.48 A. 43	NW.	Fair, sunsh. but cold.
28	M.31 A. 38	28.990 29.364	M.41 A. 39	Cble.	Forn. mild, aftern. cold.
29	M.28 A. 34	.496 .717	M 36 A. 36	NW.	Frost. morn. night fresh.
30	M.26 A. 36	.625 .464	M.36 A. 41	SW.	Frost morn. freshdaycold
31	M.37½ A. 44	.418 .450	M.43 A. 41	SW.	Fair and mild.

Average of Rain, .715 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE mean temperature for the two last weeks in January was about 39°, and for what has past of the present month about 40°5. The depth of rain since our last amounts only to one inch and two tenths. Frosts have been frequent at night, but seldom so severe as to prevent the operation of plowing in the day-time. The early opening of spring-flowers point out the genial temperature of the earth, and the consequent forward progress of vegetation. The snow-drop was in full flower by the 20th of January, and the winter-aconite by the 24th. Turnips are fast running to flower, and, in some fields, the blossom is open. Young and late-sown wheat has had a most favourable season hitherto, and for the most part looks fresh. Young clover has a promising appearance, and early pastures have that fresh and verdant appearance usual about the end of April. The only draw-back is the abundance of slugs, which the frosts have not hitherto been keen enough to extirpate, and which detroys young wheat plants, particularly after pease or beans. Cattle on upland farms have been almost constantly out at pasture, hence the appearance in the barn-yard is still bulky, and fodder will, in general, be plenty. The forward state of turnips have rendered the bulbs of little use in the feeding-byre, and potatoes must be substituted for keeping a fat stock to supply the butcher-market throughout the spring-months. Sheep are, for the most part, in good keeping condition, and those on turnips have improved considerably where the ground was dry. Seed oats are in demand in the northern districts, and some has been sold as high as 25s. per boll. All sorts of grain have experienced brisk sales since our last, with prices gradually advancing. Last week old wheat was sold at 40s. and new at 33s.; barley from 29s. to 32s.; oats, 21s. to 25s. for mealing. Some beans for seed brought from 27s. to 30s.; current price 21s. to 27s.; it would appear, however, that prices, for the present, had reached their " ne plus ultra." On Monday last, they have retrograded considerably in London. This will be felt to-morrow in our northern markets—an extensive fall is not, however, at present contemplated.

Perthshire, 12*th February* 1824

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1824.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p.peck	1824.	Oatmeal.		B.& P. Meal	
	Bls.	Prices.	Av.pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.			s. d.		s. d.
Jan. 21	818	24 0 40 0	31 3	25 0 35 0	21 0 26 0	20 0 22 0	10	8	Jan. 20	444	1 6	75	1 3
28	335	22 0 42 0	32 3	28 0 32 0	20 0 26 0	20 0 23 0	10	8	27	510	1 6	89	1 3
Feb. 4	951	24 6 44 0	32 8	28 0 34 6	20 0 27 6	20 0 25 0	10	8	Feb. 3	522	1 6	89	1 3
11	766	20 0 44 0	35 8	28 0 34 0	21 0 28 0	20 0 25 6	11	8	10	478	1 6	69	1 3

Glasgow.

1824.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 264 lbs.		Barley, 320 lbs.		Bns. & Pse.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	Dantzic.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.	Stirl. Meas.		
	s. s.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s. d.
Jan. 22	— —	— —	25 0 38 0	19 0 25 0	24 0 27 0	— —	28 0 34 0	24 6 26 0	20 0 22 0	52 54 0
29	— —	— —	27 0 40 0	19 0 25 0	24 0 28 0	35 0 36 0	30 0 34 0	26 0 28 0	20 0 22 6	53 55 0
Feb. 5	— —	— —	30 0 42 0	21 0 25 0	26 0 29 0	38 0 40 0	32 0 36 0	28 0 31 0	21 0 24 0	57 60 0
12	— —	— —	30 0 42 0	21 0 25 0	26 0 29 0	37 6 38 0	32 0 36 0	28 0 31 0	21 0 24 0	57 60 0

Haddington.

1824.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.				
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.
Jan. 23	580	25 0 38 6	31 7	26 0 36 0	23 0 27 0	19 23 0	19 0 23 0
30	716	23 6 38 6	31 4	28 0 36 0	22 0 26 0	19 23 0	19 0 23 0
Feb. 6	649	22 0 40 0	32 5	24 0 34 0	23 0 27 0	21 25 0	21 0 25 0
13	565	26 0 39 0	31 11	24 0 30 0	22 0 26 0	20 23 6	20 0 24 0

Dalkeith.

1824.	Oatmeal.	
	Per Boll.	Pr. Peck
	s. d. s. d.	s. d.
Jan. 19	20 0 22 0	1 5
26	20 0 22 0	1 5
Feb. 2	18 0 21 9	1 5
9	20 0 21 6	1 5

London.

1824.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
Jan. 19	44 76	40 44	25 38	21 28	23 31	40 46	37 42	42 45	35 38	54 60	44 53	— 10
26	46 80	40 44	28 40	22 29	24 32	43 48	39 44	42 45	35 38	60 65	50 44	— 10½
Feb. 2	48 82	40 44	34 44	25 32	26 35	46 54	42 48	46 48	40 44	60 65	50 44	— 10½
9	45 78	40 44	32 41	24 31	25 34	44 52	40 47	46 48	38 42	60 65	50 44	— 10½

Liverpool.

1824.	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb.	Barley. 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatm. 240 lb.	
							Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Eng.	Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Jan. 20	4 9 10 6	3 1 4 0	4 6 6 0	36 40	44 50	38 44	48 56	45 55	28 40	32 36	30 36
27	5 0 10 9	3 1 4 0	4 6 6 3	40 45	46 52	42 56	50 58	48 57	30 40	34 37	28 32
Feb. 3	5 0 11 3	4 0 4 3	4 9 6 6	40 45	50 56	44 60	54 60	52 59	30 46	36 40	30 32
10	5 0 11 9	3 10 4 1	4 9 6 6	40 45	48 56	44 60	54 58	50 58	30 46	34 38	28 30

England & Wales.

1824.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Jan. 10	57 4	40 1	38 3	21 0	35 4	35 6	—
17	58 7	42 1	31 6	22 2	36 2	36 10	—
24	60 7	45 10	32 6	22 10	37 5	37 5	—
31	62 1	44 1	33 6	23 7	38 7	37 1	—

Course of Exchange, London, Feb. 10.——Amsterdam, 12 : 2. Ditto at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 3. Antwerp, 12 : 4. Hamburgh, 37 : 5. Altona, 37 : 6. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 60. Bourdeax, 25 : 80. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 155½. Madrid, 36¼. Cadiz, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43½. Naples, 38½. Lisbon, 51½. Oporto, 51½. Rio Janeiro, 49. Dublin, 9½ ⅌ cent. Cork, 9½ ⅌ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ⅌ oz.—Portugal Gold in bars, £.0„0„0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £.3„17„6.—New Doubloons, £.3„14„0.—New Dollars, £.0„4„9¼.—Silver in bars, Standard, £.0„4„11½.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. *a* 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. *a* 30s.—Belfast, 25s. *a* 30s.—Hambro', 20s. *a* 50s.—Madeira, 20s. *a* 30s.—Jamaica, 40s. *a* 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. *a* 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from Jan. 21, *to Feb.* 11, 1824.

	Jan. 21.	Jan. 28.	Feb. 4.	Feb. 11.
Bank Stock	237½	240¼	238½	238¼
3 ⅌ cent. reduced	89⅛	92	91¼	91⅞
3 ⅌ cent. consols	88⅞	91½	90⅛	91⅛
3½ ⅌ cent. do.	99⅞	100⅞	100½	—
4 ⅌ cent. do.	102	102⅛	102¼	102¼
Ditto New do.	105¾	106⅜	106	106½
India Stock	—	274	274	276½
—— Bonds	84 82	84 85	83 84	81 80
Exchequer bills, (£.1000)	53 55	56 54	54 57	50 48
Consols for account	89	91¾	90⅜	91⅛
French 5 ⅌ cents	95 fr. 25 c.	96 fr. 25 c.	96 fr. 25 c.	97 fr. 7 c.

Alphabetical List of English Bankrupts, announced between the 20th of December and the 20th January 1824: extracted from the London Gazette.

Acton, P. Congleton, innkeeper.
Auger, E. George-and-Blue-Boar yard, Holborn, coach-master.
Averey, J. L. Macclesfield, hardwareman.
Bates, W. Oldham, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer.
Bishop, J. Warwick, grocer.
Blunt, W. Cornhill, optician.
Bryant, W. Bristol, tailor.
Brittain, J. Chatham, grocer.
Brookbridge, T. Knight's-court, Green-walk, coach and bedstead carver.
Buller, B. Stratford-upon-Avon, corn-dealer.
Bury, H. Austin Friars, merchant.
Chambers, T. Liverpool, grocer.
Cooper, C. Marston Bigott, Somersetshire, edge-tool maker.
Coward, J. Castle-street, Leicester-fields, currier.
Dawson, T. Houndsditch, whalebone cutter.
Davenport, J. Stockport Etchells, publican.
Donkin, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper.
Dorret, R. Rochester, linen-draper.
Durant, J. Montagu-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer.
Dyson, J. Netherton, Yorkshire, clothier.
Fell, W. Cloak-lane, merchant.
Flewett, J. Hillhampton, Worcestershire, farmer.
Forsaith, S. Shoreditch, haberdasher.
Gibbs, C. Eccleshall, Staffordshire, ironmonger.
Gibbons, G. H. Finch-lane, Cornhill, merchant.
Gray, T. March, Cambridgeshire, common brewer.
Guidine, A. Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire, shop-keeper.
Harris, W. Sutton Valence, Kent, victualler.
Hassell, J. Little Guildford-street, Surrey, timber-dealer.
Henderson, J. Blackfriars-road, draper.
Henry, T. P. Howland-street, Fitzroy-square, flour-factor.
Housdon, J. Bulstroad-street, coal-merchant.
Holmes, J. Carlisle, grocer.
Hood, J. Beeston, Nottingham, hosier.
Hopkins, T. Woolwich, carpenter.
Hosking, V. Walton, Bucks, builder.
Hurst, W. Manchester, grocer.
James, J. and W. Seddon, Liverpool, ship-builder.
Langshaw, J. Latchford, Cheshire, timber-merchant.
Leeming, R. Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street, silkman.
Lowe, J. and W. Bridgford-mills, Staffordshire, miller.
Luton, W. Bristol, saddler.
Lyney, J. Limehouse, sail-maker.
Lyon, D. Bolton-le-Moors, timber-merchant.
Mapley, J. Cheapside, glass-cutter.
Merrick, W. Bristol, flax-dresser.
Mortimer, J. H. Lostwithiel, Cornwall, brandy-merchant.
Moss, W. G. Diamond-row, Camberwell, dealer.
Niven, C. Holborn-bridge, oil-broker.
Oakes, H. Chelmsford, linen-draper.
Ogden, J. Aldrick, Lancashire, grocer.
Palmer, C. Russell-street, Bermondsey, brewer.
Parker, H. Pilton, Somersetshire, victualler.
Peacock, J. Watford, paper-maker.
Peirce, T. and D. Williams, Merthyr Tidvil, Glamorganshire, bankers.
Pink, A. jun. Portsea, common-brewer.
Pratt, J. Hatton-wall, pavior.
Rawlings, J. Milton, Oxfordshire, druggist.
Rankin, F. W. Langbourne Chambers, Fenchurch-street, merchant.
Richardson, J. and J. Griston, Norwich, bricklayers.
Robertson, J. Whitstable, Kent, coal-merchant.
Saxby, J. R. Southwark, hop-merchant.
Shaw, J. Hull, clothier.
Shaw, J. W. and A. W. Elmslie, Fenchurch-buildings, merchants.
Sims, B. St. Ann's-lane, shoe-maker.
Sims, G. F. Aldermanbury, chinaman.
Springweiler, A. Duke-street, Smithfield, cabinet-maker.
Stewart, J. Manchester, tailor.
Sutliffe, T. Windle-house, Howarth, Yorkshire-worked-stuff manufacturer.
Thomas, J. Leicester, linen-draper.
Threlfall, J. Liverpool, banker.
Wade, L. P. Hadleigh, Suffolk, tanner.
Walker, S. Ashton-under-Lyne, grocer.
Walker, J. Halifax, Yorkshire, clothier.

Weeks, T. Southampton, upholsterer.
Wilcox, W. Bristol, warehouse-keeper.
Wilson, E. Wellington-street, Strand, upholsterer.
Willey, J. Throgmorton-street, coal-merchant.
Wood, W. Sanderson, and J. Sanderson, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street, insurance-brokers.
Yeoman, B. Heyford Frome, Somersetshire, baker.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced January 1824; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Baird, Alexander, flesher in Paisley.
Crawford, Alexander and William, plasterers in Glasgow.
Dundee New Sugar Refining Company.
Fisher, James, merchant in Auchtermuchty.
Geekie, Alexander, cattle-dealer, Coltwood, Forfarshire.
Henniker, J. & L. merchants in Glasgow.
M'Lennan, Murdo, mealmonger at Tullich, Ross-shire.
M'Neill, James, baker, and lately brewer and distiller in Dumfries.
Munro, Alexander, grocer and fish-curer n St. Andrews.
Purdon, Wm. grain-merchant and cattle-dealer, Hyndlands, near Glasgow.
Wylie, R. & M. manufacturers in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Cameron & Bisset, agents in Dunkeld; by W' Wedderspoon, writer in Perth.
Cushny, William, merchant in Aberdeen; by Alexander Webster, advocate there.
Gibson, William, jun. merchant in Edinburgh; by John Lockhart, writer there.
Jamieson, Peter & Co. clothiers in Glasgow; by Alexander Cuthbertson, accountant there.
Lyall, George, of Kineff; by the trustee, No. 45, Northumberland-Street, Edinburgh.
M'Donald, W. & Alex. merchants in Edinburgh; by Thomas Robinson, merchant there.
Smith, James, late of Farthingrash; by Young & Goldie, writers in Dumfries.
Smith, James, & Sons, sometime bankers in Brechin; by C. & A. Thomson, writers in Montrose.

Obituary.

Died at Leith, on the 25th January, the Rev. Robert Dickson, D.D. who for thirty-eight years discharged the ministerial duties in the Parish of South Leith. In Dr Dickson we may safely assert that the Church of Scotland has lost one of her brightest ornaments, whether regarded privately as a gentleman, or viewed in the more interesting light of a minister of the Gospel. In private, there were few who conducted themselves with that happy propriety that can enable the pastor to maintain a free intercourse with his flock, with a friendly courtesy and domestic familiarity, and at the same time to preserve the clerical character and the dignity of his profession undiminished;—a constituent ingredient in a pastor's character, that cannot but be regarded as of very delicate and difficult attainment. It was no small proof of Dr Dickson's good taste and judgment, that, while he could maintain social intercourse with his flock, he never forgot the order to which he belonged, for his intercourse never extended nor continued so far as to lower one whit the ministerial character, nor diminish the influence of the truths which he taught. But it was not merely the affability of his manners, the urbanity of his temper, or the suavity of his disposition, that distinguished him in private life—but it was what may be considered the lovelier trait of any—an unofficious and unobtrusive spirit of benevolence that glowed in his breast, which, while it prompts to the relief of the distressed, seeks not any gratification from public notice, or popular applause. Indeed, there were few philanthropic institutions or objects of want that came within Dr Dickson's notice, that were not liberally supported, or whose wants were not munificently supplied; and while he derived that latent felicity of mind which such actions never fail to produce, he had also the pleasing reflection, that they were performed independently of secular advantages or public esteem:—a benevolence which must be allowed to constitute the very elements of true charity and genuine philanthropy. We do not mean to particularise those silent and unostentatious acts of benevolence which were indeed identified with his whole life, and will be perpetuated in the minds of those who were the numerous objects of them, with feelings of the deepest gratitude. As to his character as a pastor and a preacher, we apprehend, without speaking invidiously, that the Church of Scotland can produce few examples where the dignity of the man, and the humility of the preacher, were so happily concentrated as in that of Dr Dickson. There was, indeed, in his appearance an imposing majesty which gave force to his instructions, yet so natural and unaffected, that one would have thought that it emanated more from the spirit of devotional piety, than from any physical advantages he possessed, for

> "At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
> His looks adorn'd the venerable place."

His discourses, though they occassionally displayed acuteness of intellect and profundity of thought, were in general characterised by those fair, candid, and practical views of theology, which he was enabled from extensive scriptural research, a vigorous understanding, a chaste nervous style, and a deep energetic manner of expression, to bring home, on all occasions, with conclusive evidence and forcible efficacy, to the hearts and understandings of his hearers; and when to this is superadded that thorough knowledge of the various windings and recesses of the heart—that power of probing the diversified and complicated operations of the mind, and the different motives to action—that intimacy with local manners and vulgar prejudices—that deep and extensive acquaintance with the different forms and gradations of human conduct, which are either nurtured by habit or produced by education—by means of these valuable endowments, and by the aid of a strong judicious judgment, he was fully capable of presenting his biblical elucidations in a manner that could rouse the conscience of the sinner by a demonstrative exposition of his actions, and guard the faith of the good from the pollutions of an ensnaring world. On Sacramental occasions, there were probably few men who could so successfully identify the tone of the voice with the sentiments he conveyed, so as almost to make the thought harmonious with the expression, and melt the heart with a force of feeling, and an energy of sentiment, whose effects were sufficiently demonstrated by the deep anxiety and breathless attention of his auditors. On these occasions it may be truly said, that he was unrivalled, both as to the manner in which he conducted the duties of the solemn ordinance, and the effect which it produced. We need dwell no longer on this interesting topic, as we are persuaded that we cannot express one sentiment which is not at present in unison with the feelings of the very numerous and respectable community over which he presided for the space of thirty-eight years. The deep regret depicted on the countenances of the multitudes who lined the streets through which the mournful procession of his funeral passed, as the slow solemn peals murmured from the venerable spires, was, indeed, evidently indicative of the emotions of those who felt as if they had lost a father. Nor was the general gloom and sorrow less observable on the following Sabbath, when they assembled in the house of prayer. The service of the forenoon was conducted by the Very Reverend Principal Baird, (with whom he had been on terms of friendship for nearly half a century,) from Hebrews vi. and verse 12., when the Reverend Principal, after a suitable discourse, took an opportunity of presenting his mournful audience with an ample and interesting delineation of his character; and, in the afternoon, service was conducted by his much-respected colleague (Dr Robertson), from Psalm xxiii. ver. 4., who very delicately and feelingly alluded to the loss which he and the congregation had sustained by the death of his much-lamented fellow-labourer, with whom we understand the greatest cordiality and unanimity had subsisted for nearly twenty years. So great was the respect paid to the memory of their departed pastor, that not only did the whole church and congregation, along with the constituted authorities, members of session, and the different incorporated bodies, appear in deep mourning, but even the vessels in the harbour and docks displayed, during the day, similar emblems of sorrow.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1823. Dec. 21. Mrs Fraser, of Ford, a daughter.

23. At Preshaw House, county of Hants, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Long, the Lady of Walter Long, Esq. a son.

24. At Rasay House, Mrs M'Leod, of Rasay, a son.

26. At Eaglescairnie, the Lady of Major-General the Hon. Patrick Stuart, a daughter.

27. At 35, York Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Reid, a son.

29. In Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, London, the Lady of John Loch, Esq. a daughter.

— In Mortimer-Street, Cavendish Square, London, the Lady of Colonel Hugh Baillie, a daughter.

30. At Springfield Lodge, Surrey, the Lady of John Watson, Esq. a daughter.

— At Aberdeen, Mrs Henry Lumsden, a son.

1824. Jan. 1. at her father's house, at Bedale, Yorkshire, the Lady of Rear-Admiral Sir John P. Beresford, Bart. a daughter.

— In Albany-Street, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Robert Kerr, a son.

3. At Fasnacloich, the Lady of Stewart Menzies, Esq. of Culdares, a son and heir.

Dec. 4. At 71, Great King-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Kennedy, a son.

— The Lady of Lieut.-General Sir John Oswald, of Dunnikier, a son.

5. Mrs Buchanan, Auchintorlie, a daughter.

7. Mrs Fleming, Clairmont, of twin daughters.

12. At Ardtorinish, Mrs Gregorson, a daughter.

13. At Irvine, Mrs Fullarton, of Fullarton, a son.

14. At the Manor House, Wood, Shropshire, the Lady of William Hay, Esq. of Drummelzier, a daughter.

17. At Eastbourne, the Lady of Sir C. Dalrymple, a son.

18. Mrs Morehead, wife of the Rev. Mr Morehead, Edinburgh, a son.

— The Lady of H. G. Leslie, of Denlugas, a son.

19. At Lasswade Hill, the Lady of Captain R. B. Edwards, a son and heir.

— At Stair House, the Lady of Major Orr, a son.

— The Lady of John Nicol, Esq. of Few, a son and heir.

21. At George's Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of Wm. Mackenzie, Esq. of Strathgarve, a daughter.

22. In Dundas-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Ivory, a daughter.

Jan. 22. At Ninagh, Ireland, the Lady of James Dempster, Esq. M.D. a son.

23. In Grosvenor Place, London, the Lady of Charles Drummond, Esq. a son.

24. Mrs Lockhart, 25, Northumberland-Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

27. Mrs Smith, 13, Hope-Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

Lately, at Lochbuy House, Mrs M'Laine, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

1823. April 26. At Sincapore, Alex. Morgan, Esq. late of the Hon. Company's service, to Maria Frederica, youngest daughter of Thomas William Fing, Esq.

Aug. 15. At Madras, Lieutenant George Story, of the 19th native infantry, to Hannah Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late William Wotherspoon, Esq. Edinburgh.

Dec. 5. J. P. Robinson, Esq. of Camden-Street, London, and Meltonby, Yorkshire, to Mary Ann, only daughter of John Scott, Esq. late of Edinburgh.

15. At Fermoy, Richard Wharton Myddleton, Esq. Captain in the 71st light infantry, only son of Robert Wharton Myddleton, Esq. of Grintule Park, in the county of York, to Frances Penelope, only child of Lieutenant-Colonel Watson, of the same regiment, and of Lessingham, in the county of Lincoln.

18. At Brora, Sutherlandshire, William Robertson, Esq. to Miss Gunn, eldest daughter of the late Rev. James Gunn, minister of the parish of Latheron, Caithness-shire.

20. At Newburgh, the Rev. Jamieson Johnston, to Jane, second daughter of the late Rev. David Hepburn.

25. At Paisley, the Rev. Josias Wilson, of Drogheda, to Mary, daughter of James Carlisle, Esq.

30. At Glasgow, Charles Berry Blyth, Esq. late of Buenos Ayres, to Miss Robina Hannah Auchinvole, youngest daughter of the late Gilbert Auchinvole, Esq.

— At Knocknalling, John Alexander, Esq. younger of Mackilston, to Barbara, third daughter of David Kennedy, Esq. of Knocknalling.

1824. Jan. 1. At Edinburgh, John Carfrae, Esq. to Miss Isabella Park, second daughter; and on the 15th current, Robt. Fyshe, Esq. of Galashiels, to Miss Helen Park, eldest daughter of the late Henry Park, Esq. of Legerwood.

5. At Stenhouse, John Kennedy, Esq. of Kirkland, to Agnes, eldest daughter of James M'Turk, Esq. of Stenhouse.

6. At Charlotte Place, Glasgow, Alexander B. Seton, Esq. to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late George M'Nish, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

7. At Shieldhall, William Montgomery, Esq. of Annick Lodge, to Susannah, youngest daughter of the late John Anderson, Esq. London.

9. At Windsor-Street, Edinburgh, James Usher, Esq. writer, Edinburgh, to Miss Mary Gray, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Gray, minister of Broughton, Peebles-shire.

12. At Burnside, Mr Robt. Grieve, writer, Edinburgh, to Marion, eldest daughter of William Rolland, Esq. of Burnside.

— At Paisley, Mr James Kerr, manufacturer, to Jane, only daughter of the late Wm. Pinkerton, Esq.

14. At London, Alexander Bannerman, Esq. of Aberdeen, to Margaret, second daughter of G. J. Guthrie, Esq. of Berkeley-Street.

— At St Mary's, Lambeth, Adam Wilson, of Finsbury Circus, Esq. to Martha Teresa, second daughter of Wilson Lesher, Esq.

20. At Aberdeen, William Irvine, Esq. at Towie, to Harriet Ann Stuart, relict of the Rev. George Grant, late minister of Mortlach.

22. At the Parish Church of Eye, in the county of Hereford, Edmund Pollixfen Bastard, Esq., of Kitley, Devonshire, and M. P. for the county, to the Hon. Anne Jane Rodney, daughter of the late and sister to the present Lord Rodney.

— At Edinburgh, Lieut. William Hope Smith, of the 4th regiment Madras native Infantry, and eldest son of Rear-Admiral Smith, to Eliza, youngest daughter of John Wilson, Esq. of Cumledge, Berwickshire.

— Robert Fulton, Esq. Dubbyside, Fifeshire, to Helen, only daughter of the late Major J. Fotheringham, of the engineers on the Madras Establishment.

Jan. 22. At Aberdeen, Major Henry Jas. Phelps, of the 80th regiment, to Mary, youngest daughter of D. Grant, Esq. of Drumminer.

DEATHS.

1823. June 4. At Fort William, Calcutta, Major John Cleland Guthrie, 44th foot, son of the late Col. John Guthrie, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

13. Lost at sea, from on board the Hon. Company's ship Vansittart, Mr William Montague Duddingstone, only son of the late Rear-Admiral William Duddingstone.

29. At Barrackpore, in Bengal, Ensign George Downie Cullen, of the Bengal army, son of James Cullen, Esq. Stockbridge, Edinburgh.

Aug. 5. At Calcutta, Capt. John Pearson, of the ship Ogle Castle.

30. At Madras, of the cholera Morbus, Mr Jas. Hannah, Midshipman of his Majesty's ship Alligator, aged 21, eleventh son of the late collector Hannah, Elgin.

Sept. 6. At Kingston, Jamaica, after a long illness, the Hon. George Kinghorn.

24. At Demerara, Francis Mackenzie Fairbairn, son of the late Mr Fairbairn, of Berbice.—His father and two brothers had fallen victims to the same climate within the last sixteen months.

Oct. 3. At Mobile, near New Orleans, America, Mr James M'Nair, second son of the late Rev. James M'Nair, of Slamannan.

12. At May's Pen, island of Jamaica, Donald M'Lean, Esq.

19. At Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, Lieut.-Colonel George Sackville Fraser, of the Cape corps, second son of the late Mr John Fraser, Rhives, Sutherlandshire.

28. At the Cape of Good Hope, E. S. Montagu, Esq. late Persian Secretary to the Government at Calcutta.

Nov. 2. At Demerara, Dr William Wallace, of Three Friends.

30. At Bath, Mrs Anne Gordon, widow of Major George Gordon, of the 2d West-India regiment, and mother of the late Major George St. Leger Gordon, of the 8th West-India regiment.

Dec. 2. Robert Vyner, Esq. of Easthorpe, Warwickshire. This gentleman was out shooting on the preceding day, and while getting through a hedge, the trigger of his gun caught against a branch of it, when the piece unfortunately went off, and lodged its contents in his body.

9. At Woodis, near Dalbeattie, William Robison, aged 92. His spouse, Anne Mundel, died a few weeks before him, aged also 92; who, during the time she lived, saw no less then seven generations pass into the land of forgetfulness before her.

11. At Siena, Miss Janet Brodie, daughter of the late William Brodie, Esq. of Amisfield Mains.

15. At Nice, the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Alfred Harris, son of the late and brother to the present Earl of Malmesbury.

16. At Hamburgh, Geo. Thomson, Esq. aged 74.

— At Kilmarnock, Mrs Mary Cunningham, relict of the late Captain Archibald Cunningham, of the Ayrshire light dragoons.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Richardson, wife of Peter Couper, Esq. W. S.

18. At Irvine, Argyllshire, the Rev. Alexander M'Intyre, son of the late Dr Joseph M'Intyre, minister, Glenorchy.

— At Paris, in the 54th year of his age, the Right Hon. Henry, Earl of Barrymore, Viscount Buttevant, Baron Barry, of Olethan and Ibaune, Baron Barry of Barry's Court, originally by tenure and writ of summons, premier Viscount in Ireland; succeeded his brother, the seventh Earl, in March 1793.

— At Corstorphine Hill, in the 78th year of her age, Mrs Agnes Blaikie, spouse of Mr Jas. Mackie, Corstorphine Hill.

19. At Springhill, Euphemia, wife of John Peter, Esq. merchant, Dundee.

21. At Banff, Alexander Wilson, Esq. late of Calcutta.

22. Elizabeth Wood, wife of William Waddell, Esq. merchant, Leith.

— At Kilconquhar, Fife, the Rev. James Dick, minister of the United Associate Congregation in that place, in the 54th year of his age, and the 28th of his ministry.

Dec. 25. At Glasgow, Robert Starret, Esq. late merchant in the island of Carriacou, Grenada.

— At Dumbarton, Mrs Christian Macintosh, relict of the late Mr D. Murdoch, merchant there.

26. At Kirkenan, Alexander Reid, Esq.

27. At Scalpa, aged 81, Normand Macdonald, Esq. of Barrisdale.

— At Havering-atte-Bower, Essex, Miss Balls, aged 63, celebrated for her attachment to goats; she had at the time of her decease 24 lodging with her in the house, sharing all things in common.

28. In Stafford-Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Borthwick, widow of the late Lieut.-Colonel John Borthwick, of the 71st regiment.

— At Libberton Cottage, Jane Todd, wife of Lieut. Moxey, R. N. in the 44th year of her age.

30. At Torquay, Devon, Sarah, Viscountess Kilcoursie.

— At Edinburgh, Mr George Nielson, of the Commercial Banking Company of Scotland, eldest son of the late Mr George Nielson, secretary to the Bank of Scotland.

— At Leith Links, Mr Alexander Goodlet, late of the Customs.

— Mr William Scott, jun. leather-merchant, Glasgow.

1824. Jan. 1. At Edinburgh, Mr Allan Grant, messenger at arms.

— At Canongate, Edinburgh, Mrs Janet Brodie, wife of Duncan Cowan, Esq.

— Miss Emily Shirriff, second daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel William Shirriff, of the Madras cavalry.

2. At Irvine, Isabella Lang, third daughter of the Rev. Gilbert Lang, of Largs.

— At Cormiston, Daniel Collyer, Esq.

— At Glasgow, Miss Pagan, of Bogton, aged 81 years.

— At Eaton Hall, the Hon. Gilbert Grosvenor, the infant son of Lord Belgrave.

— At Lochfinehead, Mary M'Naughtan, in the 83d year of her age, and the last in the parish of the ancient family of the M'Naughtans of Dundaramh.

3. At Edinburgh, aged 24, Richard Beckwith Craik, younger of Arbigland, Esq. advocate.

— At the vicarage, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Euphemia, the wife of the Rev. William M'Douall, and mother of his nine children, the youngest four months old, in the 33d year of her age.

4. At Glasgow, John Machen, Esq. in the 51st year of his age.

5. At Macduff, James Lyal, Esq. fish-curer, and long eldest Bailie of that burgh.

— At Garden, Arch. Stirling, Esq. of Garden.

— At Bath, aged 51, Hugh Campbell, Esq. of Mayfield, in the county of Ayr, late Captain in the 85th regiment.

— At Easter Balado, Mrs Antonia Hardie, wife of James Beveridge, Esq. of Easter Balado, in the 72d year of her age.

— At Fordel, in Fife, John Smith, aged 97. He had been in the service of the Fordel family, as cook, for seventy years, and actually filled that situation until three years ago.

6. At London, the Lady of John Loch, Esq.

— At Park, Robert Govane, Esq. of Drumquhassle, aged 53 years.

— At Glasgow, Miss Rebecca Boyd, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Boyd, Esq. of Kilmarnock, Jamaica.

7. At Aberdeen, John Davidson, of Kebbaty, Esq. in his 74th year.

— At Jedburgh, Mrs Haswell, aged 83, spouse of the late Mr Robert Haswell.

— At Luddington House, Surrey, Walter Irvine, Esq. in the 76th year of his age.

— At Leith, Mr John Parker, agent, late of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

— At Devonport, at the house of J. Forbes, Esq. Captain John Hutcheson, 82d regiment.

8. At Dumfries, Robert Jackson, Esq. Comptroller of the Customs at that port, and late proprietor and editor of the Dumfries Journal, in the 52d year of his age.

9. At Brechin, Mrs Smith, aged 74, relict of the late Mr William Smith, West Drums.

Jan. 9. At Leith Walk, Mrs Esther Annetonies, relict of the late Mr William Ker, goldsmith, Edinburgh.

— At Saltcoats, Mr William Wilson, stationer, in the 78th year of his age.

10. At London, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Pennant.

— At Greenock, Mr Patrick Mories, merchant.

— At Rothney, William Gordon, Esq. of Rothney, W. S.

11. Captain William Niven, late surveyor of the customs at Greenock. By fame he was reputed the son of that facetious and well-known character described in Roderick Random under the title of Strap.

— At Burnham House, county of Kerry, Ireland, the Right Hon. Lord Ventry.

— At Dalruzian, Thos. Rattray, Esq. aged 82.

— At Edinburgh, Alexander Charles, youngest son of Robert Kerr, of Chatto, Esq.

12. At London, of an apoplectic fit, Joseph Marryatt, Esq. M. P. for Sandwich, and Chairman to the Committee of Lloyd's.

— Mr William Auld, goldsmith, Treasurer to the Trades' Maiden Hospital, Edinburgh.

— At 41, North Hanover-Street, Edinburgh, Miss Katharine Fleming.

— At the Manse of Mid Calder, Mary Anne E. Donaldson, youngest daughter of the deceased Charles Donaldson, Esq. late of Calcutta.

— At Kettyfield, Roxburghshire, in the 90th year of his age, Mr David Minto, for about half a century farmer of Linglie, near Selkirk.

13. At Newhails, near Edinburgh, Lady Home, relict of Vice-Admiral Sir George Home of Blackadder, Bart.

— At Kinsale, the Hon. Governor De Courcey, brother to the late Lord Kinsale.

— At Largs, Captain Patrick Carnegie, R. N. who fought under Rodney on the memorable 12th of April 1782. He was buried with military honours at Port-Glasgow, on the 17th current, under the direction of Capt. Rochfort, of his Majesty's sloop of war Nimrod.

14. At Glasgow, Jasper Tough, Esq. of Hillhead.

— At Pittenweem, Major John Duddingstone, late of the 1st battalion Royal Scots.

— In London, John Ross, Esq. Lieut.-Colonel, late of the 28th regiment.

15. At his house, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, General Francis Dundas, after a long and painful illness, which he supported with the patience of a Christian and the firmness of a soldier. General Dundas was Colonel of the 71st regiment of light infantry, and Governor of Dumbarton Castle.

— At Colchester, John Thomson, Esq. Deputy Commissary-General to the Forces, and late Private Secretary to the Most Noble the Governor-General of India.

— At Leith, Mr John Durie, merchant.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Davie, of Brotherton, aged 82.

17. In London, Bamber Gascoyne, Esq. aged 68, many years a representative in Parliament for Liverpool.

18. At Ramsgate, Capt. Bowles Mitchell, R. N. in the 74th year of his age. He was the last surviving Officer of those who accompanied Captain Cook on his second voyage round the world.

— At Edinburgh, Millicent Scott, relict of the late Rev. Robert Hutchison, Dalkeith.

20. At Collan, in the county of Louth, the seat of the venerable Lord Oriel, aged 87, the Right Hon. Margaret Viscountess Ferrard, Baroness of Oriel, the Lady of that Nobleman.

— At Edinburgh, James Bisset, Esq. Rear Admiral of the Red.

— At Richmond, James Earl Cornwallis, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and Dean of Durham, in the 81st year of his age. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his only son, James Mann, Viscount Broome, now Earl Cornwallis.

21. At Kelso, Mr Andrew Telfer, bookseller, aged 65 years.

22. In Edinburgh, Henry D. Grant, Esq. second son of the late Francis Grant, of Kilgraston, Esq.

— Mrs Aitken, wife of Dr John Aitken, surgeon, Edinburgh.

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THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

MARCH 1824.

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EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

Days. April 1824.	Morn. H.	M.	Even. H.	M.
Th. 1	3	3	3	19
Fr. 2	3	36	3	55
Sa. 3	4	13	4	33
Su. 4	4	56	5	19
M. 5	5	46	6	15
Tu. 6	6	47	7	26
W. 7	8	7	8	52
Th. 8	9	33	10	13
Fr. 9	10	49	11	20
Sa. 10	11	48	—	—
Su. 11	0	15	0	39
M. 12	1	3	1	24
Tu. 13	1	45	2	6
W. 14	2	26	2	47
Th. 15	3	5	3	24
Fr. 16	3	42	4	1
Sa. 17	4	20	4	37
Su. 18	4	56	5	17
M. 19	5	40	6	2
Tu. 20	6	29	6	57
W. 21	7	31	8	6
Th. 22	8	42	9	20
Fr. 23	9	55	10	25
Sa. 24	10	55	11	20
Su. 25	11	45	—	—
M. 26	0	8	0	28
Tu. 27	0	47	1	7
W. 28	1	26	1	46
Th. 29	2	5	2	25
Fr. 30	2	45	3	5

MOON'S PHASES.
Mean Time.

	D.	M.		H.
First Quart...Tu.	6.	7	past	10 after.
Full Moon,...Tu.	13.	34	—	3 after.
Last Quart....W.	21.	56	—	5 morn.
New Moon,..Th.	29.	9	—	4 morn.

TERMS, &c.
April.

16. Good Friday.
19. Easter Monday.
23. King's Birth-day kept.

To Correspondents.

SEVERAL Articles, originally intended for insertion in this Number, have been obliged to give place, for the present, to matters of more immediate interest. The Article sent us from Perth (we cannot otherwise describe it, as the author has neglected to baptize his offspring,) will await his orders at the Publishers! We have to acknowledge the receipt of Mr Bryden's MSS., a portion of which will, probably, appear in our next. The "*Stanzas to Music*" were formerly sent us under a different title: we hope this was nothing more than an oversight on the part of the author. We have received Sonnets in number past reckoning up; and though we are not aware that there is a single one of Shakespeare's in the mass, we rather think we shall have nothing to do with them. "*The Fisher's Sabbath*," and another portion of *Schiller's Correspondence*," with Notes, will form part of our bill of fare for next month. "*Additional Thoughts on West-Indian Slavery*" will meet with due attention. We can assure P., that any communication on subjects of a local description, if tolerably executed, will always be welcome to the Conductor of the SCOTS MAGAZINE. We are happy to have it in our power to promise our readers a series of biographical memoirs of the great musical composers, from the pen of a distinguished amateur and scholar. The letter on the Theatre we withhold from tenderness to Mr Murray, whose "Cataract" is, we hope, by this time, effectually *couched*.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

MARCH 1824.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SALVATOR ROSA. BY LADY MORGAN.

We have the misfortune, in general, to differ from Lady Morgan so diametrically, in matters moral, political, religious, literary, and philosophical; and we have had occasion to enter our protest so frequently and so forcibly against her intrepid assurance, and her numberless faults of flippancy and affectation, that we really feel it a relief to be able to lay our hands on any work of her's, with regard to which we can conscientiously hint approval, or hesitate a compliment; and, in truth, we are almost apprehensive, that, under the influence of a feeling so new to us, we may be somewhat tempted to transgress the bounds of a sober eulogium. Our impression, on a hasty perusal of this work, certainly is, that Lady Morgan has produced two of the most amusing octavos we have met with, even in this biographical age, when no one has the least reason to fear, that, like the predecessors of Agamemnon, his merits will be forgotten for want of a chronicle; but then our admission of their amusing character is quite distinct from a conviction of their correctness, or an approbation of their spirit and tendency. The fact is, they owe their interest to a quality too common among biographers,—an enthusiastic and indiscriminating admiration for the subject of the memoir, and a consequent determination to accomplish his apotheosis *pro fas et nefas.* Salvator was an enemy to things as they were—the satirist of Popes, and Princes, and Cardinals, and an actor in the nine days' revolution of the crack-brained fisherman of Amalfi; and this, with Lady Morgan, is a passport to immortality. The opinion of his cotemporaries must be controverted,—the statements of his Italian biographers must be disproved by the superior information of an Irishwoman of the nineteenth century,—his talents must be exaggerated,—his vices palliated and explained away, till the companion of the banditti of the Abhruzzi, purified by the hand of Lady M., steps forth one of "the wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best" of men, that ever was calumniated by political intolerance. Accordingly, in this party-pleading for the political painter,—this oration for Salvator, she seems to have prescribed to herself one simple principle, which she has followed out with the most resolute and persevering assiduity, namely, to receive as proofs of holy writ all which weighs in favour of her client, and to reject, without even the semblance of refutation, every thing which wears aless favourable aspect. We have no objection, in such cases, to allow a man the benefit of a doubt, and are ready to admit, that to some points in Salvator's conduct Lady Morgan has succeeded, fairly and candidly enough, in giving a favourable turn; but, though she states her case sometimes ingeniously, and always warmly and feelingly, we think she has left the question, on the whole, nearly where it was. We never thought Salvator an *enfant perdu*, as Lady M. assures us he is represented by the ecclesiastical press of Italy; but we are just as far as ever from thinking him an angel. Even in the ex-parte statement of her Ladyship, we see the man of wild passions and mixed motives,—sullying, very often, his best actions by some display of vanity or mortified pride, as he generally redeemed his worst by some infusion of frankness and good feeling; yielding continually to the impulse of the moment, haunted by a feverish eagerness of admiration, seeking it by means which the higher and more commanding spirits of all ages would have disdained to use, and betraying a puerile impatience whenever a sally was lost, or a sarcasm fell harmless; associating alternately with princes and banditti; sighing for solitude amidst society, and flying to society back from solitude; in short, one of those fiery beings in whom the imagination has been developed at the expense of the reasoning faculty, and who revenge themselves on the unfortunate bulk of mankind, in whose mental composition these qualities happen to be more equally distributed, by sarcasm and satire, whenever the prerogatives which they arrogate to themselves are disputed, or their *dicta* listened to with less reverential deference than they are inclined to claim. We admire as much as Lady Morgan the frankness and uncompromising firmness of Salvator. We admire, even while we smile occasionally at his notions of independence; we believe he may have been a warm friend, as we doubt not he was a bitter enemy; we think he was, without question, one of the greatest historical and landscape-painters that ever lived: but we really cannot persuade ourselves that his manners were the mildest, or his morals the most unexceptionable; we do *not* think him one of the greatest of the Italian poets, nor a great poet at all; we do *not* admire his weak attempts to attract admiration by nightly recitations of his satires, prefaced by the hesitation of affected modesty, in one to whom the very meaning of the word was unknown; and we do *not* believe that he courted the society of banditti *solely* with the view of enabling him to *paint* more forcibly scenes of outrage and blood, and to give verisimilitude to portraits of ruffians and robber-captains.

All this we think just remains where it was; and if Lady Morgan, despite of these follies and faults, really believes Salvator Rosa to be the paragon of excellence which she represents him in her biography, we suspect she monopolizes the opinion. We are in nowise anxious, however, to dispute the point with her more minutely, conceiving that the discussion could not really be more important to the public at the present day, than the celebrated debate between Don Quixote and Cardenio in the Sierra Morena, touching the nature of the connection between Queen Madasima and Elisabat the surgeon. It is enough for our purpose that she has advocated her cause well and warmly, and has detailed the incidents in the life of Salvator with so much vivacity and spirit,—connecting and harmonising them by remarks often appropriate, and sometimes eloquent and ingenious,—as to have rendered the life of Salvator one of the most readable of modern biographies.

On the summit, on a beautiful hill, at the base of the rock of St. Elmo, at Naples, stands the little village of Renella; and in the old dilapidated casaccia of some former lord of the district, lived Vito Antonio Rosa, land-measurer and architect, the father of Salvator. His wife, Giulia, was the descendant of a family of artists, and his brother-in-law, Paolo Grecco, was starving, in the midst of his pots and palettes, in the Strada Seggio del Nido. Old Rosa and his wife had seen enough of the miseries of painting to determine that that should *not* be the profession of their son, whom they accordingly devoted to the Church, bestowing on him the propitious name of Salvator, over the possessor of which, it appears, the devil has no power. Nature seemed, however, determined, from the first, to overturn the plans of Antonio Rosa, for the young Salvator, from his earliest years, evinced a restlessness of disposition that augured ill for his church-promotion, and his religious appellation sunk into the diminutive of Salvatoriello. Even in childhood he began to display his vocation to the Arts, by his attempts at music, and by covering every scrap of paper he could find with architecture and picturesque scenery. As he grew up, he used to wander among the rocks and caves of Baiæ, or the wastes of the Solfaterra, filling his mind with the beauties and the terrors of Nature, and sketching, in the neighbourhood of Pausilippo and Vesuvius, her magnificent combinations. Sometimes he converted the white walls of the old casaccia into a panorama, by the assistance of burned sticks; and once, during his daily visits to the Convent of Certosa, passing along the cloisters, he unthinkingly applied his sticks to those sacred walls, for whose decoration Lanfranc and Domenichino were contending, and underwent the ceremony of flagellation on the spot. This incident determined his parents to attempt to procure his admission into one of the monastic seminaries in Naples, and the College of the *Congregazione Somasca* was chosen for his abode. It was in this monastic residence, and at this tranquil period of life, that Salvator is supposed to have acquired that classical knowledge, and taste for the works of the ancients, by which he was distinguished; but the study of the philosophy of the schools, which succeeded the course of classical instruction, was unsuited to the ardent imagination of the painter. "Giunse," says one of his biographers, "ai principj della logica *ove fermossi*;" and, after many vain attempts, on the part of the Fathers, and a determined resistance on that of Salvator, he was dismissed as incurable.

Returned to his paternal roof, the wayward Salvator devoted himself, heart and soul, to the study of music, as a science, and, uniting the most perfect knowledge of the theory to grace and execution in the practice, he became one of the most popular serenaders in Naples, where music was, at that time, cultivated beyond the other Arts, and where the streets resounded, night and day, to the canzoni of Cambio Donato and the Prince of Venusa. The finishing stroke, however, was about to be given to the plans of his father, by his acquaintance with Francesco Francanzani, a Neapolitan painter, who had married his elder sister. Francanzani was turbulent and conceited, but clever and warm-hearted; and Salvator, while he stood by his side in his *stanza*, or work-room, and watched the progress of his pictures, felt his old inclination revive, and soon abandoned himself, without restraint, to its indulgence. He deserted the work-room for the fields; departing with the dawn, with his portfolio and palette, and returning, at evening, from his rambles among the rocks, and rivers, and wildernesses, with his mind and his paper filled with visions of beauty and wildness. Francanzani, who used to ransack the contents of his portfolio on these occasions, would pat him on the head, as he looked at the broad, bold sketches of his brother-in-law; and, from his early plaudits, Salvator probably received the last impulse that directed him into the path in which he was destined to become so unrivalled.

With that resolute originality which distinguished every action of his life, Salvator determined to study no master but Nature. He set out, on a tour, through the wildest and most magnificent districts of Italy, painting among the mountains of Apulia and Calabria, or in the savage valleys near the base of Mount Sarchio,—or wandering among the ruins of Beneventum and Eclano, the grottoes of Palignano, and the caves of Otranto,—tracing the shores of the Adriatic, and studying in the ruined temples of Pæstum. It was during these wanderings that his intercourse took place with the banditti of the Abbruzzi whom Lady Morgan, anxious to vindicate or excuse this strange step of her hero, represents as very superior, in all points, to their modern predecessors.

The conflicts of unregulated interests, and of lawless but powerful volitions,—the stern elevation of character, reckless of all human suffering, beyond all social relations,—the play of strong antipathies, and operation of strong instincts,—the fierce rebuff of passions, wild as the elements among which they were nurtured,—the anatomy of the mixed nature of man, laid bare, and stripped of all disguise, were subjects of ennobling study to one who saw all things as a philosopher and a poet—one who was prone to trace, throughout the endless varieties of exter-

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nal forms, the deep-seated feelings that produced and governed their expression. In the fierce guerrilla warfare of the Abbruzzi, between the Spanish and German troops and the mountain-bands, may be traced the leading character of that vast and wondrous battle-piece * which is destined to be the study of successive generations of artists; and to the necessities of the outlaw's life we are indebted for many of those singular groupings and views of violence and danger, which form the subjects, not only of the pencil, but of the graver, of Salvator Rosa.

There is one engraving which, though evidently done *à colpo di pennello*, seems so plainly to tell the story of the wandering artist's captivity, that it may, as an historic fact, if not as a *chef-d'œuvre* of the art, merit a particular description. In the midst of rocky scenery appears a group of banditti, armed at all points, and with all sorts of arms. They are lying, in careless attitudes, but with fierce watchfulness, round a youthful prisoner, who forms the foreground figure, and is seated on a rock, with languid limbs hanging over the precipice which may be supposed to yawn beneath. It is impossible to describe the despair depicted in this figure: it is marked in his position, in the droop of his head, which his nerveless arms seem with difficulty to support, and in the little that may be seen of his face, over which, from his recumbent attitude, his hair falls in luxuriant profusion (and the singular head and tresses of Salvator are never to be mistaken). All is alike destitute of energy and of hope, which the fierce beings grouped around the captive seem, in some sentence recently pronounced, to have banished for ever. Yet one there is who watches over the fate of the young victim: a woman stands immediately behind him. Her hand stretched out, its forefinger resting on his head, marks him the subject of a discourse which she addresses to the listening bandits. Her figure, which is erect, is composed of those bold straight lines, which in art and nature constitute the *grand*. Even the fantastic cap or turban, from which her long dishevelled hair has escaped, has no curve of grace; and her drapery partakes of the same rigid forms. Her countenance is full of stern melancholy—the natural character of one whose feelings and habits are at variance, whose strong passions may have flung her out of the pale of society, but whose feminine sympathies still remain unchanged. She is artfully pleading for the life of the youth, by contemptuously noting his insignificance. But she commands while she soothes. She is evidently the mistress, or the wife of the Chief, in whose absence an act of vulgar violence may be meditated. The youth's life is saved; for that cause rarely fails to which a woman brings the omnipotence of her feelings.

The time spent by Salvator among these outlaws has never been verified; but it is probable, and indeed evident, that he remained sufficiently long to fill both his imagination and his memory with accumulated combinations of the magnificent and the terrible. It is not impossible that the adventurous artist owed the security in which he pursued the interests of his art, in such abodes of violence and danger, to the exertion of talents both musical and poetical, not less calculated to amuse his ferocious hosts by the midnight fires of their earth-embosomed dens, than to captivate the voluptuous auditory of a Neapolitan saloon. One almost sees the melancholy severity of the well-pictured female who saved his life, softening into feminine emotion as she listens to lays composed for the syrens of the *Chiaja*, which she once may herself have merited and received; while the stern features of her bandit lover now relax into pleased attention at some humorous *improvviso* which recalls his native Naples, now contract into looks of dark distrust as he watches the mellowed expression of those black bright eyes, whose wildness never before softened to other accents than his own. The mountain auditory of the lyrist of Renella were, indeed, banditti, the outcasts of society; but they were Italians; and original conformation may have triumphed over habits little favourable to the arts, or the tastes they engender.

How or when the bandit painter returned to Naples is not known; but he immediately commenced his career as a painter, under circumstances the most discouraging,—painting for the Jews of the Ghetto, compelled to labour for a miserable pittance, and denying himself the recreation of poetry and music. Even in these early works, the characteristics of his great productions are said to have been visible. All was vast and magnificent. His rocks, trees, clouds, and figures—all were expressive and characteristic; and that energy which characterised the man,

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* Now in the Musée, at Paris.

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was even then visible in the handling of his works. He laboured on, however, unknown and neglected, for Caravaggio, the dark, ferocious assassin of the Milanese, then tyrannized over painting at Naples; and he who was not enrolled in the list of his seguaci, had no chance of success. An incident, however, occurred, which dispelled, in some measure, the gloom that hung over his fortunes. Lanfranco, the rival of Domenichino, and his deadly foe, received an invitation to paint the Church of Il Gesù, at Naples, in 1631. He accepted the offer, and arrived at Naples with all the splendour which generally accompanied his excursions. Amidst the artists that crowded to welcome the illustrious visitor, Salvator was not one; but as Lanfranco was returning one day in his carriage to his lodgings, by the Strada della Carita, he was struck by a picture in oil, which hung outside the door of a *revenditore*. He stopped his carriage, and ordered his pupil, Antonio Richieri, to bring it to him. It was one of Salvator's most characteristic paintings; the story of Hagar and her son, told with all that forcible and melancholy originality that distinguishes his style—simple, solemn, and striking. Lanfranco looked at the picture with admiration, purchased it immediately, and gave a general order to his pupils to buy every painting they saw marked with the name of *Salvatoriello*. The incident was soon known in Naples, and while it procured the young painter distinction, it drew down on him the envy of those disappointed rivals, who had vainly courted that approbation, which Salvator, the humble, unknown Salvator, had obtained unsought. The painter retorted their attacks by epigrams and satires, which, while they gained him a few friends, increased the number of his foes in a tenfold proportion.

"Steeped in poverty to the very lips," the unfortunate Salvator bent his steps to Rome, at that time under the Ecclesiastical Government of Urban VIII., of the family of the Barberini. It was but a change of place, however, not of fortune; for here, as at Naples, fashion was omnipotent, and patronage was divided between the Oltramontani, or Flemish School, and the followers of the painter, statuary, and architect, the Cavalier Bernini. The Neapolitan painter wandered among the ruins of the ancient city, climbed the Aventine and Cælian Hills, and from their summits sketched the surrounding desolation; he penetrated mouldering ruins and noxious excavations in the ardour of his art, returning at night to his dreary lodging, parched with fever and illness, to work off his rapid sketches, for sale in the Piazza Navona, for a pittance as miserable as that which he had earned in Naples; and at last, hopeless and diseased, he returned to his native country, which he had quitted, a few months before, in the flush of health and youthful expectation.

He was destined, however, to revisit Rome, under circumstances which he had not anticipated. His early friend, Girolamo Mercuri, was appointed Maestro di Casa to the Cardinal Brancaccia, and at his invitation he again returned to Rome in the latter end of the year 1635, where the kindness of his friend assigned him an apartment in the vast palace of his master. Here he resumed his labours, painting and studying with unwearied diligence, though obliged, in general, to chuse his models from his own figure, reflected in the large dusky mirror of the apartment; but his stiff, unbending disposition, which led him rather to shun than to court society, still deprived him of patronage and remuneration. With his characteristic *fierté*, and nervous sensibility to the very idea of dependence, he soon quitted the roof of the Cardinal, who had begun to appreciate his merits, and, to the astonishment of his friends, returned to Naples.

The wonderful success of his great picture of Prometheus, which he had painted in Naples, and consigned to his Roman friends, and which had gained a place in the annual exhibition in the Pantheon, again brought back the wandering painter to Rome, where he was soon to appear in a new character.

The carnival of 1639 had arrived. In Rome, the carnival, more splendid than at Florence, was generally accompanied with comic dialogues, called Zingaresche, sung or said by groups of masques representing gipsies, "who engaged in a fierce encounter of the wits, and told fortunes, revealed love secrets, and exercised the craft of legerdemain with what skill they might." It was towards the close of the carnival that a car, filled with these Thespians, highly ornamented, and drawn by oxen, attracted universal attention, by its novelty and singular representation.

The principal personage announced himself as a certain Signor Formica, a Neapolitan actor, who, in the character of Coviello, as a charlatan, displayed so much genuine wit, such bitter satire, and exquisite humour, rendered doubly effective by a Neapolitan accent, and "*i motivi dei lazzi nazionali*," or national gesticulations, that other representations were abandoned; and gipsies told fortunes, and Jews sung, in vain. The whole population of Rome gradually assembled round the novel, the inimitable Formica. The people relished his flashes of splenetic humour, aimed at the great; the higher orders were delighted with an *improvvisatore*, who, in the intervals of his dialogues, sung to the lute, of which he was a perfect master, the Neapolitan ballads, then so much in vogue. The attempts made by his fellow-revellers to obtain some share of the plaudits he so abundantly received, whether he spoke or sung, asked or answered questions, were all abortive; while he (says Baldinucci) "*come capo di tutti, e pur spiritoso, e ben parlante, con bei ghiribizzi e lazzi spiritosi teneva a se mezza Roma*," at the head of every thing by his wit, eloquence, and brilliant humour, drew half Rome to himself. The contrast between his beautiful musical and poetical compositions, and those Neapolitan gesticulations in which he indulged, when, laying aside his lute, he presented his vials and salves to the delighted audience, exhibited a versatility of genius, which it was difficult to attribute to any individual then known in Rome. Guesses and suppositions were still vainly circulating among all classes, when, on the close of the carnival, Formica, ere he drove his triumphal car from the Piazza Navona, which, with one of the streets in the Trastevere, had been the principal scene of his triumph, ordered his troop to raise their masks, and, removing his own, discovered that Coviello was the sublime author of the Prometheus, and his little troop the "*Partigiani*" of Salvator Rosa. All Rome was from this moment (to use a phrase which all his biographers have adopted) "*filled with his fame*." That notoriety which his high genius had failed to procure for him, was obtained at once by those lighter talents, which he had nearly suffered to fall into neglect, while more elevated views had filled his mind.

The success of his appearance in this character, and the popularity he for some time enjoyed with all classes, inspired Salvator with the bold design of reviving the old *Commedie del Sogetto*, a sort of extemporaneous pieces, in which, the outline being given by the poet, the players filled up the dialogue themselves. The characters in these pieces were of a conventional and prescriptive kind, never varying, and representing caricatures of the different nations of which Italy was composed; and, in the hands of able actors, they afforded room for a thousand allusions to events of the day, and *piquant* remarks on the politics and manners of the age which would not have been tolerated in the shape of grave discussion. These old national exhibitions, however, had fallen into decay, and had been succeeded by the cold and spiritless comedies of the early part of the 17th century, generally the work of members of some of the popular *accademie*. The rage for converting theatricals to profit, too, had seized the Romans, and the versatile Bernini, with the permission of the Pope, planned and executed a theatre in the Vatican which soon eclipsed all the private theatres in Rome; where, as our old Evelyn says, "he painted the scenes, cut the statues, invented the engines, composed the music, writ the comedy, and built the theatre.

The dramas of the Vatican had all the faults of the dramatic compositions of that age of degraded literature; and Bernini, who seems to have been the very type of Bays, introduced some practical conceits, which, in spite even of the bad taste of the times, could only have been tolerated under the sanction of *his* influence and fashion, aided by the combined talents of all his disciples, and an audience composed of princes and cardinals.

Bernini had scarcely closed his theatre for the season, and was still catching the echoes of plaudits which shook the pon-the antediluvian kind; and perhaps some fortunate traveller may yet be destined to bring us, from one of the clay-banks of the Euphrates, the very identical skull of the very identical Adam. We shall know it by the "projections" above alluded to, and by that "philoprogenitiveness" which has been so productive. By the bye, might not a hint be taken from what has been now advanced, of a somewhat curious and practical application? You are placed, for example, in a charnel-house, or in a church-yard, and various skulls are lying, or cast up before you; and you know, at the same time, that a Newton, a Bacon, a Shakespeare, a Spurzheim, a Combe, or a Mackenzie, have been buried in the neighbourhood, and you wish to know which of the skulls before you belonged to the noted character you are thinking of, and inquiring after. This is the problem; now for the solution. Every notable person is notable for some prominent "bump," whether it be "ideality," "self-esteem," or "philoprogenitiveness;" very well, to work you go,—and turning over, and inspecting every head, you at last make your selection, under a moral certainty of being right. You cannot, in fact, be wrong, if you can only find means of summoning under your inspection "*the whole given skulls*" of the burial-ground. *Verbum sat.* I am confident this suggestion may yet be of service, and that whatever may be the obstinacy and obduracy of the present generation, future ages will fully appreciate its value!

But to return to our serious investigation. One of the first transactions which is recorded of our race is the death of Abel by the parricidal hand of his brother: and upon this wicked and murderous brother a *mark* is set, by the hand of God himself. About this mark there has, as usual, been a great variety of opinions amongst divines; but all are agreed, that it was placed upon the head; a very wonderful and striking admission certainly, when we consider that these divines had no knowledge whatever of "Phrenology." Is there one, however, that does not *now* immediately see the nature of this mark, and recognise here, not only the existence of the "knobs," as in the case of Adam, but likewise the knowledge of their use and meaning, which had by this time been attained? The flood of Noah did indeed, in all probability, when it covered up the hyænas in the den of Stockdale, likewise overwhelm and extinguish this discovery. Alas! what has not the flood of Noah, and of Mahomed, and of Alaric, and of Odoacer buried up! but we may see clearly, for all this, that the stamp which was set upon Cain's head was neither more nor less than the bump of "destructiveness," a large protuberance hanging over each ear of Cain, like a windgall, or cerebral goitre; and who would be hardy enough to incur the resentment of the murderer, with such an admonitory exhibition before him? Cain might have travelled, not only into Nod, but into Dublin, Chatham, or even Alsatia itself, with this protection. "Probert and Thurtell" would have fled before him. He would appear in the attitude and expression of an Irish bullock, from above each ear of which a large excrescence protrudes; thus, even in the brute creation, intimating the application of the doctrines of Spurzheim. And what, after all, is the origin of those "horns," as we term them, and what is their character? Are they not manifestly extravagant bumps of "destructiveness," this faculty run mad, and often shooting and branching out into a most alarming "head of horns?" What a mercy it is that, when the disposition is savage and brutal, when the tendency to hurt, and to gore, and to destroy, is strong, there should be an outward and an ostensible warning, a "knob," as it were, cornuted into elongation, and bent into menace! Although the human race, and the male part of them in particular, are not positively, in any instance which has come under our knowledge, furnished with what may actually be termed horns; yet every body, and every married man in particular, knows, or may easily learn, what "horns," when applied to the human head, mean; and every man thus furnished will scarcely spare the use of them in inflicting punishment upon her who has been kind enough to furnish him with so dangerous a weapon. All such horned animals, even in the symbolical sense of the term, are truly and notoriously dangerous;

and hence, without any manner of doubt, the application of the figure must have arisen.

Why were Moses, and Aaron, and Joshua, and Saul, and David, selected by the nation over whom they presided, in sacred and civil affairs? What claims had *they* of birth, or inheritance, or conquest, upon which to establish their right to the Government? Was it ever heard of, except in the imagination of some dreaming economists, that a great mass of people met together, by mutual consent, in a vast plain, and there unanimously and peaceably devolved the government, without reasoning, upon a favourite individual? No, Sir; such occurrences are only to be found in books; they are not in "rerum naturâ." How came the Augustine, the Bourbon, the Plantagenet, and the Stewart race, into supremacy? By what means did the Bajazets, the Cromwells, and the Buonapartes, mount the throne and assume the sceptre? Why, Sir, not certainly in any way at all analogous to the advancement of Moses, Joshua, and David. The true, and apparently the only solution of this enigma is to be found in "Phrenology;" an ostensible and a substantial evidence, upon which a whole people, even the most ignorant and radical, were entitled and enabled to ground their reason "pourquoi," their cause of preference in such elections. Let us single out the case of "Saul," for example; he was found in search of his father's asses, and his head was immediately anointed, and he was declared king. This was a short process, and apparently a rash proceeding; but when you consider that, in all probability, "Samuel" was a "Phrenologist," the whole difficulty is removed. He went evidently upon a commission to look out for a "head" which had the bump of "order" in perfection. It was number twenty-five which he was in quest of, whilst wandering amidst the mountains of Judea; and in Saul he found it. Saul was the queen-bee, who, from his external manifestations, was easily recognised by the whole hive;—so the proper and becoming respect was immediately paid to the significant and regal endowment, and Saul's head streamed with oil from the horn of the "great Phrenologist Samuel." And what took place in reference to "Saul" was acted over again in the case of "David;" he, too, was discovered, if not amongst asses, at least amidst his flocks; and being tired of "order" and of "Saul," the people chose David, and Samuel anointed him, on account of his organ of "amativeness" and "tune!" What a field does not this open before the destinies of a philosophical, a phrenological people! To what stupendous purposes may not this science yet be rendered conducive! You want a king to rule over you in equity, dignity, and peace. Very well. You chuse him as you do your household furniture,—you go into the market, and select the article which seems best to suit your purpose. You wish a "Prime Minister," conciliatory in respect of the crown, yet judicious and considerate in regard to the rights and the happiness of the people. Very well. You have a "Canning" for the selecting. You wish a parish pastor; affectionate, faithful, and eloquent. You convene all the preachers within twenty miles round, and grope your way into the perception of the character you are in search of, by means of your finger ends. In the choice of companions, friends, servants, masters, and all the voluntary associations of life, it is manifest how astonishingly useful this amazing art may yet become: and if it extends to the rational, I see no good reason why it may not likewise to the irrational creation; and why a man, instead of examining the teeth, and surveying the paces of horses, in a market, may not henceforth be found fingering all over the head, and working out the bumps of "cautiousness," and the "love of approbation." Thus dogs, cats, parrots, monkeys, and other associates of man, may be named and addressed according to their ruling propensities; and, instead of your "Catos," and your "Toms," and your "Jeans," which disgrace our present "bestial" nomenclature, we shall find nothing, in process of time, but "Philoprogenies," "Secretics," and "Lingos." Nay; now that the landscape opens upon my view, might not all children, at baptism, receive a name, adjusted, by the midwife, (who must of course be a Phrenologist,) to the prominent bump?—so that, when the roll-call of a regiment, or of a class of students, is made, we shall hear such entries as "Form Francy," "Causality Caleb," "Destructive Davie," "Secretive Sam," "Hope Homer," "Witty Willy," and "Individuality John." Thus, no man will, in future, be taken in by his associates; it is at his own peril if he sit alongside of a "bump" which indicates any of those propensities which are inconvenient or offensive, or absolutely injurious in society. When the waiter ushers in a guest, he will at the same time pronounce his sentence, or his eulogy; he will determine that degree of intimacy to which it would be safe to admit him. And when an innocent, gay-hearted, country lass, walks home with a lad from the preachings or market, she will take care, beforehand, to ascertain the cerebellum department of his skull.

We have all heard of the beast with the "seven heads" and the "ten horns," and of the "knobs" or "knops," and pomegranates, which went to the conformation of Solomon's candlesticks. We have read of the hundred-headed giants, and of Jove's front, which inspired even the divinities of heaven, and Juno herself, with awe. There are certain bumps, as philosophers tell us, upon the moon; and even this earth herself is possessed of a reasonable proportion of excrescences: what does, what can all this mean, but that the whole of Nature, and even the metaphorical language in which she is occasionally described, is full of craniology? Were it not for her bumps, the moon might occasionally run blindfold upon Mars or Venus, or this earth take a trip to the sphere of Saturn. It is the organ of "order" and "locality," which, in the language of Newton, is known by the term "attraction," and which keeps all things right. The Sun himself—but his front, like that of Moses, shines so much, that we cannot very readily and steadily examine his excrescences; yet we do occasionally get a glimpse of his propensities, and very foolishly and unphilosophically mistake bumps for rents, the organ of causality for an inhabited "nucleus!" What nonsense philosophers will talk!

When Pythagoras admitted scholars into his seminary, it is mentioned by Aulus Gellius, and others *, "that Εφυσιογνωμονει αυτȣς;" in other words, he "phrenologised" them, or examined, in the most careful manner, their "bumps." This is decidedly the opinion of Aristotle, of Baptista Porta, and of Lavater himself, who all agree that Pythagoras did something more, though they cannot well define what it was, than merely look into the countenances of the young noviciates. If any one candidate was found wanting in the size or in the number of bumps, he was immediately rejected, and another, better and more suitably endowed, admitted in his stead. Should there not be a Bumpologist appointed in the capacity of janitor, or door-keeper, to all seminaries and schools of learning, in order to inspect the certificates of all entrants? What a deal of trouble, in attempting to teach languages, and even philosophy, to improper subjects, would thus be avoided! and how great, in proportion, would be the advance of the properly-endowed and qualified!

Besides all this, our language itself is loaded, as it were, and pregnant with "craniology." Hear Rogers—

> "Lodged in the countless '*chambers*' of the brain."

And pray what are these chambers but the separate compartments in which "companionship," "veneration," and "benevolence," &c. reside? The head is, in fact, a large barrack-establishment, in which not only every regiment, but even every private soldier, possesses and knows their own department and chamber; and though all these inhabitants may occasionally muster forth in one general and collective view, yet whenever you wish to call upon any individual, he is to be found at his own lodgings, No. 21, 22, or 23,—the number regularly beneath the knocker. When a man says, I hope, Sir, you cast "no reflections" upon me, he only means, I hope that you do not direct upon me Nos. 30, 31, 32, 33, which are denominated the "reflecting faculties;" and when you observe of your acquaintance or friend, that he is a "knowing fellow," you only mean, in reality, to intimate that he has the organs of "individuality," "form," "size," "weight," "colouring," "locality," "order," "time," "number," "tune," and "language," the knowing organs, in perfection. A man of "sentiment," by the same Spurzheim rule, is a man of "self-esteem" and "cautiousness," whilst to hear of man's "propensities," is to learn that he is "secretive," "covetous," "combative," or "*philoprogenitive*;" this last is a long word, but it is pregnant with meaning. By the bye, who has not heard of "pregnant geniuses?" The generation of men, which has but lately passed away, saw them come, like the locusts of Egypt, over the whole "church establishment" of Scotland. Professors of Divinity, in these times, must assuredly have been acquainted with the practice, however ignorant they might be of the principles of "craniology;" for we find a whole generation of clergymen let loose upon the people of this land, one, two, or even three years more early than customary or lawful, under the designation or recommendation of "pregnant geniuses." This state of mental pregnancy would only be discovered, like any other state of pregnancy, by the outward and projecting indication; and, consequently, the Professor of Divinity must have had recourse to the system of craniology in order to ascertain the fact; for we are told, again and again, that craniology is a *fact**. It is quite true, that, owing to inexperience in the sublimities of the art, mistakes were occasionally made respecting the nature of those faculties with which these heads were said to be pregnant. Men had not then learned to distinguish, accurately, bewixt the frontal and the occipital bumps; and, accordingly, as may be shown at this day, "amativeness" and "philoprogenitiveness" often preponderate over "wit" and "imagination;" and the *pregnancy* which was afterwards exhibited, belonged rather to the office of the Scotch howdy, than to the obstetrical hammer of Vulcan. All this is true, yet still the very use of the terms, or phrase, indicates the existence of the *art*, if you will not admit the *science* of Bumpology. Even the female world seem to have been aware of many of the most recondite truths or facts of this science. Every lady who is in possession of a looking-glass, and what lady is not? knows that the eyes are linguists,—that the eyes, in fact, (for we stick to facts,) can speak, and often more powerfully and persuasively than even the mouth itself. The "language of the eyes" is a phrase, an equivalent to which is to be found in the Chinese, the Hindostanee, the Sanscrit, the Greek, the Roman, the Italian, the Spanish, the German, and the Welsh Dictionaries;—which "fact," or circumstance, clearly proves, not only that craniology is as old as the creation, but likewise that it is fully as widely and extensively known and acted upon. The "craniological cast" which I have now on the table before me, is inscribed immediately over the pupil of the eye with the word "language;" but over the visual orbs of these fair ones who are now employed in reading and admiring my learned disquisition, there is no necessity for making any such inscription. We only write, "this is a horse," and "this is a man," over the efforts of bungling painters; but the works of proficients speak for themselves, in the same manner as the eyes of my fair and kindly countrywomen, God bless them! *speak* without interpreter, more than any written language, or skilful interpreter, could ever express! These bumps are, in the "free and accepted masonry" of cranioscopy, denominated "organs." Now, Sir, every body knows, or may know, what an "organ" means, who will take the trouble of attending, in a Roman Catholic or English Chapel, of a Sabbath afternoon;

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* Vide Aulus Gellius, lib. i., cap. 9.

"Where, in more lengthened notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow."

We have likewise "organs of speech," and "organs of accomplishment," and various other organs, which it is not necessary at present to particularise; from all of which uses of this phrenological term, it is evident that the terms of the science are deeply and widely rooted in the language of the country. Phrenology itself is a compound of "phrenzy;" a term which has long obtained, and which, though never, perhaps, so justly and expressively applied, as it is in the present instance, to the founders and abettors of this wonderful system, was still understood of old times, and yet keeps its ground, notwithstanding that recent innovation upon its rights and privileges which has taken place. "To be in a phrenzy," every body understands as being overcharged with "organs," with that οργη, rage or anger, which lies at the bottom of the term; and hence a Phrenologist is neither more than less than a revival, under a new aspect, of the old school of the "Phrenetics," of whom we find the following definition in Johnson's Dictionary:—"Phrenetics imagine they see that '*without*,' which their imagination is affected with '*within*.'" Now, Sir, I refer to yourself, and to every *fair* and candid reasoner, whether or not the "Phrenetics" have anticipated the Phrenologists. According to this definition, the sects are expressly the same. "The Phrenetics imagine that they see that *without* which their imagination is affected with within," and is not this the case likewise with the "Phrenologist?" Does not he, too, see all the propensities and faculties of the internal soul on the outside of the human skull? Does not he maintain, and with good reason, that, by looking outwardly, instead of inwardly, by making use of your fingers and a pair of craniological compasses, one may survey, measure, and ascertain, the whole breadth and length, the whole height and depth, of the mental faculties of man? I hate, Sir, I detest giving new names to old things; it is robbing our great and renowned forefathers of their due. The "Phrenetics" are assuredly entitled to all the merit of invention or discovery upon this interesting subject; and unless Spurzheim, with all his "cloud of witnesses," chuse to doff their new-fangled appellation, and resume the ancient and legitimate designation of their order, and profess themselves "Phrenetics" at once, I do not see that they are entitled to much consideration on the score of novelty or invention. They may indeed possess the merit of able and indefatigable interpreters and exemplifiers; but this is all; they can justly lay claim to nothing more. Thus, Sir, have I brought my argument to that conclusion to which I was all along endeavouring to conduct you, by a show of close and sober inductive reasoning. Phrenology, then, is not a novelty; it has prevailed in all ages, and is, in fact,

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* *Vide* "Outlines," p. 5.—"The system is a *fact* in nature!!!" and "none can know the fact without examination!" &c. &c. &c.

"As old as the Creation."

To what practical or useful results does all this development of facts and principles lead? Are there any useful purposes, besides those already hinted at "en passant," to which this mighty engine may be turned? In my opinion, there are a great many; but, after writing till every sinew and nerve of my right hand is cramped, I can only command patience to particularize one purpose, with which I shall, for the present, conclude.

It is a well-known "fact,"—for, like the philosophical brotherhood of whose favourite subject we are discoursing, we are extremely fond of, and, in *fact*, deal in facts,—it is a *fact* well known, that, as the mental powers more completely evolve into size and into action—as the frontal bone spreads out into elevation and compass, the posterior department is proportionally narrowed, flattened, and compressed. Hence we find, that nations, in the earlier and less-civilized stages of their progress, are extremely prolific. They are constantly doubling their number, in five, seven, ten, and twenty years, and are, of consequence, flying off, in thousands of colonists, to adjoining and less-closely-peopled countries. But when science has gained a footing—when intellect has come into prominent play—when writers of distinguished merit have arisen to form, and critics to guide the public taste, then it is that the population languishes, and comes to a stand, or even to an actual decrease, from a want of supply. And then it is, as in the highly-polished and intellectual age of Augustus, that laws and constitutions are made and established, in order to promote matrimony. Then it is that we hear of the "jus trium liberorum," of the fines upon "old bachelors," with all that hot-house code of artifice which is so inadequate to the great end proposed. Now, all this effort is unavailing—and why? simply for this reason, that you cannot compel an intellectual front into matrimony; and if you would, or did, what would be the consequence? Look at the intellectual world around you; summon into your presence those distinguished authors, reviewers, advocates, professors, and philosophers in general, who are at once the boast and the ornament of the present age, and then put yourself to the trouble of counting over their wives, and reckoning up the amount of their children! what a sorry "sum-total" you will come to! One single Yorkshire boor, or Angus-shire farmer, would out-wive and out-child them all! Now, what I propose is this: Let us have no more *acts* upon such a subject, but let the Legislature of this country, of their wisdom, select a certain number of individuals in every city, county, clachan, and parish, whose bumps may indicate their qualifications, and let these individuals be set apart for the express purpose of keeping up, at the least possible trouble and expence, the national population, whilst the great mass of national intellect is devoted to other and more spiritual objects—to the mysteries of chemistry, the depths of ethics, the heights of snow, and the lengths and the breadths of philosophy. Every thing is effected, and effected to the greatest general advantage, by a division of labour; and it is an extremely inconvenient, not to say unseemly thing, to see a member summoned from the Senate-house, a chemist called from his apparatus, or a clergyman attracted from his books, merely to attend to those duties which thousands who have little else to do, and who, in fact, are good for little else, could perform so much better.

The ladies, too, the lovely "twelve-thirteenth" proportion of our species, would have every reason to bless the Legislature for such an arrangement. In how many instances, as things stand at present, are they not put to an infinity of fruitless and vexatious trouble! My very heart bleeds, when I see a new arrival of a young unmarried gentleman into one of our numerous and populous county towns. He may be independent by patrimony, or he may have made his money somewhat rapidly in India,—he may have come to visit a friend, or simply to see the country; in all, and in every such case, he immediately, and of necessity, becomes, as matters now stand, an object of speculation. All the guns of the female battery, which is, on all such occasions, well and numerously appointed, are directed against him. One observes his hours of walking, and carefully selects a blowy day, that she may pass him blushing and embarrassed,—another passes the window of his dressing-room, looking the other way, but displaying, at the same time, a reasonable proportion of ankle,—another gets herself asked to an evening-party where the stranger is to be, and seems to take a vast interest in an old woman, his grandmother, of whom he chances to discourse. The mercer rejoices in all this, for he sells ribbons, and all manner of female dress, of the very newest fashion,—the shoemaker rejoices in all this, for he sells shoes that are worn by street-pacing, and that shew off the feet most divinely,—the perfumer, too, has reason to rejoice, for his new-year's-day bill is considerably swelled on this occasion;—and what, after all this use of means, this waste of anxiety and labour, does this walking, and visiting, and dressing, and simpering, and speaking *at*, amount to?—It terminates in the discovery, in nine instances out of ten, that the gentleman is not a marrying man; in other words, as the Phrenologist would express it, that he is deficient in the occipital bumps, and may not, can not, be caught—he is not "catchable!" Now, according to my proposal, all this inconvenience would be avoided. Those individuals who had been fixed upon as eligible into the matrimonial state, would be marked and known; and a lady would no more point her address and fascination against a philosopher or a man of science, than she would ogle Arthur's-Seat or Salisbury Crags. She would know distinctly when to bait her hook, and, being possessed of this knowledge, she would seldom, if ever, fish in vain. Yours, &c.

PHRENOLOGOS

Skull-Hall, March 9, 1824.

Lord Lindsay, a Ballad.

PART I.

THE moon rides high in the clear blue sky,
And the lake lies calm and bright;
But on that bright lake, where no rude waves break,
A deed must be done to-night.

Ha! do you mark yon lonely bark
That leaves the darken'd shore?
It spreads no sail to catch the gale,
But I see the glancing oar.

No sailor he for the boisterous sea
Who rows that shallop small;
Yet with him are none, as he hastens on,
Whilst the moonbeams round him fall.

In that soft light, his plumes so white
Wave gaily o'er his brow;
And the sabre bright of a warrior Knight
Hangs by his side below.

And now no more he plies his oar,
Though far from land is he,
And the lake beneath lies still as death,
And the stars are twinkling silently.

He looks around, but not a sound
Falls on his anxious ear;
Yet on his brow you may mark, e'en now,
A transient shade of fear.

That shade has gone—he has stoop'd him down,
That warrior high and proud—
He has stoop'd him down, and his arms are thrown
Around a lady's shroud;

And a lady fair is lying there
All deadly cold and pale,
And her golden hair, in ringlets rare,
Moves in the silent gale;

And a wound is seen, where the sword has been,
In her fair but blood-stain'd breast;
The wild-bird's song, her bowers among,
No more will break her rest.

Hark! 'twas a plunge in these waters bright—
That lady is seen no more—
Shuddering starts the youthful Knight,
And returns to the distant shore.

But there is one who has stood alone,
Unseen on the winding shore;
He has mark'd the deed, and with care and speed
Has sought Lord Ronald's door.

In Lord Ronald's to-night the lamps blaze bright,
And guests are in the hall;
And tale and song the mirth prolong,
And splendour gleams o'er all.

But the fairest far is that lovely star
Who shines by her father's side;
The heavens have smil'd on Lord Ronald's child,
And to-night she is Lindsay's bride.

And where art thou, Lord Lindsay, now?
Must the bridal wait for thee?
The feast is set, and the guests are met,
But the bridegroom, where is he?

And why does Randolph, stern and proud,
Stalk through the hall alone?
Why looks he on the festive crowd
Till mirth and smiles have flown?

Long, long he strove to gain the love
Of Ronald's beauteous child;
But vain his aim, for Lindsay came—
The maid on Lindsay smil'd.

What then has brought, unwish'd, unsought,
Lord Randolph here to-night?
Comes he to see the bridal glee,
Or comes he to prove his right?

He has stopp'd by the side of the blushing bride,
And he gazes upon her cheek;
He has stopp'd by the side of the blushing bride,
Yet he deigns not a word to speak.

But, hark! a sound is echoed round,
And gladness beams on all,
For a youthful Knight, like a burst of light,
Enters the glittering hall.

Within, without, a deafening shout
Proclaims Lord Lindsay's name;
Well lov'd is he by the brave and free,
And well known on the field of fame.

In that fair light, his plumes so white
Wave gaily o'er his brow;
And the sabre bright of a warrior Knight,
Hangs by his side below.

On his Ellen's face he has fix'd his gaze,
And he smiles on his lovely bride;
But, ha! why now, with that gloomy brow,
Is Randolph so near her side?

He has seiz'd her hand, and they silent stand,
Before the altar-stone;
But, ha! why now, with that stern dark brow,
Presses Lord Randolph on?

He tears her away from Lindsay's side,
And steps himself between;
Flash his eyes with an angry pride,
And stern is his haughty mien.

"Lord Ronald! shame on thy hoary head,
And shame on thy father's land,
If, when your only child you wed,
A murderer gain her hand!"

There was silence deep, like the silence of sleep,
Through all that lofty hall,
There was silence deep as in dungeon-keep,
Or beneath the shroud and pall.

An instant more, and like torrent's roar,
A sound through the silence broke—
'Twas stern and loud, 'twas fierce and proud,
'Twas Lindsay's voice that spoke.

"Oh few there be who thus, like thee,
Have Lindsay's wrath defied;
And even thou, proud Thane, might'st know,
That when they did, they died!

"Oh few there be who thus, like thee,
Have Lindsay's fame decried;
Thou craven-lord, by this good sword,
I tell thee thou hast lied!"

He said, and both their weapons seize,
And fling their sheaths away—
But, ha! what dark red spots are these
That dim that sabre's ray?

Lord Lindsay's cheek, though he did not speak,
From fiery-red grew pale;
There was fear in his look, and his young limbs shook,
And his weapon powerless fell.

Gleam'd Randolph's eyes, in glad surprise,
When he gaz'd on the bloody steel;
"Oh! the murderer's hand, and the murderer's brand,
The saints themselves reveal!

"'Twas a puny bark, and the night was dark,
And the world was fast asleep;
And there was not a sound heard all around,
And the lake was black and deep:

"But there was one who stood alone,
Unseen on the winding shore,
He mark'd thy deed, and with care and speed
He sought Lord Ronald's door.

"Kneel down, kneel down, and frankly own
Thy guilt, thou warrior proud;
In whose fair side that sword didst you hide?
Whom wrapp'd you in yonder shroud?"

Lord Lindsay stood in anxious mood,
But dared not try to speak,
In anxious mood, while the mantling blood
Again regain'd his cheek.

At length a voice of stifled woe
From his inmost heart was sent—
"Nay, grieve not so, my sweet bride, know,
Thy Lindsay still is innocent."

His young bride's eye gave quick reply;
She smil'd through many a tear;
"Lindsay!" she said, "my grief has fled,
And hush'd is every fear:

"Whether soon or late, we shall meet our fate,
To Heaven's will resign'd;
And, Lindsay, thou full well may'st know
Our fates are intertwin'd."

PART II.

LONG months roll'd on, the Spring was gone,
And Summer's radiance past;
And Autumn's bowers, and Autumn's flowers,
Had wither'd in the blast;

And the wild winds blow, as the drifting snow
Comes down on hill and glen;
Birds sing not now, on the high green bough,
For Winter frowns again.

The morn has broke, Dunedin's smoke
Floats through the cold blue sky,
Like purple shroud, or golden cloud,
A splendid canopy;

And far below, a princely show,
Dunedin's turrets gleam;
And the morning light is dancing bright
On Forth's majestic stream.

And the morning gale has fill'd the sail
Of many an anxious bark
That had hasten'd on, before the sun,
When the waves around were dark.

And many a Knight, in his armour dight,
Is bounding o'er the tide,
And thousands more, by the winding shore,
In haste on their chargers ride.

Sounding afar, has the trump of war
Been o'er the nation sent?
Or go they to hold, these warriors bold,
Some princely tournament?

They ride in speed, and the trampling steed
Is heard as he passes by;
But no smile, I ween, on their lip is seen,
No gay glance in their eye.

Full well may you know that they speed not now
The might of their swords to prove,
Nor yet to ride in the lists so wide,
For the sake of their ladies' love.

But in silence and woe those warriors go,
To gaze on a sight of fear;
And many an eye, that has long been dry,
Will shed the unbidden tear.

He who so oft, in the midst of the fight,
Had flash'd like a beam on their eyes;
The brave and the free, by their King's decree,
To-day as a murderer dies.

And they go to gaze on his youthful face,
E'er the axe on his neck shall gleam;
And they go to gaze on the manly grace
That must pass away as a dream.

Hear you the tread, like the tramp of the dead,
As yon mournful crowd draws near?
Every tongue is dumb, but the muffl'd drum
Strikes on the startled ear.

They dare not speak, but they gaze on his cheek,
And his clear and sparkling eye;
And they mark him mount, with unchanging front,
That platform black and high.

He mounts not alone, for beside him is one
Of a fairer and gentler form;—
Ah! she once was his bride, and she clings to his side
Like a lily that bends in the storm.

• • • • •

A stranger stood among the crowd,
And care was on his brow;
He stood array'd in a peasant's plaid,
But a fair sword gleam'd below.

"I pray you, Sir Knight, by your sword so bright,"
Said the dark and the lonely man;
(And a deep blush broke, as he faintless spoke,
O'er his cheek that was erst so wan;)

"I pray you, Sir Knight, by your sword so bright,
And by yonder sunny sky;
So tell me the cause why the King and the laws
Have condemn'd that youth to die?"

The Knight look'd down, with a haughty frown,
On the stranger's care-worn frame;
"Thou peasant slave! are the deeds of the brave
So little known to fame?

"On Lindsay's face you have fix'd your gaze,
While tears start to your eyes;
The brave and the free, by his King's decree,
To-day as a murderer dies.

"Aye, slave! look now on that noble brow,
For you never may look again;
That youthful Knight, in the clear moonlight,
Slew Ellen of Deloraine.

"The maid had come from her native home,
Her home was far away;
But Lindsay's smile, and Lindsay's guile,
Had taught her feet to stray.

"And she thought to wed, that simple maid,
The Knight she lov'd so well;
But on Lindsay smil'd Lord Ronald's child,
The bright-eyed Isobel.

"The lake was deep, and the world asleep,
When they met on the silent shore;
'Twas a fatal night, his dagger was bright,
And Ellen was seen no more!

"And there are those, who were Lindsay's foes,
Who speak of sound heard by none;
Of the stifl'd breath, and the struggle of death,
And the shriek and the dying groan.

"But thy cheek is pale in the morning gale,
And phrenzy is in thine eye:
And thy troubled breast, with grief opprest,
Heaves many a lengthen'd sigh."

"Sir Knight, pass on, thy task is done,
But mark yon scaffold well;
For the Lord may save the free and the brave,
For love, and life, and Isobel."

The young Knight rais'd his head and gaz'd
Upon the scene of woe;
The axe gleams high, but the startled eye
Dares not behold the blow.

"Farewell, farewell, dear Isobel,
Forget not Lindsay's love;
Oh, weep not so, for well you know
There is a scene above!"

He quits the maid—his neck is laid
Beneath the fatal steel;
And who can tell, though hid so well,
What pangs his heart may feel?

The axe gleams high, a steady eye
Prepares the mortal blow;
"He shall not die—'twas I! 'twas I!"
A stranger scream'd below.

And as he spoke, the fatal stroke
Suspended hung in air;
He reach'd the place, disclos'd his face,
It was the young St. Clair.

" Away! away! what—would you slay
The noblest flow'r of Tweed?
'Twas I, 'twas I, by yon bright sky,
'Twas I who did the deed!

" *I* lur'd sweet Ellen from her home—
Her home beyond the sea;
She left her father's princely dome,
Fond maid! for love and me.

" But love grows old, and love grows cold,
And bright eyes please no more;
I hoped to wed a nobler maid,
And Ellen's reign was o'er.

"Yet she would speak, with mantling cheek,
Of all the vows I made;
And with a pride she would not hide,
My perjur'd heart upbraid.

" I saw her bleed—oh! that the deed
Were blotted from my brain!
'Twas a calm clear night, when my sabre bright
Slew Ellen of Deloraine.

My strength was gone, I threw me down
By her fair and lifeless form;
I lay on the rack, and the heav'ns were black,
And I heard the howling storm.

" Yet the moon shone bright, with her silver light,
And the sky above was blue;
I heard a sound, I look'd around,
And Lindsay's voice I knew.

" He was my friend, and long had been,
And I was not betray'd;
He gaz'd upon the dreadful scene,
But she was cold and dead.

" 'Oh! lost St. Clair!' I heard him cry,
'Thy life is in its prime,
Thou wilt not, must not, darest not die—
Go, and repent thy crime.'

" I spake not a word, but he took my sword
And gave his own to me;
I mounted his steed, and, with woe and speed,
I fled alone and silently.

" I have wander'd far, but my heart's deep scar
Was ne'er by wand'ring heal'd;
My wretched life with pain was rife,
And I wish'd not my crime conceal'd.

" I have come to die 'neath my country's sky,
My bitter woes to end,
I have come to save the faithful and brave—
My best, my only friend."

Oh! then broke out a deafening shout,
That o'er Dunedin rung;
And mountains round gave back the sound
Prolong'd by Echo's tongue.

And twenty thousand lips proclaim'd
Lord Lindsay's honour'd name;
And twenty thousand lips proclaim'd
Lord Lindsay's well-won fame!

Lord Lindsay rais'd his eye and gaz'd
Upon his own lov'd Isobel,
Oh! volumes spoke in that short look,
And in her Lindsay's arms she fell.

H. G. B.

The Exhibition.

A HASTY glance at the Exhibition of this year enables us only to express our disappointment at the very limited range of talent which it displays. In every thing save landscape, it is more than indifferent; even in portrait there is nothing of uncommon excellence; in the higher walk of history, nothing either good, bad, or indifferent; and in the school of familiar and vulgar life, only a very few which deserve notice. Wilkie sends two specimens, both good, particularly Duncan Gray, No. 15.; but neither calculated in any way to increase his reputation. The scene from the Gentle Shepherd is sweetly painted; but why copy poor Bauldy's countenance from the Jew clarionet-player in the Enraged Musician? A more Hebrew visage never graced a synagogue. There are several clever pieces, in rather a lower style, by Geikie, painted with great force, but rather hard in outline and colouring. The Cobler's Stall (No. 22.) seems to us the best specimen of his manner. We observe, also, a multitude of scenes of the same cast, by an artist of the name of Pairman, in which we are quite at a loss to say whether the conception or execution is worst. A great deal, we think, might be said on both sides.

In portrait, the Exhibition cannot, of course, be said to be entirely deficient, while the names of John and George Watson are to be found in the Catalogue. We have seen the former, however, to more advantage; and in this Exhibition his most ambitious performances are by no means the most successful. His large portrait of the Earl of Hopetoun is by no means a pleasing picture—vague and undecided in its appearance, and singularly inferior to his usual efforts. The small portrait, Francis Grant, Esq. of Kilgraston, in his dress as Ensign to the Knight Mareschal, is every way superior. The portrait of Lord Cringletie, by George Watson, is admirable—one of the finest likenesses we ever saw; and his large painting of Sir Evan Macgregor Murray is excellent, both in drawing and colouring.

The real strength of the Exhibition, however, consists in landscape, and in this department it maintains its character. Mr H. W. Williams has fifteen paintings, the Rev. J. Thomson seven, William Simpson six, Andrew Wilson eight; and almost every one of these admirable in its way. Nothing can be more solemnly magnificent than Mr Thomson's two Views of Fast Castle, particularly No. 20.; or more beautiful than his painting of Innerwick Castle (No. 110.): it has all the repose and depth of Gaspar Poussin. His view from the grounds of Hillside, (No. 47.) which is in the same style, we do not like so much; the effect is rather muddy. Prestonpans is also an admirable painting; and the others, though less interesting, are still in the first style of the art. It would be difficult to select, from Mr Williams' Grecian Views, any one entitled to a preference over the others. In mere beauty of execution, perhaps the rich sunset view of Athens, with the long embowering shadows of the foreground, and the picturesque figures that diversify it, is the finest; but there is something to us inexpressibly striking in the desolation of the Acropolis—the long, unbroken slope of a dusky autumnal yellow, and the small figures in the middle-ground almost vanishing in shadow. His large panoramic views of Edinburgh, from a distance, we scarcely think very happily selected; but there are a few studies and small compositions painted with admirable boldness and force. No. 29. appears to us particularly fine.

We are delighted with Mr Wilson's landscapes. His style is exquisitely captivating, and yet astonishingly simple. No one who had not seen No. 11. entitled "View on the Frith of Forth, Evening," could imagine how much effect the artist has produced from the simple materials of a calm ocean, a lowering sky, a long track of land almost unvaried in its outline, in the distance, and a single figure seated on the beach, in the foreground. The View of Leith Roads from the west of Newhaven Pier, (No. 41.) is equally striking; and Burntisland, (No. 46.) though we think the buildings ungraceful, and therefore rather too prominently brought out, is, in some parts, the finest painting in the Exhibition. The boats and figures in the foreground have all the brilliant clearness of Callcott.

Mr Simpson, whose style has a peculiar breadth and boldness, exhibits a beautiful view on the Esk, near Roslin, with some smaller pieces, of which a simple view on the Water of Leith pleases us most.

We should have been inclined to praise Mr Ewbank's Hannibal's Passage over the Alps exceedingly, were it not so palpable an imitation of the style of Mr Martin. Surely no one who has seen his Joshua can fail to recognise the magnificent cliff, under the town of Gibear, which overhangs the Jewish Chief, in that beautiful landscape.

We recognise one or two fine specimens of Copley Fielding,—a large view of Chepstow, in water colours, which is placed close to Mr Williams, and a composition from the Æneid, in the style of Gasper Poussin. The last is a very striking painting, and full of talent.

What could possibly induce Turner, the first landscape-painter in the world, at this day, to send nothing but a very trumpery water-colour of the Bell-Rock, in a Storm? This is as bad as the caprice which led him to exhibit, the other year, in London, an unintelligible sketch, which he properly enough entitled "What You Will."

J. F. Williams has several very superior landscapes in this Exhibition, and Peter Gibson a very poor one.

The miniatures are few, and indifferent. On the whole, we suppose, the unavoidable conclusion is, that the Exhibition is not improving.

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THE HARUM-SCARUM CLUB.

No. V.

> We trifle all, and he who best deserves
> Is but a trifler. What art thou, whose eye
> Follows my pen? Or what am I that write?
> Both triflers. 'Tis a trifling world!
> *Hurdis.*

MR EDITOR,

Some years ago I was at a penny-wedding, (now a novelty in our quarter of the country,) when the mirth and harmony of the company was interrupted by a nondescript young man, being a kind of cross-breed between the beau and the bully. He was known in the village, and indeed over the parish, by the nickname of Cobbett, from the loudness and frequency with which he sounded the praises of that versatile and unprincipled demagogue. At the nuptial festivity to which I have alluded, he became officiously troublesome to the rustic maidens, and swaggeringly impertinent with their admirers. A knot of young fellows in the opposite end of the rural ball-room, provoked by his impudence, said aloud, it was a pity nobody would turn that blustering fool Cobbett out of doors. The sound of the well-known appellation caught his ear, and strutting up to the party in a threatening attitude, he, in the style of Ancient Pistol, demanded who had had the insolence to call him Cobbett? shew him the man who would dare to pronounce such a word in his hearing, and he would dash every tooth in the lubber's head down his throat! The young man who had uttered the offensive appellation, veering round in the crowd, came behind this Bobadil, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, cried, "What is the matter? Who has offended you, Cobbett?" With clenched fist, and extended arm, the bully turned fiercely round; but seeing his antagonist, endeavoured to clothe his face in a smile, and in an easy tone replied, "Oh! is this you, Charlie?—I'll no hinder you to ca' me Cobbett; but d——n these riff-raff if they dare offer to tak' sic freedoms."

Now, Mr Editor, to apply my story; my feelings were much of a kin with Cobbett's, when I read my own "eventful history" in the Fourth Number of the Harum-Scarum Club, inserted in your Miscellany, till I turned over and saw the name of my good friend Democritus as the author, when I again felt like Cobbett; whether my motives were the same, it is not my province to say. Even after the discovery, I felt half inclined to be angry; but prudence suggested to put a good face on the matter, and join in the laugh against myself. The paper might be actionable, for it has been decided that truth is a libel; but I should be ashamed to prosecute, when conscious that the whole is true. Besides, I have no inclination to quarrel with my friends; but as one good turn deserves another, I shall consider myself indebted to the Dominie, till his folly, or my good fortune, enables me to repay him in his own coin.

In the mean time, I have the pleasure of informing you, that the impending storm which hovered above my head has begun to dissipate. The independence which I have displayed, and the threats which I held out in Number Third, have had their desired effect. The respectable lady there mentioned has since honoured me so far as to write me a card, requesting me to favour her with a loan of Moore's Loves of the Angels; and you know, Mr Editor, no woman of character will stoop to solicit a favour from a man whom she despises. I have also had the pleasure of drinking tea with more than one of the coterie, and been agreeably entertained with some of their literary criticisms, which displayed more acumen than I expected. The Provost has likewise hinted to a friend, that he conceives himself honoured by the insertion of his very ingenious illustration and solution of the philosophical question, which had uzzled almost every head in the Town Council. I have recently had occasion to appear before him in my official capacity, when he was on the bench, and have observed that he listened to my pleadings with more respectful attention; and if he has occasion to address me, it is with greater complacency of manner than formerly.

All this, Mr Editor, may appear egotism and sheer vanity; but to both of these foibles I am as much a stranger as the Preacher in the Caledonian Chapel, Hatton Garden; and, like him, I write *pro bono publico.* I therefore advise every man, who either expects to rise, or wishes to maintain his place in society, like me, to shew himself prepared to resist and resent every attack, from whatever quarter; and always to bear in mind our national badge and motto, *Nemo me impune lacesset;* and shall conclude my advice, with commending to your readers the following couplet, which I have somewhere seen:

This world's a stage, and they who act thereon
Must either play their parts, or else be played upon.

I now annex copies of the sey-pieces produced by the new members mentioned in the communication by Democritus. The first I have to record is the production of a young man on whom Nature has bestowed talents, but whose niggard fortune has denied means and opportunity for their cultivation. He is at present a working mechanic, and literature is only the amusement of those leisure hours which are often spent in pleasures less rational, and more expensive. Modest and unassuming, the muse is

His shame in crowds, his solitary pride.

He prefaced his recitation with the following remarks: "For the tradition of the tale which I am about to rehearse, I have been recently indebted to a friend, who sent me a long and circumstantial account, containing many particulars of which I have not availed myself. There were other actors in the drama; and the ultimate catastrophe of the priest was different, and less natural than I have represented it, indeed evidently fabulous. I have preserved the names given in my friend's letter, not having an opportunity of learning whether they were affixed by him, or if they have been preserved with the traditionary story,—if the latter, the similarity of the priest's to that of Cardinal Beaton, and that of the Maiden of Myreton to his last victim, is a remarkable coincidence."

THE
Maiden Stone of Tullibody.

I sing not of Arcadian plains,
Angelic maids and seraph swains,
Where suns, in cloudless glory bright,
Pour forth a flood of lasting light;
Where all is soft, voluptuous ease,
Ambrosial sweets on every breeze;
Young Loves, disporting in the shade,
Reclin'd on flowers that never fade,
While transport brightens every eye,
And rapture swells in every sigh,
Health breathing in the balmy air,
Nor head nor heart oppress'd with care.
No: Caledonia claims my lay,
And gladly I the call obey:
Land of my birth! dear is thy clime,
Thy mountains hoar that rise sublime,
Thy rude grey rocks, thy heath-clad hills,
Thy broad blue lakes, thy crystal rills,
Gay waving woods, rich fruitful plains,
Straw-covered cots and happy swains;
Thy maidens, fair as summer morn,
Blithe as the blackbird on the thorn,
Whose modest blushes grace their charms;
Thy sons, renown'd in arts and arms,
For labour strong, in battle brave,
On martial field or stormy wave.
And oh! to me how dear the glen
Which I shall never tread again!
How lightly there stole by the hour,
When, in the mantling birchen bow'r,
I met the modest blushing fair,
Sweet as the fragrance breathing there,
Pure as the dew-drops on the spray!
How pleasant o'er the mead to stray,
Or lead her down the flow'ry dell,
And, leaning, press the heather-bell!
These guileless joys, dear to the heart,
No foreign clime could e'er impart;
Though fled, like phantom of the night,
Love's sunny morn of young delight;
When Time has chill'd, or changed the scene,
'Tis bliss to muse on what has been:
Thus, when the fair is absent from his arms,
The lover feasts his soul upon her pictur'd charms.

Enough—yet should this verse be read
By one whose heart, like mine, has bled

O'er early friendships, now no more,
And joys which Time can ne'er restore;
Who, when he bears his country's name,
Still feels the kindling patriot flame;
Whose mountains, cloth'd in wintry snow,
Shed round his heart a fervid glow;
Who loves to tread her misty vales,
And listen to her howling gales;
Who, when the angry ocean roars,
And foams on her indented shores,
Hears melody when sea-birds scream,
And music in the mountain stream;
Though rude my hand, and harsh my strain,
To him I shall not harp in vain:
And though he cannot shout applause,
Yet sympathizing in the cause,
Approves this tribute to his country due,
While I, in artless verse, my simple tale pursue.

Macneil, with softly Doric song,
Stray'd Fortha's winding banks along;
To castled cliff, and mansion gay,
Delighted, pour'd his rural lay;
But still remains a classic spot,
By him neglected or forgot:
'Tis Tullibody, yet unsung,
A name that flows from many a tongue;
A thousand years have nearly flown
Since Kenneth rais'd the sacred stone,
As witness of the compact sworn
To curb and crush the Pictish horn:
Its holy fane, in after days,
For mattin songs and vesper lays,
Rear'd when King David rul'd the land,
Unroof'd by Gallia's hostile band,
When Reformation's dawning light
Dispell'd the shades of Papal night;
But still it lives in modern fame,
And bears an Abercromby's name;
Him who the brave to battle led,
On Egypt's sands who fought and bled;
But nobler lays become his shrine,
And fitter hands for him should twine
The laurell'd wreath, that long shall bloom
In lasting verdure on his tomb.
Be mine to tell, in simple rhyme,
A legend of the olden time;
Though, haply, some in Devon's vale
Yet sigh, when musing o'er the tale;
And Beauty tighter draws her virgin zone,
While with a watery eye she views the Maiden Stone.

It was before pale Scotia sigh'd
And wept o'er Flodden's fatal day,
When lazy priests, in haughty pride,
O'er high and low usurp'd the sway;
When Cambuskenneth pour'd her train
Of drones, to fatten on the plain,
A priest in Tullibody stood,
And weekly bow'd before the rood;
Tradition says, the same in name
With him who, "damn'd to lasting fame,"
O'er Scotland bore tyrannic sway,
With pontiff pride, in latter day;
Who gloating, gaz'd upon the flood
Of Mill's and Wishart's martyr'd blood;
Till Norman Leslie's daring hand }
Sheath'd in his heart the deadly brand, }
And of a monster rid the land.
The priest of whom my song I frame,
In principle and heart the same;
By Nature form'd with manly grace,
And meekly sanctimonious face;
Of fluent speech, and honied tongue,
In features fair, in years still young:
Look in his face, it seem'd design'd
The index of a spotless mind;
But soon appear'd—the heart laid bare—
A foul errata written there.
In capitals, there one might trace
Ambition's lofty, boundless aim,
And lordly pride, like all his race,
And fleshly lust's unhallow'd flame.
He well could frame his accents meek,
To hide his rage or malice dire;
The glow that lighted up his cheek
Was kindled at unholy fire;
The tear that trembled in his eye,
When sinners kneel'd—his public pray'r,
With hands uplifted to the sky—
Each had its end—a secret snare:
Hypocrisy, with mask devout,
His sins disguis'd—all fair without,
No spot was seen; but all was foul within,
His heart a bloated mass of vice and secret sin.

So eloquent, so meek, so pure,
This priest was deem'd o'er all his cure,
He still a hearty welcome found,
The board for him with dainties crown'd;
And Myreton's laird, whose moral worth
Was not excell'd from Tay to Forth,
For Beaton had such fond regard,
The priest in half his pleasures shar'd;
He with the squire would often dine,
With social talk they quaff'd their wine;
And swift the light-wing'd hours would pass,
For Beaton lov'd a sparkling glass:
But though he felt his bosom warm,
When set beside the mantling bowl,
Yet Myreton had a nobler charm,
A spell that bound him heart and soul;
For Martha Wishart's face was fair
As fabling poet ever drew;
No gem could with her eye compare,
No star so bright in ether blue;
Young Love seem'd there to lurk perdue,
And bathe his wings in liquid light,
More pure than morning's early dew,
Or summer's sun serenely bright.

The music of her melting voice
Bespoke the gentle, spotless mind;
It might have made despair rejoice,
And charm'd the foe of human kind.
Both parents fondly lov'd the maid,
Their only child, their pride and joy;
And she such filial love repaid,
Their hopes had never known alloy.
And Beaton look'd, and dar'd to love,
Yea, dote upon this spotless flow'r:
So looks the vulture on the dove,
When he would Innocence devour!
The fire that sparkled in his eye
Still brightest shone when she was by;
His eloquence more softly flow'd,
His ruddy cheek more richly glow'd;
So far the priest could not controul
The strong emotions of his soul.
Though holy mother Church had said,
No priest should mount the marriage bed,
She knew they lov'd; but always kind,
Was to her children's frailties blind:
And Beaton dearly lov'd to twine
Love's blooming rose with Bacchus' vine;
Well skill'd in each insidious art,
To win the unsuspecting heart;
For he had vanquish'd virgin charms;
He knew to fan the youthful flame,
How best to win the wanton dame,
And lure the bashful to his arms;
But here it was his constant care
With piety to bait the snare;
No talk of love the maid could lure,
For Martha's virgin heart was pure
As Lady Alva's web of snow [*],
That mocks the sun's meridian glow,
Whose influence oft is shed in vain,
When May with flow'rs has deckt the plain;
As pure, but not so cold was Martha's heart,
Ah! little skill'd to shun the sly seducer's art!

Alas! that Love should e'er inspire
A beauteous maiden's guileless breast,
With all his fine ethereal fire,
To harbour there a worthless guest!
But Eve was by the serpent charm'd,
Without Love's soul-subduing smile;
What wonder Martha's heart was warm'd,
When Love was leagued with serpent guile.
Her father deem'd the table graced,
If Tullibody's priest was there;
And Martha every hour embraced
His winning eloquence to share;
For veil'd in Wisdom's solemn guise,
Persuasion dwelt upon his tongue;
And while his person fix'd her eyes,
Her ears in fond attention hung.
His visits made the maiden glad,
And brighter shone her melting eye;
When he departed, she was sad,
And sigh'd, although she knew not why.
Still new attractions were display'd,
And still her admiration grew;
And Myreton's Martha, hapless maid!
Had lost her heart before she knew:
When darkness hover'd round her head,
She felt a void within her breast;
She turn'd upon her sleepless bed,
And wonder'd why she could not rest;
Or if she clos'd her eyes in sleep,
Young Fancy's visions were so bright,
That she would sigh, and sometimes weep,
To wake from dreams of soft delight;
But morn would bring the holy man,
A welcome guest to Myreton's board,
Who still the secret fire would fan,
Now of her heart the sovereign lord.

When Beaton saw the maiden's heart
Was now the victim of his art,
Entangled in his demon toil,
Although he long'd to reap the spoil,
He wish'd the fruit more ripe to see,
Before he shook it from the tree:
Hence, all his art was still essay'd
To lure the heart he had betray'd.
He long had mark'd her taste refin'd,
Her restless, keen, inquiring mind,
That sought to know and understand
The works of Nature's plastic hand;
Of such the priest with her would talk,
Whene'er they took their evening walk:
When seated in the garden bow'r,
The branch, the bud, the leaf, the flow'r,
Afforded an exhaustless store
For Beaton's philosophic lore:
When twilight's gold and purple glow
Smil'd o'er Dumait's lofty brow,
Or when the moon, with silver beam,
Shed trembling light on Devon's stream;
He would direct the maiden's eye
To all the splendours of the sky,
Her boundless fancy roving far
Beyond the orb of evening star;
Till, like a bird on wearied wing,
That sinks where buds and blossoms spring,
So Martha sought a place of rest,
And fix'd her home on Beaton's breast;
And built her bower, and fondly nestled there,
And in the dream of love forgot each earthly care.

Yet was that love still cross'd with fear,
And bath'd her cheek in many a tear;
She knew the Church, in Papal pride,
Allow'd her priests no earthly bride;
Yet Hope would whisper, Myreton's charms
Might lure him from the Church's arms,

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[*] A wreath of snow, which often lies in a hollow of the Ochil Hills till May or June, is called "Lady Alva's web."

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Make him prefer broad lands and gold
To Tullibody's narrow fold—
A blooming, fond, and faithful spouse,
To frigid, dull monastic vows.
Alas! the maiden little knew
The hopes Ambition held to view:
Though still secure stood Papal power,
They saw the distant dark cloud lower,
And, fearful of approaching storm,
Essay'd the phalanx strong to form.
Now Beaton's skill and worth were known,
On secret missions he had gone;
His name had reach'd the Papal chair,
And honours, prospects, rich and fair,
The Church had spread in flatt'ring guise,
To fix the priest's ambitious eyes;
He yet might be, so whisper'd Hope,
A Bishop, Cardinal, and Pope!
Such were the dreams of priestly pride:
And though for Martha's charms he sigh'd,
Yet Myreton's lands, and beauty fair,
Before them were but viewless air;
Though dup'd, his heart with high ambition swell'd,
And from his haughty soul each humbler thought expell'd.

Yet was this cunning, plotting knave
To every sensual vice a slave;
He saw the conquest he had made,
That Love had Martha's heart betray'd;
And watch'd for a propitious hour
To crop this blooming, spotless flower,
Then spurn it, like a worthless weed,
And leave the wounded heart to bleed.
In whispers soft, as coos the dove,
With honied tongue, he told his love;
The maiden heard with raptur'd sighs,
With glowing cheek and glist'ning eyes;
As lovelier seems the blushing rose
When in the dews of morn it glows;
The tear of joy on Martha's cheek,
The melting eye, that seem'd to speak;
Such charms o'er every feature shed,
That Beaton's heart, though cold and dead,
Though hackney'd in the paths of vice,
Like Satan, erst in Paradise,
A moment half relenting stood,
In hesitating, dubious mood,
And shudder'd, as he stretch'd his arms,
To fold such pure angelic charms;
Such power has beauty to controul
And waken conscience in the soul.
But though his indurated heart
Could from its guilty purpose start,
Yet, as he view'd the lovely prize,
And madly gaz'd with gloating eyes,
The fire which in his bosom burn'd
Fix'd his resolve, compunction spurn'd:
And as he led her down the vale,
Again he whisper'd o'er the tale;
And fondly hop'd, by love and flattery's power,
To clasp the blushing fair in wanton Pleasure's bower.
She who has striven in virgin pride,
The glance of secret love to hide,
With burning cheek, and downcast eye,
Sought to suppress the rising sigh,
And felt the blush of maiden shame
Whene'er she heard the favour'd name,
Will feel more sooth than I can say
How Martha joy'd to find her way
With roses strew'd, that shed perfume
More rich than Eden's earliest bloom;
Their sweets as spotless to the view,
As fair, alas! as transient too!
Deep in Balquharn's shrubby glen,
Sequester'd far from human ken,
'Twas there she heard the whisper'd vow
Which tinged her cheek, and smooth'd her brow;
The fondly, faithful cushat dove
Sole witness of the plighted love.
That hallow'd spot had since been dear,
The streamlet music to her ear;
No garden blossoms half so fair
As were the wild-flowers blooming there.
When she went out, before return,
Love led her to Balquharn burn:
Wildly romantic was the scene,
A hillock clad in velvet green;
Behind, a grey rock rudely frown'd,
With heather-bells and wild-thyme crown'd,
While from the fissures in its side
The fox-glove hung in purple pride;
Though shed the rich and golden bloom,
Erewhile that deck'd the waving broom,
Array'd in gay perennial green,
Half round it form'd a shade and screen;
Before her feet, with murmuring din,
A crystal stream fell in the lin;
Above the pool the birch reclin'd,
With hazel, sloe, and woodbine twin'd;
Where finch and linnet, ever gay,
Would twitter on the bending spray.
One evening, seated on the knoll,
In calm serenity of soul,
Far in the west the sun declin'd,
And sunk the Ochil Hills behind;
The maiden join'd the joyous woodland throng,
And thus in melting notes she pour'd her guileless song:

" The summer sun about to rest,
On Alva woods is beaming;
And soon I'll see the dappled west
In gowd and purple gleaming:
On brown hills nods the heather-bell,
The streams like crystal glancing,
On ilka height and bloomy fell
The blithesome lambs are dancing:

" But summer suns will cease to sheen,
Cauld winter round us raving;
And Alva woods, nae langer green,
With leafless branches waving:
The burn now wimpling to the lin,
Where bonny birks are growing,

Will then come down with roaring din,
In drumly torrents rowing.

"But I can meet cauld winter's sna',
And still my heart be cheerie;
Though howling tempests round me blaw,
They canna mak' me eerie;
For faithful love has constant charms,
That never tyne their blossom;
He'll fondly fold me in his arms,
And hide me in his bosom!"

She ceas'd her song; but on her ear
The simple air resounded near;
The mellow tone so softly fell,
The maiden knew the Minstrel well;
And such the magic of the strain,
It tingled in her every vein;
Glad Echo caught the melting sound,
And ere it ceas'd to float around,
The Minstrel's form before the fair
Was humbly, fondly, kneeling there;
And soon, to soothe the maid's alarms,
She's kindly clasp'd in Beaton's arms!
She felt her song had now reveal'd
Her love, before but ill conceal'd;
The crimson-colour'd twilight sky
Was pale before the rich suffusion
On Martha's cheek, although her eye
Flash'd no reproach for this intrusion.
Around, magnificently rude,
Was rich, romantic solitude;
Nature, with softest influence,
Assail'd the maiden's every sense—
Before her sight plac'd many a bloom,
Bore on the breeze a rich perfume;
The blackbird blithe, the cooing dove,
All, all conspir'd to whisper love;
More powerful still the manly charms
Of him who clasp'd her in his arms;
A potent master in the art
That soonest wins the guileless heart.
He saw her glistening, melting eye—
He felt her fond heart softly sigh—
He mark'd the deep blush burning glow—
Her breast, yet pure as mountain snow,
More softly heaving as he press'd,
Her love, her weakness, all confess'd!
The vile seducer felt his power,
The lonely scene, the silent hour,
Conspir'd to frame the wizzard bower,
Where he might stain this spotless flow'r;
His suit he still more fondly press'd,
And strain'd the maiden to his breast;
Insidious Love was smiling by,
His wanton wings resplendent shone;
Deceiver, stop!——nor dare untie
The maiden's mystic, virgin zone!
Must Martha shed the bootless tear,
And mourn o'er Innocence betray'd?
Her guardian angel hovers near,
And sure he'll save the hapless maid!
Yes;—he dissolves the magic spell—
Destroys the net around her spun,
Unveils to view the child of hell,
Before the guilty triumph's won.
Now starts the trembling, frighted fair,
To see a hideous monster glare,
With baleful poison in his eyes;
Her cheek grows pale—her blood runs cold,
Within the tortuous serpent's fold—
She starts—springs up, and frighted flies:
Mimosa shrinks not, more afraid,
Than shudder'd, shrunk, the trembling maid;
Not swifter flies the trembling fawn,
Before the hunter, o'er the lawn;
Not wilder throbs the sky-lark's breast,
When close by murdering falcon press'd;
Not Myreton's hall can soothe her sad alarms,
She weeps, she sobs, and faints within her mother's arms.

Ah! why should suffering Virtue wail,
Or Innocence e'er droop forlorn?
Now Martha's cheek is blanch'd and pale,
Once lovelier than the orient morn.
Listless and dim her downcast eye,
Wasted and wan her slender form;
Long, deep, and sad her rending sigh,
She's sinking in the mental storm!
The deadly fiend has left his den,
And come to Myreton's hall again,
With speeches bland, and pious look;
But Martha's soul with horror shook;
The demon stood expos'd to view,
And sadly shuddering, she withdrew.
Her parents saw, with much surprise,
Keen indignation in her eyes;
They sought the cause—she could not speak;
But blushes deep suffus'd her cheek;
While outrag'd Virtue in her eye
Flash'd like the lightning in the sky;
At last, with faltering tongue, she said,
"My joy on earth is ever fled;
For he I deem'd of seraph race,
Has shown a soul polluted—base!"
High swell'd the wrathful father's ire;
To Beaton death, and vengeance dire,
Was now denounced against the band,
Vile spawn, who thus disgraced the land.
"Ah! say not thus!" the maiden cries,
The big tears streaming from her eyes;
"My heart rebels against my will,
And, to my shame—I love him still;
But while my heart bleeds at its inmost core,
I've sworn before the rood I ne'er will meet him more."

As droops the lily's spotless form,
When blighting frosts molest;
Or some insidious secret worm
Is lurking in its breast;
So sunk the beauteous Martha's head,
The blush, the smile, the glance were fled,

While she in sadness pined;
What pangs the parent's bosom tear,
To see their pride, hope, joy, and care,
On sickly couch reclined!
The maiden rais'd her drooping head,
And thus, with quivering lip, she said,
Soft as the evening zephyr sighs,
When on the cowslip's breast it dies;
"Ah! cease to grieve, my father dear,
And, mother, wipe that bootless tear;
No longer for your daughter sigh—
She cannot hate—but she can die!
And when this scene of sorrow's o'er,
When ill-placed love gives pangs no more,
That he, whose sly, insidious art,
Has broke a guileless maiden's heart,
May ever bear his guilt in mind,
Be my cold lifeless dust enshrin'd
In solid stone—a lasting tomb—
Not buried in earth's mouldy womb,
But placed above, and at the door
Which leads him to the sacred floor;
That every time he enters there,
To offer his unhallow'd prayer,
His eye may rest, his foot may tread,
On injur'd Martha's lonely bed!
And if you wish my troubled spirit rest,
Fulfil, my father dear, your daughter's last request."

The parting scene, the struggle's o'er!
Not softer on the sandy shore
The green wave falls, when zephyrs sleep,
And summer suns shine on the deep,
Than Martha's spirit took its flight,
To mansions of celestial light.
Her cold clay sleeps in its bed of stone,
And the wither'd leaves are round it strewn;
The villagers, when they come to mass,
With sadness look, as they slowly pass;
The maidens weep, and the young men sigh,
Nor rich nor poor pass careless by.
But Beaton's feelings who can tell,
When Sabbath morn, and mattin-bell,
Call'd him to the hallow'd house, to pray,
And the sad *memento* stopp'd his way?
When the traveller, lost on a desert shore,
Hears the vulture scream and the lion roar,
His heart is wither'd in sad dismay;
So Beaton shook o'er the maiden's clay.
To Fancy's eye, her spirit stood
In view, when he bow'd before the rood;
When he on his sleepless couch reclin'd,
He heard her moan on the midnight wind.
To cool the fire of his fever'd brain,
The sparkling cup if he sought to drain,
In the rosy wine she met his eye,
And the banquet turn'd to agony.
To stifle Conscience' loud alarms,
He sought a venal wanton's arms;
But the syren smile seem'd a serpent hiss,
And fire and flame in her burning kiss!
When the sun shone bright in the noon-tide sky,
Still Martha's image met his eye;
Her spirit stood in the hallow'd door,
And cried, "You must enter here no more!"
Thus frantic, shunn'd, and shunning men,
The maniac died in the dim-wood glen.
The mists of Rome and monks are fled,
And purer light is round us shed;
The reign of Papal power is gone;
But still remains the MAIDEN STONE,
To meet the passing stranger's eye,
And fix his mind on times gone by.

The next candidate was a land-surveyor, who had first brought himself into notice by a smart repartee to a country gentleman, who was attempting to be witty at his expence. The squire, like a generous enemy, prized his antagonist for his spirited defence; employed him to survey his estate, and gave him his patronage; in consequence of which he is now in a lucrative business. He is witty, rather than humorous; with a satirical propensity, which it requires the remonstrances of his friends to keep within due bounds. Yet it might be said of him, as of the Earl of Dorset, in the Augustan age of good Queen Anne, "the best-natured man, witht he worst-natured muse," for he is generous and warm-hearted, hates vice and hypocrisy, but loves mankind; and although he seldom spares the foibles of his best friends, his attacks are always made in their presence; for he says, the man who could satirise or ridicule the absent, is no better than the assassin who stabs in the dark. When he applied for admission into the Club, it was resolved to receive him, for the same reason that lemons are squeezed over the punch-bowl. On the present occasion he recited

The Nine Trades.

SHAKESPEARE sung "the Seven Ages,"
From life's earliest opening bloom;
Briefly sketch'd its various stages,
From the cradle to the tomb.

Nine professions I would mention,
Could I make the verse to chime;
Each deserving your attention—
Worthy all of nobler rhyme.

Look not for poetic varnish,
I'm a rude, unletter'd swain;
No Parnassian Muse brings garnish
Flowers to deck my doggrel strain.

See where first the Gospel Preacher
Comes commission'd from above ;
Truth finds him a faithful teacher,
Messenger of Peace and Love :

He joins practice with profession ;
Less can others well content ;
Some have zeal without discretion,
Running where they ne'er were sent.

Some, when rich, and fat, and lazy,
Shear the fleece, not feed their flocks ;
Mystic flights make others crazy,
Guide-posts—no, they're stumbling-blocks !

We have preaching politicians,
Tools of power and earthly thrones ;
Pert, pedantic rhetoricians ;
Dozing, dull, and vulgar drones.

Some, like Boanerges bawling,
Shake the heart and stun the ear ;
Others, whining, whimpering, drawling,
Wiping still the maudlin tear.

Some for Paul, and some Apollos,
Warm in sect or party's flame ;
Arminus this, that Calvin follows ;
Some seek nothing but a name.

Here, see meekness, love, and patience,
Grace the surplice or the gown ;
There, that proud man's fulmination
Fit him for the triple crown.

Next, the sons of Esculapius
In my lyrics claim a place ;
Bearing in their hands a *capias*,
Daring Death with dauntless face.

Wonder not although they stumble,
Doom'd to grapple in the dark ;
Why should hapless patients grumble,
Though they sometimes miss their mark ?

Venus, Bacchus, sauces, capers,
Calipash and calipee,
Hypochondria, spleen and vapours,
Night-mare, dreams, and dull *ennui*,

Mushrooms, opium, and blue-devils,
All combine to mock their skill ;
War with such a host of evils,
Should it fail to cure, must kill.

Tinkers, when they mend a kettle,
Close one hole and knock out two ;
Quacks, when men of reckless mettle,
Keep this practice still in view.

I have seen soft Pity's blossom
Trembling in the doctor's eye,
Bending o'er the sick man's bosom,
Heard him heave the tender sigh ;

Heard him talk of hope returning,
Smile, and speak of health to be ;
Seen him seek the house of mourning,
And shut his hand against a fee !

Fearless he who dares to venture
In the labyrinth of Law ;
Dark the gulph, and deep the centre
Of its wide insatiate maw.

In her temple, what confusion !
Motley crowds and Babel din,
Demurs, debates, decreets, delusion,
Counsel fat and clients thin !

Specious glossing, special pleading,
Issuing from a countless throng ;
Law from equity receding,
Still confounding right and wrong.

One has heard a knave's confession,
Takes his fee and pleads his cause ;
What can save from transportation ?
Quibbles, quirks, and legal flaws.

Law and Justice seal'd and locked,
Clients come with golden key ;
Poverty, with empty pocket,
Ruin'd, though she gains her plea.

Next we have the Politician,
Whig or Tory all the same ;
Intrigue, cabal, and competition,
All are struggling for the game.

Ministers may deal in fiction,
Loaves and fishes in their hand ;
Place and pension bring conviction
Patriots seldom can withstand.

Sycophants and courtly minions,
Cringing, play at seek-and-hide ;
Constant still to their opinions,
The warmest's aye the safest side.

You have heard the house-dog scratching
At the door with yelping din,
For the open wicket watching,
Seen him silent when he's in.

Councils form the leagued Alliance,
Suited to the happy few ;
Standing armies bid defiance
To the grumbling, vulgar crew.

What are Soldiers ? Goods and chattels ;
Men transform'd to mere machines ;
Well-dress'd puppets—baby-rattles,
Shuttlecocks for kings and queens !

Guns and bayonets—blood and thunder !
Lace and feathers—Folly's choice ;
Maiming, mangling, rape, and plunder,
Cannon, drums, and deafening noise !

Chasing Fame, to live in story,
Forward rush the bold and brave ;
Graspiug at a shadowy glory,
Sinking in a nameless grave :

At his outset, toil and sorrow,
  Drilling, marching, can'd and curs'd;
Drunk to-day, and flogg'd to-morrow;
  Such the scenes of act the first.

Minus laurels, health, and riches,
  Long campaigns and dangers past,
Lam'd, and propp'd on wooden crutches,
  He comes home to act the last:

Hops to town, and draws his pension,
  As the quarter-day comes round,
Stumbles, staggers, cries "Attention!"
  All his cares in whisky drown'd.

See the Tar, to fear a stranger,
  Light of heart as summer breeze;
Britain's stay in hour of danger,
  Makes her Empress of the seas:

When the foe, for battle ready,
  Strews her decks with fire and smoke,
Jack, with courage cool and steady,
  Points his gun, and cracks his joke:

While the awful broadside's pouring,
  Nails his colours to the mast;
Thinks of Poll, while death is showering—
  Hopes to live—or die the last.

Landed from the stormy ocean,
  See him careless, blithe, and brave;
Still for love or grog in motion,
  Restless as the swelling wave.

Sailors know not melancholy;
  Jack has gold—is generous, free,
Treats his friends, and busses Polly—
  Time glides by in ceaseless glee.

Hoarse he murmurs, "Cease, rude Boreas!"
  Bawls, "Britannia rules the waves!"
Shipmates mingling loud in chorus,
  "Britons never shall be slaves!"

Liberal, reckless, ready-handed,
  Vanish'd soon's the golden store;
Jack is on a lee-shore stranded,
  Pulls to sea, and toils for more!

Painters—daubers—dreamers, ravish'd
  With some beau-ideal grace;
Or perhaps their colours lavish'd
  On some fair, but foolish face:

Cheeks that glow in rich carnation,
  Sparkling eyes and flowing hair;
Folly, pride, and affectation,
  Nature's hand has imaged there:

Soften'd down each rugged feature,
  Beauties touch'd with graces new;
Such the copy sketch'd from Nature:
  Are such portraits ever true?

Stop—indulge imagination,
  Let the glowing thought expand;
Paint each strong contending passion,
  As pourtray'd by Nature's hand:

Waters, forests, frozen mountains,
  Nature's fairest, rudest forms,
Alpine rocks, Arcadian fountains,
  Summer skies, and wintry storms.

See the youthful Poet soaring
  Airy heights he hopes to climb;
Fancy's fairy land exploring—
  Rapt in extacy sublime:

On Parnassian mountains dreaming,
  Patrons fan his heavenly flame;
Golden rivers round him streaming,
  Crown'd with never-dying fame!

Warm with fancied inspiration,
  Pours his fond enraptured lays;
Folly gapes with admiration,
  Friends and flatterers lavish praise:

Prints—at critic sneers dejected,
  Writhes and pines in sad distress;
Haply, worse—his work neglected,
  Drops dead-born from the press.

Hitherto his lofty spirit,
  Though romantic, was sincere;
All his tribute paid to Merit,
  Hung no wreath on Folly's bier.

Now, by cold and hunger haunted,
  Sadly sinks the lofty mind;
Virtue's fairest flowers transplanted,
  Are in Flattery's garlands twined.

Hark! he whines, in melting pathos,
  O'er some titled reptile's urn;
See him now, he sinks in bathos,
  Scattering praise that truth would spurn.

Now with smoky walls surrounded,
  Stranger to the sun and sky;
His keen eye's bright vision bounded
  To a lane where few pass by:

Here, with teeming fancy warming,
  Still he paints the rural scene;
Waving woods with music charming,
  Blooming bowers and meadows green.

Mark the wond'rous transformation!
  Poet turn'd a Critic sour!
Censure, scorn, and condemnation,
  Now 'tis his delight to pour.

When he sung the charms of Nature,
  Few were found dispos'd to hear;
Now he sputters gall and satire,
  Crowds are seen with list'ning ear.

He was blighted in his blossom,
  Wak'ned ne'er to dream again,
Dark revenge broods in his bosom,
  Deadly poison loads his pen!

Such the world, an air-blown bubble;
Phantoms follow'd, dreams believ'd;
Truth involv'd in toil and trouble;
Knaves deceiving—fools deceiv'd!

Now came forward a modest young man, recently from the University, and just licensed as a preacher by the Presbytery. His history, as a school-boy and student, contains nothing that claims to be recorded in your annals; and his character is only beginning to develope itself. Judging from the following specimen of his mind, he appears to be fitted for the retired shade, rather than the bustling scenes of life. He introduced his address under the quaint title of

Tears and Smiles.

Our life is like an April day,
Of sunny gleams and gloomy shade;
A flow'ry field, where blossoms gay
Are daily seen to bloom and fade:
We see the vernal sunbeam shine,
But oft with low'ring clouds contend;
So in the human face divine
See smiles and tears alternate blend.

Man cries when ent'ring on the stage,
Though stranger yet to hope or fear;
Life's first is still a motley page,
Though often blotted with a tear.
That infant face, behold how blest,
'Tis innocence devoid of guile!
He nestles in his mother's breast,
No future care o'erclouds his smile.

Now see him, in life's merry morn,
In flowery path, the welkin clear;
He plucks the rose, although the thorn
Perchance may draw a transient tear;
But soon from care and sorrow free,
He lightly leaps o'er hedge and stile;
His little heart expands with glee,
And clothes his face with playful smile.

A truant school-boy, trudging late
To meet a pedagogue severe,
He cons his task, and mourns his fate,
His book besprent with many a tear:
Vacation comes—he gains a prize,
And this can former griefs beguile;
Pride triumphs in his sparkling eyes,
And his the haughty victor's smile.

But clouds again o'ercast his sky;
He bends above a parent's bier;
With drooping head and downcast eye,
We see him shed the filial tear;
His grief is but a passing shower;
For fate dispels the dreary gloom,
And guides his feet to Beauty's bower,
When Love's young roses richly bloom.
'Tis now a bright and noontide blaze,
And he is blest a little while;
On Beauty's angel-form to gaze,
And bask in Love's seraphic smile.

Alas! he has not long been bless'd
With her so fair, so fondly dear,
When sad, he clasps her to his breast,
While fast decends the parting tear:
From her he loves now banish'd far,
Between them many a weary mile,
He, drooping, blames his baleful star,
And thinks he ne'er again shall smile.

While lingering thus in loneliness,
Some mourning fair approaches near;
Alive to Beauty in distress,
He kindly sheds soft Pity's tear:
Deceiv'd by her seducing charms,
Betray'd by many a witching wile,
He sinks within her venal arms,
The victim of a syren's smile!

It is a momentary gleam,
Remorse assails his startled ear;
He wakes from his delirious dream,
To shed the penitential tear.
Long time condemn'd by fate to roam,
Hope builds again her airy pile:
Again the wand'rer seeks his home,
And joyous meets Love's welcome smile!

He gazes on her glist'ning eye,
And clasps the form so fondly dear;
Like summer shower, in sunny sky,
She sheds the bright, enraptured tear!
Their hearts are link'd in Hymen's bower,
That lies in Love's enchanted isle,
And on their knees a budding flower
Calls forth the fond parental smile.

But there are other hopes and fears,
And other springs of joy and woe;
And sun and shade, and smiles and tears,
To mark the motley scene below.
See him who wears the deep disguise,
His heart is hollow, insincere;
With honied tongue and twinkling eyes,
He sheds the vile dissembler's tear!
Oh! may he shun the flatterer's art,
Who, serpent-like, lurks to beguile;
Beneath a mask who hides his heart,
There's murder in that villain smile*!

See him still helpless, woe-begone,
Whose wounded spirit none can cheer;
Who in the night-wind wanders lone,
Who sighs—he cannot shed a tear!
His burning brain is scorch'd and dry,
His eyes like baleful meteors glare;
He smiles—yet writhes in agony—
It is the smile of dark Despair!

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* I can smile, and murder while I smile. *Shakespeare.*

And one beside him clanks his chain,
His laughter echoes round the cell;
Insensible to cold and pain,—
It is the mirthful maniac's yell!
See him who sits beside the brook,
And mutters to himself the while,
And grins with guileless vacant look—
It is the idiot's simple smile.

But mark the calm and cloudless sky,
That shines around the Christian's head,
What hope and faith beam in his eye,
When stretch'd upon a dying bed!
He sees the happy mansion where
Nor care can vex, nor sin defile;
Of life and bliss immortal heir,
He leaves the world with heav'nly smile!

We named the author of the "Maiden Stone" Tullibody, as he had modestly objected to a more dignified appellation by which it was proposed to distinguish him. On the author of the "Nine Trades" we bestowed the appropriate title of Momus. After some disputing and hesitation, the last speaker was called Penseroso; and as the Club now consisted of twelve members, a motion was made, that no new applicants should be admitted; but, according to the rules of our institution, this motion had to lie on the table till next meeting, of which Democritus was chosen Preses.

I am,
Your's very respectfully,
MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, Sec.

Harum-Scarum Hall,
Burgh of Kittleprankie.

QUALITY-SQUARE.

My nephew was much taken with this delightful place, and often cast an eye window-ward, in order to have another daylight squint at our Elysium, as he called it, notwithstanding the hurry-scurry that prevailed in packing his travelling trunk with hose, linen, nightcaps, and other wearables. Indeed I may just as well say, that external objects engaged nineteen twentieths of his attention. But *Tim* possesseth a most lively variegated fancy, and the difficulty he experienced in keeping his visuals within doors is not at all to be marvelled at. All the elegant railing in front of our respective mansions, together with that which compasseth the main shrubbery, had been recently painted by Enoch Dudley, whose brilliant imperial green is universally admired. The balconies were also in prime condition, being plentifully stocked with fine, healthy, flowering shrubs, evergreens, fair faces, and so forth, and every individual street-door vied with its fellow in acknowledging Mr Dudley as an artist whose name would travel to posterity. So greatly doth he excel in this particular branch of his profession, that many eminent timber-merchants have actually mistaken our curiously-beautified hall-doors for genuine mahogany, rose, satin, and other precious woods. Then the parterres, or garden-plots, tastefully exhibiting every elegant figure that imagination can possibly conceive, and well furnished with balsamic plants in full bloom, both exotic and home-bred, rose-mallow, dandelion, bachelors' buttons, and other minor flowerets, might have fascinated the eye of a young man much less addicted to admire Nature's comely offspring than *Timothy Smeddum.*

But, above all things, our main shrubbery captivated his fancy most completely. The Filbert Wilderness, where pastoral and lyric poets usually resort,—the Sapient Walk, or Druid's Promenade, embowered with dwarf oak, sycamore, &c., and furnished with rusticated seats for the accommodation of philosophers in general,—the many arbours of laurel, holly, broom, jessamine, and so on, chiefly frequented by journalists, essayists, novelists, and gentlemen of light capacity, together with all and sundry the manifold charms that lure men of letters to Quality-Square,—operated so very powerfully on my nephew's feelings, that he clapped his uplifted hands, like unto a fellow bit by the maggot of inspiration, and exclaimed, in a tone of extacy that pleased me exceedingly, because it betokened a just conception of the beautiful, the sublime, and the picturesque, "Good God! uncle, do I really breathe in the land of the living? What do I see—a terrestrial paradise, an earthly Elysium! He that fails in fabricating literary stuff, capable of withstanding the tooth of time, amongst these enchanting bowers, and groves, and labyrinths, crazy must his prose-loom be, and silly his rhyme-distaff.” “Truly, Tim,” quoth I, locking his trunk, and handing him the key, “there lacketh nothing in our literary vineyard that experience can suggest to keep fancy in good humour, because we all know, that, unless her ladyship's spirits are pretty buoyant, the best of us make but a so-and-so appearance in black and white; consequently the mental man is most respectfully attended to, and, notwithstanding the very great demand for our literary wares, I can safely say, that never a gentleman-author on these grounds ever dreamt of putting pen to paper, unless his intellectual thermometer ranged at 98°, or thereabouts. Hence it is that their works are admired from Dan even unto Beersheba.” “And yet the critics pull their ears now and then,” said my nephew with a smile; “but men of parts heed not the puny annoyance of literary gnats.” “Rot the critics!” quoth I; “who the deuce cares for their good or evil report? These gentry, Tim, master and man, are objects of commiseration in the eye of every discriminating author. Of all the crafts and callings under the sun, that of a journeyman critic is by far the most pitiful, because he is daily obligated to abide the sneers of his own conscience. How queerly a spirited fellow would fidge, were he commanded by his task-master to extol an octavo volume of broad-margined fustian! Verily, Tim, the mettled wight would stare, and scratch his head like unto the apostate prophet of old, when compelled to exclaim, ‘How beautiful are thy tents, O Israel!’ contrary to his inclination; and yet there are human beings, whose daily task it is to extol the mettle of certain writers—men whose lucubrations are scouted by the Minerva Librarian himself. But censure is the staple commodity in which a master reviewer commonly deals, because he knoweth from experience, that evil report findeth a much readier market than good fame; consequently the barrels of nappy praise locked up in his literary cellar are seldom or never broached, except at the christening of his own misbegotten bantlings, or those of a particular friend that may happen to see the light. These master critics, or literary Bushmen, generally speaking, are lame authors, discarded by the reading public on account of their imbecility; and feeling sore at the unqualified praise awarded to men of talent, they steal from their hiding-places after dusk, dip their shafts in malevolence, and set them aright against merit of every denomination.” “Truly, uncle,” quoth my nephew, shrugging up his shoulders, “criticism is come to a poor pass, sure enough, and God help the hapless scribe whose future fame depends on the will and pleasure of such miscreants.” “Poor pass,” quoth I; “look ye here, Tim,—the male and female population of this and the sister Isle may be divided into three distinct classes—Whigs, Tories, and Political Nonconformists, that is to say, men and women who neither fear God nor honour the King. Each individual sect hath its own batch of critics, and whenever an author makes his appearance, they of a different creed fall upon him tooth and nail, and belabour the poor soul without mercy. Even his own tribe are not altogether blameless, because, though they speak not evil of their kinsman, they either leave his merits to shift for themselves, or bebaub them with fulsome equivocal praise, in such a manner, that the evil-starred wight often knoweth not whether to laugh or cry. In fine, criticism is come to such a pass, that many eminent authors and publishers whom I could name, as soon as say * * * * * * and * * * * * have actually established reviews of their own by the sly, and carry on business very much to the advantage of themselves and friends.”

Tim and I conversed in this manner until within a few minutes of nine o'clock, the hour at which our Quality-Square gentlemen usually arise from their sofas to meditate in the great shrubbery; and having promised to show him through the grounds, we put ourselves in motion accordingly, and entered by way of the Filbert Wilderness.

Before we proceed to foot classic ground, perhaps it may be as well to acknowledge, once for all, that my stock of language is by no means suitable for eulogising the charming scenery, &c. that enticeth men of letters to Quality-Square; and therefore do I beg leave to pass on, with this slight remark, "No mere man, since the fall, ever beheld its marrow."

Tim was delighted beyond measure, and well he might, because every bush had its full compliment of leaves, every bough its quota of cluster, and every sod-seat its bard or ballad-maker, all enchanted, by the spirit of poesy, into an estate of mental absorption. Some stroaked their beards, some cast an eye heavenward in quest of sublime ideas, and others smote their pensive bosoms, while Tim and I strolled at random, listening to the hum of songs, and hymns, and roundelays.

"Who is he with the wild marigolds in his cap," quoth my nephew, "and the sprig of thyme in his button-hole?" pointing to a youth whose face was the very picture of primitive simplicity. "The young man," said I, "is a rural poet of taste and talent, that bids fair to equal, if not surpass, all who have gone before him, Maro excepted. He lately published a sweet little pastoral, in five acts, entitled, 'Nabal's Sheep-shearing,' wherein the character of his late Majesty, King David, is finely pourtrayed. Report speaks highly of its merits, and Rumour sayeth that the boards of Old Drury would have been trodden by its Dramatis Personæ many weeks ago, but for a serious dispute that arose between the poet and the players. You must know, Tim, that our play-going folk, now-a-days, are passionately fond of what is called natural simplicity, and so enamoured are they with animal acting, that the well-timed bray of a donky, or seasonable cackle of a goose, would be lauded sky-high. The ingenious author of Nabal's Sheep-Shearing being also infected with the aforesaid mania, incontinently set about conceiving the idea of introducing genuine sheep on the stage, attended by a genuine shepherd and shepherdess,—an idea that the playhouse manager highly approved of, and forthwith commanded his bailiff to put the Merinos in training. This the poet strenuously objected to, alleging that South-Downs were more worthy of appearing before a British audience. The manager insisted, the poet persisted, high words arose, and, in consequence thereof, our play-goers, for seven long weeks, have been diddled out of the rarest intellectual jollification that ever men and women sat down to." Timothy having listened with becoming attention, I naturally-enough expected that he would have complimented the author of Nabal's Sheep-Shearing with one or more judicious encomiums; but nothing of the kind escaped his lips. He made a full stand, lifted up his eyes, dodged my elbow, and said, in a well-modulated tone of voice, wherein reverence and admiration were happily blended, "Here comes a seer of other times." I cast up my eyes also, and descried a venerable old man, whose thin white hair fell from beneath a broad sconce bonnet, such as the Scotch Lowlanders usually wear, and wantoned in the moonlight, seating himself under a branching hazel. Being an utter stranger to me, and heavy laden with age, I naturally imagined, that, in one of those childish reveries so common to dottage, the liard Patriarch had strayed from his home, wandered into the shrubbery, and sat him down without knowing where he was; but the surmise vanished when he stuck his cane in the ground, grasped it firmly with both hands, and chanted the following stanzas, to a wildish kind of tune that I never heard before, to the best of my recollection:—

The Knight arose from his silken seat,
  And buckled a weir glaive on,
Whose glittering hilt, of the fairest gold,
  With sparkling brilliants shone.

And he hath bestrode the mightiest steed
  E'er neigh'd at a naked spear,
And gone to illume the wilds of the North
  With the blaze of his glittering geer.

He ambled the plains with a lightsome heart,
  And spurr'd o'er the moorlands brown,
And rode till he came to merry Carlisle,
  And there he alighted down:—

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Where the sounding trumpet burst on his ear,
And shook the affrighted air,
But its voice was drown'd in the cries of men,
And wailings of maidens fair.

The gate was unbar'd, and went to the wall
On its massive bolts and bands,
And a human fiend, from the work of death,
Came wiping his bloody hands.

"Our young Chevalier, and his mighty chiefs,"
With exulting smile, quoth he,
"May gather the fruit of their enterprize
That hangs on the gallows tree—

"May sit on the walls of loyal Carlisle,
Where the tainted breezes blow,
And scare the hawk from his rebel repast,
And frighten the carrion crow."

The ancient minstrel, for such he undoubtedly was, paused a few moments; but whether to refresh his memory or recruit his spirits, I know not, then tuned his reed, and sang with a tremulous voice:—

Again he hath mounted his gallant steed,
And roundly he rode away,
O'er moss and moor, to the wilds of the North,
In quest of a princely prey:—

Where the matron sat by the ancient *cairn*,
The maid at the cottage door,
So loudly bewailing their slaughter'd kin
Who sleep on Culloden moor.

The playful fawns of the desert leapt
So light o'er the heather blooms,
And the eagle's young, on the giddy cliffs,
Sat trimming their downy plumes.

And the morning sun, with joyous acclaim,
Was greeted from brake and bower,
When the belted Knight, on his neighing steed,
Went pricking along the moor.

The lapwing arose with a clamorous cry,
And swiftly around him flew,
The dun-fallow deer to the mountain fled
And gaz'd from its misty brow.

And as the young chief, with a roaming eye,
The wide-waving heath survey'd,
An aged man on the moor he espied
In a minstrel's weeds array'd.

His courser he prick'd o'er the pathless heath,
And, lifting his voice, quoth he,
"What tidings abound in this desert place,
And what may thy calling be?"

The aged clansman lifted his cap,
And cheerily did reply,
"The piper, Sir Knight, of a valiant clan,
And a liegeman true am I."

The bard ceased for the space of five minutes or so, which induced me to suspect that his recollection had entirely forsaken him, and that the ballad, legend, or whatever it was, might be looked upon as lost to the public for ever; because, in the whole course of my correspondence with literary men and women, I had never heard a single syllable thereof either sung or recited, and therefore noted it on my memory as an unpublished composition of his own. Be that as it may, the main body of my conjecture was pretty correct. He tuned his reed once more, and favoured us with four additional stanzas, of the same texture as their predecessors, though evidently out of place:—

They hied them away to the heathery mound,
And softly they sat them down,
Where his minstrel geer, with a skilful hand,
The piper began to tune.

And the Southern Knight, with a courtly smile,
Examin'd each warbling bore,
As the lively chanter began to play
And the drowsy drone to snore.

But when, from his den, the roebuck leapt,
And hastily bounded by,
And when, from his cliff, the eagle arose,
And yell'd to the war-pipe's cry,

An ancient chieftain sprung from the heath,
With grizzled and hoary hair,
A spirit he seem'd of the desert wild,
Awoke in his heathery lair.

Thus far had the old man proceeded, when his memory again failed him, and we stood, as before, with inclined ears, to catch the forthcoming verse, being of opinion that the son of song would make a finish of some kind before he took staff in hand; but in this conjecture we were partly mistaken;—he arose from the turf seat, adjusted his garments, and departed, humming as he went,

Long, long may the wedded thistle and rose
Their loves and their rights enjoy,
No turbulent hand arise in our day
To sunder the sacred tie—

No doubtful shoot of the sovereign stem
Again give us cause to rue,
Nor brother again his accursed hand
In a brother's blood imbrue!

"There goeth a staunch old Jacobite," quoth I, slapping Tim's shoulder, and pointing to the venerable bard as he tottered away, "an untamed Tory of the old school, take my word for it, whose valour may have contributed to the defeat at Prestonpans, for he seemeth to have trodden down the heath-bells of four score and ten summers at least." "And whose eye," replied my nephew, "may have witnessed the shameful, the unheard-of cruelties exercised on brave men at York, Penrith, and Carlisle—cruelties that the blood of bulls cannot atone for!" This observation of Tim's naturally enough brought the policy of the Second *George* under review, and we spared not his memory, because of the vindictive rancour with which he pursued the unhappy adherents of *Prince Charles*, and the scantiness of his tender mercies when they were taken and disarmed. Such was the heartiness of our declamation, that my nephew and I unwittingly struck into the Sapient Walk, and found ourselves in the very midst of sages, philosophers, and knowing ones, of every genus under the sun, before we were aware.

The awful solemnity that everywhere abounded, cured loquacity in an instant, and partially bridled our tongues for the time being. But, notwithstanding the silence imposed upon us, no visitor being allowed to speak with an audible voice, under pain of expulsion, I contrived, by means of under-tone intelligence, and a little finger-end information, to make my nephew acquainted with all the principal characters that filled our moral, theological, metaphysical, astronomical, and other benches, men who can point out every intricate bye-path leading to the human heart with unerring precision, and take our understandings to pieces like eight-day clocks, unravel the knottiest canonical puzzle that ever bothered ecclesiastic, demonstrate, to the entire satisfaction of all whom it may concern, how utterly impossible it is for a Nithsdale *Kelpie*, and a Lancashire *Shag-foyle*, though personally similar, to cross the breed, and call upon every individual star in the firmament by its own Christian name. With such a conclave of wiseacres I could associate for ever and a day, but Tim being a lively, light-hearted lad, the severity of their looks was not at all to his likeing, and we therefore made the best of our way to that part of the shrubbery where men after his own heart usually rendezvous; that is to say, editors of periodical works, morning and evening prints, gentlemen who supply the daily press with miraculous news from the *West of England* and elsewhere, pamphleteers, and contributors to Magazines of every denomination. "These are the blades," quoth I, pulling my nephew's sleeve, "whose labours make life pleasant, and the world tenable. Folios are heavy, lumbering books, and quartos may feast the moth for me. Octavos are readble in some instances, and the fellow with a little leisure on his hands may waddle through a couple of volumes or so with tolerable patience, providing the style, subject, and so forth, are such as his soul loveth; but there is an appearance of fustiness about bound books, whether real or imaginary, God only knows, that I never could endure; and notwithstanding my shelves are pretty well stocked with a fashionable assortment of goodly-looking tomes, I freely confess, that not one of them is consulted by me from one week's end to the other. Not so the lucubrations of our daily journalists, the ponderings of our weekly newsmongers, and the effusions of our monthly literati, fresh from the head, and warm from the heart. Where is the man, Tim, with half a scruple of curiosity in his noddle, and a few penny-weights of loose silver in his pocket, capable of passing a bookseller's window on the first day of the month, without purchasing one or more periodicals, hot from the literary oven, neatly stitched in green, blue, or yellow, and judiciously labelled price *only* two shillings, half a-crown, or three and six, as the case may be? All and every the lieges of these realms, whether of the Corinthian, the Ionic, the Tuscan, the Doric, or Composite Order, it matters not which, require food for the mind grateful to the palate, and easy of digestion, in order to cherish the inner man, and counteract the evil effects of laborious study and physical exertion. Why, Sir, the man of business can no more dispense with his Morning News, his Evening Intelligence, his Weekly Express, and his Monthly Miscellany, than the toper can with his pipe and pot, because they exhilarate his mental system, freshen his ideas, and actually preserve them from becoming stagnate. But of all the perusers of miscellaneous literature, he that contributes thereunto enjoys the most abundant share of gratification. Only picture unto yourself a spruce young lad, rising eighteen, full of hope, and emulous of future fame, seated in a bookseller's shop on the morrow of publication, drumming the counter with his fingers. Then watch his manœuvres, and observe with what avidity he clutches his Magazine, and searches its bill of fare for the dear little *article* that cost him so many mental throes. Mark how his countenance brightens when he perceives it at full length, and note the low estate of his nether lip, should its presence have been dispensed with. But even in that case hope forsakes him not. See how quickly he turneth to the correspondent's leaf, and only see with what anxiety he looks for his initials amongst a multitude of notices such as these:

"Our able correspondent, F.R.S., on Minnow Shoals, Ant Hills, and Magpie Nests, came too late for publication. An early insertion may be relied on.

"LL.D.'s admirable Dissertation on Chancery Suits will appear in our next without fail. This ingenious gentleman may feel assured, that his promised Essay on Bob Wigs, Blue Bags, and Fat Briefs, will be kindly received.

"*Sappho*, the Angelic Sappho, whose bewitching strains charm the most fastidious, and cause our poetic nooks to be sought for in preference to those of contemporary publications, will please to accept our very best acknowledgments for the beautiful sonnet that enriches our present Number. The Hymn she hath in hand to the Morning Star, and her Evening Ode to the Tit-Lark, are most anxiously looked for.

"Let not our persevering friend, *Jacobus Juvenal*, despair of ultimate success. The communication now before us, being his twentieth-and-seventh, is almost type-worthy. A few more *improving* trials will most assuredly entitle him to a front-seat in our literary gallery.

"*Maro Mavis*, though inadmissible, is nevertheless a clever fellow. We can see with half an eye that this young aspirant is destined to cut a figure in our side-boxes, and therefore do we beseech him to prune betimes exuberances of an over-prolific fancy, and endeavour to confine the flare of his Pindaric fire within due bounds. These well-meant hints, if judiciously attended to, will insure unto him a favourable reception by-and-by.

"*Comicus*, *Variorum*, and *Banquo's Ghost*, are under consideration.

"*Lackadaisy* is received, together with *Heigho*, *Lullaby*, *Quiz*, *Squib*, A.M., B.D., &c. &c. &c."

"Uncle," quoth my nephew, when I had made an end of speaking, "how comes it to pass, that all men who leave the Shrubbery depart with jaded countenances, and they who return seem as if their youths had been renewed? I beheld a young fellow slipping out at the gate just now, hanging his head like a bull-rush, and lo here he comes, whistling *Athole Brose*. Pray, how d'ye account for the phenomenon?"

I certainly felt nettled at Tim's inattention, and was within an ace of taking him sharply to task, for not inclining his ear to my encomium on Magazines, Editors, Contributors, and others, being well assured, from the manner in which he propounded his queries, that every syllable of my sayings had passed in at the one side of his head and out at the other, without halting; but on duly considering that the lad was green from College, altogether unacquainted with real life, and anxious, no doubt, to make his own observations, I made shift to bridle my indignation, and replied, in a strain of perfect good humour, to this effect:

"All studious men are afflicted with lassitude, more or less, owing, I presume, to the quantity of volatile matter exhaled from their understandings at every downsitting, the which emissions greatly tend to weaken the intellectual pulse and lower the mental thermometer. In order, therefore, to make good this very great waste of animal and other spirits, ways and means were devised, some years ago, by our alchymists, and, so far as my own experience goes, they succeed to admiration. In obedience to an opinion delivered by these gentlemen, *Widow Glykely*, relict of the deceased Abraham Glykely, Esq., and Comedian, fitted up her house in a most commodious manner, and laid in a choice stock of all that causeth the man of sorrow to forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.

"There is no sort of device whatever above Mrs G.'s door, to distinguish it from that of a private housekeeper, and for this plain reason—none is necessary. The great abundance of cherry merry faces continually passing and repassing her threshold, are more intelligible, and certainly much more satisfactory to the thirsty, wayfaring stranger, than a striking likeness of the best Blue Bell, Red Lion, or Pied Bull, that ever rang, roared, or bellowed.

"To Widow Glykely's bar, when fancy begins to flag, our Quality-Square gentlemen repair, and speedily recruit their spirits. The North Briton wets his tooth with a cup of usquebaugh, the South Briton with brown stout, the Cambrian prefers Llanfyllin ale, and our brethren of the Sister Isle call for a noggin of mountain dew. Nothing is lacking at Widow Glykely's bar that tendeth to lighten the heart and mellow the judgment. But deceive not yourself in respect of her usquebaugh, brown stout, Llanfyllin ale, and mountain dew. They kindle wit, they waken learning, and some say, procreate knowledge; but to this latter opinion I will never subscribe, notwithstanding the most valued acquaintance on my list declares himself in favour of it. Be on your guard, therefore, and let not the illusive hope, for such I know it to be, of finding Wisdom at the bottom of a beaker, seduce you from the right path. Gird up your loins like a man, go into the world and seek Wisdom, where haply she may be found.

"Cities and towns are full of variegated character; villages and hamlets abound in eccentricity; broad humour, and rough-hewn wit, and native simplicity, are to be met with in almost every cottage. Go, therefore, with your eyes open, and see Nature as she is. Examine well the secret springs and wheels within wheels that propel our much-admired political machine, and, above all things, make real men and real women your particular study. From these, and the like sources, every gentleman Author, Editor, and Contributor to Periodical Works, in Quality-Square, drew their information; and on the self-same line of march did I journey for the stock of local knowledge that enabled me to conduct the *Albion Literary Depository* for five and thirty years, with an eclat that has never been surpassed either before or since, and I care not who hears me say so. What little real and personal property I possess will eventually become yours, unless Death smites the sapling and spares the oak, but my laurels you can never inherit.

"Go, therefore, my dear young man, and gather wherewithal to make unto yourself a name."

Tim and I left the shrubbery, and discoursed at this rate until a late hour. On the morrow he took his departure.

A RETIRED AUTHOR.

Quality-Square, London, 1824.

JUVENILE AMUSEMENTS.

"To mischief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb."

It is a general remark, that old men take great pleasure in recounting the exploits done in their childhood, or the manœuvres performed in their youthful days. I never yet, in my whole life, was acquainted with a man who had not, when young, been famous for something;—one could fight, and always beat fellows twice as big as himself,—by his own account, that is, by the account of *any one* of those bravos, Tom Cribb would have been served up by him in half-a-dozen rounds,—another had been a wrestler, and had thrown monsters of men such tremendous falls as made the very ground *shake* again; another could run faster than a race-horse; one was the best cricket-player within fifty miles round; another could play at the foot-ball, and another at fives; one could plough as straight as the arrow flies, another could reap, and another could sow;—another was handsome, and could have married the richest and the finest girl in all the neighbourhood;—these, and a thousand more of the same sort, have I heard related over and over again; and often, very often, have I laughed heartily at the vanity of old men. Lately, however, and not till very lately, for I am only in my seventy-fifth year, I have discovered, in *myself*, a passion of nearly the same kind, and I begin to think that vanity, or something like it, is tickling my own fancy, for I feel a strange sort of longing desire to recount the frolics of *my* youth, which are, in my own opinion, as well worth relating as those of most other men.

My father was a merchant of considerable opulence in Liverpool, and my mother was the only daughter of a London Broker, who left her, at his decease, ten thousand pounds in ready cash. My mamma was educated in a town boarding-school, and had acquired all the accomplishments proper for young ladies of quality at that period;—she had imbibed also a sufficient quantity of a certain something, which has been deemed an indispensable requisite in the education of *ladies*, from time immemorial; this something is said to give dignity, to add an indescribable grace and elegance to its possessor, and to command respect. It is a privilege, however, peculiar to the rich, and vanishes, like the honours of ancient family, the very instant that its proprietor becomes poor; it is then stigmatised by a name which I do not think proper to mention. At four years of age I was taken from the nursery, and placed under the care of a governess, in which situation I gave early indications of my talents for mischief; for very frequently, if her face was but turned, I employed myself in clipping her ribbands or ruffles into pieces, or in cutting holes in the skirt of her gown. She had strict orders not to whip me on any occasion, so that, in a short time, I became exceedingly rude; I took no notice whatever of what she said to me, always laughed at her, and made no scruple of kicking her if she offended me, even in the presence of my mamma. This sometimes excited a "Fie, Adolphus! but I know you'll be a better boy to-morrow; wont you, my dear?" At six I had become entirely ungovernable, when a gentleman in the town was engaged to give me a lesson every day in writing, arithmetic, and geography. I applied very well for a few months, because there was some novelty in the business; but I soon discovered, that, like many others, I had no genius for figures, or, what was pretty much the same thing, that I had a great aversion to them. What a bore, thought I, is this multiplication table, which I am *desired* to commit to memory! I imagined, too, that arithmetic was only useful to clerks, schoolmasters, or excisemen, and I was very certain that I should never be any of these; so, on this account, I had good reasons for not learning arithmetic. Geography I liked a little better; I had therefore a pair of elegant large globes purchased, and an atlas, together with the necessary books; the globes were handsomely finished, and might serve, when I had done with them, as an ornament for the parlour: but it was otherwise designed; another fate awaited them. In the absence of my teacher, it one day occurred to me, that I should like to know of what materials they were made, and I saw no reason why I should not immediately get a hammer, make a hole in each, in order to explore their interior structure. This exploit was quickly performed, and I can safely aver that I was a good deal mortified when I found them composed of nothing but lath and mortar, except the outside covering, and a coarse piece of wood reaching from one pole to the other, and in which the axles are fastened. Another time I was desired to take my atlas, and to trace the boundaries of the different countries with a pen. As the word *dry* was omitted, I put *ink* into my pen, and crossed and recrossed my maps with some very strong outlines, which gave them the appearance of my copy-book, both being well spotted with the sable fluid; my maps were, indeed, completely defaced, and my writing, like the fashionable writing of many other fine gentlemen, was entirely illegible. My tutor had been commanded by my mother not to use any harsh expressions to Master Adolphus, who, she assured him, was, on the whole, a very docile little boy; so that my improvement was necessarily slow; indeed, after two years attendance, it was discovered that I had not made so great a progress in my learning as young gentlemen of my age usually do; he was, in consequence, discharged, and I was at liberty, for a short time, to follow wherever my inclination might chance to lead me.

As I had no duties now to perform, my mamma frequently took me out with her in the coach, to make morning calls, and sometimes we went a shopping. One morning we stept into a china-shop, and while she was looking at a dinner-service at one end of the room, I was busy, at the other, in endeavouring to scrape the figures from the side of a large vase; but in this I did not succeed; however, I chipped away the gold, and succeeded in making some very fine notches in the upper edge of it; and this time I escaped without being detected.

In another excursion, we paid a visit to Dr Petres: the Doctor had just returned from Italy with a large collection of antiques; he gave us the history of each, pointed out their various beauties, informed us what difficulties he had been subject to in procuring this, and what a large sum he had been obliged to advance for another, on account of its rarity: but a small figure of the Venus de Medici, of white marble, and of exquisite workmanship, seemed to be the favourite of the whole; and he dilated on its merits with wonderful volubility. This was enough—I watched for a favourable opportunity, and as soon as the Doctor was otherwise engaged, I tumbled it with my cane from the chimney-piece upon the hearth, when it immediately broke, the head rolling one way and the body another! Nothing could exceed the poor gentleman's vexation at this terrible accident, and in the heat of his passion he gave me a slap on the face, which laid me sprawling by the side of the headless statue. At this outrage my mother fainted, and fell on the carpet; so that what with this disaster, and my intolerable screaming, for I yelped with all my might, and his own irreparable loss, the poor Doctor had sufficient business on his hands for one time—more, indeed, than he well knew how to manage. In a quarter of an hour, however, my mother recovered her lost senses, I had ceased to scream, the mutilated remains of the Venus had been picked up, and the Doctor's peace of mind was a little restored; but as we retreated to the coach, my mamma cast an angry glance at him; the Doctor scowled in his turn, and muttered something, as if he wished us both at the devil. The affair soon reached the ears of my father, who perceived that I was already a spoiled child, and my mischievous propensities grieved him exceedingly: two to one are certainly odds, but the Doctor's evidence outweighed that of the mother and son very fairly.

I was now sent to the grammar-school, and was myself the bearer of a note from my mother, which broadly insinuated that I was not to be whipt. The master, who had probably heard something about my character, sent me back, and gave the servant who had accompanied me a note, informing her that he had not at present a vacancy, My father called on him, to know the reason why he would not admit me; and when the circumstances were explained, my worthy parent gave him full liberty to *flog* me, whenever I deserved to be punished; on these conditions, I obtained the lowest seat, on the lowest form in the school, and here commenced my classical studies. At first I was sullen, and had a dislike to my class-fellows, because some of them were the sons of *upstart tradesmen,* whose parents were not so rich as mine. I was not then aware that my maternal grandfather had been once a shoe-black, and had risen to opulence by his own merit and talents, and that my father's father had been a barber; nor did I at that time know, what I have since learned, that virtue, knowledge, and industry, are the only qualities that render one man superior to another.

After having had my hands well feruled for being too late, I was very regular in my attendance at school, and behaved myself as in duty bound. At first I endeavoured to amuse the under-master with stories, and the writing-master by shooting at him with a quill-gun; but a good caning taught me to pay proper respect where respect was due. About this time I became acquainted with Mrs Casement, whose husband was a plumber and glazier, in good circumstances. Like many other happy couples who have no children, they kept a great number of living creatures. Their house had a strong resemblance to Noah's ark, for they had dogs, and cats, and rabbits, and guinea-pigs, and monkeys, and birds almost without number, besides a considerable collection of gold and silver fishes. The commencement of our acquaintance was occasioned by a heavy shower of rain, which forced me to take shelter in the first house I came to, and which chanced to be the one belonging to Mrs Casement. I begged pardon for entering so abruptly, which the lady very readily excused. I told her my name. She was happy in having the power to protect me. I admired her dogs, was pleased with the birds, and stroaked a fine cat, which happened to be with her a great favourite. Mrs Casement was delighted with my condescension, and charmed with my politeness. The middling class are always extremely proud of being thought to have any connection with those they term "great folks," "their betters," or "the higher orders of society;" and when our coach stopt at Mrs Casement's door a few days afterwards, (which was seen by all her neighbours,) and my mother stept in to thank her for the kind attention shown to her little boy—it was the happiest moment of Mrs Casement's life! This lady made excellent sweet-meats, and I often called to taste her comfits, and her London ginger-bread, and her coffee. Her mahogany tables were so bright!—and I began to tease her by writing on them with my finger moistened from my mouth; this caused her face to flush into a scarlet hue, and made her fidget terribly. Every sweet, gentle reader, has its bitter; and though the coach stopt at her door at least once a-month, and my mother sometimes condescended to taste a mince-pie, a custard, or a jelly, still all was not right; she remembered her bright tables, and her mind was far from being at rest; I am confident that she would have been glad if she had been well rid of both, but especially of Master Adolphus. She had a very pretty small white dog, it slept on her lap, and ate bread and butter from her own fingers. I succeeded one day in taking away *Bijou* without her knowledge, and I gave him in charge to the groom. The next day, when I called, I found the poor woman in tears, for the loss of her favourite. "I have lost," said she, "Master Adolphus, my Bijou! some villain has stolen him from me; I lay all last night awake, and twenty times at least I arose, went to the door, and looked out, because I fancied I heard the pretty creature scratching and whining at the gate; but Bijou was not there—no, Master Adolphus, I have lost my Bijou;" and she wept tears of sorrow for the lost animal. I endeavoured to console her, and even ventured to predict that he would return; but the simple creature mourned as for a treasure which was gone for ever. The following day I had him placed, unknown to her, at the door; and when I called in the afternoon, I found her in raptures; the lost jewel was found, and her joys were extatic! To prevent her, however, from expiring in bliss, I found means, before I left the house, to let my knife fall, by accident, of course, upon the glass globe which held her gold fishes, and cracked it nearly in two parts. What a misfortune! what must she do! she was again in tears—her fishes would die, and her husband would be so vexed! *I* also affected to be sorry, hoped she would not lose them, and blamed my carelessness with so good a grace, that she believed me to be in earnest. I now left her to fret and fume alone, and out of respect to her feelings, I discontinued my visits altogether.

Having arrived at the age of fifteen, my father was persuaded, by a friend, to send me from home to finish my education, and to give me an opportunity of seeing something of life, as it exists in, or near London; because, as I was to be a merchant, it would be necessary, in two or three years, to place me at a desk in the office, and to introduce me on the walks of the Exchange. I smiled when my mother told me that it was their intention to place me under the Rev. Dr Plumtree, who was a profound classic, resided near London, received only four young gentlemen into his house at one time, for which he charged only the moderate sum of two hundred and fifty pounds a-year each, and which, according to agreement, was to cover all expenses, and every one was to be treated just as if he were one of the family. The first half-year I made a considerable progress in the higher classics, but the old gentleman's sight began to fail him, and my next half-year was not quite so profitably spent. My desire for mischief had not been entirely extinguished; it lay something like a spark among wet litter, ready to burst out whenever any favourable wind might chance to blow. Two old cronies, of nearly the same standing as the Doctor and his maiden sister, came every night to play at whist; and as our tutor always read prayers, and saw us into our bedrooms at nine, the remainder of the evening, till eleven, was generally spent over a rubber. It soon occurred to my fertile imagination, that, as we could not go to sleep at nine o'clock, our time might be much better employed in the street, than in our rooms, or in bed. With some difficulty I prevailed upon the other three to accompany me in an evening's excursion. We walked down the stairs, the first time, with fear and trembling, with our shoes in our hands, slipt out at the door leading into the garden, and from thence we easily escaped into the street. My companions were sadly afraid of being detected; so we only indulged in a short walk, purchased a little fruit and some tarts, and then hurried home. We all, however, soon became bolder, and sometimes did not return before ten. One night we were caught, just entering, by Robert the footman, who inquired where we had been, and why we were out of our rooms? I informed him that I had taken ill, and was obliged to go down into the garden, and that as I did not like to go alone, the other young gentlemen had been kind enough to accompany me. One morning, as I was walking in the garden, it happened that a rat-catcher was passing by with some rats in a cage: I gave him half-a-crown for the largest in his possession, which was indeed a rat of a noble size, and I tied him up in my pocket-handkerchief, and no one knew any thing about the matter, or the purchase I had made. I placed him behind my back, under my coat, and when we had just entered on our lesson, and every one was engaged, I undid the knot, and down fell the rat, and began to scamper about at a great rate. "A rat!" they all exclaimed; and before the Doctor had time to rise, the animal, in a fright, leaped upon the table, and running across his book, brushed against his spectacles, and put him into a terrible panic. The doors were all closed, and there was no way for the poor beast to escape, except he could climb the chimney, and there was a fire in the grate. Robert was quickly summoned with the terrier dog; and though my rat was as brave a rat as ever breathed, and showed much game, he was obliged to give in to superior force, and was, after much hard fighting, fairly worried in one corner of the room. The old gentleman's nerves were so agitated, on this occasion, that he was obliged to retire, and he did not resume his duties for nearly a fortnight, during all which time we had holidays, and had liberty to take pleasant walks to the neighbouring villages, when I had an opportunity of throwing some of the gates open, by which means the cattle grazing in the lanes had the power of regaling themselves in the adjoining corn-fields.

At one time I had the misfortune to be observed by a farmer in the very act of setting his gate open, when he inquired what I was going to do? I made no answer, but gave him a look of the most imperturbable impudence. "My lad," said he, "I plainly perceive that thou art one of those cumber-grounds, who often despise better people than themselves; thou hast been badly tutored, better fed than taught; but for once I'll endeavour to teach thee better manners. Bite him, Jowler!" said he, and he sent his great rough dog Jowler after me. The dog tore off the skirt of my coat, bit me sorely in several places, and frightened me till I trembled and shook like a person in an ague fit.

About this time the players paid us a visit, and obtained permission to act five nights each week, for two months, in the large room at the Red-Lion Inn, which had been fitted up for the purpose. Twice a-week we had leave to attend the caricatured representations of this band of strolling Thespians; but as we had all of us seen better performers, as soon as the novelty of the thing had a little subsided, instead of attending the theatre, we ordered a supper at one of the hotels, drank wine, and thus enjoyed what we thought more substantial pleasures. As these pranks became very frequent, our money vanished with great rapidity; the twenty pounds with which I had been supplied for my half-yearly pocket expenses was all gone, and I was obliged to apply to my mother for another sum to the same amount. This request I qualified by having had my best hat stolen at a ball; my great-coat had also been run away with, and my best coat was too shabby to appear in at a grand party to which I was invited the ensuing week. The money came; for what will not a fond mother do for a darling absent boy! her motherly affection, her love, are called into action; and are, in such cases, up in arms, and far more than a match for her duty. In this way, boys are sometimes ruined. Of all this, and of my private expenses, my poor father was as ignorant as the Caliph of Bagdad.

It was now summer; the Doctor relapsed in his discipline, and we had permission to walk in the evenings, for the good of our health. This was a glorious privilege, for we sometimes set out at five; and from five o'clock to eleven is six hours. We now often hired gigs, and drove to London and back, which was a very pleasant manner of spending the evening, and an excellent method of getting rid of our money. On our return, one evening, we had some fun with a little Jew. The poor Levite was trudging along the dusty road by the side of a deep ditch, about five feet broad. I drove up to him, and forced him to the brink, when he bawled out, "Mine Got, Sir, vill you kill me? take care, for I vill shoot you, or I vill shoot your horse." I still pressed him, and he was in a great rage. "You be von great big rashcal," said he; "you vill be hanged for my murder." "Leap! Mosey," said I; "leap, man!" But he screamed aloud, "You are a villain! I cannot leap! and I shall be drowned." I forced him to leap, but his feet stuck in the mud on the other side, and he fell backwards into the ditch; the weight of his box held him down, and he could not get out; of course, without some aid he must have been drowned. I immediately jumped out of the gig, and assisted in dragging the poor wretch out of the mire. As soon he was on his legs again, I threw him down a shilling, which he very quickly kicked into the ditch, and before I had time to make good my retreat, he gave me a blow on my face, that made my jaws rattle, and I was nearly stunned; I thought it would be best, however, to pocket the affront, and we drove off at full speed, leaving the poor Israelite to follow at his leisure. The next morning he waited on Dr Plumtree; "I am, Sir," said he, "a poor priest of the dispersed house of Israel, my name is Shamvel Moshish, and I vud shpeak mit you." "And what may be your business with me, Sir?" replied the Doctor. The Jew told him that he had been injured, both in his person and property, by some young men who lived in his house. "And what," said the Doctor in a very pompous manner, "have I to do with that? "Only to hear, Sir," said Mosey, "vat I have got to shay." "Then be brief, Sir, for I very much dislike to have my time appointed for instruction intruded upon." "I dare shay, Sir, just as much as I dislike to be trown in a ditch, by a pack of scoundrels." "I shall not allow you, or any other person, to call my young gentlemen scoundrels, so pray go about your business." "My bishness, Doctor! I am now about my bishness; my bishness is mit you, and I sal *tank* you to do your duty." "You are an impudent fellow, and I have done with you." "Pardon me, Sir," said the Jew, "but I have not done mit you; a constable is now at the door, mit four varrants for your four hopeful young gentlemen, to take dem before de magistrate, for an assault made on me last night; mit your leave I vill ashk him to come in." This information altered our tutor's haughty look, and lowered the tone of his voice at least one octave. He now told Mosey, that if injury had been done, reparation should be made. "Dat ish vell," said the Jew, "and dat ish all I vant; pay me forty pound, and all vill be shettled in a minute." The Doctor's colour flushed his fat cheeks; we looked wistfully at each other; but the money was paid, and the Levite, bowing with a supercilious air, left us to finish our lessons, and proceeded on his way.

The Reverend Doctor was greatly vexed, but the matter was hushed; and as every thing in this transient state has an end, the termination of this half year terminated my *juvenile amusements*.

THE DEATH OF CARDINAL CRESCENTIO; A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

[Cardinal Crescentio died at Verona in the sixteenth century. The story is to be found in *Sleidan's Commentaries, III.* c. 23.]

SCENE I.—*A Banquet-Hall.*

Cardinal.—Now fill a goblet to me, jolly god,
The great Lyaeus. Let the censers pour
Their thousand, thousand odours. Fill, come fill—
O fuller, fuller yet, till the bright bubbles
Float on the margin. Boy, this ivy wreath
Palls on my brow—go cull from yonder trellice
The fairest, coolest roses, and entwine them
Into a dewy diadem, to fit
The brows of ancient Sybarite. My Lords,
Where are your songs, your mirth, your laughter? Sit ye
Dull as yonder sculptur'd marble? Good Giovanni,
Has thy harp lost its music, thy right hand
Its cunning?
Giovanni.—I have a song, Lord Cardinal.
A madrigal such as the bard of Teos
Waken'd of yore. He hears me not, but sits
Rapt in sad meditation.
Cardinal—(aside.)—Damned fiend,
Why turn thy sullen eyes on me alone?
Begone, scare some one else. Away! dost think
That I will truckle to thee?
A Lord.—Something moves him.
How his eyes glare!
Giovanni.—Hush, hush, he's often so.
Cardinal.—Lyaeus, God Lyaeus! Come, more lights,
More wine, more music! Let us hail the boy
Of fair-eyed Semele—see, how I tremble!
But it's with joy, believe me.
[*Spills the wine.*
See, it spreads
Its liquid fragrance on the polish'd floor,
A ruby sea. The godlike sons of Cecrops,
Earth-born themselves, could never find a fitter
Gift to their mother Tellus. Let us hail
The lucky omen. (*Aside.*) Again, again! I'll face thee,
I'll beard thee, cursed sprite. Another goblet—

Full, brimful! *(Aside.)* Let your hollow, hollow eyes,
Glare through the burning wine—what is't to me?
Nay, I will give thee all that I possess
If thou will leave me but one hour. Ah! no,
I see thee still! I'll quit the banquet, Lords;
A sudden pang—a sickness of the heart—
And I must leave you. May the god of Naxos
Shower all his choicest blessings! My Giovanni!
[*Exeunt Cardinal and train.*

SCENE II.—*A Bed-Chamber.*

Cardinal—Giovanni—Confessor.

Cardinal.—Peace, father! it must be. Oh! raise the pillow
A little higher, and withdraw the shade
Of yonder silken screen, that I may feel
The freshening breeze of midnight—so. Giovanni!
Thou know'st it not. When I am dead, the father
Will tell thee all the hideous tale. Away!
Away! embrace me not, good youth, but weep,
Aye, weep! Oh, blest if every scalding tear
Could blot a fault of mine! Have I seem'd happy
At yonder joyous orgie? Have I sate
Like Heathen epicure, with graceless wreaths
Twin'd on my hoary hairs? Has music swell'd
Within my halls? Has my all-bounteous hand
Fed the poor widow, and supplied the wants
Of many orphans? Have I built a church?
Founded a convent to our blessed patron?
Have I been called the great, the good Crescentio?
Been all but sainted? But one hour of pleasure
I never knew since—Ah! it comes again.
Now take that holy chalice in your hands;
Swear by your hopes of mercy, do you see
Nothing—there, there!
Confessor.—Lord Cardinal, we see nothing
But yonder glorious moon.
Cardinal.—Out, out! it comes!
Its open mouth, and fiery Ethiop eyes,
Gleam with a sulph'rous light. O poison'd, poison'd!
Its breath's infectious. Dog! what is't you want?
Why bark at me? I never wrong'd you. Save me!
Oh save me, save me! Nay, I feel its fangs,
Like hundred poniards in my bosom buried.
Ah me, my heart!—*(Dies.)* * * * *

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY VOYAGE.

I HAD been for some months in expectation of an appointment in India, in the civil service of the Company, and the "habitude of my thoughts had been moulded (somewhat) into the fashion of my expected destiny;" but still, when the order arrived, I scarcely received it in sober equanimity; and then the shortness of the notice!—I must bid adieu to friends and fatherland in three short weeks. Not very familiar with life, at least with the action of life, I felt considerably at a loss how to turn myself on the occasion. Of course, I fell to thinking, and, like many youthful thinkers, thought so much on what I had to do, and should do, that I did nothing. I had been accustomed to rely hitherto on the advice and provident foresight of an excellent father. Happy it is for many a man that his father lived before him, and happy was it for me, in the order of events, that my father had the precedure! He was both Philip and Aristotle to me. To be sure, his philosophical attainments were not excessive; they were not equal to the goodness of his heart; he would boggle sadly about the origin of moral and physical evil, as many a wiser man had done before him; but he was the best of fathers, orderly, exemplary, kind. I turned to him on this sudden summons:—I wanted his counsel,—that he would freely give, nay, be disappointed if it were not asked. I wanted also money,—for his exchequer was my exchequer, with this difference only, that his right was possessory, mine petitory; he was the Chancellor, I the suitor. Counsel and money! How different the zeal with which they are dispensed! and to this venerable truism the practice of my father was no exception. To say the truth, he was not over-fond of giving away money. He had a hive of a family, and I was the nearest to himself, that is, the eldest, and had been the object, one way or other, of pretty large draughts, and he had afforded me a liberal education, and had put me in the way of bestirring me for myself, and he thought he had done enough ; he wished he had as much done for the others. Perhaps this could not be denied ; but I felt that now was the occasion when it was necessary for him to do something more ; I suspected, at first, he would say No; but I thought I might calculate that this emphatic negative would not be pronounced until after the money was numerated, and ready to pass from his pocket to mine ; that it would be employed, half to impress the social truth of mutual dependence, (it was a part of his character to indulge rather in modern instances,) and half as the last act of expiring authority. To my father then I wrote. He lived in a distant town in Scotland, and I was in London ; I mentioned the appointment, the limitation in time, and what appeared necessary in outfit and supplies. I longed to see him before I "sailed the seas," to bid him adieu face to face, and charge him with a thousand remembrances ; but the season of the year, (it was the month of November,) the length and danger of the voyage along a rocky coast, and with dismal accommodation,—these together forbade the request that he would undertake the voyage ; and I merely hinted, selfishly, perhaps, the satisfaction I should have in seeing him, and left it to himself to determine whether it should be so. Honest gentleman, his own comfort and safety were ideas that never once crossed him ; and a fortnight after my letter was despatched, he was in London. I was sitting over the breakfast-table, revolving future scenes and prospects, and sometimes in hope, building bright visions of success, and sometimes despondingly figuring disappointment and troubles, when the door opened, and he entered. It was as I expected. I had a lecture on economy, heard of the numerous claims on him, and got all I required. A little time before, and I had felt nothing but anxiety to be quit of a life of expectation, to launch into the wide ocean, and be far hence. As the prospect neared of realizing the wish, it lost much of its fascination, —in fancy, clouds were seen to lower where all before was gay in sunny glow ; and little, at the moment, would have been necessary to induce me to renounce ambition, and yield to the quiet duties of citizenship. This was a boy's mood, and I had not long the opportunity to indulge it. The night before I was to embark, having been detained in the city almost to the last hour, my father and I went to a small inn at Wapping, to be in readiness for a barge, so as to reach the vessel at Gravesend by an early hour in the morning. The bustle of departure left little time for drooping thoughts, and I don't know if the most dismal state of mind could have resisted an incident that occurred in this stye of a hostel. The whole furniture of the room in which we were was not worth five shillings ; and as the luxury of separate beds was not to be had, we were to sleep double. We desired the drab in waiting to call us by half-past four. She grumbled she would, and presently we heard the key of the door turning. "The devil ! is she going to lock us up ?" I said. The thing was not to do. We were already imprisoned,—fairly locked up, and our keeper in full retreat. I have since learned, that at some of those nestling-places (and this was evidently one of them) to which voyagers are sometimes driven by necessity, the principle of business is of the safe kind,—to give no credit for honesty, and treat it as an exception when it occurs. Our petticoat Cerberus, however, unlike liberating jailors, kept to time ; a noise at the door, something resembling the playing of a battering ram, announced the appointed hour ; and not sorry at the prospect of again tasting free air, we uncribbed. With the means in her power, it might have occurred to the Amazon to let herself at least into the threshold of the apartment, and give us the benefit of a more gentle stirring ; but probably it was considered matter of superfluous ceremony to stand on nice terms with travellers, who had added little to the general fund, and had been seen for the first and the last time. Consistently with the principle of the house, as we were retiring, she cast a cautious glance around the room, as if to assure herself that none of the three chairs (miserably crippled articles) or other furniture of our dormitory had passed into the trunk about to be removed. Coming into the air, we found the morning dark and dismal; it rained heavily, and the wind blew piercingly keen in sweeping gusts. A few minutes brought us to the river, and what a discord awaited us!—boatmen pressing forward, clamorous for a freight, jostling and threatening each other,—a storm of oaths most blasphemously varied,—the dashing of boats against boats,—the lashing of the surge, and the sreeching of cordage,—a Babel of confusion impossible to be imagined; and the darkness and state of the weather took nothing from the effect. As a passing torch gleamed on the group around us, excited as they were, they realised whatever might be conceived of devils in motion. We were detained some time, and I felt uncomfortable to a degree beyond any thing I had ever experienced,—cold, wet, half struggling with sleep, and spiritless; sensations more than participated by my father.

At length, after being pounced on, and literally dragged off by some fellows forming part of a crew, and being exposed to not a little hazard in stepping from one boat to another, we were established and in motion down the river. It was an ebbing tide, and the wind blowing with the current, we went down rapidly. The prospect was sufficiently dismal before embarking, but our situation was now one of real peril. Once and again, in our progress, we fell foul of craft, bootlessly tasked, I should imagine, in attempting to move against wind, tide, and current. Happily we arrived in safety; less happily it fell out to others. As we passed along, the frequent crashes, that might be heard in the interval of the gusts, gave reason to think that all was not well, and of the fate of one boat and her crew we had dismal assurance from the yell that rose close by us: she had been struck by a barge running with the tide, and had instantly swamped and sunk. Poor wretches! their fate was inevitable; in the darkness and confusion there was no hand to save; perhaps their lengthened absence from expecting homes was the first presage of the loss they had sustained. But how different the scene, and how agreeable the change of situation the "Albion" presented! There she lay in comparative repose—a haven, so to speak, of comfort and security. Already all was activity; the greater part of the passengers were on board, or rather, I believe, I was the last; and every thing showed marks of approaching departure. Among the passengers I was glad to see ladies. They, too, had come on board on this troubled morning, and seemed less ruffled than, it must be allowed, I was. One of them nursed a little child, which seemed sickly. I could not help observing her; the intensity of her feeling towards the suckling seemed to have dissipated all personal alarm, and she sat the very image of parental solicitude and disinterestedness. The others having no immediate care, and possessing all the vivacity of the English female character, were already surveying the accommodations of the vessel, dropping a jest on the possibility of their erecting a nunnery on board, and apparently finding an ample measure of delight in the novelty of their situation. The regular establishment of blacksmiths at work—Vulcan and the Cyclops, where they expected only Neptune and the sea-gods,—seemed to surprise them not a little; and the feeling was not in any degree diminished, when, going a little farther, they were greeted by a mixed concert of fowls chucking, sheep bleating, cows lowing, and hogs snorting;—a farm-yard in the bosom of an Indiaman was more than they were prepared for. It was now day, and I was to bid adieu to my father. It was short, as adieus should be; and with a "God bless you!" on his part, and a close pressure of the hand, we parted. Now alone, I felt more buoyant than I could have anticipated. On board a large ship, on the eve of sailing, there is about as much opportunity for sentiment as in a market-place; and he must be of the melting mood indeed, who, at such a time, and in such a situation, does not feel some excitation of spirits; or, should it be that he is impervious to the mere scenes, perhaps a call of interest may awaken him from his reverie. Such an occurrence gave a turn to my ideas not then entirely attuned to melancholy; and I started at the name of a custom-house officer, as if he had come armed with an impress-warrant, and I were the victim of its execution, instead of the ordinary prying warrant of office. I was not without cause of alarm, being the bearer, to a trading friend in India, of a large assortment of valuables, which his correspondents had thought fit to hazard on board, without an entry at the custom-house; and the forfeiture of these, for weighty reasons, was the last thing I could patiently think of. On this occasion, I found the benefit of an introduction which I had obtained to one of the ship's officers:—"Smooth him with a double crown," said he. I would have done any thing, if it had appeased what was expected or required; but "smoothing with a crown" conveyed no idea to me. "With ten shillings," he added, in an explanatory way, seeing me bewildered. That was easily understood, and the hint immediately acted on, and with effect; for this keeper of the King's keys, having had pointed out to him what belonged to me, passed on as if the vessel had not contained me or mine. But for the universal solvent, and this timely application of it, though in a dose apparently insignificant, I should have cut the most awkward figure possible under his ministration. I confess, at the time, it did not occur to me that I was guilty of a palpable infringement of the revenue laws. I believe my opinion of those restrictions then was, that there was as much honour in the breach as in the observance; an opinion not very defensible; but so it is, that measures of unnecessary severity defeat their own ends; they are impressed with scarcely any moral sanction; and the feeling of indifference thus excited is well seconded by the sinister character of those to whose hands is entrusted the execution of those lowest of fiscal duties.

The same day we dropped down the river, and got into the Channel, where we were driven about for nearly three weeks, during which I was as sick as if, for my sins, an apothecary's shop had been made the portion of my stomach. The other passengers were in no better condition, so there was no disposition among us to cultivate acquaintance. The weather then began to settle, and the passengers to feel returning life; and there was immediately established that sort of conventional frankness with which travellers, having the same destination, never fail to regard each other, and which invariably leads to conversation and acquaintance. It is in a cabin as in a stage-coach, though in a higher degree in the former, because of the fewer objects to solicit attention; pent up together, the reserve experienced between strangers falls aside, the sympathy of situation is felt, and a freedom of communication follows, which months or years, in other situations, would not produce. To feel the full force of the social principle, one must be in a cabin; every idea of superiority abandoned, rank is seen to yield to its influence, the pride of learning is forgotten, the independence of middle station assumes its happiest note, a sort of republic, for the time, is acknowledged, and the least favoured of Fortune may freely have themselves enrolled in its lists. The members congregate as naturally as rooks. They have the common enemies, time, and the monotony of the voyage, to contend with, and their chief protection lies in a combination of resources; and who so poor as not to be able to present some offering? It is true, there is a new stamp of currency. Trifles rise into importance. Any thing becomes an incident and matter for conversation; and what truism, however hoary, will then be quarrelled with? During the voyage, we had it solemnly asserted, and I suppose we might have had it proved too, if any of us had been sceptical enough to start a doubt, that the East Indies are hot, very hot,—that the King never dies,—and that the Pope was not so terrible as he had been;—truths rather different in kind, but all equally remarkable for novelty, and affording matter for enlightened discussion, if that had been expedient. But it is not necessary, in a cabin, to be, or seem to be, wiser than one's neighbours; it is true wisdom to be neighbour-like and social. And a man *must* be social there, almost in spite of himself, or he is a fool if he is not. Not that he may be either indifferently. If he does prove recusant and crabtree, he had as well look to the consequence. There is no neutrality, far less resistance, permitted by the confederated circle; he must either be one of it, or be content to take the alternative of being the victim of its persecutions; and he will find that there are no tricksters so merciless as those who club against time and cynicism.

It will be gathered, from what I have said, that I had no reason to complain of the persons with whom I had the fortune to be associated. They possessed nothing remarkable in talent or character, but they were all (I include the ship's officers) frank and companionable, and eminently friendly; qualities of all others, which, while they afford least matter for chronicle, attract the most permanent regard. But Mr Joseph Cricket, the assistant-surgeon, deserves a separate notice. He was a little man, between thirty-five and forty, usually concealed in a suit of clothes capable, for dimensions, of containing three of him, and at least ten years behind the reigning mode. He had tried to establish himself in Yorkshire, had waited year after year looking for a business, and in this visionary project lost sight of the little money he had inherited from his father. He was too humane, he remarked, for the people there. While others of the profession resorted to the most summary remedies which the art afforded for the release of patients from a world of care, and secured the eternal gratitude of the survivors, he had employed the less-approved system of assisting Nature by gentle and safe means, had endeavoured to "sweeten the blood rather than attack the humour, applied an emollient rather than used the cautery." This passed for imbecility, want of energy, and want of skill; and he saw the little practice he had dying away, because he was chargeable with fewer deaths than any practitioner in the neighbourhood. The very attorneys began to sneer at him, as a person who neither knew when it was proper for a patient to sign and seal a will, nor when it concerned the interest of relations and his own that it should be put to instant execution. All this he despised, and his integrity was proof to it; but he found the current of ingratitude too strongly set against him, so he determined to leave the Egyptians to the plagues they nourished, in the shape of surgeons and attorneys. This resolution was no sooner formed than executed, and to it, and the kindness of some friends, he concluded one day with a salam, "You present are indebted for the benefit of my professional assistance in this good ship." Such was the surgeon's account of himself. But Mr Cricket was a confirmed talker, had been discovered to trip occasionally, and it was suspected his Yorkshire neighbours had been less culpable in their estimate of his merits than appeared from his narrative. This was matter of inference; for his professional superior, whatever he thought on the subject, said nothing, and fortunately the sanitary state of the ship's company, during the voyage, made the merits of the surgeons a matter neither of practical test nor importance. But this we inferred. While Mr Joseph had something to say on every other subject, he never introduced a remark, except of the most trivial kind, on the subject of his profession, or said any thing that might have the remotest tendency to lead to it. In any other person, this would have been accounted for, on the score of politeness, and a desire to remove as far as possible from pedantry. But it was no part of the assistant's character to put his candlestick under a bushel; and the most charitable judgment could scarce refuse the conclusion, that, in matters professional, he was at fault, and possessed of no extensive attainments. By-and-by it appeared he had no professional books, and afterwards it was discovered he had no books at all. When this last discovery was announced, and the doctor's learning began to be jested on, he put himself fairly at bay, and announced his thorough contempt for books, and all that could be got from them; he had not looked into a book for ten years, not *since* he had *passed* Surgeons' Hall, and then he had sold every one he had. The magnanimity of this declaration seemed to relieve him greatly, and he drew himself up, as if he had thrown down the gauntlet to be taken up by any one who had the courage or temerity to do so. But, "quo adjutore usus est? quo socio?" Why, Mr Cricket's chief ally and friend on board seemed to be old Frost,—a bluff veteran, careless of heat or cold, storm or calm, whom no measure of alcohol, by his own account, could lay low; a sort of nautical actor-of-all-work, but chiefly officiating as a kind of deputy boatswain. He and the doctor were observed to draw together at an early part of the voyage, and to be soon on the most intimate terms. He had a world of adventures to tell of, and all he said was so far removed from any thing that books furnished, that he was entirely the man after Cricket's own heart. It was impossible, indeed, not to be struck by the oddity of his character. Every one had something to say to Frost, and he had a word for every one. I soon discovered he was of the north country, and, from an adventure told with characteristic humour, that he was from a part of the coast not distant from my native town. This adventure was the shipwreck of Skipper Oldman in the Drive-quick Schooner, in which he said he was a sharer, and which every one in that quarter has heard of. Oldman was the most spare trencherman, the most profound drinker, the hardiest thunderer of oaths, (probably holding, with other valorous spirits, "that an oath sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation of valour, than proof itself would earn,") and withal the most wrong-headed skipper that ever sailed coast-ways, and never lost sight of that surest of sea-guides, land. One squally night he took it into his head that his schooner was sinking, and ordered every one of them, as they valued their lives, and regarded his authority, to get into the boat and be off; an order which he accompanied with so many oaths, that it was impossible not to be impressed by it. After some hours' hard pulling, they could discover, through the darkness, a vessel near them. They hailed her, and called for assistance; but it was to no purpose,—they got no answer. Whereupon Oldman, to be revenged, commenced, against vessel and crew, a cannonade of oaths and grape-shower of epithets in such abundance, as almost to exhaust his magazine,—buccaneers, savages, inhuman brutes, falling among the most gentle of the latter. Some hours after, they were more fortunate, by getting on board a vessel, and there the skipper resumed the war, volleying anathemas, and exclaiming against the inhumanity of the treatment he had received from a vessel, he supposed, calling herself Christian. The jest comes. When day broke, the inhuman vessel proved to be his own schooner—abandoned just as she was sinking, which he called Heaven to witness he had seen sink, and which, Tony Lumpkin like, he had been sailing round the whole night—now swimming as buoyantly as she had done any time for seven years before.

This, and such like narrations, pleased Mr Cricket much, which, Daniel Frost observing, he did not fail to minister to his taste copiously, taking care, on no occasion, to allow the case in hand to fall short of expectation. Dan had a spice of roguery in him. He would frequently make merry at the expence of the doctor when his back was turned, and would give off to him moving "accidents, by flood and field," which he would not have hazarded to any other. Yet at no time was the unsuspecting doctor known to break faith with Dan, or speak of him otherwise than as a man of excellent parts, a hearty cock, an honest fellow.

But I turn from the doctor and his friend, whom I have described rather as I afterwards came to know them, than as I first saw them, to the proper affairs of my journal, and to an occurrence that interrupted the peaceable government of the vessel, about a month after we had put to sea. Two of the crew fought, and, when separated, in the heat of passion, excited by the fray and by liquor, spoke insultingly to the first mate. For this, although it appeared they were not equally blameable in the first breach of discipline, (one of them an active fellow, and rather a favourite with the crew, but passionate when irritated, having been wantonly provoked by the other, an idle and worthless dog,) they were ordered two dozen lashes each, and suffered them soon after. I do not know how far the authority of the commander of such a vessel goes, but, in this affair, the order was promptly given and as promptly executed. I resolved to be present. It was the first time I had seen such an infliction, and having seen it, it shall be the last. I loathed it in spirit: Nature asserted an equal loathing, and, as the blood flowed, I sickened to the heart. How is this? Is it woman-heartedness? Perhaps it is, but is it a token of cowardice? I would say No. I want neither courage in sudden emergency, nor fortitude where perseverance is necessary; but the spectacle of this degrading punishment, whether from physical weakness, or from whatever other cause, I could not abide. I have often since reflected how a punishment, so revolting in its kind, so demoralizing in its effects, so uncongenial to the institutions of freemen, so totally at variance with policy, should have become part of our army and navy discipline. Talk of the degradation of slavery! Degradation is relative, and the last indignity of slavery is the lash—that "extremum concordiæ vinculum," in the hands of authority. A slave has the lash habitually in his thoughts, and before him; and when he becomes the victim of its laceration, he is surrounded by those who have felt it, or may feel it,—he suffers pain, but he suffers no degradation in *their* sight, and they are the only beings whose opinion he looks to, whose lot and sympathies he partakes. It is otherwise with soldiers and sailors. Although their power of free action has been abridged, with some voluntarily, with others by means not easily justifiable, and a contract of service has passed, they have been taught to believe that they had the birth of freedom, and that they are members each of a profession which, while it imposes restraints, is itself honourable, and the path to distinction and reward. Every feeling of their nature, therefore, rises against the system of the scourge. Once subjected to its infamy, a man, it may be a brave man, and more inconsiderate than guilty, stands degraded with his associates; a stain is cast upon his past life, a death-shade thrown over his hopes and prospects, the felon's mark is upon him, and he is at war with himself and the world. The punishment, it is true, is now less frequently resorted to, and there are restrictions as to the occasion and extent of it, but who does not pray that it may be totally abolished, and that the very spirit which could sanction it, nay, find words to defend it, may be utterly forgotten, and for ever!

Lines on Edinburgh.

EDINA, dear! so fair, so wild,
Where art and Nature proudly vie,
Where castle, cliff, and palace pil'd,
Smile in the sun's red setting dye;

With blush like Beauty's deep'ning glow,
When her own praises doom'd to hear,
Thou look'st into thy glass below,
The Forth's broad waters, calm and clear!

Far seen amidst its smoky shroud,
Thy castle's giant form on high
Glooms like a darksome thunder-cloud,
With watchful guardian's jealousy.

Thy walks—the haunts of Fairy feet,
Are dear to Love and Beauty still;
Bear witness, Arthur's airy seat!
And Calton's Monumental Hill!

Oh! 'midst the crowds that o'er them stray,
We've seen those forms of Beauty glide
From the tranced gaze away—away,
That leave all in eclipse beside;

Upon whose flight we, gazing, turn,
And sigh, as o'er misfortune's birth,
And look and feel as one at morn,
Who dreams of Heaven and wakes on earth!

THE CHARACTER OF THE RUSSIANS, AND A DETAILED HISTORY OF MOSCOW *.

THE conspicuous figure which has of late years been made by Russia, on the great stage of European politics, and the great and increasing influence which she has acquired, gives a peculiar interest to the inquiries and speculations which have been set on foot, into the character and manners of this singular and diversified people. Nor is this merely a subject of curious speculation. When we survey this gigantic empire, verging, with one extremity, into the heart of Europe, sharing in all its political transactions, and influencing the destinies of its various states, and, with the other, reaching to the empire of China, subduing the wandering tribes and barbarous hordes of Asia, whose hostile inroads were wont to put in jeopardy the civilization of the world, and stretching from Asia her encroaching confines over the desert shores of Western America,—it is with a far different feeling, from that of mere curiosity, that we inquire into the nature of her resources, moral as well as physical. We wish to know the extent and limits of her power,—whether this vast empire, imposing, as it may appear at first sight, may not be more remarkable for unwieldy bulk than for solid strength,—whether, out of that vast surface of territory, with its poor and barbarous population scattered at wide intervals, such great national exertions could be made, as where the territory was more compact, more densely peopled, and richer and more civilized. On a more superficial survey of such an empire as Russia, we are apt to be overwhelmed with the idea of invincible power; but, on a nearer inspection, we discover many hidden sources of weakness,—many hindrances that must retard her in the race of conquest,—a great deficiency in the helps and resources of civilized life,—a semi-barbarous people, deficient in moral energy,—and in her Government, and in the internal mechanism of her policy, a want of unity, a want of co-operation in the various points of her system, arising from the gross nature of the materials of which it is composed. Among a highly-civilized people, Government possesses peculiar facilities for the execution of its purposes. Its decrees fly through all the inferior departments of authority, and are quickly in a train of successful execution. A semi-barbarous people are, on the other hand, like non-conductors of authority, if we may so express ourselves; the central heat of the supreme power slowly penetrates to the extremities of the empire; there is, consequently, a want of energy for any great national exertion; there is more the appearance than the reality of great power; and however much we may be dazzled by the gigantic display of territory and population on paper, it will be always found, that such powers are generally overmatched by the compact and well-directed resources of smaller states. On this account, though we do not exactly participate in the vague alarms which have been spread, as to the rapid increase of the Russian power, and the danger of her ascendancy in the European system, which notions are strongly inculcated in the account given by Mr Lyall in one of the works before us, of the military colonies of Russia; yet we feel a deep interest in all that concerns this great and growing empire; and we have perused both Mr Lyall's works on Russia—the large quarto, as well as the small pamphlet—with great interest.

The first of these works contains, unquestionably, much curious and interesting information, along, it must also be admitted, with a good deal of tedious detail. Mr Lyall dwells rather too long on his own motives and views in publishing this

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* The Character of the Russians, and a detailed History of Moscow, with numerous Engravings. By Robert Lyall. London. Printed for T. Cadell and W. Blackwood. 1823.

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work. We do not imagine, however, although Mr Lyall had spared his reasons, that any one would have quarrelled with him for having published a volume, either instructive or amusing, on the subject of Russia. This would rather have been considered a literary good work, which would have drawn forth merited commendations on his ability or his zeal. After all that an author can say, his work must still stand on its own intrinsic merits; and, in the case of Mr Lyall, it is obvious that he has been at great pains to collect useful and important information; and, as he was not merely a passing traveller through Russia, liable to be deceived by every casual impression, we may place every reliance on his statements. The first part of his work, which may be said to be a sketch of the general character of the Russians, is brief, and highly interesting. He seems to be quite impartial in his observations; and though he is by no means an admirer of the Russians, he defends them on good grounds, apparently, against the rash aspersions thrown out against them by some travellers, and, among others, by Dr Clarke. He appears to be a sound and judicious observer of manners and character; and, though sometimes apt to be tedious, and to introduce topics little connected with the subject in hand, yet, on the whole, the first part of the work, where he treats of the general character of the Russians, is rational and entertaining. The second part of the work is little else than a topographical account of the city of Moscow, exceedingly minute, and full of details as to all the different public buildings. It is thus a repository of information more curious than useful, and certainly not of sufficient importance to be spread out into a large quarto volume. The general remarks on the manners of the Russians are, no doubt, always interesting; but these are sparingly introduced, and we are apt to tire of the prolix accounts of edifices, churches, public institutions, &c., which Mr Lyall has collected with such persevering assiduity.

Respecting the national character of the Russians, it appears, from Mr Lyall's account, that the light of civilization has only reached the higher classes, all below them still continuing in their original and barbarian darkness. The higher nobles, and military officers of rank, are the select society of Russia. These have been polished in their manners and habits by contact with more civilized nations, though even this region of fashion and refinement is subject to occasional inroads from the lower walks of coarseness and vulgarity. A nation cannot be reformed, on a sudden, from all its long-cherished and inveterate habits; and though a select class may be admirers of the polish and improvements of other countries, and may, to a certain extent, adopt them; yet, while all below retain their primitive barbarity, they must occasionally be brought down to their level. Civilization is here a precious exotic, which requires continual culture and care: it is too tender to be exposed to the rude climate of Russian manners; but must be preserved, by every sort of kindly shelter, until it begins to take root, and to flourish under the opening spring of advancing civilization. Refinement in Russia, which is introduced among the higher classes, is like an advanced post in an enemy's country; it has to contend for its existence, and though it is no doubt gaining ground, yet it is evident, from all the accounts of travellers, and even from that of Mr Lyall himself, who is not disposed to under-rate the Russians, that the great portion of the people still remain in a state of barbarity. They are more assimilated to savage, than to civilized life, by the extreme filthiness of their habits, by their want of all sound morality, and by their propensity to every sort of odious excess; and according as strangers happen to be known among the higher classes of nobility, their estimate of the Russian character will be favourable or otherwise. It is to this cause that our author accordingly traces the very opposite characters that have been given of the Russian people. Sir Robert Wilson, in speaking of the Russians, always has in his view the higher nobility, or the military officers of rank, and his portrait is accordingly favourable, and also partakes of the enthusiasm natural to his character. Sir R. Kerr Porter had also particular reasons for his admiration of Russia; and, with respect to Dr Clarke, he appears to write on this subject under a continual irritation. His situation in Russia, under the vigilance of the Emperor Paul, was sufficiently distressing; he felt deeply the state of humiliation in which he was placed, watched continually by the police-spies of this jealous tyrant; and there is no doubt that his irritation gave a cast of variety to his observations on the people, and imparted to his descriptions a force and colouring which is beyond the line of sober truth. Not that Dr Clarke is incorrect in all his facts. He only errs in the rash conclusions which he draws from them; yet he throws the whole together, both fact and inference, with so much skill, and flourishes away so eloquently against Russia, that the mind is borne down by his declamation, and does not easily discern where the fallacy of his statements lies. Mr Lyall is a simpler writer; and he lived among all classes in Russia, both high and low. He can give, therefore, the light and shade of the picture; and he seems to be completely impartial, and to desire to state nothing but what is strictly true. His portrait of the Russians, however, is far from favourable; and though he justly, no doubt, censures Dr Clarke's descriptions, it is singular, after all, how little they differ from his own plainer statements. The following is the general portrait which he gives of the Russians, which is that of a half civilized community:

> The Russians are insinuating and cunning, deceitful and perfidious, sensual and immoral; given to levity, fond of novelty, and improvident,—with the command of little money, they are avaricious and mean,—when cash abounds, they are generous, ostentatious, and prodigal,—they are cheerful, good-humoured, and social,—they are luxurious, hospitable, and charitable,—they love light occupations and amusements, as plays, operas, masquerades, exhibitions, dancing, singing, and instrumental music, chess, and draughts, and billiards,—but, above all, playing at cards, to which whole days, and weeks, and months, and years, are devoted. They have a great curiosity to pry into the affairs of others,—they have quick apprehensions,—their talent for imitation is universally allowed,—they are fluent in languages,—a few are endowed with good parts and ingenuity, and are men of literature,—the generality are moderately well informed and accomplished, as to what regards the exterior of life,—few are distinguished for their proficiency in the sciences,—they are accustomed to good living, but are generally moderate in their cups,—they are disposed to indolence, to a sedentary mode of life, and to much sleep. The manners of the higher and travelled nobility are easy, elegant, and imposing; and the natives of no country can make themselves more agreeable to foreigners. The manners of the lower nobility are affected, consequential, overbearing, and sometimes rude, though some few of them are endowed with amiable and generous passions.

Like all uncultivated people, the Russians, and more especially the nobility, who have often princely fortunes, are extremely fickle in their plans; pursuing, at first, with great avidity, a favourite project, and afterwards, as the charm of novelty abates, leaving it half executed. Mr Lyall does not suppose that he could point out half-a-dozen completely well-arranged and finished noblemen's establishments, among the hundreds of sumptuous palaces, the numerous fine villas, and the many beautiful country retreats, which decorate Moscow and its vicinity. The Russian nobility are also extremely thoughtless and extravagant, never calculating the expence of their enjoyments, but running into debt, without care or scruple, for what they are in want of, and never dreaming of the day of payment. With what Dr Clarke states of the cunning, insincerity, and supple address of the Russians, of their inveterate tendency to low sensuality, and of their profligate morals, and disregard of the ties of marriage, Mr Lyall concurs; but he differs with Dr Clarke's description of the coarseness and filth of the domestic life and habits of the Russians; yet, though he contradicts him in some points, he leaves enough behind to confirm generally the description which he gives. He himself relates several acts of petty theft committed by Russian nobles, while visiting at each other's houses. At a splendid entertainment given by a nobleman of the highest rank in Moscow, it was remarked that one of the guests contrived to convey a silver spoon into his pocket, and having left the room immediately after dinner, drove home. A prince of the northern empire having entered one of the magazines at Moscow, seized a gilded cup and saucer, as he thought, without being seen, and having deposited it in his carriage, drove home. Dr Clarke complains that Russians of the highest rank are covered with vermin,—that Prince Potemkin used to kill them on the bottom of his plate, at table,—that beauteous princesses of Moscow followed his example,—that in approaching too near the persons of Russian nobility, you were sure to be attacked by vermin,—and that there is not a bed in the whole empire which an Englishman would venture to approach. This disgusting picture of the Russians drawn by Dr Clarke, Mr Lyall assures us is overcharged. It may be true when applied to the lower nobility, and the peasantry, but must be regarded as a caricature in regard to the highest classes of nobility, many of whom, according to Mr Lyall, Dr Clarke must have seen, who were both cleanly in their persons and elegant in their dress. He agrees, however, with Dr Clarke, that many of the nobility are overcharged with vermin; but he differs with him as to the extent of this evil. He then tells a story of a distinguished individual, who was in the practice of wearing a great bear-skin shoob or covering: when he visited, this skin was committed to the care of his servant, who, when tired, made his bed on it in the anti-chamber of the house where his master visited, or on the floor; a practice, it appears, quite common in Russia, and not yet abolished from the precincts of the Imperial winter-palace at Petersburgh, in the lobbies and anti-rooms of which a dozen or a score of livery-servants may sometimes be seen reposing on all sides, like so many dogs. In this case, it is easy to see how the vermin were conveyed from the servant to the master; and this anecdote may shew, that until refinement penetrate more generally among the mass of the people, it is scarcely possible for the higher ranks to preserve themselves from the contagion and filth so general among those below them. Mr Lyall closes this disagreeable subject with the following summary:

> That women of the highest quality may have been seen, at a chance time, in the act of divesting each other of vermin, I do not pretend to doubt; but sure I am, that the gentleman alluded to as authority will contradict the statement, if such an action was meant to be generally characteristic of the Russian ladies. That many of the dames et demoiselles of Russia require to use the close-teethed comb, is beyond all question; but they do not exhibit themselves at the windows of their palaces when so employed. I should not be warranted by truth in asserting, that none of the ladies are free of corporal or craniol insects.

Respecting the Russian character and habits in other particulars, Dr Clarke is equally severe. He pursues the Russian through all the details of his domestic life, and holds him up to reprobation and ridicule. He rises late, he informs us, indulging sleep in the grossest manner, always sleeping after eating; his breakfast consists of a dram, with black bread; his dinner of the coarsest and most greasy viands, salted cucumbers, sour cabbage, and his nectar *quass;* grease and brandy form every where the common diet. No change of knives and forks need be expected, even among the most refined and accomplished princes. If a stranger sends away his knife and fork, it is not even wiped; and the horrors of a Russian kitchen are inconceivable.

To this description Mr Lyall demurs, on various grounds. To the nobles in general, he assures us, it is wholly inapplicable, in many points. He gives his testimony of various noblemen with whom he lived, and that he never saw them take any dram, except on the road. The custom is, to drink tea or coffee at an early hour. As to the dinners and suppers, he informs us, that they consist of a number of good dishes, in which a mixture of German and French cookery prevails, in addition to the dishes which are common in Russia. Of those dishes at the tables of the first nobility, our author informs us, there is no reason to complain. On the contrary, the attention paid to eating and drinking in Russia is considered a matter of most serious importance, all the higher nobility having foreign cooks, to teach their slaves the art of cookery, in order to minister to their fastidious palates. Others send their vassals to receive lessons in the Imperial kitchen, or to the tuition of some distinguished cook in the capital. In some of the larger establishments of the nobles at Moscow, they have six, eight, and sometimes ten men-cooks, besides a dozen, and sometimes twenty, assistants in the kitchen. As to the cleaning of knives and forks, service of this nature seems to be very imperfect at a Russian table; every one pleases himself; and it not unfrequently happens, that while one half of the guests retain the same knives and forks throughout the whole repast, the other half send them away to be changed, which, however, does not appear to be always done. The following custom, related by Dr Lyall, sufficiently illustrates the great want of nicety which prevails in the country:

> At the first tables, jellies, marmalades, and preserved fruits, are generally served up as a part of the dessert, and every guest has his own plate, but sometimes it happens that the same spoon makes round the table with the preserves or jelly, and serves the whole company, each individual having filled his mouth, kindly passing the spoon for the accommodation of his neighbour. Among the lower nobility, the ladies and gentlemen, I beg pardon, la noblesse, having retired from dinner, often find fruits and jellies placed upon a covered table, to which they approach, and help themselves at their pleasure, one spoon serving all the party, however numerous, or sometimes a servant hands both the jelly and the spoon in succession to each individual. This practice is carried to the perfection of disgust among the rich merchants, among the clergy, and among those peasants who have acquired wealth by their industry.

Mr Lyall mentions the common practice which prevails, not only in Russia, but in Sweden universally, and in most parts of the continent, of spitting on the floors and carpets of their finest rooms; also that of picking the teeth with a fork at meals, which is very offensive to British strangers. But the mode of sleeping marks, as much as any thing else, a total want of refinement, not only in this important article of domestic comfort, but in their manners and habits generally. The Russians, it appears, though they possess fine beds and bedsteads, keep them more for exhibition than for use; they do not sleep in them, and it is their practice to lay down beds on the floor, and there to repose. There are many very curious scenes to which their indifferent accommodations for sleeping give rise. When a great entertainment is to be given, to which are invited the neighbours far and near, the nobles generally bring sleeping accommodations with them; and there they lay down on the dining-room and drawing-room floors, which are made the sleeping-place for numerous visitors, and are covered with these temporary beds. Mr Lyall gives the following account of the mode in which these arrangements are made:

> A fête was to be given by Madame Poldaratska, the mother of the gentleman whom I accompanied, in the village of Gruzino, near Torjok, on the Sunday subsequent to our arrival at that estate. Throughout Saturday, carriages filled with nobles continued to arrive from time to time, some of them with large bags filled with beds, and fixed behind them; others followed by telegas loaded with beds and pillows. Although the house of Madame Poltaratska was of considerable size, it was matter of astonishment to me where the whole party, amounting to nearly fifty individuals, were to find rooms for their accommodation in the night, though the beds were already provided. Conversation and cards were the evening's amusements, and at 11 o'clock an elegant supper was served up, and at its conclusion a scene of bustle and confusion followed, which rivetted my attention. The dining-room, the drawing-room, the hall, the whole suit of apartments in which we had passed the evening, were converted into bed-rooms. Dozens of small painted and unpainted bed-steads, each for a single person, and of the value, in Russia, of five roubles, were speedily transported into the chambers, and arranged along the sides of the rooms, which soon resembled a barracks, or the wards of an hospital. Scores of servants, both those belonging to Madame Poltaratska, and to the visitors, were now

running backwards and forwards with beds and mattresses, pillows and bed-linen, shoobs and baggage. Many of the beds and mattresses had no inviting appearance.

There is a still more curious account of a Russian fête given in 1820, by General N——, on occasion of his oldest son's birth-day. This entertainment was prolonged for two, three, or four days, according as the guests shewed an inclination to remain or to depart. About one hundred of them assembled, and the conduct of the entertainment, and the difficulty of accommodating them, is described in the following terms by our author:

> The festival-day was occupied with a splendid dinner, card-parties, and a ball, which was followed by a masquerade. Those of the nobility who had been provident enough to bring beds with them, were pretty comfortably situated, although many of them lay on the floor for want of bed-steads. Some who had speculated on the chance of finding beds, especially those of high rank, got such as the house could muster, and what contented them. But some individuals of lower rank, who had made no provision, although all the beds of the servants were put in requisition, came but badly off; they reposed on chairs, or on benches, or on the floor, enveloped in shoobs, or under whatever kind of covering they could procure. I made a morning visit about eleven o'clock on the following day, to one of the houses in which were lodged some of my male acquaintances, and others whom I had treated as patients. The scene, even after a number of years travelling and residence in Russia, struck me forcibly. The hall and the drawing-room were literally a barracks—sofas, divans, and chairs put together, covered with beds—and their fatigued or lazy tenants formed the scenery of the first apartment; in the latter, was arranged a sleeping-place, upon the floor, for half-a-dozen noblemen, with beds, pillows, shoobs, great-coats, &c. The possessors of this den, wrapped up in splendid silk night-gowns, some lying down, some sitting up in bed, some drinking coffee and tea, and smoking tobacco, amidst mephitic air, and surrounded by chamber utensils, and other disagreeable trumpery, formed a curious motley association.

By way of set-off to the defects of the Russian character, we are assured that they are hospitable, and much given to charity; and the author gives various examples of the exercise of those virtues. On the other hand, deception is stated to be the characteristic of all ranks, and several anecdotes are told in proof of this. We have no doubt that this vice is as common as our author declares it to be; but we much fear that there is no nation in which we will not find many adepts at dissimulation. Our author, however, gives a curious example of the deceptions which were practised on the Empress Catherine, in the course of her peregrinations through her dominions, and which, great as the disposition may be, in every country, to flatter princes, by presenting them, in all cases, with the bright side of the picture, were in this case carried a greater length than we ever before heard of. Her Majesty made a journey to the Crimea in 1787, and her progress was a continual triumph through a populous country, covered with villages, and flocks and herds, and presenting the aspect of universal plenty. Now, all this, our author tells us, was absolutely got up for the occasion, in order to persuade her Majesty, over what a fertile country she had the happiness to reign. The roads over which she travelled were repaired on purpose; and portable villages, erected in the morning for a mere passing show, and destroyed in the evening, arose, the following day, like creations on some new spot, where the Imperial cavalcade was to stop. Cattle were driven to the banks of the Volga, or to the line of roads where Catherine was to pass; and peasants were obliged to quit their houses, and to inhabit for a day the ephemeral cottages which were provided for them. Such are the deceptions which are practised on Sovereigns. The whole world seems united in a tacit conspiracy to deceive and to flatter them; and need we wonder, after this, that they commit errors? In like manner, when the Emperor Alexander visited Moscow, many ruined houses were plastered and painted, and had a magnificent exterior appearance, while they presented a complete interior vacuity. It is astonishing to what an extent those deceptions are carried in Russia. Mr Lyall gives an account of an hospital for the sick and infirm, which was absolutely got up for show, and replenished with sick patients, in order to be looked at. General Araktcheef, who is attached to the person of the Emperor, was sent to inspect this hospital, and we have the following curious account of the farce which took place:

Early in the morning of the day appointed for General Araktcheef's arrival, above a dozen of people, men and women, were employed in washing, and cleaning, and arranging the hospital; the kitchen-stove was lighted, and the kitchen itself stored with good provisions, under the care of an excellent cook. The beds were made up, and black boards were placed against the walls over the heads of the beds, upon which were written, with chalk, the names and age of the patients, the technical and the Russian appellations of their diseases, the date of their admission, and the diet allowed them, as is always the case in the public hospitals in Russia. All was thus arranged, but there were no sick, except three or four invalids in the village. In the transforming empire of Russia, however, this was of no consequence. The women who had washed the hospital, and a number of patients, males and females, who were ordered to repair to it, in obedience to their lord's command, disrobed and washed themselves, put on the dresses provided for patients, got into bed, and feigned sickness. After an elegant dinner, the host conducted General Araktcheef, and a number of other visitors, to the hospital, where they were received by a clerk in the lobby, with its report-books in his hand, which he showed to his Excellence. No physician being stationed there at the time, the apothecary assumed his name and office; and, as the party paced the wards, gave all necessary explanation respecting the diseases of the patients: his assistant then brought in a basket full of medicines, vials, powders, ointments, plasters, &c. which he distributed to each, adding, according to the circumstances of the case, "This is a mixture for thy fever," "These herbs are for thy cough," &c. &c. A plateful of excellent soup, with a piece of black and white bread, and a bottle of kaska, were now presented in succession, that General Araktcheef might be able to judge of the manner in which the sick were fed. He was highly pleased, it is said, with the institution, and took his departure. He had not been gone above a few minutes, when all the patient-actors started from their beds, threw off their robes, and being highly amused, laughed heartily, and then bent their way home, and wished for a repetition of the farce, as they had had an excellent day's provisions, and so the hospital was left dreary and void.

The prying curiosity of the Russians exceeds all bounds. They pry into the affairs of others with an eagerness which baffles all precautions, and a stranger is startled with the most impertinent and unexpected questions, as to his connections, his family, property, his his revenues, and his most sacred affairs. They are indefatigable in petty inquiries of this nature, and generally persist until they extort some illicit intelligence from the objects of their importunity; and, rather than suffer any disappointment, they will apply to servants, to lackies, coachmen, or any one from whom they can procure any clandestine information. When a stranger resides in any Russian family, the master or mistress is acquainted with all his motions, through inquiries made at servants. In noblemen's families, spies are employed to watch the motions of the visitors, and to bring back accounts to their masters of all that they can spy out and retail of their conduct and conversation.

In addition to those disagreeable qualities of the Russians, Mr Lyall enumerates their want of uprightness and sincerity. These virtues, he adds, are rare among them. He comments at considerable length on Dr Clarke's high character of the Russian women, who, he informs us, are unduly exalted, as the men are under-rated by this traveller. According to his account, the wives of the Russian merchants are lazy; careless of domestic duties, and of their children, whom they commit to servants; fond of indolence and sleep, and occasionally addicted to drinking. This last vice, held so disgraceful in this country, is little thought of in Russia. When a Russian woman is intoxicated, she betakes herself to her bed, which is placed, in many cases, over the oven, and there, from the influence of the liquor and the heat, she falls fast asleep. The husband, when he returns home from his affairs, is no way shocked, but asks, in a laughing manner, if she is tipsy? to which she replies, in a tone of complaint, "No, I have a headache;" and there is no more about the matter. Chastity cannot, according to our author, be reckoned a prevailing virtue among the Russian women, though there may, no doubt, be some families among whom are found purity and delicacy of character. Nor is there much regard paid to delicacy in the conversation of the women; on the contrary, there is no reserve among them on points of female delicacy: they hold conversations with men, which, as our author assures us, exceed all belief. He relates some strange anecdotes in confirmation of this censure, and they certainly evince a state of indelicacy and grossness of which, in this country, we can have little conception.

Mr Lyall gives an interesting account of the state of literature among the Russians, and of its gradual progress. The press is, no doubt, in a most fettered state, under the thraldom of a corrupt censorship; but the thirst for knowledge is increasing throughout the empire; and, under all the restraints and precautions of despotism, it is still making its way, and will, in time, pave the way for a greater state of political freedom. There are numerous Journals and Newspapers, of different descriptions, published in Petersburgh and other parts; and numerous universities, academies, public and private schools, are actively at work in disseminating instruction. Some of the Journals are much read, especially those which treat of the politics of the day. Some of the noblemen, also, have established Lancastrian-schools, for the instruction of the peasantry. Over a great part of this great empire, those institutions are thus scattering the seeds of knowledge, which, in due time, will spring up into a plentiful harvest of political improvement. An enlightened people cannot be long compressed within the bonds of slavery. The human mind becomes more sensitive by improvement,—it kindles, as it were, into a higher temperature,—and, like the heated atmosphere, acquires an expansive force, which bursts through all the restraints and barriers within which it was before peaceably confined. The Russians, at present, are not sensible of the disadvantages of their condition; they do not feel the full weight of their misery; but as they acquire knowledge, their eyes will be opened to see their abject state, and the full rigour of their bondage;—and then will take place the mighty conflict between public opinion and the despotic powers of the state. Happy, if, in that awful crisis, the rulers of this country, profiting by the fatal example of other nations, shall quietly adapt their Government to the improving spirit of the age, and thus prevent that shock between power and opinion, under which the most stable institutions, being moved from their basis, all the ancient relations of the state may be, for a time, dissolved. It will be happy for Russia, if, when that crisis of her destiny arrives, she possesses wise and considerate rulers, who will have the prudence to yield to the irresistible storm of the national will, by which tyranny will then be hurled from the throne. In that case, a compromise may be effected; there will be some chance for a peaceable and orderly reform of abuses, and anarchy and misrule may be avoided. At present, Russia is ruled by very different counsels; and her Emperor seems engaged in the benevolent scheme of preserving, not only his own people in ignorance, and in a happy destitution of all political rights, but of forcing, at the point of the sword, chains and darkness upon all other countries.

The priests in Russia are in a very degraded state. The higher clergy are, some of them, men of talents and information; but the lower clergy are devoid both of learning and morality. The soldiers are now all instructed to read; and such part of them as have been in the more civilized parts of Europe, have brought back improved notions, and a taste for the blessings of civil liberty. The merchants are chiefly intent on making money, and they have little time to think of any thing else. They have no intelligence, and less honesty. In the bargaining-shops at Moscow, they ask always about four or five times the value for every article they have to dispose of; and they are not ashamed to practise every sort of fraud and dishonourable evasion in selling their goods. Their utmost ingenuity is exerted in giving damaged goods a fair appearance,—in defrauding, in measure and in weight, in an imperceptible manner,—in slipping bad goods among the better, that have been bought, and ordered home.

When a Russian is detected cheating, he shows no mark of shame; he laughs, adding, "that he did not intend it; or it was a mistake;" and sometimes openly confessing it, says, "that it is his business to sell as high as he can, and that it is yours to buy as cheap as you can." The bargaining-shops present the most refined scene of deception and roguery. "A set of sharpers," says our author, "whose very countenances are indicative of their profession, assemble there every day, and, with their flattery, lies, oaths, and villany, deceive the public to an enormous amount, while they fill their own pockets."

Such is the character given of the merchants, and, with regard to the state of the peasantry, our author has, as usual, a controversy with Dr Clarke, whose description of their degraded condition he considers, with reason, to be greatly exaggerated. According to his own account, the peasantry, being all slaves, are entirely at the mercy of their masters; and they must just take such treatment as they choose to give them. It happens, accordingly, that some are well treated, while others suffer cruel bondage and oppression, from the rigour or rapacity of their lords. Those who are dissipated or extravagant, and are pressed for money, have immediate recourse to exactions from their slaves, whose taxes they augment, and whom they often plunder of all they possess—and in this case there is no remedy. There are no tribunals, in this land of slavery, for a refuge to the oppressed. The Russian noble has the peasantry, who are all slaves, completely at his mercy, and on the accident of whose character their lot entirely depends.

The selfish and interested dispositions of the Russians, which are so conspicuous in the transactions of private life, give rise to the most infamous venality and corruption in all the departments of the public business; even in courts of justice, bribery is the great agent; and in all other branches of the civil administration, it is the avowed dependance of the public officers for eking out their inadequate salaries. Our author's remarks on this subject are strikingly just and considerate. All the emoluments, he informs us, of the great functionaries of the crown, are inadequate to maintain their rank. They must accordingly resort to indirect means for supplying the deficiency, and what they receive under the name of presents, is not so much, according to Mr Lyall, a bribe to betray their duty, as a compensation for performing it; an illegal compensation, no doubt, altogether discretionary, and necessarily leading to the grossest exactions and abuses, and ultimately to a neglect of duty, and to a betraying of all public trusts. The internal administration of the empire must be in a state of great neglect, for, according to our author, it does not appear that the salaries of public officers have been much increased since the reign of Peter the Great, while, during that period, the rouble has been repeatedly lowered in its value; so that the salaries of public officers have rather been diminished than increased; although the expence of living has, in the mean time, been greatly augmented. The cause, then, of the universal bribery which now pervades, like a plague, every branch of the public management, is obvious; and it does not so much imply any moral degradation of the people, though it certainly does not tend to exalt them, as bad arrangements in the domestic administration of the country. In Russia, bribery is the common mode of transacting public business; and until the wages of iniquity be paid, every thing stands still. "It is a fact, (says our author,) that orators who are clothed in scarlet, and covered with embroidery, who ride in their carriages and four, and who live in the highest style, will condescend to receive a twenty-five rouble, or, as some say, even a ten rouble note, as a bribe; and in the most simple affairs, the process is protracted till the fee be paid. In the Senate, Justice may be truly said to be "put up to auction, and sold to the highest bidder." Some leading men in Russia have, at different times, set themselves to correct this abuse. But it is so deeply rooted in the whole system of public business, that it will not be easily eradicated. To such a reform, a general improvement of morals would be a necessary prelude. In this country, direct corruption, and, more especially, judicial bribery, is held in such abhorrence, that it would not be tolerated. It would bring whoever practised it into universal contempt. In an enlightened community, such as that of Britain, in which a high sense of honour and rectitude is so generally diffused, so gross an abuse would be hooted down by universal consent. We have laws, to be sure, against bribery; but it is manners which afford the sure antidote to such an evil; while, on the other hand, it takes root and flourishes in the congenial soil of Russian manners. It is here, then, that the remedy must begin; but a reform in the manners of a people must be a work of time, and must slowly arise from the diffusion of knowledge, and of political improvement.

We have some curious details about Moscow, and the rebuilding of the city, which appears to be going on at a great rate. There is also some discussion of the question, of who were the authors of the conflagration in 1812? The Russians are anxious to fix the stain of this dreadful act on the invading army. But from all the evidence that has ever appeared on this subject, and from the plain consideration that it was the interest of the French rather to preserve than to destroy the city, there is no doubt that its destruction was an act of the Russian Government; it was an act, too, which was praised at the time, in the most unbounded strain, for magnanimity and self-devotion; and there is no doubt, that if the authors of the conflagration were those who suffered by it, it was an act of self-devotion. But, on the other hand, if this was not the case,—if the real instigators of the conflagration were beyond the reach of the flames,—if it neither brought peril to their persons or properties, we cannot see that they discovered any magnanimity in devoting others to destruction for their own safety. The burning of Moscow may have been, even in this case, a necessary act; but it certainly evinced neither self-devotion nor magnanimity, and therefore does not deserve all the high-flown eulogiums which it has called forth. The author's sketch of the military colonies of Russia contains some curious and interesting information; but this article has already extended so far, that we must defer any consideration of it to our next Number.

We cannot conclude without adding, that the work is embellished with a number of coloured plates, which are highly finished, and beautiful.

The Convent.

'Twas here Eliza took the fatal veil,
The victim of a fabricated tale,
That, on the battle-field, the cold night shed
Its tears above her lover's tombless head;—
'Twas here, with broken heart and wandering mind—
Like a pale blossom smote by wintry wind—
She laid her drooping head, till death set free
Her weary spirit from captivity:—
Here oft, in prayer, with tears her eyes would fill,
For e'en in prayer her love was present still;
Though reft of every hope on earth, to Heaven
She wept, to feel but half her heart was given;—
And when the vesper-bell, with saddening chime,
Peal'd o'er a silent world the march of Time—
A call to sacred musings—she would start;
Far other thoughts it waken'd in her heart:
For at that hour, when earth and seas are dim,
Through shady scenes had been her walks with him;

And now it warn'd her to the chapel, where
Sad Sisters mingle at the evening prayer,—
Where the green vaulted roof, in Gothic gloom,
Wore the cold, shadowy aspect of the tomb!

In solitary grace they bloom'd unseen,
Dead to the world as if they ne'er had been,
From sight of man, like sacred things enshrin'd,—
Each tie that bound the heart to life untwin'd,—
For them there beam'd no fond adoring eye,
For them no off'ring of a pensive sigh
Soar'd from the heart, Love's altar—as at even,
In days of old, sweet incense rose to Heaven!

And thus Eliza faded day by day,
Yet still she look'd more lovely in decay.
Dark clust'ring o'er her brow so purely fair,
Lay the lorn ringlets of her raven hair;
Her eye's mild lustre, like the star of Heaven,
While softly shining through the tears of even;
Her cheek's all doubtful tinge, like pensive glow
Of dying day upon a wreath of snow!
With few to heed her sorrows, none to soothe
The heart that mourn'd the perish'd hopes of youth,
She had not long to linger, for the sun
Of life was low—its sands were nearly run!

One Summer evening, when the western sky
Glow'd with its gold and crimson canopy,
When shed the sun from far his parting smile,
And look'd his last o'er ocean and o'er isle,
She sought the garden walk, and on a seat,
Where, arching high, embow'ring branches meet,
Lay listening to the small bird on the tree
That sung the day to rest beyond the sea;
And the sweet strain ascending from the stem
Seem'd too her parting spirit's requiem!

An aged man subsistence long had found
By labour in that garden's lonely ground;
She heard a step deem'd his, and rais'd her eyes—
That rustic garb is but a vain disguise;
She saw and knew her lover—heart and brain
The sight, the shock unable to sustain,
She, fainting, fell—the sudden flush that crost
Her cheek amidst its lilies soon was lost.
Her drooping head upon his bosom lay,
A feeble smile seem'd round her lips to play
On him; her opening eye, while yet it gaz'd
In fondness, faded—fix'd—and slowly glaz'd!
His feelings grew—while on that form he dwelt—
To such intenseness that he scarcely felt,
Till wakening from the stupor of despair
Unto its pangs—the spirit was not there!—
Of all that late could charm the heart and mind,
But that cold breathless form remain'd behind!—

He left the busy world—of him again
No breeze e'er bore a sound to living men:—
Remember'd now but as some mournful strain,
Their fatal tale, who lov'd—and lov'd in vain!

IRISH MIRACLES*.

The age of Miracles has returned. Germany, ever fertile in visionaries among the ordinary classes of society, has produced one from high life; and the Catholic world is bowing before him, as the God of their idolatry. Nothing is heard in their dwellings but the voice of joy and rejoicing. They look to him as a Mighty One raised up to restore their long-lost honours,—to emancipate them from slavery,—to give them the ascendancy in Ireland,—and to make the Catholic Church, in that benighted country, to look forth again, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible to her enemies as an army with banners."

In this state of things, a kind of religious war is waged. The breach betwixt the Catholics and Protestants is widened, while the triumph of the one, at the success of the miracles of Prince Hohenlohe, and the contempt of the other, at such *barefaced* imposture, and the superstition that can believe in such absurdity, have increased animosity, and produced the most powerful alienations. The feelings of Samaritans and Jews are becoming daily more irrepressible than ever among the sectaries of unhappy Ireland; and unless a stop be put to what is going forward, there is no saying where this conflagration is to end. Pamphlet after pamphlet, and sermon after sermon, come forth, treading on the heels of one another so fast, that it is difficult to enumerate them. The press teems, and our table groans, with *ephemeral* productions, *pro* and *con*, on this subject. The ground which both have taken is, in our apprehension, unsatisfactory, and, while it is kept, the war will *never* end.

> "Both are out at sea, and ne'er will see
> the shore,"

by proceeding in their present course. There is, *as usual*, a LITTLE bit of sophistry in the argument of the Catholics. They establish, on what *they* deem incontrovertible testimony, the incurable nature of Mrs Stewart's and Miss Lalor's maladies; and these cures, they say, instantaneously followed the prayers of the Prince, and the "ever adorable sacrifice" of the mass, together with the patient's *own* co-operation; and having adduced, as they think, sufficient evidence on these two points, they draw the conclusion that the cure of these ladies was "SUPERNATURAL."

This conclusion is unwarranted, on the principles of fair reasoning, analogy, and experience. Wonderful events, as well as wonderful *cures*, have taken place and been effected, without any thing miraculous in them, or through any interposition of Heaven. Pharoah's magicians, as well as Moses, turned their rods into serpents; and the Witch of Endor, by her necromancy, brought up from the dead Samuel before the affrighted Saul. False prophets prophesied, and their predictions came to pass; and inspiration forewarns us that such are to appear, and to do great wonders, so as to make "*fire come from heaven on earth, in the sight of men;*" and *to deceive* "*them that dwell on the earth, by means of* THOSE *miracles*."

From this it follows, that, though Mrs Stuart's and Miss Lalor's cures were *sequences* of the Prince's prayers, and the "sacrifice of the mass," as much so as effects are of causes, yet it would not necessarily follow that these have been brought about by the interposition of Heaven, through the instrumentality of the Prince, or his power with God.

This is the point to be established by the Catholics; for, until it be done, nothing is gained; and they are as far as ever from proving, by these miracles, the purity and *superiority* of their Church, the *holiness* of the

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* 1. Letter to Francis Jeffrey, Esq., Editor of the Edinburgh Review, on the Evidence in support of a continuation of Miraculous Powers in the Church; partly intended as an answer to the *third* Article of the 77th Number of said Work, on the Miracles ascribed to Prince Alexander Hohenlohe. Edinburgh, 1824.

2. The Voice of Facts, from the Convent of St. Joseph, Ranelagh, Dublin. By the Reverend Joseph Finlayson, A. M. Edinburgh, 1824.

MASS, and the *Divinity* of CHRIST,—the great objects for which they declare the said miracles are wrought.

In rebutting these pleas, it is to be lamented, that, so far as we have seen, the Protestants have not *entrenched* themselves within those principles from which they could not be driven by all the learning, subtilty, and force of the enemy. On the contrary, they have allowed themselves to be led, artfully, on the ICE,—to *deny* the fact of the cures,—to examine the testimony of the witnesses,—to grasp at the certificates of the physicians, which admit the cures, but state that they can be *satisfactorily* accounted for from NATURAL causes,—and, learnedly, to try the said cures by the *tests* of what *they* deem *true* miracles.

All this, in our opinion, is worse than trifling. The same testimony as that given for these cures, if produced in a court of justice to a murder, would take away a *dozen* lives. Why, then, doubt it here? Why call in question, in opposition to the evidence of physicians, of parents, attendants, and clergymen, the fact, that, whereas these persons, before prayers and mass, were ill, they were, after these, almost instantaneously well? Impute, if you will, the fact to *trickery*—to conspiracy,—to a long and artful preparation betwixt the Prince, the priesthood in Ireland, and the patients,—to sudden impressions, and the force of the imagination over such diseases as afflicted them,—still the fact remains. The patients are cured, and well; and the absurdity of the Protestants consists in attempting to invalidate the fact, by imputing to the patients, the witnesses, and the DIGNITARIES of the Roman Catholic Church, a duplicity, hypocrisy, and fraud, which charity scorns, and liberality rejects.

Casting away from our minds insinuations so unworthy, and admitting the cures, as told by the patients themselves, and their witnesses, we proceed to show, that these cures, to all their supposed extent, however wonderful, are not "*supernatural*,"—if, by that word, we are to understand cures wrought by Heaven, *through* the instrumentality of his Serene Highness Prince Hohenlohe. In establishing our position, we shall, *first*, consider the infallible *tests* of true miracles, wrought either directly or indirectly by God: *secondly*, the objects for which these miraculous cures were wrought; and then, by applying the principles deduced from these to the cures before us, we shall be satisfied that there was nothing "*supernatural*" in them whatever.

This method rids us at once of all the obstacles about the efficacy of prayer,—the efficacy of the mass,—the power of working miracles being continued in the Church of Rome,—conspiracy, and fraud, and natural causes,—and brings the question to a short and satisfactory issue.

In order to arrive at this, we adopt an infallible rule or canon, namely, Scripture, which has *fenced* us so strongly against any imposition on the head of miracles, as to render it impossible to deceive rational Christians. The same care and concern for the purity of the MOSAIC dispensation, in guarding the Israelites against false prophets, who would come to seduce them from their allegiance to the *one* God, are shown by the FOUNDER of Christianity and his Apostles, in order to guard his faithful followers against the delusions of false teachers, "whose coming" was to be "*after the working of* SATAN, *with all power, and signs, and lying wonders.*"

The test by which Moses fenced the Jews was this,—"If there arise among you a prophet, or a dreamer of dreams, and giveth thee a sign or a wonder; And the sign or the wonder come to pass whereof he spake unto thee, saying, Let us go after other gods (which thou hast not known) and let us serve them; Thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or dreamer of dreams; for the LORD your God proveth you, to know whether you love the LORD your God with all your heart and with all your soul*." And further,—"Ye shall not *add* unto the word which I command you, neither shall you *diminish* ought from it†." These tests are perfectly plain. They foretold that "the sign or the

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* Deut. xiii. 1, 2, 3. † Deut. iv. 2.—xii. 32. Joshua i. 7. Prov. xxx. 6.

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wonder" was to "come to pass;" yet, nevertheless, the people were not to hearken unto the words of the prophet, or dreamer of dreams, who wrought the miracle, to confirm the truth of his doctrine, and to draw them away from the LORD their God. The last test guards the purity and genuineness of Scripture; prohibiting any impure mixtures, by *addition* or *substraction:* whoever did this, disobeyed the commandment of Heaven, and therefore could not be approven of, nor empowered from on High to perform those supernatural cures.

Tests, exactly similar to these, and every way as plain and decisive, are given in the NEW Testament. St. Paul, foretelling of those who should "*resist the truth*," asserts the PLENARY inspiration of the Scriptures; and commanding Timothy to continue in the things which he had learned, which were able to make him wise unto salvation, he says,—"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works*." Hence, says he to the Galatians, "There be some that trouble you, and would pervert the Gospel: But though *we*, or an *angel* from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you, than that which we have preached unto you, *let him be accursed*†." *Christ*, foreseeing the coming of such men, warns the disciples against them. "If any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there, believe it not. For there shall arise *false* Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that (if it were possible) they shall deceive the very Elect. Behold I have told you *before*‡." To all this, St. John, the beloved disciple, adds this caution, and gives this test to the Church in general, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but *try* the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God. And every spirit that confesseth *not* that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God §."

This test no one can mistake. It at once settles the question about the *humanity* of Christ: and though those who did "*not*" confess "that Jesus Christ had come in the flesh," should be able "to work all miracles," and "speak with all tongues," and "could remove mountains," yet we were *not* to believe them! A test such as this renders future miracles unnecessary, in order to prove the humanity of Christ.

The test, however, given by St. John, in the Revelations, is the security of the Church in every age. It points out, as with a sunbeam, the Church which is of God,—what is approved of Him, and is His own: "For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book, If any man shall *add* unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book: And if any man shall *take away from* the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book ||."

Whatever Church, then, shall add to, or take from Scripture, is, by this test, not only a corrupt Church, but, instead of having God's approbation and aid to work miracles, has His curse: and having this, can it for a moment be supposed that He would countenance it, or endow it or any of its members to work miracles, in order to prove it the only Church of God on earth, and to prove the sacrifice of the mass holy and acceptable to Him?

The question then is, Has the Church of Rome added to or taken away from Scripture? Our answer is, "It has done both,"—it has taken away the Second Commandment as to images, and the cup from the people in the Sacrament of the Supper; for though the cup is given to all in the Scriptures, —our Lord saying, "drink *ye* ALL of it,"—yet the Church of Rome has taken it away, and given them only

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* 2 Timothy iii. 16.

† Gal. i. 7, 8.

‡ Matthew xxiv. 23, 24.

§ 1 John iv. 1, 2, 3.

|| Revelations xxii. 18, 19.

the bread or wafer in the Communion! *But has she added Doctrines?* Yes, *many*; prayers for the dead,—*invocation* of saints,—worshipping of *images*,—purgatory,—transubstantiation, &c. &c.—these are among the number, and are not only anti-Scriptural, but absurd, while some of them lead to *immoral* consequences. It is unnecessary to run over them all to shew this. We shall only take the doctrines contained in the mass; to point out the holiness of which, is one of the alleged ends for which these miracles are wrought.

By *Transubstantiation*, Catholics would make us believe that the bread and wine in the Sacrament are converted into the real body and blood of Christ;—that they are turned into his flesh and his blood, the moment the prayer of the priest is ended;—that what the priest thus consecrates by prayer, "is the body which came forth from the VIRGIN!" and that "that which is in the cup or chalice, is the same which flowed from his side, and of it we partake*." And lest this quotation may be deemed antiquated, the following is taken from a publication printed *this year*, assigned to Dr Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin: "It is not Christ as God only," says he, "who *now* descends, but he descends as God and man indivisibly conjoined *with flesh*, as he produced it from the VIRGIN, or raised it from the tomb; and if he do, and is made present thus, when we break bread as he commanded us, not in our own name, or by our own power, but by his; for we do not say 'this is *his* body,' but 'this is *my* body;' if, when we thus break bread or bless the cup, he *is there*, as we are all agreed, *is his flesh not present in the place of the bread* †?" Again, he adds, "It is *He* who changes the elements of bread and wine into his flesh and blood ‡," &c.

This is the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation, which, were it *true*, would render useless the senses of sight, taste, smell, and feeling—*four* of our five senses. If it were true, then, those senses which God has given us, to direct us aright, in judging of the presence and qualities of objects, would mislead and deceive us, and their testimony would be of no avail. Were such a doctrine true, it would not only be a standing miracle itself in the Church of Rome, but the greatest of all miracles; and, what would be the most marvellous thing of all, would be calling on us to believe a miracle, on the testimony of our senses, and reason, and Scripture, when our senses, and reason, and Scripture, were *annihilated* by the miracle, and rendered incapable of judging of the reality of the change!!!

In nature, not a stronger argument can be adduced for our belief of any thing than to say, we have seen it with our eyes, tasted, and handled it. The sense of hearing may be deceived; so may taste and sight; but feeling never, as to the existence of *matter*. The use of a sign or miracle is, that it addresses itself to occular demonstration. Yet here no occular sign is given, while we are called on to believe in a change which *sense* perceives not. To receive such a doctrine would be to live on shadows, and converse with phantoms; yet, for the establishing of such a doctrine, these miracles are said to be wrought by the assistance of Heaven!

"The Real Presence," another doctrine, for the which these *cures* are performed, is as necessary a consequence from Transubstantiation, were it true, as light is from the sun. If the bread and wine become, by the consecration prayer, the body and blood of Christ, then Christ must be on the altar, and on every altar; in Rome, Dublin, America, Asia, and New Zealand, at one and the same time; and as every "*wafer*," or piece of bread, becomes an *entire* Christ, *He* who had only ONE human body on earth, has it thus multiplied into tens of thousands; and yet these tens of thousands are said only to be but *one* body. What a monstrous fiction!—Toby and his dog, and Bel and the Dragon, are not worthy to be compared with it!

We deem it an *essential* property in a body to be in one and the same place, at one and the same time. We think it impossible to be in Dublin and in London at the same instant. Yet, *good* Catholics believe the body of Christ to be in ten thousand places at the same moment,—in heaven and on earth,—on the altar and in our hands. By the consecrated prayer,—oh! wonderful! it becomes finite and infinite,—wholly *in* a place, and wholly *out* of it,—a body, yet no body,—*one* body, yet a million,—the same, and not the same, at one indivisible instant of time!!! Gulp down this who may, it is too gross for our throats: our limited understandings cannot fathom *impossibilities*. Yet, to prove the certainty of this impossibility, Prince Hohenlohe works *Catholic* miracles in Ireland! The common sense of a *Pagan* could lead him to see that a body could not be in *two* places at once. Plautus makes *Amphitruo* sneer at *Sosia*, on this very point: *Tun' id dicere audes? quod nemo unquam homo antehac vidit, nec potest fieri, tempore uno, homo idem duobus locis ut simul sit?* The thing implies a contradiction; but Roman Catholics are sagacious people—their *faith* swallows what the sense and reason of other people reject.

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* See St. Ambrose. † See Defence, by J. K. L., p. 46. ‡ Ibid. p. 48.

We should have less scruple in smiling at this delusion, and overlooking the weakness of mind that can give itself up to it, were it not for the next doctrine which it would necessarily establish, and which these miracles are also intended to confirm. That doctrine is the sacrifice of Christ in the MASS, who, it is maintained, is *there* offered up a VICTIM for the sins of the living and of the dead [*]; "*true and propitiatory,*" because he is there offered for us to his Father, whom he *thereby* renders propitious to his people [†].

There is something in this doctrine truly revolting to our feelings. To think that Christ is sacrificed *afresh*, in the mass, every time it is performed, is to be inflicting on him a perpetual suffering, agony, and death. St. Paul repels the assertion with a force and eloquence which have only to be read, in order to make us spurn such a blasphemous doctrine from us. With the eye of inspiration, foreseeing that the Man of Sin would come, and, among other impieties, add this one, he says, "That by ONE offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified: For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into Heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us."—"Nor yet that he should offer himself OFTEN, as the High Priest entereth into the holy place every year, with blood of others; for then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world: but now ONCE, in the end of the world, (the end of the Mosaic dispensation) hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," having "ONCE suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us unto God."

These passages are decisive on this point, and destroy every idea of Christ's suffering as a *sacrifice* in the mass. But what, perhaps, will go farther with Catholics, in point of authority, is the declaration of *St. Peter* himself, which annihilates the very idea of the doctrine of the "*Real Presence*" and of "*Transubstantiation,*" as well as of a "Sacrifice:" "And when He (Christ) had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked stedfastly toward heaven, as he went up, behold two men stood by them in white apparel; Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken from you into heaven, shall come in like manner, as ye have seen him go into heaven." And, being there, we are told his human nature is to remain, (not to descend in the sacrifice of the mass, and to be offered on a thousand altars, as a *victim* for the sins of the living and the dead,) "until," adds St. Peter, "*the restitution of all things*"—when he shall come again in his own glory, and in his Father's glory, and in the glory of the Holy Angels.

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[*] See the Rev. N. O'Connor's Letter to Dr Doyle, on Miss Lalor's cure. "I offered," says he, "the holy sacrifice in the name of the church,—I besought the Lord to overlook my own unworthiness, and regard only Jesus Christ, the great High Priest and victim, who offers himself, in the *mass*, to his eternal Father for the living and the dead,—I implored the mother of God, of all the angels and saints, and particularly of St. John Nepomuscene," &c. &c. &c.—Is not this blasphemy?

[†] See I. K. L. page 49.

For the truth of this doctrine, St. Peter and St. Paul, and the other disciples, not only suffered but wrought miracles; and yet the Pope, his VICAR, and his pretended adherents, work miracles to contradict it, and to make the world believe that the hand of the *Omnipotent* has attested the sanctity of the mass, and by these cures imputed to Prince Hohenlohe, is calling the wanderers from the "*one fold*" back to venerate "the ever-adorable sacrifice" of this "mass," which contains in it doctrines so contrary to sense, reason, scripture, and the first principles of a sound and enlightened philosophy! Is it in the power of any human being, but an ignorant, bigotted, and superstitious Catholic, to believe such absurdities? Yet Dr Murray, the Roman Archbishop of Dublin, is called a learned man; and Dr Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, a talented and gifted one!

But the mass contains in it another doctrine, as monstrous as any of the preceding, namely, "the *Adoration* of the Host." This doctrine is just another necessary *sequence* of the Real Presence, Transubstantiation, and the sacrifice in the Mass. The "*bit* of bread" turned into God, if true, demands worship, and the profoundest veneration. But is there not *blasphemy* in the thought? The *Creature* becoming the CREATOR! and the communicant *eating* his MAKER!!! Do we startle at this? Hear what their great St. Augustine says—"Christ took flesh from the womb of a virgin, and walked in this flesh, and left us *this same flesh to eat for our salvation* *."

But to adore flesh, is this not worshipping a creature, and expressly forbidden by him, who has said, that "he will not give his glory to another, nor his praise to graven images?" which, nevertheless, the Catholics do in the worship of the Virgin Mary, and the invocation of Saints and Angels, and even in relation to this bread.

These are some of the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and when we consider them as additions to Scripture, we ask any one if he can believe that the Church of Rome is the *only* Church of God on earth—that the MASS, with all its blasphemy, can be acceptable to God—and that, to sanction its gross profanity, Heaven would ever endow Prince Hohenlohe with miraculous powers, or make him the instrument of healing Mrs Stuart and Miss Lalor, so as to convince the Catholics of Ireland, that their church was a pure church,—their mass holy,—and that Christ was a *Divine* person? If we cannot believe this—if no rational being can believe it, who has not been educated in all the errors and superstitions of the Church of Rome, then we have a complete demonstration, as clear and perfect as the moral character of God can make it, that these cures are not from Heaven, and, therefore, are no *attestation* to the doctrines which they are said to establish †, whatever other purpose they may serve. This is the conclusion to which the above induction leads, and for which it was undertaken: we challenge Dr Doyle to overturn it; and, if he cannot, then all these boasted miracles are at end.

With these remarks, we are now prepared to consider the Letter to Francis Jeffrey, Esq., placed at the head of our paper. This Letter, while it shews address, exhibits nothing of that "*Lucidus Ordo*" which is sometimes found in Catholic writings. After some preliminary remarks, in which a little flattery is mingled, as to "the able and eloquent publication which Mr Jeffrey conducts," and his disinterestedness in advocating their cause, the author regrets that the Reviewer had not mixed "*a little courtesy*" with the controversy, instead of the unsparing and vituperative declamation with which his pages abound. He then proceeds to say, that "it cannot escape the most careless reader, how weak and insignificant the materials are, upon which the Reviewer's superstructure is raised *."

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* See Chrys. Hom. 24 Ep. 1. ad Cor.

† These doctrines were, 1*st*, To prove the Church of Rome the only true Church of God; 2*d*, To prove the sacrifice and sanctity of the "*adorable mass*;" 3*d*, To prove the divinity of Christ in these days of infidelity. These are the *three* distinct objects of these miracles, as stated by Prince Hohenlohe, Dr Murray, and Dr Doyle; and which we pass over without farther notice, having received their refutation from the above demonstration.

In order, therefore, to demolish this superstructure, his plan is to establish these Catholic miracles; 1*st*, By noticing the different systems which modern writers have adopted on the subject of miracles; and, 2*dly*, By adducing *evidence* in support of the proposition he means to maintain, namely, "that miraculous powers have been frequently exercised in the Church since the Apostolic age, and will probably continue to be exercised during its earthly existence."

Laying down this as his plan, he proceeds to ascertain the exact signification of the words *miracle, and miraculous powers*; and having done so, and given his own definition of them, he takes up about *ten* pages in examining the different systems of Hume, Dr Conyers Middleton, Dr Tillotson, and others, with respect to miracles.

His object, in this, is to point out the dilemma into which these different systems have brought their respective authors,—one party denying miracles wholly,—another admitting them, but contending that they ceased with the Apostolic age, —and a third confessing the continuance of them in the Church, but limiting that continuation to the *utility* or supposed *necessity* of any further exercise of the said powers. But the author, all the while, forgets to remark, that these systems are the *mere* opinions of their respective authors, and bind not the Protestant world to them, as their creed on this subject, any more than the various opinions respecting miracles, in the Catholic Church, bind himself.

Having finished his examination of these three systems, he next adduces the *evidence* for the continuation of miracles in the Church, in every age. But, before doing this, he, with wonderful clearness of intellect, divides the evidence into *presumptive*, or probable, and *positive*. Professing great candour and liberality, he purposes to do this by the testimony of *eminent* Protestant divines. Whether his extracts from these authors are correctly and honestly given, we have it not in our power at present to ascertain, as their works are not at hand; but we strongly suspect the concluding sentence, on presumptive evidence, to be apocryphal; for, although miracles continued to this hour, these would not affect the truth of "the Protestant religion," any more than the truth of the Bible itself; seeing that the religion of Protestants is the religion of the Bible; while the religion of the Roman Catholics is that of *Tradition* and *Paganism*, mixed up and blended artfully with Revelation.

The positive evidence he adduces for the continuation of miracles is drawn from Catholic-Church historians chiefly, and not entitled to any great degree of credibility. After quoting from Ignatius, Irenæus, Origen, and Gregory Nazianzen, &c., authors of the second century, he proceeds to those miracles alleged to have been wrought in the *third*, *fourth*, and *sixth*; and, passing over the intervening centuries, he comes to those of the *twelfth* and the *sixteenth* centuries. Having paraded his learning and research without any advantage to his cause, he then reviews the Reviewer with as little effect. For, granting he had made out a case much stronger than he has done, for the existence and continuation of miracles and miraculous powers, *posterior* to the apostolic age, and down to the death of "*Xavier*" in the sixteenth century, still this leaves the Irish miracles where they were, and neither proves nor disproves their authenticity, further than rendering them *probable*. In his attempt to do so, and to rebut the observations of the Reviewer, he has completely failed; and, in our minds, given thereby the strongest possible evidence, "*a priori*," that such cases cannot be established as supernatural. His critique on the article in the Edinburgh Review is truly contemptible.

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* By the way, we may just observe here, that although no pamphleteer, Catholic or Protestant, is obliged to reason clearly and logically, he is at least bound to have a little elementary knowledge of the language in which he writes, and, *præ cæteris*, to eschew such gross and palpable nonsense as the following: "It is very possible that the Reviewer may entertain the same opinions of Hume and his deistical followers that I do, who can inspire only feelings of pity and regret at the abuse of reason which they exhibit; and if such are his feelings, it is surprising how he should not have been more alive than he has been to the consequences of designating, as "*folly*" and "*superstition*," the belief of miraculous powers, and their occasional exercise,—a belief which existed and was exemplified before any of the records *transmitted* DOWN *to us from* POSTERITY were penned, &c. p. 5. *Editor*.

With this short analysis of the letter, we turn to look back, for a moment, to the manner in which he has conducted the positive evidence for the existence and continuation of miracles and miraculous powers. We boast not our deep reading in the works of the primitive fathers; and though church-history has long been with us a favourite study, we wish not to parade it with an affectation of unparalleled superiority. Notwithstanding our acquaintance with those historians and fathers whom the Letter-writer adduces, we fairly own, that, with the exception of the extraordinary events which took place at the attempt of Julian the Apostate to rebuild the Temple of Jerusalem, which was an impious, and publicly-professed attempt to discredit the prophecy of our Lord, we have not found another which has the broad seal of authenticity stamped upon it; not even that *one*, passed over by the Letter-writer, which was so much cried up by the Christians in the year 174,—when the rain fell in torrents, and refreshed the Roman army, surrounded by the Marcomanni, and thus saved it when ready to perish,—has, in our minds, those marks of a *true* miracle accompanying it, so as to induce us to believe it as at all miraculous, though it came certainly very seasonably.

The Christians ascribed that refreshing shower to their prayers, while the Romans attributed it to Jupiter and Mercury! The Christians, in those days, like the Irish Catholics at present, looked upon all extraordinary events as miraculous, and ascribed to their prayers all the uncommon and singular occurrences of an advantageous nature which happened in the Roman Empire. Hence they attributed this deliverance of *Antoninus* and his army to a miraculous interposition which *they* had, by their prayers, obtained from Heaven, under such trying circumstances of calamity and distress.

The rule which Mosheim lays down, when remarking on this alleged miracle, is one which, if observed and acted upon, in the case of Mrs Stuart and Miss Lalor, would have spared the discussion of this question now, and saved Drs Murray and Doyle the blush of conscious shame. "It is," says that eminent historian, "an invariable maxim, universally adopted by the wise and judicious, that no events are to be esteemed miraculous which may be rationally attributed to natural causes, and accounted for by a recourse to the ordinary dispensations of Providence; and as the unexpected shower, which restored the expiring force of the Romans, may be easily explained, without rising beyond the usual and ordinary course of Nature, the conclusion is manifest; nor can it be doubtful in what light we are to consider that remarkable event *." Yet it followed the prayers of the Christians as effect does cause.

Let this rule be applied to the Irish miracles, and the question is decided. Dr Cheyne, who attended, certifies, that, in his opinion, "there was not any thing miraculous in the change which took place in Mrs Stewart's health;" and "that her case can, to his *entire* satisfaction, be accounted for *on natural principles*."

This is quite decisive; and the more so, when we know, that persons labouring under the same diseases which afflicted *her*, have, on any sudden fright, as when their house has been on *fire*, or a child or a husband suddenly seized with severe trouble, or meeting with uncommon accidents, instantly recovered the use of their limbs, and tongue, and whole powers; and have either run out of the house, or risen with a *bounce* from their beds of long confinement, and assisted, without complaining of the slightest ailment, those around to dress the wounds or apply the remedies recommended. These are facts; and when the strong excitement, and expectation, and *faith,* which had been thrown into the minds of Mrs Stuart and Miss Lalor, by their nine days' devout preparation, are considered, they easily, and naturally, account for all that followed. Every part of their frame, over which the force of imagination could efficiently operate, was cured. Those parts over which imagination was unavailing—as the stopping of the issues instantly—were not cured; for, on the 4th day of August, four days after the alleged miracle, Mrs Stuart's left arm "*was still open, and freely discharging, having made no progress in healing.*" Nay, her legs were still so weak, as to render her *unable* to walk in the Convent grounds, and her pulse was 120! Where, then, was the miracle? Is a miracle by Heaven ever done by halves? Her high and feverish pulsations, "the weakness of her limbs," and the issue in her left arm, proclaim, with a voice stronger than all the Priesthood in Ireland, that no miracle was performed on Mrs Stuart, no miraculous cure effected on this paralytic Nun.

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* Mosheim, Vol. I. p. 155.

But we turn from her to consider the other instances of miracles adduced by this Letter-writer. As to those he relates about "the wild beasts" being "frequently restrained from touching the Martyrs destined to be devoured by them," and also those mentioned by Irenæus, they are all capable of explanation from *natural* causes. For a satisfactory and convincing solution of these phenomena, whose occurrence we admit, though we deny them to be at all miraculous, we refer the curious and inquisitive to the writers mentioned in the *note* below [*].

The same observation applies to the Letter-writer's next instance, viz. that of the Arian tyrant, Huneric, chopping off the right hands, and cutting out the *tongues* of a number of persons who confessed their belief in the doctrines of the Trinity. The *Catholics,* in the fifth century, when this was done, tell us that this miracle consisted in enabling the *Trinitarians* to speak distinctly, and to proclaim aloud the divine majesty of the Saviour of the world.

This amazing fact is supported by the testimony of witnesses the most credible and respectable, yet no event has been more disputed, as to its being supernatural. Unfortunately, the witnesses admit that there were *two* of them that suffered who could *not* speak at all, or articulate a syllable. This fact led many to question the statement, as to their tongues being *entirely* rooted out, and to contend, that a part of that organ was left, sufficient for the use of speech; and cases have been adduced from the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, to confirm this opinion, and to show that this pretended miracle owed its whole credit to our ignorance of the powers of Nature, and how little of that *muscle* is necessary to speak, so as to be understood [†].

All this may be true; and though the dispute as to whether it was or was not a supernatural event has been carried on keenly by men of great talents and unquestionable piety, yet, as we do not think it as easy to speak *without,* as *with* a tongue, we are ready to admit it wonderful, though this admission benefits not the Letter-writer's theory, with respect to the continuation of miracles in the Church; for it was done without the instrumentality of man, or any of the members of the Romish Church. Those who would see what has been said on this fact will have their

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[*] *Bishop Ebrington's* Donnellan Lectures, p. 270: *Milner's* History of the Church of Christ, Vol. I. p. 218; and *Caw's* Lives of the Primitive Fathers, p. 122.

[†] One of these cases was that of a girl born without a tongue, who talked easily and distinctly, and another that of a boy, who, at the age of eight or nine years, lost his tongue by a gangrene, and yet retained the faculty of speaking. See Middleton's *Free Inquiry,* pp. 183, 184.

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curiosity amply gratified by consulting Mosheim*, and the different authors *for* and against it, which he so amply alludes to.

The next miracles adduced are a blind man restored to sight, in 386, by the application of a cloth which had touched the *relics* of the Saints Gervasius and Protasius, and *three* bodies roused to life by the *relics* of St. Stephen. Now, this is really too much for our reviewing stomachs. The whole story smells of the cloister, and the superstition of that age when relics first were introduced, and when quantities of dust and earth, brought from *Palestine* and other places, remarkable for their supposed sanctity, were handed about as the most powerful remedies against the violence of wicked spirits, and were bought and sold at enormous prices.

We give an instance, quite a match for that of the Letter-writer, and we believe it genuine. In order to increase the wealth and power of the Clergy, *Purgatory* became among them a favourite doctrine. To have it established, no arts were left untried. Tales and Legends, addressed to the people's fears and credulity by Priests and Friars, enticed the multitude into this belief. Accordingly, this miracle, among others, was got up: St. Jerome's ghost appeared] to Eusebius, it was said, and commanded him to lay his *sack* (loose upper robe) upon the corpse of three dead men. The thing was done. The three dead men, who, in their lifetime, had denied strenuously the doctrine of Purgatory, rose the instant the sack of St. Jerome touched them, and confessed Purgatory, and their solemn belief in it, from their own experience, for they had been there!

This miracle was propagated, in the after centuries, as unquestionable. It was at all times ready to be appealed to. At last it was asked, Where was it to be found? In the Epistle of St. Cyril, was the reply. The moment the authority was given, the false miracle was detected and exposed: for, as ill-luck would have it, St. Jerome out-lived St. Cyril, and wrote his life, which confuted the miracle: but it was all one for that. Catholics believe it nevertheless. If it was not true, they said, it should have been true: they had only to believe it, and all was well enough. There are plenty of miracles, besides this one, to prove PURGATORY in the "*Speculum Exemplorum.*" For example, we are told of a certain Priest, who, in an extacy, saw the soul of *Constantinus Turritanus* in the eaves of his house, tormented with frosts and cold rains, and afterwards, relieved by masses, climbing up to heaven on a shining pillar!—and of a certain monk, who saw some souls roasted upon spits like pigs, and some devils basting them with scalding lard!!—and of Bishop Theobald, standing upon a piece of ice to cool his feet, hearing a poor soul, under the ice, telling him he was tormented in Purgatory, and could only be delivered by his saying, during thirty days, thirty masses for him!!! All which is no doubt as true as Virgil's "*Descensus Averni,*"—or Cicero's dream of Scipio,—or Plato's Gorgias,—or the *relics* of Gervasius, and Protasius, and St. Stephen, curing the blind, and raising the dead. We would recommend the Popish Legends to the Great Unknown.

St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, who relate these virtues in *relics*, were no doubt, in their day, burning and shining lights. But the former wanted solidity, accuracy, and shrewd observation; while the latter, under the violent impulse of a warm imagination, judging with a degree of levity and precipitation, before examining carefully and diligently the subjects on which he wrote, has involved himself in the most extraordinary contradictions.

Indeed, were we to quote one Father sooner than another against miracles, after the first preaching of the Gospel, it would be their champion St. Austin. We beg the Letter-writer to reconcile the following sentences with the narratives of the alleged virtues of these relics:—"Accepimus majores nostros, visibilia miracula secutos esse, per quos id actum est ut necessaria non essent posteris[*]," *i. e.* Since the world formerly believed, by the miracles which were wrought at the first preaching of the Gospel, therefore miracles are no longer necessary. Again, he says,—"Quisquis adhuc prodigia, ut credat, inquiret, magnum est ipse prodigium, qui mundo credente non credit[†];" *i. e.* Whoever still inquires for a prodigy, that he may believe, is himself the greatest prodigy, who believes not what the whole world believes.

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* Mosheim's Church History, Vol, II., pp. 61, 62.

"The intention of miracles," says Stillingfleet, "was to confirm a divine testimony; therefore, why should miracles be continued among those who believe the doctrine to be divine,—the miracles wrought for it to have been true,—and the Scriptures, which contain both, to be the undoubted word of God[‡]?"

(To be concluded in our next.)

CLASSICAL REVERIES.

No IV.

I do not think that there is a more amusing play in any language than the "Aulularia of Plautus." The Miser Euclio, who has discovered a pot of gold under his hearth, and by the hiding and preservation of which he is kept in a state of the most constant alarm and agitation, forms the prominent figure in the group. It is not my intention to analyze or abridge this play. I only mean to shew the skill and address with which the character of Euclio is wrought up. His reflections in the Second Scene of the First Act at once discover the nature of his character. He imagines, quite amusingly, that every body is aware of his discovery, and that they court him accordingly.

> "Nam nunc quam celo sedulo omnes, ne sciant,
> Omnes videntur scire, et me benignius
> Omnes salutant, quam salutabant prius.
> Adeunt, circumsistunt, copulantur dextras;
> Rogitant me ut voleam," &c.

The cooks who, in his own house, are employed in preparations for his daughter's marriage, alarm him exceedingly by the ambiguity of their conversation, which, in the Ninth Scene of the Second Act, he is represented as overhearing,

> "*Aulam* majorem, si potes, vicinia
> Pete, hæc est parva, capere non quit."

This simple inquiry made by Congrio the cook, after a larger pot or vessel, alarms the Miser's fears, and awakens his suspicions respecting his "aula," or "aulula," in which his treasure is deposited, and he immediately exclaims to himself, in the utmost distress:

> "Hei mihi
> Perii hercule! aurum rapitur, aula queritur."

His reflections upon the conduct of his cock, his "gallus galinaceus," as he terms it, are at once ludicrous and graphic.

> "Ubi erat *hæc* defossa, occepit ibi scalpere ungulis
> Circumcirca!
> Capio furem, abtrunco gallum furem manifestorium;
> Credo ego ædepol illi mercedem gallo pollicitos coquos
> Si id palam fecisset!"

Nothing can exceed the characteristic absurdity of all this. The cock falls a scraping upon the floor, beneath which the Miser's treasure is hid, and he immediately imagines, not only that the fowl has an eye to his gold, but that the cooks have absolutely bribed him to effect the discovery!

He carries his treasure, at last, into the temple of Faith, where he is observed depositing it by Strobilius. Upon which he addresses Strobilius in the most convitiatory terms, calling him worm, reptile, and fifty other names of reproach. He then carries his treasure into the grove of the god

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[*] St. Austin, de Verâ Religione, cap. 25.

[†] Ditto, de Civitate Dei, lib. 22. c. 8.

[‡] Origines Sacræ, p. 349. These quotations are taken from the Rev. Charles Barden's excellent Sermon on Miracles; the perusal of which we cheerfully recommend—it is worthy of all acceptation. Printed at Dublin 1823.

Sylvanus, from which it is, in good earnest, extracted, in consequence of the persevering curiosity of Strobilus. When this circumstance is discovered by Euclio, he enters upon the stage in the most deplorable state of despair, and even partial derangement. Nothing can be finer than the following exordium, Act IV. Sc. 9.

> "Perii, interii, occidi, quo curram! quo non curram!
> Tene, tene, quem? quis? nescio, nihil video, cæcus eo!
> Heu me miserum! miserum! perii male perditus! &c.

The whole of this Scene is indeed admirable.

Lyconides, who has formerly been upon terms of somewhat easy intercourse with the Miser's daughter, comes now to make the reparation of marriage, and to ask her of her father. Here a dialogue of cross purposes ensues, from the feminine pronoun made use of, and which is, of course, equally applicable to the "aulula," or "olla," which is constantly running in the Miser's head, and the lady who is the subject of the lover's conversation. It is not that the word "olla" is mistaken by Euclio, as has generally been supposed, for "olla," or "illa," the pronoun; but that, dealing always in generals, and never speaking, in either case, the subject of their anxiety distinctly and "nominally" out, the mistake is continued. Thus, when Euclio says, "Tu *illam* scibas non *tuam* esse," *(Act IV. Sc.* 10.*)*, there is no reference whatever to the word "ollam," a pot; the whole ambiguity lies in the making use of a pronoun in the feminine gender, which is equally capable of being applied to the "Miser's daughter," the subject of Lyconides's inquiry, and to the "aula," or "aulula," the burden of the Miser's distress; and accordingly Lyconides immediately answers:

> "Ergo quia tangere ausus, haud cassificor quin *eam*
> Ego habeam potissimam."

Had the pun been upon the word "olla," *eam*, which is here introduced by Lyconides, would not have been made use of. Euclio proceeds with his questioning,

> "Tune habes me invito *meam*?"

The answer is—

> "*Meam illam* esse opportet, Euclio."

The error is continued, till at last Euclio speaks out plainly,

> "Aulam auri, inquam, te reposco, quam tu confessus mihi
> Te abstulisse."

And this brings on an explanation, in consequence of which, the cross-purpose at which the father and the lover had been playing is clearly discovered.

We have been the more particular in bringing this Scene, to which, for the present, we mean to limit our observations, under the reader's view, in consequence of an universal mistake, as it appears to us, which has obtained respecting the nature and meaning of this passage. Mr John Dunlop, the ingenious and highly-respectable author of the History of Fiction,—a work which is entitled to a place in every public library in the kingdom,—in a more recent and highly-meritorious publication on the "History of Roman Literature," has fallen into the same mistake with others; probably because he followed authority on this point, rather than investigated the original sources of knowledge himself. His words, at the 162 page of the first volume, are these:—"Euclio coming one day to recreate himself with a sight of his gold, finds that it is gone; and returning home in despair, is met by Lyconides, who, hearing of the projected nuptials between his uncle and the Miser's daughter, now apologizes for his conduct, and offers the reparation of marriage. The Miser applies all that he says concerning his daughter to his lost treasure, *the ambiguity of his discourse being aided by the equivocal word "olla," the old Latin for "illa."* Now, our opinion is, that no such ambiguity or play upon the word "olla," in reference to a "pot," and to "a female," is manifested in the Scene we have examined, or any where else in the play; and that, in as far as this point is concerned, not only Mr Dunlop, but all other commentators whom we have seen or examined, are mistaken. There is indeed one quibble upon the word "olla," or "aula," in the case where "Euclio," as has already been shewn, imagines that the cook, who was borrowing a larger pot for culinary purposes, is speaking of that particular vessel in which his (the Miser's) treasure was hid; but this is altogether foreign from the mistaking of "olla" for "illa," the question at issue. Error of this kind is easily propagated. For every one commentator who actually reads and judges, on such occasions, for himself, there is a numerous list of writers, who take their opinions and information, without much trouble, at second hand, and thus mistakes gain support and confirmation by all the weight and authority of every additional copyist.

In the 21st Book of Livy, and at the 22d line of the 31st Chapter, we have this sentence:

"Sedatis certaminibus Allobrogum, quum jam Alpes peteret, non recta regione iter instituit, sed *ad lævam* in Tricastinos flexit." Upon this passage, Fathers Catrou and Rouillè have the following note—(*Vide Hist. Vol. III. p.* 64): "If, as Livy assures us, Hannibal returned back and went down towards the Durance, in order to come to the Alps, how could he say that this General turned to the left, (ad lævam,) in order to come to the Tricastine, near St. Paul Trois Chateaux, and the Canton of the Vocontii, in Dauphiné. It is certain that this country lies to the *right* of the mouth of the *Saone*, from whence Livy makes him march his army, in order to go to the banks of the Durance. He could not go to the *left*, but by pursuing his road along the Rhone," &c. Crevier, too, expresses himself thus:—"Nihil de hoc Hannibalis itinere habet Polybius. Et sane non facile intelligitur, quomodo Hannibal qui adversa ripa Rhodani ad Isaram pervenerat, Tricastinos inde petens, ad lævam iter flexisse dicatur, qui potius vestigia relegebat sua."

Now, Sir, with your permission, and with much unfeigned respect for the great names and authorities which have just been quoted, I mean to differ "toto cœlo," as far as *east* is different or distant from the *west*, upon the question here at issue.

I wave all the disquisition respecting the long-contested passage of the Alps, at least for the present, and I likewise avoid discussing the point, to which Crevier alludes, betwixt Polybius and Hannibal. I only take this for granted, that Livy, correct or not, means to inform us, that Hannibal, after remaining for some time, and with the view of settling some differences at the conflux of the Arar and the Rhodanus, begins his march towards the Alps; and that, in order to accomplish this, he ceases to ascend the Rhone or the Arar, but deflects his rout towards the Alps, taking the river Durance, the Tricastini, and Vocontii, in his way. It is admitted, both by Polybius and Livy, that the reason why Hannibal ascended the Rhone, in a line nearly at right angles with that of his intended rout towards Italy, was, that he might thus escape Scipio, who had landed an army at the mouth of the Rhone, and from whose advanced post, or cavalry, he had already experienced a defeat. He accordingly advances by forced marches towards the interior, ("Mediterranea *Galliæ*," or, as it is in Polybius, "*Europæ*" petit,) and accomplishes his purpose, by leaving Scipio at a great distance behind him. Having, however, spent some time at the confluence of the Rhone with the Saone or Arar, and finding that Scipio did not follow up his advantage as he might have done, and that he had probably given up all thoughts of bringing him (Hannibal) to an action on this side of the Alps, he resolves upon returning, in some measure, upon his steps; and in the absence of Scipio, who had by this time, in all probability, dispatched his brother Cn. Cornelius to Spain, and re-shipped the remainder of his forces for Italy, he is not prevented from following that course into Italy which his guides had recommended. Thus there appears to be less inconsistency in the narrative of Livy than is generally imagined; and whether we carry Hannibal by the "Alpes Peninæ," or by the "Alpes Cottiæ," it is certain that he must have altered his course ere he could reach either of these Passes.

The Tricastini and Vocontii, and the river Druentia, lie immediately south-east from Lyons, or from the confluence of the Saone and Rhone, where Hannibal was; and it seems altogether inexplicable to Rouillè, Catrou, and Crevier, that when Hannibal deflected his course from the north to the south-east, he should be said "ad lævam flectere." It is quite true, that, looking upon a globe or map, your face is supposed to be turned towards the north, and that the east is upon your right hand, and the west upon your left; and that, consequently, regarding Hannibal from any point, south of his present position at Lyons, the right and left banks of *the Rhone* are those upon the Roman and the Spanish sides respectively; and when Hannibal deflected towards the Tricastini, he actually returned upon the *right bank* of the river Rhone, whether that river be viewed from *New Carthage* or from *Rome*. But it is likewise certain, that, so soon as the Carthaginian army had *turned about* at Lyons, and were on their march along the Rhone, south-eastward, to every one individual of that army the river Rhone was upon the right, and the Tricastini and Vocontii upon the *left*; consequently, when the army were ordered by Hannibal to march, they would be ordered to incline to the left, in proportion as the point upon which they were advancing lay more or less to the *eastward* of the course of the Rhone. The cause of the misapprehension upon the subject appears to us to be this: The reader of Livy naturally places himself in the situation of the *historian at Rome*, and he considers right and left, in reference to the right and left banks of the Rhone, as viewed from Rome. Whereas the historian very naturally places himself in the situation of Hannibal returning almost upon his own steps, and, doing so, he of necessity considers the Tricastini and Vocontii as lying upon Hannibal's left hand. In advancing upwards, along the Rhone, *these nations* were indeed upon his right; but, for the same reason, the *same people* are upon his left, when he returns again south-eastward. Every scholar is aware, that, according as the Augur turned his face towards the north, or towards the south, the east was upon his right hand, or upon his left; and by the same rule, so long as Hannibal marched northwards, the Tricastini were upon his right; but so soon as he returned southwards, they were upon his left.

Besides, the very terms which are made use of seem to afford a confirmation of this meaning: "Quum *jam*," when now, at length, after so considerable a delay as had occurred at the conflux of the two rivers, "Alpes peteret," he was turning his march towards the Alps, which he had, in fact, not been doing for many days before, "non recta regione iter instituit," he did not proceed towards them in a straight line, which would have been nearly at right angles with that line upon which he had hitherto been advancing—What then? How did he, in fact, proceed? "Ad lævam in Tricastinos flexit," he *bent* his *course* from the direct line into one verging towards it; he advanced, in short, not straight east, but in an easterly direction, and *holding* all the while to *his own left hand*, "in Tricatinos," towards and into the territory of the Tricastini. "It is certain," say Fathers Catrou and Rouillè, "that this country of the Tricastini lies to the right of the mouth of the Saone." True; but our answer is, that Livy does not speak of the right and left banks of the *Saone*, but of the right and left hand of Hannibal, when he was "flectens iter in Tricastinos." "Et sane non intelligitur," says Crevier, "quomodo Hannibal qui adversa ripa Rhodani ad Isaram pervenerat, Tricastinos inde petens ad lævam iter flexisse dicatur, *qui potius vestigia relegebat sua*;" and it is just upon this very circumstance that Hannibal retraced his own steps, "vestigia relegebat sua," that we discover the Tricastini to be upon Hannibal's *left* hand.

Dr Hunter, however, has endeavoured to remove this difficulty in the following manner: "Si locus sanus sit," says the Doctor, "verba 'ad lævam' respectu Romæ degentium dicta, non Hannibalis, existimandum est, quemadmodum 'ultra Iberum,' c. 5.—supra;" which, if we mistake not the venerable Professor's meaning, is to be translated and interpreted thus:—"If the reading be correct, we must conceive the words 'ad lævam' as spoken in reference to the inhabitants of Rome, and not in respect of Hannibal, in the same manner as, 'ultra Iberum;' chapter fifth, above given*." Now, it is quite true that this method of apprehension will explain the use of the term "lævam;" for, whenever Hannibal turned round upon his course, he would wheel *towards* the left hand of any one who dwelt at Rome, or who, in fact, lay eastward of his course; but it is equally true, that such a method of expression is calculated to confound all distinct and accurate expression whatever, and is, at the same time, apparently at variance with the very passage in the fifth chapter which the Doctor has referred to. If the Doctor, as the critics formerly quoted seem to do, still considers Hannibal as pursuing, with a little deflection, the line of his march along the Rhone, then, to be sure, the *right* hand of Hannibal would be towards the left hand of any person Rome-ward, *i. e.* eastward of his position; and whenever Hannibal inclined towards his right hand, *so long as his face was northward,* he would, at the same time, and by the same movement, turn upon the *left* hand of a Roman, in the same manner as two persons advancing together, alongside of each other, and in the same direction, *generally* discover that the right hand of the one is towards the left hand of the other. But the question is, whether or not any person, adopting language of this sort, contrary, as Dr Hunter evidently feels, to all received use, and, indeed, common sense, would be understood? Were a General to order his soldiers to turn to the "*left,*" and they were of consequence to wheel to their *own right*, but towards *his left*, he being placed on the *right* extremity of their line, such soldiers would undoubtedly be considered as either mad or contumacious—they would deserve to be dismissed as lunatics, or to be cashiered for disobedience of orders.

On the other hand, if Dr Hunter conceives Hannibal as, in fact, not advancing northwards, but as returning southwards, with his right hand towards the river Rhone, and his left towards the Alps, and consequently towards Rome, then any reference, to the left hand, of an inhabitant of Rome, is inadmissible, because it implies confusion where there is no call for any, the left hand of Hannibal being now turned towards the left hand of a "Rome-inhabitant." So long as Hannibal is on his march from Lyons to the Tricastini, that is to say, so long as he continues his march southwards, you cannot possibly say, "flexit iter ad lævam," without suggesting to the reader the notion of his *holding* to his own left hand, in preference to the left of a person placed with his face in a contrary direction. For the very same reason that the right hand of Hannibal is towards the left hand of Livy, before Hannibal returns upon his steps, must Hannibal's left be considered as turned towards the left hand of the historian, whenever that return is commenced. "Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus." What good reason is there for altering the received and fixed use of words, when a plain and common-sense acceptation is at hand?

The Doctor illustrates his position, "that the reference is made to the left of a Roman, and not of Hannibal," by instancing the phrase "ultra Iberum," in the fifth chapter of that book. Now, let us turn to this passage, and consider its application to the question at issue. We find Hannibal resolving, immediately upon his being declared General, to carry the war into Italy, and, as a preparatory step, determining to make war upon the Roman Allies, the Saguntines. But that he might not disclose his intentions all at once, he begins by attacking the "Olcades," a people of what was termed "higher Spain," that is to say, of that part of Spain which lay "citra Iberum," or was upon the Roman side of the Ebro; and then it is added, "ultra Iberum ea gens," &c., meaning "beyond the Ebro,

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[*] In this opinion, the Doctor seems to coincide with Russerti, who says: "Livius regionem designat, quæ non Hannibali sed sibi aut cuivis Italo 'Ad Lævam' esset."

that nation," designating the "Olcades" as lying "ultra Iberum," when, *in point* of Roman apprehension and relation to the Ebro, they *were* "citra Iberum," in "hither Spain." But who does not in an instant see, that Livy, in this case, as well as in the case of Hannibal upon the banks of the Rhone, puts himself in the situation of Hannibal, and consequently terms that "ultra Iberum," which was, in fact, so, in reference to New Carthage, from which Hannibal had just started? There is nothing "existimandum" in this case, "respectu digentium Romæ;" it is quite the reverse, for it is undoubtedly to be conceived in respect of Hannibal, and not of Rome, and consequently it does not, at first sight, appear in what way the one instance can illustrate the other. It is quite true, that, had the Historian adopted the usual and received mode of expression, he would have said "citra Iberum," and then he could have spoke "respectu digentium Romæ;" but he speaks here, "respectu Hannibalis," and consequently uses the words "ultra" on the occasion. The cause of the whole mystery appears to lie in the apprehension which Dr Hunter seems to entertain respecting the position of Hannibal; and finding, as he conceives, the order of right and left reversed, or "lævam" standing where "dextram" was to have been expected, he quite logically instances another case in illustration, where the co-relative terms "ultra" and "citra" are transposed, or where "ultra" is found where "citra" might have been expected.

At the same time, however, that we have advanced our own view of the subject, under an impression of its truth, we cannot disguise from ourselves, nor would we wish to conceal from our readers, a lurking suspicion that a critic, so accurate and experienced as Dr Hunter is well known to be, would not have hazarded even a *conjecture* at random; and that therefore it is quite possible that we have either misunderstood his meaning, or misconceived the author's statement. If this shall prove to be the case, we shall be proud to be better informed by one who has done so much towards inducing a habit of accurate and philosophical thinking upon scholars of the present age.

We turn, therefore, with pleasure, from this contested passage, upon which we have, perhaps fruitlessly, endeavoured to shed some new light, to one which Dr H. has seemingly "put to rest for ever." Although the note to which we refer has been in the possession of the public since 1822, we do not think that the emendation referred to has attracted that notice, or produced that conviction, to which it appears so eminently entitled. The passage is as follows:

Livy, book II. c. 1. l. 34.—"Traditumque inde fertur ut in Senatum vocarentur, qui Patres, quique conscripti essent. *Conscriptos* videlicet, in novum Senatum appellabant lectos." We shall give Dr Hunter's own words:—"In this passage," says the Doctor, "the author seems to offer a conjectural account of the origin of the expression 'Patres Conscripti,' by which the Senators, when assembled, were invariably addressed, conceiving the term 'Patres' to be applicable to those Senators who had survived the cruelties of Tarquinius Superbus, and 'Conscripti' to describe those recently enrolled by the Consuls to make up the number of three hundred.

"This, although evidently conjectural, and given with apparent diffidence, (traditum fertur) by the author himself, who flourished nearly five hundred years after the events which he here records, is, I believe, the only account received by men of letters; and yet it is certain, 1*st*, That the Senators were invariably addressed '*Patres conscripti*,' and not '*Patres et conscripti*;' 2*dly*, That the edict for convoking the Senate, ordered '*ut vocentur in curiam*,' not 'Patres et conscripti,' but 'Senatores quibusque in senatu sententiam dicere licet.' I am inclined to think, therefore, (adds the Doctor,) that Livy has rather sought than found the reason why the Senate was invariably addressed in the terms 'Patres conscripti,'—that by these terms were meant, agreeably to their literal import, the *Fathers whose names were contained in the roll of the Senate, who alone had a decisive* *voice*[*], or the right of deciding upon every question submitted to their deliberation; and that the terms were employed, not only as the most respectful and honourable form of address, but likewise to distinguish the *Senators on the roll* from the *other persons* present, 'quibus in senatu dicere sententiam licebat,' who joined in the deliberations, having the 'jus sententiæ,' though not the 'jus suffragii,'" a deliberative, but not a decisive voice in the question."

Hereupon the Doctor quotes Horace in illustration of this interpretation, Ars. Poet. 312, seqq.; and, after some admirable and convincing reasoning, concludes by observing:—

"1*st*, That the right of adjusting the roll of the Senate belonged to the Censors, who, though originally elected for five years, continued in office for eighteen months only.

"2*dly*, That one of their most important functions, after their election, was to adjust the roll of the Senate, by leaving out, 'prætereuntes,' the names of such of the Senators as had been guilty of misconduct, and by 'legendo in senatum,' the names of those who, in virtue of the magistracies which they had held since the last 'lectio senatus,' had become entitled to that distinction. These were 'magistratus majores,' or 'curules,' originally held by none but Patricians.

"3*dly*, If, after this, there still remained vacancies, these were supplied from amongst those who had borne the inferior magistracies, 'magistratus minores,' &c. &c.

"That such was the order observed by the Censors in filling up the vacancies, may be fairly inferred from the procedure of Fabius Brutus, who was named Dictator for the sole purpose of settling the roll of the Senate, and filling up the vacancies occasioned by death.—Vide *Livy, B.* 23, *c.* 23. *se neque senatu, &c. et seqq.*"

Now, from all these previous admissions, the Doctor's ultimate inference is simply this, that the Roman Senate contained two classes of members. Those "qui senatores erant," *i. e.* those who had the right, from their names being placed upon the Censors' roll, of voting as well as of speaking, and those "quibus in senatu sententiam dicere licebat," *i. e.* those who had not yet been enrolled, and were only permitted to deliberate, but not to vote. When the Senate, therefore, was addressed, it would neither have been proper, nor common sense, to have addressed those who had *no vote* in the decision; and accordingly it was the "Patres conscripti," the enrolled fathers, and they alone, whose attention was solicited.

There cannot be a more useful lesson than the above criticism inculcates upon every scholar, who would wish to rise one single degree above a mere copyist. He must not imagine, that, whatever the Romans say of their own history, laws, or language, must of necessity be correct. Let him read Pliny, Cicero, Quintilian, and Aulus Gellius[†], and he will find, if he is not blinded by mere "*authority*," much criticism, which is at once absurd and fanciful. He will find ample reason to doubt whether or not a dead language may not be more critically understood than a living one; and whether or not "Crevier, Heynè, and Dr Hunter," may not possess better opportunities of discovering the truth than any of the great Latin names we have mentioned.

We have now to settle accounts with the Editor, and conclude.

We offered an emendation upon the following passage in the 43d chapter of the 21st book of Livy, in our last "Reverie," and proposed, that the passage in Hannibal's speech, where, before the battle of Ticinus, he addresses his soldiers, should be read,—"Ac nescio majora vincula majoresque necessitatesvobis quam captivis vestris fortuna circumdederit (dextrâ lævâque duo maria claudunt) nullam ne ad effugium navem habentibus," &c. upon which the following note is affixed by the Editor:—"It does not seem to have occurred to our ingenious friend, that by the arrangement above proposed, and which, with all deference, we consider somewhat violent, the words "nullam ne ad effugium quidem navem habentibus," should refer to and describe "captivis," and not "vobis," which is neither the meaning of Hannibal nor Livy. If this objection be well founded, it is of course fatal to the proposed emendation."

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[*] *Quere*—Had the Consuls no decisive voice previous to their enrolment in the Censor's books?

[†] *e. g.* "Parcus" is derived by him from "par," equal to, and "arca," a chest; because a miser is, as it were, a chest or box, in which money is secured!

An old Latin adage, as given by Plautus, is as follows :—

"Alterâ manu fert *lapidem, panem* ostentat alterâ."

Which, when rendered into English, is neither more nor less than this—"When a mother wishes to correct her child, she shows him a piece of bread and butter, and calls him 'sweet pet,' whilst the terrific birch is concealed behind her back." And thus, my dear Public, for to you do I now appeal,—the very Editor himself being a party in the dispute,—does this same intelligent critic support me with one hand, whilst he very coolly knocks me down with the other. Yet out of the ashes of ancient, modern Rome has arisen ; and the good city of St. Andrew's is now looking wonderfully fresh and vigorous, from the ruins of her former grandeur and magnificence. In the same manner must I just endeavour to gather up the "debris" of my former showy and imposing edifice, and try if I cannot construct a cottage, or at least something "*tenable*" out of it.

That the word "habentibus," with the part of the sentence belonging to it, might, did the sense permit, refer to and describe "captivis," *we* do not deny ; nay, what is more, from the "juxta position," we should naturally expect this to be the construction and arrangement of the sentence. Yet, in the face of all these admissions, we will be bold enough to aver, that "vobis" being the leading and prominent word in the sentence, is justly, and quite constitutionally entitled to the preference. It is to the "you," to the soldiery before him, that the speech is addressed ; and, in the emphatic and gesticulated language of a spoken oration, the party addressed, the "vobis," the "soldiers," would have no difficulty in discovering that "they," not the "captives," were addressed, and described by the "nullam ne ad effugium navem habentibus." Had there been any dubiety in the case, and had this description been at all applicable to the situation of the captives, or at all likely to have been applied to them, then it might have been necessary for Livy to have arranged the words otherwise ; but, in the present instance, no such necessity appears to us to have existed. "Alius ad Cæsarem venit,—qui orationem hujusmodi habuit." Who ever thought, or thinks of applying the "qui orationem hujusmodi habuit" to "Cæsarem," though that word stands in "juxta position" to "qui ?" "Legatus mittitur ad cum—qui diceret," is of the same family, with many others.

Our "ingenious," therefore, and "learned friend," the Editor, will pardon us in our turn, if, with all deference, we consider this explanation as fatal to the objection stated.

GAMMA.

P.S. We have this moment, whilst employed in correcting the proofs of the above, received a letter from a very able and erudite classical scholar, who finds fault with both the Editor and Gamma, and *has no doubt* that the passage came from Livy's pen thus : "Ac nescio an majora vincula, majoresque necessitates vobis quam captivis vestris fortuna circumdederit, nullam ne ad effugium navem habentibus. Dextra levaque duo maria claudunt ; circa Padus amnis, &c., ab tergo, &c." This indeed cuts the Gordian knot at once ! "sed non omnia possumus omnes."

The unfortunate note, which the Editor affixed to the preceding "Reverie," certainly from a feeling the very reverse of disrespect to his "ingenious" and "learned" correspondent, who has honoured it with his strictures, was written upon the spur of the moment, and without that mature reflection and examination which the subject required ; but now that he has had a little time to look into the matter, he regrets to say, that he still remains unconvinced by all that "Gamma" has adduced in support of his proposed alteration. The passage which has given occasion to the dispute is as follows:—"Nescio, an majora vincula majoresque necessitates vobis, quàm captivis vestris, fortuna circumdederit. Dextrâ lævâque duo maria claudunt, nullam, ne ad effugium quidem, navem habentibus." This "Gamma" proposes to read, "Nescio an majora vincula majoresque necessitates vobis, quàm captivis vestris, fortuna circumdederit, (dextrâ lævâque duo maria claudunt,) nullam, ne ad effugium quidem, navem habentibus." Now, it is perfectly certain, and nobody ever doubted, that "habentibus" *must* refer to "vobis," because it would be arrant nonsense to suppose that it could apply to the "captivi montani," the prisoners taken by Hannibal in his combats with the Alpine Highlanders. But the Editor remarked, that as "Gamma" has reconstructed the passage, throwing the two sentences into one, and reading "Dextrâ lævâque duo maria claudunt" as a parenthesis, which, of course, goes for nothing, as far as either the arrangement or general scope of the passage is concerned, the effect was, that, according to the natural collocation of the passage as amended, "habentibus" should agree with "captivis" instead of "vobis;" which defect in the arrangement, if it really existed, would of course be fatal to the emendation suggested by "Gamma." The learned "Rêveur," however, still contends that he is right, because "vobis" is emphatic, and the soldiery could have no doubt that *they* only were pointed out as the persons who had not a single ship for any purpose, much less for escape. The Editor never supposed that the soldiery would have a moment's hesitation in comprehending the words of their illustrious chief; but as "Gamma," by throwing into a parenthesis, and virtually sinking the most important clause, "Dextrâ lævâque duo maria claudunt," had run the two sentences into one, the mind was naturally led to refer the "habentibus" to the nearer substantive "captivi;" and thus, that which before was too clear to be mistaken, became ambiguous, and required explanation. It is to no purpose to quote such passages as "Alius ad Cæsarem venit, qui orationem hujuscemodi habuit," &c. &c. because they are by no means in point, it being *impossible* to mistake the antecedent to "qui." Here, however, the case is directly the reverse; for it is so far from being impossible to mistake the substantive that agrees with "habentibus," that, as "Gamma" has constructed the passage, it will naturally, in the first instance, be referred to "captivis," (with which, he will not deny, that it *may* syntactically agree,) and is only carried back to "vobis," when it is discovered, that referring it to "captivis" would evolve nonsense. Now, as no ambiguity existed in the passage as it stood originally, the Editor was inclined to be sceptical as to the emendation proposed by his learned friend.

> "The very head and front of his offending
> Had this extent; no more."

If any principle of Latin arrangement be better established than another, it is this, That words connected in sense should be placed as close as possible to each other, and that the words of one clause should never be intermixed with those of another. When Horace, in his first Ode, says "terrarum dominos evehit ad deos," it is impossible to ascertain whether he means that the "palma nobilis" exalts the "terrarum dominos" to the rank of gods, or simply raises the victors to a level with the gods, "terrarum dominos," the lords, rulers, or governors of the world. If we say, "Vidistin' hominem malum qui hoc mihi dedit," the punctuation alone can determine (and it is not good to trust the sense of a passage to punctuation merely) whether we mean, "Did you see the wicked man who gave me this?" or, "Did you see the man who did me this mischief?" If the former sense were intended, the arrangement should be, "Hominem malum vidistin', qui hoc mihi dedit?"—if the latter, "Hominem vidistin', qui hoc malum mihi dedit?" This example will serve to shew the importance of arrangement, and how, when it is vicious or improper, it may occasion the greatest ambiguity and confusion. There is a passage in Tibullus (i. 5. 47.) which at first sight seems favourable to "Gamma's" views; but in it the collocation is as bad as it is possible to conceive, while the syntax serves to neutralize the error which the juxta-position is apt to create. It is as follows: "Vidi ego qui juvenem seros desisset amores." Here "juvenem," which belongs to the antecedent, is improperly, or at least *compede metri*, thrust into the relative clause, which produces at once great inelegance and obscurity. But were the words of each clause kept distinct from those of the other, they would then become interchangeable *ad arbitrium scriptoris*; thus: "Juvenem ego vidi, qui seros desisset amores," or, "Ego juvenem vidi, qui seros desisset amores," or, "Vidi juvenem ego, qui seros," &c.

But to return to the subject more immediately under consideration, it appears that, by sinking the prominent words "Dextrâ lævâque duo maria claudunt" into a parenthesis, "Gamma" has involved himself in inextricable difficulty. Parentheses are purely supplemental and explanatory. Every sentence ought to be complete in itself, supposing what is parenthetical removed. But how lame and inefficient would the passage become, were this simple and legitimate operation performed! The point of the sentiment would be utterly lost. Hannibal's object was to *impress* upon the minds of the troops that they were hemmed in by two seas, and had not a single ship to look to for escape; that they must conquer or perish: consequently the effect of the contrast depends upon both facts being *directly* and forcibly stated. This view is confirmed by the very first words of the passage,—"Nescio an majora vincula majoresque necessitates vobis, quàm captivis vestris fortuna circumdederit." In the received reading, the difficulty is purely syntactical, and the question is how to dispose of "habentibus," supposing a new sentence to commence at "Dextrâ lævâque," &c.; but as too much, perhaps, has been already said on a subject in which a limited number only feel interested, and as the Editor's present business is neither annotation nor emendation, he will leave it *in statu quo ante bellum*. He *has* an opinion of his own, however, which, right or wrong, he will produce on compulsion.

In common with the readers of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, the Editor has perused with pleasure and instruction the criticisms and remarks, always ingenious, often profound, and in not a few instances peculiarly happy, with which his learned friend has sought to illustrate many passages of great nicety and difficulty; and he trusts that what he has now said, in some sort in his own defence, will be considered by his able *collaborateur* as the best proof he could afford of the respect he entertains for the talents and acquirements of "Gamma," as a writer and a scholar [*].

Editor.

On Music.

WHEN soft the strains of music flow
  Upon the evening's holy sigh,
How brightens into life the glow
  Of things that were, to Memory's eye!

Then as the small breeze sinks and swells,
  And o'er the air-harp softly dies,
Breathing its wildly-sad farewells,
  As twilight wanes along the skies;

'Tis as the voice of early years,
  Past pleasure's echo, from its urn;
We greet the magic thrill with tears,
  And weep as o'er a friend's return!

Oh! then we live those moments o'er,
  Which shed through Sorrow's night their beam,
As festal lights, on some sweet shore,
  Above the darksome waters gleam.

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[*] It is proper to certify the reader, that this note was in types before the Editor had an opportunity of observing the emendation suggested in the P. S. to "Gamma's" paper, and which certainly throws much light on the passage.

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THE SALMON FISHERY *.

The author of the Pamphlet, the title of which we have given below, has rendered an important service to his country, and merits the grateful acknowledgments of the public, for the masterly and unanswerable manner in which he has exposed the present defective and pernicious state of the law, in regard to a great and valuable branch of national industry, as well as the total futility of the arguments by which a pitiful junto of monopolists have endeavoured, in order to promote their own private and selfish views, to obstruct its extension and improvement. Approaching the discussion with a perfect knowledge of the subject, even in its minutest details, and grounding his reasonings, not on general or speculative principles, but on facts established by the most unquestionable evidence—that of observation and experience—he has examined the question in all its bearings, met fairly and fully every argument put forward in defence of one of the most unjustifiable monopolies presently in existence, and demonstrated, to the satisfaction of every man who has not a private and personal interest in shutting his eyes to the truth, the absolute necessity of an immediate legislative inquiry, preparatory to an amendment of the laws relative to the Salmon Fishery. Such being the character of this most able and meritorious performance, remarkable, no less for the clearness and logical precision of the statements and arguments, than for the complete knowledge of the subject which it displays, we shall make no apology for submitting to our readers as extended an outline of its contents as our limits will possibly permit.

After some general remarks on the attention bestowed, in early times, on the Salmon Fishery of Scotland,—on the object and intent of the different enactments relating to it, (namely, the propagation of the Salmon species, and the protection of the *fry*, or young brood),—and on the causes which have hitherto prevented this important and greatly improvable branch of industry from occupying the consideration of the Legislature and the public, the author proceeds to state, historically, the different modes of Salmon-fishing practised in this country. Till within the last thirty years, these were extremely rude and imperfect. The oldest of which we have any account was called a *croe*, or *cruive*, and consisted of a dike, or mound of earth, stone, or wood, running across the river, from bank to bank, and having certain boxes or traps, formed generally of close spars or wattled work, placed at intervals, for detaining and entangling the fish in their passage up and down the river. A species of this engine, and in many respects resembling the cruive, but used only within the influence of the tide, was termed a *yair*; and both forms were completely calculated for preventing the transit of the fish, and utterly inconsistent with the propagation of the species, as well as destructive to the brood, not of the salmon only, but of all kinds of fish frequenting the river. The most simple mode, however, was by the *moveable net* or *seine*, or *coble-net*, which is too well known to require description; and though less destructive than the cruives and yairs, yet, by the weights attached to the lower side of the net, in order to sink it to the bottom of the river, along which it is trailed or dragged, and by the closing of the meshes, it is found, at certain seasons, to be extremely pernicious to the *fry*, in their progress to the sea. The *toot-net* was an improvement on the coble-net, which it in some respects resembled; but it was much larger and stronger, extending to an indefinite length from the beach into the water, and secured at its extremity by an anchor. Another apparatus, called the *stage-net*, was also introduced at some stations on the Tweed and Solway, and was of more complicated construction, the fish being conducted, by a long line of net-work, into a species of gins or traps, called *pock-nets*, placed below a wooden platform, on which the fisher stood to watch, and to raise them to his stage or platform, the moment they were secured.

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* Observations regarding the Salmon Fishery of Scotland: especially with reference to the Stake-Net Mode of Fishing; the Regulation of the Close-Time; and the necessity of a Legislative Revisal of the Antiquated Scots Statutes at present applicable to these subjects. Edinburgh: Bell & Bradfute, 1824. 2d Edition.

None of these modes of fishing effected any material improvement upon the produce of the fisheries; but the deviation from the old, rude, and inefficient apparatus, had set the spirit of invention to work, and the result was the discovery of the *stake-net*,—for a discovery it was, and a very important one too. The first net of this construction was erected in the Tay, about the year 1797, by Mr John Little, one of the Solway fishers, and a person of much ingenuity and intelligence in other matters; and the success of the experiment soon exceeded the most sanguine calculations. This gentleman had taken a lease, for himself and three brothers, of the Salmon fisheries on the estate of Seaside, where the width of the frith is not less than two miles, and where, previous to this time, there had been little or no fishing whatever. The apparatus he at first used was the *tide*, or *floating-net*, employed in the Solway, and so called, because it was constructed in such a manner that the operation of the ebbing-tide closed the net and secured the fish. It was soon discovered, however, that this apparatus was susceptible of a material improvement. The entrance to the inclosure of the net, as originally used on the Solway, closed the instant the tide began to recede; but it was observed, that, for some time after this had taken place, the fish continued to gambol on the banks, and that many might still be caught, were the net so constructed as to admit them. "Instead, therefore, of the former entrance, which, like a valve, opened and shut with the tide, the net was now so constructed as to leave the passage always open; but with such a degree of intricacy in the *chambers*, or divisions in the body of the net with which it communicated, that the fish, after being led from one to another, found themselves completely entangled, and could not again get into the passage out. By this highly-ingenious invention, which at once displayed and depended upon an intimate knowledge of the habits of the salmon, the operation of the net was extended to the *ebb* as well as to the *flood-tide*; and its produce was, in consequence, much greater than ever."

The success of the new apparatus was prodigious, *seven thousand* salmon—a quantity equal to a fourth or fifth of the previous produce of the whole river—being caught in one season, in a single net at Seaside. Stake-nets were now erected at different stations, not merely in the upper part of the river, but on the verge of the ocean itself, and were attended with nearly equal success. The fisheries of the Hon. Mr Maule, and of Mr Dalgliesh of Scotscraig, which formerly let for a few pounds, now became of great value; and a corresponding increase took place in the value of all the fisheries in the Frith of Tay; while, by one of those fortunate coincidences which sometimes happen, the method of preserving salmon in ice, by which the fishers were enabled to send them to distant markets, was discovered by the late George Dempster, Esq. of Dunnichen. Without this last discovery, the preceding improvements in the mode of fishing would have been of comparatively little importance; the increased produce would indeed have occasioned a fall in the price of the commodity in the markets contiguous to the fishing-stations; but this advantage would have continued purely local, and would, in a little time, have ceased to have been felt. Now, however, the fishers are enabled to send the salmon fresh as they come from the sea, to distant markets; and the benefit of the discovery has thus, in every sense, become a national one. A new source of wealth was thus opened up; and while proprietors found that their fisheries were, in many instances, nearly as valuable as their estates, a considerable number of individuals received employment as fishermen, seamen, &c.; wealth was rapidly acquired by all persons concerned with the fisheries, and, what was of no less importance, the public were supplied in greater abundance, and at a cheaper rate than heretofore, with an article of superior quality *.

This improvement, however, was not confined to the estuary of the Tay. Stake-nets were speedily extended into other friths, particularly in the North; and although, from the want of knowledge and experience, the success of these attempts was not equal to that which attended the fisheries on the Tay, yet, everywhere, the produce exceeded all former experience.

These results excited the greatest alarm in the "upper heritors," as they have been called, the proprietors of the old *river* fisheries. The new mode of fishing was obviously not suited to their stations, and it threatened with destruction the *monopoly* which they had so long enjoyed. It was undoubtedly true, that a great improvement had been effected in a branch of public industry; that a cheaper, better, and more wholesome article had been supplied for the general consumption; that employment had been afforded to a much greater number of fishers, seamen, &c., than could have been supplied, while the old, rude, and inefficient methods continued in use; that a portion of the national capital had been directed into a channel where it could be profitably employed, and that the value of property on the shores of friths and estuaries had been enhanced: all this was self-evident and indisputable; but still the *monopoly* so long enjoyed by a few inland lairds, to the manifest injury of the public, was endangered, or, which comes to the same thing, *believed* to be endangered,—and what signified talking of the public advantage, when they were to be the sufferers? Accordingly, upon the principle that every improvement which *they* judged prejudicial to their private interests should be arrested, the proprietors on the Tay, and other rivers, clubbed together, and used every effort to put an end to the new mode of fishing which had been adopted in the friths. And to aid their exertions, a hue and cry was, as is usual in all such cases, immediately raised. They asserted that such prodigious captures of salmon could not be made without the most pernicious consequences; that the breed of salmon would be destroyed; and that, unless stake-nets were prohibited, the species would soon become extinct. Whether these persons believed what they asserted, it is unnecessary to inquire at present; the author of the able pamphlet before us has demonstrated, that never were fears more completely groundless; but there can be no doubt, that this clamour was well calculated to work on the ignorance and credulity of the public, and to mask the *real* object which the monopolists were now contemplating; namely, the putting an end to an improved method of fishing, which supplied a quantity of fish ten times greater, and of a richer quality, and in better condition, than had ever before been brought to market.

> This, however, (says the author,) was a ground of alarm in which the public was interested in a sense directly opposite to the private and *exclusive* interest of the river proprietors. It was one, accordingly, which the latter never ventured, and could not venture to state. There was thus some difficulty in getting up a different pretext on which to found the defence of their monopoly. But at length this was thought to be discovered in the ancient Scots statutes already mentioned, which had been passed in dark and rude ages,—centuries before stake-nets, or any thing resembling them, had even been thought of;—at a time, indeed, when there was neither capital nor enterprise for such an establishment,—when there was not industry and activity among the people sufficient for its success,—and when there was not even a market for the produce. The language of these statutes, unfortunately, was general, and at the same time obsolete and of doubtful import; and the usages and interpretations of latter times, in the gradual progress of the art, had attached meanings to it, by which the enactments had acquired a very extended operation.
>
> Founding upon these statutes, therefore, the upper heritors on the Tay applied to the courts of law for an interdict or injunction against the use of stake-nets in that river or frith; and they were but too successful in their application.

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* The superior quality of salmon caught in friths and estuaries, compared with those caught in rivers, is known to every one.

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After a long and patient investigation, and a discussion conducted on both sides with great learning and ability, and after much diversity of opinion among the Judges, it was at length decided by the Supreme Court in Scotland, and the decision was affirmed by the House of Peers on appeal, that, according to the existing Scots statutes, the fishing of salmon by stake-nets, in rivers, friths, and estuaries, is unlawful.

The example of the upper heritors on the Tay was followed by those on other rivers. And, in consequence, all stake-nets have been removed, not only in the Tay, but in most of the friths in Scotland. If in any frith they are still allowed, it arises from the forbearance or tolerance of the upper heritors; for it is now a settled and unquestionable law in Scotland, that any one proprietor, whether actuated by private hostility, or by real or imaginary interest, may put down, or prevent the erection of stake-nets in the frith or river in which his fishery is situate.

In the course of the discussions to which these various law proceedings have given rise, but more especially, perhaps, since the use of stake-nets has been prohibited, the public has discovered that those nets have not the pernicious tendency attributed to them; and a gradual revolution has accordingly been wrought in public opinion on the subject. But although eight years have nearly elapsed, since the illegality of the use of stake-nets in friths and rivers, under the existing law of Scotland, was finally declared, yet no effort has been made by the proprietors of the fisheries in the friths, to avail themselves of this change in the public opinion, and to obtain relief from their fetters. They have submitted to them calmly and quietly,—charmed, one would almost believe, by some potent spell, which it is impossible to dissolve,—and have allowed their own fisheries to return to their former state of non-existence. The upper heritors have not been so idle; but have kept united, carefully watching over the welfare of their monopoly. Nay, in some districts, schemes have actually been laid to take advantage of the lethargy of those most interested; and, by smuggling a bill through Parliament, to rivet, by the force of a modern statute, the absurd and noxious fetters already existing. And in other districts, emboldened by their former success against the fisheries in the friths, the river proprietors are now aiming a deadly blow against a discovery,—for it truly is one,—even more valuable and splendid than the original.—This is a matter which it deeply concerns *the public* to attend to.

At the time when the use of stake-nets was prohibited, the *tenants*, and those who had been practically engaged in the stake-net fisheries, had large capitals invested in them, which could not be diverted into any other channel of employment but at a very great loss. They, however, have not remained so inactive as the *proprietors* of those fisheries. No sooner were they driven out of the *friths* and *estuaries*, than, with an enlargement of view, and an elasticity of invention beyond all praise, they extended the field of their operations into the proper *ocean* itself. And it is now discovered, and by the test of experience put beyond all doubt, that *stake-nets may be used with success* ON THE OPEN COAST, AND ALL ALONG THE SHORES OF THE SEA.

This last discovery has only been made within these few years. On various parts of the East coast, stake-nets have been erected, and, everywhere, with the most complete success. At Woodston, the property of Lord Chief-Commissioner Adam,—at Duninald, the property of Mr Arklay,—at Rossie, and several other contiguous stations, on the open sea-coast, near Montrose, the fishery has been prosecuted with remarkable advantage. The same result has been attained on the Aberdeenshire coast. Between the Don and the Dee, eleven stake-nets were lately erected, and the same invention has been employed at various places, on the coast near Peterhead, and in the Murray and Cromarty Friths. But the practicability of this mode of fishing was, till lately, so completely unknown, that though grants of river-fishing have existed from the earliest times, the right to the *sea-fishing* still remains in the Crown; and, at the present moment, a number of applications on the part of landed proprietors, for grants of a right of fishing on the sea-coast opposite their respective estates, are under the consideration of the Barons of Exchequer.

All such applications are now opposed by the proprietors of the river fisheries. And even where grants of sea-fishings have already been obtained, these proprietors—perceiving, that, by this new discovery, if its operation be not checked, their *monopoly* will, after all, be equally endangered, as it was formerly threatened to be, by the fishings in the friths and estuaries,—*have again united to put an end to the sea-fishery also.* The proprietors of the Don and the Dee have instituted actions, to have it declared illegal to fish with stake-nets in the open ocean. The proprietors of the Findhorn have commenced proceedings, to put an end to a stake-net fishery on the coast, *eight miles* distant from the mouth of their river. And the upper heritors of the Tay and other rivers, are ready to lend their aid! Such is the state of things at this moment: The actions are in Court; and,—though no one will *now* believe that the question involves any thing but the protection of a highly injurious and impolitic *monopoly*,—the probability seems to be, that if the existing laws shall not be amended by the wisdom of Parliament, the new hopes of the Salmon-fishery will soon be at an end.

The first step towards Parliamentary interference is, as the author remarks, to ascertain distinctly the nature and extent of the evils to be remedied; the chief of which, he thinks, are referrible, 1*st*, To the defective state of the existing law as to the regulation of the *close-time;* and, 2*d*, To the prohibition of the *stake-net* mode of fishing.

With regard to the first of these, which is in a considerable degree technical, we shall not enter into it at any length. From an examination of the instincts and propensities of the fish, the author shows, that the general regulation, under the statute of 1404, allows the fishery to begin (on the 10th of December) at the very time when it ought to be most strictly fenced; and that the regulations applicable to the Tweed, the North and South Esk, and other rivers, which allow the fishery to continue till the middle of October, "authorise the destruction of the fish, at the moment when, loaded with spawn, they are seeking a place in which to make their deposit." At the same time, he admits, that it is a question of some nicety to determine what particular limits should be assigned to the respective endurance of the fishing and close-seasons; but he thinks, that the present period of closing, agreeably to the general regulation under the statute of 1404, viz. the 26th of August, is not far from what it should be; and that, with regard to the duration of the *close* or *fence-time,* and the period when the fishing should be allowed to re-commence, it should be much later than the statutory period, (the 10th of December,) when the fish are in the very act of depositing their spawn, and for some time after still continue in the upper parts of the rivers, and are at once incapable of exertion and unfit for use. The reasons for this proposed alteration are drawn from the habits of the fish, the time when it deposits its spawn, the period when the *ova* become animated, and that at which the *fry* commence their progress to the sea, together with the destruction of the fry, unavoidably attendant on the present modes of fishing, and the consequent necessity, so long as these modes are practised, of greatly prolonging the close-season *.

The author next proceeds to the main object of his Pamphlet, namely, to consider whether the old Scots acts, under which stake-nets have been held to be prohibited, ought not to be repealed. And we may remark, *in limine,* that there can be no question as to an invasion of *private rights,* if stake-net-fishing were permitted, as the fresh-water heritors have sometimes maintained. The statutes by which stake-nets are held to be prohibited are *public* statutes, having no other object in view than the *public* advantage; and it is impossible the Legislature could ever have taken the Salmon-Fishery under its controul upon any other ground. This was the general view taken by the Court, in advising the Tay case in 1812, several of the Judges, particularly Lords Meadowbank and Gillies, deprecating the very idea of the statutes having been framed for the *private* interest of individuals, as "inexpedient," "absurd," "unjust," "abominable," and as "an imputation on the Legislature †." Nor was the question of expediency allowed to enter into the consideration of the Court, in determining the question of law, whether the new mode of fishing fell under the prohibition in the statute. They viewed the case apart from its consequences, as a mere point of law, which it was their business to decide and declare, leaving the "wrong" which might, and which they saw clearly would thereby be done, "*to be rectified by the policy and wisdom of the Legislature.*" The general question, then, still remains to be determined by the result of an inquiry into the expediency or inexpediency of salmon-fishing by means of stake-nets: into the examination of this question the author now enters; and it is not going too great a length to assert, that, as far as argument is concerned, he has set it completely to rest.

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* We had no idea, till we read this Pamphlet, of the destruction of fry occasioned by the *coble-net.* The reader who wishes to be satisfied on this head, has only to consult pages 25 and 26.

† The opinion of Lord Meadowbank is the more valuable, as he was hostile to

But as the public advantage that would result from authorising the use of stake-nets, by a special enactment, is self-evident, provided the employment of that apparatus be not destructive to the propagation and breed of salmon, the author has properly directed his attention to the objections which have been stated to this mode of capture, and which are chiefly these: 1, That it is injurious to the breed of salmon, by capturing the spawning fish and the fry; and, 2, That by means of it, such immense numbers of salmon are caught in the sea and in the friths, that, eventually, the species itself may be annihilated.

Now, with respect to the first of these objections, which is deserving of much attention, the answer given by the author is triumphant and unanswerable. In the first place, so long as the fishery is allowed by law to be carried on at a season of the year when the spawning fish and the fry are liable to capture, *all* modes of fishing, more particularly in the rivers, must, more or less, affect the breed; and it was with a view to this, that, in a preceding part of his Pamphlet, the author pointed out the necessity of some alteration in the existing law, in regard to the fishing and close-seasons. It follows, therefore, that, instead of prohibiting a mode of fishing, in other respects beneficial, merely because, under the existing regulations, it affects, equally with other modes, the breed of fish,—instead of forbidding the use of this or that apparatus, the Legislature should direct their attention to the *time* of fishing, and enact suitable regulations in that respect, which would render the nature of the apparatus, so far at least as concerns the breed, of comparatively little importance. But it is quite superfluous to have recourse to general argument, since actual observation, conducted by persons of judgment and experience, has demonstrated, that, as far as respects the breed of salmon, stake-nets are perfectly innocuous.

> This point was set at rest in the Tay case. Two careful, intelligent, and impartial persons were, in 1809, employed to make a survey of the Tay; and were

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stake-nets upon the *law* of the case. *Lord Gillies* said, that he had no doubt that the upper heritors "are wrong in their proposition, that it was any part of the object of the Legislature to prevent inferior heritors from monopolizing the salmon. *They meant to preserve the breed;* and not only do I conceive that such was their object, but that, *neither in point of justice or expediency, could they have had any other object.* In the first place, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN INEXPEDIENT *to prevent salmon from being caught in the greatest possible quantity*, and *the nearer the sea the better, as the fish are the most likely to be in a good and firm state.* In the next place, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN UNJUST *to deprive inferior heritors of the natural advantages arising to them from their actual situation.* Many such advantages there are, and they are inseparable from property. *One man has an estate near a sea-port, or adjoining a great turnpike road, and he has benefits thence arising, which place him in a better situation than the generality of his neighbours. In the same way, where a person has a salmon-fishing, his property is enhanced in value by it; and where it is near the sea, the property is still more enhanced than if it were situated far up the river.* All these are *adventitious benefits* resulting from natural situation. Such are the benefits enjoyed by the lower heritors in the present case, and it would have been A MOST ABSURD AND UNJUST POLICY, if the Legislature had intended to prevent them from catching as many salmon as they could."

furnished with written instructions, prepared and signed by the present Lord Cringletie, (then Mr Wolfe Murray,) counsel for the lower heritors, *and which had previously been communicated to the upper heritors.* These persons were instructed, that they "should go up the Tay till they found the fry, and saw them distinctly seeking their way downwards to the salt water; that when the fry were discovered, they should be carefully traced till they change their situation in the water, that is, when they leave the side, or easy water, and go more into the stream; that the fry should then be farther traced and watched minutely, till they disappear entirely; and that, under the point where the fry disappears, between that and the ocean, nets, with very small meshes, should frequently be drawn in the water, between high and low water-marks, in order to prove whether any salmon smolts are to be found in that body of the tide." And they were also instructed, "that the stake-nets should be daily examined, in order to discover whether any salmon fry were to be seen in them." These instructions are quoted, in order to shew the care with which the matter was investigated. The result was a confirmation of what has already been noticed in considering the question as to the *close-time*;—that, in their progress to the sea, *the fry are so guided by instincts, or affected by obvious physical causes, as invariably to prevent their approach to those parts of the coast where stake-nets are used.* They keep at first the easy water at the margin of the river, avoiding the impetuosity of the *filum fluminis*; but at the point where the margin ceases to be easy water, where the operation of the tide, the flux and reflux, agitates the sides of the stream, they leave the banks, and seek the peace and stillness of the deeper waters in the middle; and thus, without ever afterwards approaching the coast beyond this point,—without being more seen,—they find their way, undisturbed and uninterrupted, to the ocean.

This point in the river Tay was found to be near Carpow Bank, immediately below the junction of the Earn with the Tay. Until the fry approached to within half-a-mile, or three-quarters of a mile, of Carpow-Bank, they were seen distinctly at the margin. When they first disappeared, they were found, by trials with the small-meshed net, to be in the mid-stream; but a short way farther down, they were so completely in the depth, that they could no longer be discerned. Now, no stake-nets were ever erected in the Tay above Carpow-Bank. And from the very habits and instincts of the fry, therefore, none could be within the reach of the stake-nets in the Tay.

These habits and instincts, indeed, afford a general protection to the fry from injury by the stake-nets; for although, in most rivers, it would certainly be possible to use such nets, with success, at stations above the point where the fry disappear,—for example, farther up than Carpow-Bank in the Tay,—yet at most places, the coble-net might be used with equal, if not perhaps with greater advantage. It is chiefly in the open sea, and in the wide friths and estuaries, that the superiority of stake-nets is experienced. In the upper parts of rivers, the coble-net may be extended from bank to bank, so as to intercept all the fish which come into them: thus accomplishing all that could be expected from the most efficient stake-net, and at infinitely less expence. In the sea and the friths, however, a more extended apparatus is indispensably requisite, in order to procure such a circuit as will bring the fish within reach of the net; and it is, accordingly, only in the sea and the friths that the full value of the stake-net invention is experienced.

If any thing were wanting to the conviction which the known habits and instincts of the young brood are calculated to produce, it would be furnished by *the construction of a stake-net,* WHICH IS SUCH THAT IT CANNOT DETAIN THE FRY. "The net does not hang loose, but is extended on stakes, and every mesh is open, presenting a circuit of from ten to twelve inches, and a side fully three inches in length. Now, it is evident that such an apparatus could not injure or intercept the fry, *even if they were within its operation.* THEY WOULD, ON THE CONTRARY, PASS THROUGH IT AS FREELY AS THE TIDE."

Next, with regard to the *spawning fish,* although there must be a destruction of these fish, in a greater or less degree at *all* stations, whatever be the nature of the apparatus employed, still, as in the case of the fry, the result is infinitely more favourable to the stake-nets than to any other. It is known that, both in ascending the rivers, in order to spawn, and afterwards in returning to the sea, the salmon almost uniformly keep the direct course of the mid-channel of the friths and estuaries, where, of course, they have the assistance of the tide, and are out of the reach of

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stake-nets, which never extend to the depth of the mid-channel, or the path of navigation. Accordingly, such fish are seldom to be found at the sea-fishings: "*it is in the fresh waters that they are caught in the greatest numbers.*" By a regular survey of some of the upper fisheries of the Tay, in the month of August 1809, it appeared that the *coble-nets* there captured *forty-six* salmon between the 14th and 28th of August, and that of these, *twenty-three* were *red-fish*, or fish on their way to the spawning ground. And as to the *kelts*, or fish that have newly spawned, it was given in evidence in the Tay case, that they are taken in vast quantities by the net and coble fishers—sometimes in cart-loads—and sold at a low price to the poorer class of people. During the same period, the capture of a red-fish, or kelt, at the stake-nets, was a circumstance of rare occurrence. "Can there be conceived," asks the author, "any thing more decisive as to the relative effects of the respective modes of fishing?"

The second objection to the expediency of employing stake-nets in capturing salmon is, that, by means of them, such an immense number of salmon is caught in the sea and in the estuaries, that eventually the species itself may be destroyed *. This objection resolves itself into two parts; first, the effect of the stake-nets upon the produce of the river fisheries; and, secondly, the destruction which, it is alleged, must ensue from the employment of stake-nets, to the eventual annihilation of the species.

Now, in regard to the first branch of the objection, which supposes that the river fisheries are seriously affected by the stake-nets, it is assumed, that the fish which are captured below, would have gone to the upper fisheries, had they not been intercepted. But this is not the fact. The fish which are captured by the stake-nets are not those who would frequent the fresh waters, to which they never resort, except under the impulse of a powerful instinct, and in that case they take the direct course of the mid-channel, and are thus generally beyond the reach of the stake-nets. Many circumstances tend to confirm the fact, that the fish taken by the stake-nets would, if not thus intercepted, have pursued their way back to the ocean. The most remarkable of these is, that the fish may be caught in the ebb-tide, as readily as in the flood, and that, in many nets, the opening of the court or chamber is turned to the *ebb*. One half of all the fish caught in Tay were taken by *ebb*-nets, or, in other words, when the fish were going down the frith towards the ocean; and there has lately been erected at Kirkside, near Montrose, a stake-net, which has all its chambers to the *ebb*, thus receiving no fish except what are going out, and yet it captured, during last season, which was generally unproductive, no less than 1700 fish. An *ebb*-net, erected at Burghead, at the mouth of the Murray Frith, and about eight miles along the open sea-coast, from the river Findhorn, has been equally, or rather more successful.

But farther; the author has shown, that, in the Frith of Tay, where the stake-nets were a considerable numbers of years in full operation, and where their effect on the upper fisheries was the subject of minute and patient investigation, *the produce of the latter was not sensibly affected;* and that the injury complained of was wholly imaginary, excepting in so far as the great increase of the supply operated in lowering the market-price of the commodity. It is true, the upper heritors on the Tay alleged, and attempted to prove, that the produce of their fisheries had decreased since the introduction of stake-nets; but in this they completely failed; and we would recommend to the careful perusal of all who take any interest in the subject, that part of our author's Pamphlet, where he exposes the fallacy and trickery of the method to which they resorted, in order, if possible, to make out their point, and exhibits a comparative numerical statement of the produce of the Mansfield and Perth fisheries, for ten years prior, and subsequent to 1798. It is not the least successful part of his work, and cannot fail to produce a conviction of the total fallacy of the allegation, that the produce of the upper fisheries had diminished subsequently to the introduction of the new mode of fishing.

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* We agree entirely with the author, that the real, though secret, ground of this objection, is an apprehension, on the part of the "upper heritors," that the produce of their fisheries would be greatly reduced. It is undoubtedly true, that an extension of the salmon-fishery, by means of stake-nets, would be injurious to these "heritors," by at once breaking in upon their monopoly; but it has been already shown, that even the existing acts were passed for *public* purposes, and not with any view to promote *private* interests; and also that this extension of the fishery, so far from being prejudicial to the *public*, would be a very great benefit. From all which we derive an unanswerable argument in favour of the extension contended for. It is a vulgar error, to suppose that the introduction of stake-nets, at the fisheries of the lower stations, would in any way affect the interests of the upper heritors, excepting in so far as that result might follow from the breaking up of their highly-injurious monopoly. This will appear more clearly in the sequel.

It only remains to consider the other branch of the objection, namely, that if the use of stake-nets be allowed, they will be attended with such a prodigious destruction of fish, as eventually to annihilate, or materially affect the species.

> This is an objection (says the author) which no one who has any knowledge of the subject will be disposed to urge. It would be quite asreasonable to suppose that the race of the herring or the cod is in danger, in consequence of the multitudes which are taken, as to believe that any perceptible diminution of the salmon species would arise from the success of the fishery. Every one knows that the herring and the white fish exist in myriads past number;—that they compose the food of the larger marine animals;—and that although man vindicates his right to a share, yet all that he obtains, or indeed all that he could consume, bears no sensible proportion to what are destroyed within the ocean itself. And it is just the same with the salmon. The salmon is not destined for the food of man alone;—there are hordes of voracious animals in the ocean which continually prey upon it, and of which it composes the principal food. Wherever salmon are to be found, there are these animals also. At some stations, porpoises may be seen, in vast numbers, rolling along with the tide, in pursuit of their prey;—while seals, again, abound on every rock and sand-bank, as well as in the open sea, and sometimes they even find their way into the nets, and deliberately, in presence of the fishers, destroy the fish. Who will venture to say what are the limits to the destruction effected by these animals? or, in how many such ways, unknown to man, the Salmon is destroyed*?

The belief that the increased produce of the fishery, in consequence of the employment of stake-nets, might effect the existence of the species, has been more readily entertained from the facts that, in some rivers, as the Thames and Clyde, where the Salmon-fishery was once successfully prosecuted, scarcely any

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[*] In the Tay case, some of the witnesses incidentally mentioned the destruction of salmon by porpoises and seals. *Andrew Crichton*, who had been a fisher for twenty years, "depones, That there are great numbers of porpoises in the Tay, and *the deponent has seen above* A THOUSAND AT ONE TIME: That he has seen a great number as high up as Balmerino: That *these porpoises are very destructive to salmon, and it is in quest of them that the porpoises go so far up the Tay: That he has caught hundreds of salmon which had been bit by porpoises:* That there are a great number of seals on the banks below the bar, which are also destructive to salmon: That *he has seen a seal opened, and a salmon taken out of its belly.*" He might have added, that that salmon was afterwards sent to market—a fact not without precedent. *Alexander Boyter*, another fisher, "depones, That for the last twenty years the deponent has annually killed a number of seals; that he has received a premium from Messrs John Richardson & Co." (the then principal tacksmen of the Tay-fisheries,) "for his success in killing them, for about a dozen of years; but this premium has been discontinued for the five last years, but he still continues to kill them on his own account: That *he knows that seals are very destructive to salmon, and he has seen them caught and eaten by them: That porpoises are still more destructive than seals to salmon; and there are great numbers of them in the Tay: That upon one occasion, about a year ago, he opened a porpoise, and found as much* SALMON WITHIN IT AS THE DEPONENT COULD HAVE CARRIED." And the testimony of these witnesses was confirmed by that of several others.

fish are now to be found. But this desertion of the rivers, by the salmon, has been occasioned by causes totally different from the success of the fisheries in the friths below; in short, by their being impregnated with deleterious substances pernicious to the fish, and which it therefore avoids. This is the reason why such rivers as the Thames and Clyde are deserted; and, for the very same reason, other rivers will be deserted in their turn, whenever their banks are covered with manufactories, and they become the recipients of the deleterious matter discharged from them. In corroboration of this statement, the author mentions a striking fact, which he gives "on the authority of a highly-respectable and intelligent fisher." The produce of the Salmon-fishery on the Coquet, a small river in England, was at one time very considerable; but all at once the fish deserted it. This at first naturally excited surprise; but it was soon discovered that the desertion had been occasioned by the adulteration of the water, in consequence of the ingredients discharged into it from a *tin* manufactory on the upper part of the river. The water had, in consequence, become impregnated with noxious matter, and not a salmon would enter it.

It is therefore evident that any diminution in the produce of certain rivers, or even their entire desertion by the salmon, is to be ascribed to causes very different indeed from a decrease in the number of the fish. But there is another consideration, which must convince every unprejudiced mind, that the idea of the ultimate extinction of the salmon species, by any improvements in the mode of capture, is wholly visionary and ridiculous.

It has been ascertained, by a very simple process, that the roe of an ordinary salmon contains from 1700 to 2000 *ova*. But even supposing that the number of fish brought into life from each *spawner* was much smaller, how few spawning-fish would be sufficient for the production of all that man could consume! The average produce of the Tay-fisheries is supposed to be about 30,000. Suppose, however, that, by permitting the use of stake-nets, the produce of the river and frith, and adjacent coast, were to be increased to ten times the number, or 300,000; how small is the proportion of breeding-fish necessary for rearing this number, when compared with the number of fish which actually spawn in the Tay and its tributary streams!

The extent of propagation being thus altogether *unlimited*, it is utterly impossible that even the most successful fishery could in any degree affect the existence of the species, were the close-time properly regulated, every obstacle in the way of the *breeders* to the spawning-ground removed, the *spawn* suffered to remain undisturbed after it has been deposited, and, finally, the *fry* protected in their descent to their natural element, the ocean.

Having thus conclusively demonstrated the fallacy of all the objections to the method of fishing by stake-nets, and clearly established the expediency of an immediate revision and alteration of the existing law, the author concludes, by pointing out a few of the *public advantages* which would be derived from an extension of the Salmon-fishery.

(1.) In the first place, it would break down, *in favour of the public*, that *unjust monopoly*, which has already too long subsisted in favour of a single class of proprietors. It would give to every heritor along the coast that natural use and enjoyment of his property, from which he ought never to have been excluded. It would open the general market of the country to a wide and extensive competition. And by securing an inexhaustible supply, it would, at a moderate and comparatively steady price, place within the reach of all classes of the population, as an ordinary article of rich and wholesome food, what is at present to be found only as a luxury at the tables of the opulent.

(2.) Nor would the resulting benefit be confined to this. The quality of the salmon caught would be as much improved, as its quantity would be increased. The salmon of the ocean is well known to be infinitely superior to the salmon which is taken in the fresh-water. From the moment it seeks the rivers, it loses its strength, diminishes even in weight, and gradually sickens, and becomes emaciated and diseased. The firmness and richness of the sea-fish is by this time gone; and the salmon now grows comparatively soft and insipid,—at certain seasons absolutely unwholesome.

(3.) Besides, even in a national point of view, the extension of the salmon-fishery is an object of no small importance. The general prosperity of the country is mainly dependent on the prosperity of *all* the various classes of individuals composing its population. Here, then, is a vast additional source of private revenue opened up. An extensive line of coast, which yields no return whatever, holds out a promise of riches at present incapable of calculation. Nor is it the mere proprietors of the coast, and those directly employed at the fishery, who will be benefited. Employment, and, of course, a correspondent remuneration in the shape of wages, will spread on all sides. A new impetus to exertion will be given, in districts where, at present, all is inactivity and silence. Villages will rise up along the shores, still further to disseminate the progress of amelioration. And what, in a maritime state such as this, may perhaps, to the eye of the statesman, appear still more important, the new mode of fishing will add both to the resources and strength of the country, by rearing a race of hardy and indefatigable seamen, and giving employment to a very great additional tonnage of shipping, which would otherwise never have existed.

By the preceding copious analysis, we have endeavoured to put our readers in possession of the novel and valuable information contained in this Pamphlet; and, as far as lies in our power, to contribute to the attainment of one great object contemplated by the author, namely, exciting public attention to a subject of national importance. This of itself cannot fail to be productive of much good. Were the light thrown upon the subject by this masterly Pamphlet to be widely and generally diffused, (and this is now inevitable,) the absurd monopoly of the "upper heritors," founded upon acts passed in a rude and barbarous age, could not exist a single day. Indeed these sagacious persons appear to have had a sort of "fatal presentiment" that the hollow-grounds upon which they have rested their pretensions would soon give way under them, unless fortified and upheld by some fresh supports. Accordingly, they have smuggled into the House of Commons a Bill, "for regulating and improving the Salmon-fisheries in the river Tay, and the rivers or streams running into or communicating with the same," which has already been hurried through several of its stages with the utmost precipitation. The preamble to this bill sets forth, that it is intended for the *public* advantage, as well as for that of the owners of fisheries on the river Tay. The patrons and promoters of this bill have an odd sort of notion of the public advantage; seeing that the principal clause in the bill is obviously, though insidiously, calculated to reach and put down the stake-nets which have been erected *in the ocean,* near the embouchure of the Tay. It runs thus, "And be it enacted, that, if any person or persons shall place ANY THING *in, over, across,* or NEAR *the said river Tay, or the rivers or streams running into the same, so as to prevent the fish from* ENTERING, or going up *or down the said river or streams,* then," &c. &c. Now, under the expressions here cunningly and artfully employed, it is clear, that, if this bill pass into a law, it will be equivalent to a prohibition of all modes of fishing, except those presently in use,—will effectually prevent all future improvement,—and will secure and perpetuate the injurious monopoly at present enjoyed by the fresh-water proprietors. Those persons, therefore, who possess estates on the shores of estuaries, or near the embouchures of rivers, should instantly bestir themselves; for, most assuredly, should this Tay-Bill be carried into a law, the principle of it will be speedily extended to the other fishing rivers in Scotland; and all future improvement, in this important branch of national industry, receive the *coup-de-grace.* The public, too, and, above all, the press, should make common cause with the *ci-devant* proprietors of stake-nets; in which case, truth, and reason, and expediency, and justice, must prove more than a match for the clubbed and combined cunning, trickery, and selfishness, of a junto of country lairds, conspiring together to steal a march on the supineness of their opponents, and bolster up an odious monopoly, to the manifest injury and detriment of the kingdom *.

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* The present Session of Parliament affords an instructive instance of the absurdity and inconsistency of permitting private legislation in matters of vital importance to

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED; A DRAMA. BY LORD BYRON. LONDON. J. AND H. L. HUNT. 1824.

If there is any spectacle more peculiarly melancholy than another, it is the sight of a noble mind overthrown, and of genius sinking into a premature decay; the view of a mighty intellect wasting its energies on ribaldry and absurdity,—conscious of declining popularity, yet struggling with fretful impatience to maintain its hold on the public mind, by flattering its worst passions, in the cheapest and most accessible form; or endeavouring ambitiously to revive some trace of the spirit of other days, and yet only suggesting, by the comparison, the impotence of its present efforts. Were it not for the evident self-complacency and satisfaction with which Lord Byron has given to the world the late Cantos of his Don Juan, and this, his latest performance, we should have considered these publications as a series of experiments on the patience of the public, of which this last was to be considered the *ne plus ultra*; but the tone in which his Lordship speaks of his efforts, leaves us no room to doubt, that, whatever may be the opinion of the public, he himself entertains a very comfortable conviction of their excellence, and that the supposition of his declining popularity being in any way owing to his declining powers, will be positively the last solution of the difficulty to which his Lordship will be likely to have recourse. We confess we have yielded reluctantly to the conviction that such is the case; because we are hardly disposed to consider such *capricci* as Don Juan (the mere *delassmens* of a great mind) as affording any fair index of the rise or fall of his poetical powers; but the present publication, we think, has brought the question fairly to issue, and of the result we think no human being can entertain a doubt. In short, it seems as if his career was destined to end as it began; and that the short-lived brilliancy, which succeeded the lowering morning of his poetical day, is likely to terminate in the gloom and silence of neglect.

We are inclined to consider the present work as peculiarly calculated to bring the point fairly to trial, because the subject, however objectionable in its tendencies, is obviously one that is particularly congenial to the feelings of the author;—eminently calculated to call forth that melancholy and sarcastic eloquence that bound the public mind with its resistless spells, so long and so willingly—and that strange succession and contrast, of contempt and insensibility to the virtues and the sufferings of mankind, with occasional relentings, and involuntary abandonment to gentler themes and softer feelings. In the present Drama, he has adopted the idea of Goëthe; and the Cæsar of the play, a reproduction of Mephistophilis, accompanies the hero through the varied scenes of human life, sneering at mankind, laughing down all generous and noble emotions, dissolving fair illusions, and exposing the weaknesses that alloy the purest displays of human virtue; while the hero himself, yet in the first flush of youthful feeling, yields slowly and reluctantly to the deadening vices of his infernal instructor. To attempt such a delineation after

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the State. At the very time that this Tay-Bill is making the grand tour of Parliament, another Bill has been introduced for amending and improving the Act of 1804, in relation to the fishings on the Solway, which are exempted from the operation of the Gothic Acts that affect the other Salmon-fisheries of Scotland, and in which stake-nets are not only not prohibited, but in full operation. These Bills are diametrically opposed to each other, in principle and in object; and should both be carried into laws, Parliament will be placed in the strange predicament of declaring one and the same thing, at one and the same time, to be lawful and unlawful. "Is it possible," asks our author, "to deny, that there is urgent necessity for FULL INQUIRY into the state of that law under which such things can occur?"

Goëthe, was a dangerous task ; but, perhaps, of all men, Lord Byron was the one apparently most calculated to surmount the difficulty ; and yet we say with confidence, that a more worthless and miserable performance, a work more utterly devoid of poetry, (we say nothing of principle,) we have never had the misfortune to peruse. But our readers shall judge for themselves.

The plot, or at least the commencement, is taken from a very wild and original romance, which we remember to have read many years ago, entitled the Three Brothers. The scène, however, which Lord Byron has selected, is certainly not a favourable specimen. It is this: Arnold, a deformed youth, wearied with the persecution of his mother, Bertha, is about to commit suicide, when suddenly a cloud comes over a neighbouring fountain ; and from the mist a tall, dark figure comes forward, who after sneering (not very successfully) at his hump, informs him that it is in his power to bestow upon him a more attractive form. Arnold readily embraces the offer, and the shadows of Julius Cæsar, Alcibiades, Socrates, Anthony, Demetrius Poliorcetes, and Achilles, successfully pass before him. Arnold chuses the shape of the last. The following chorus describes the process by which the change is effected, and let those who recollect the choruses in Manfred, say what they think of this:—

[*The Stranger takes some earth, and moulds it along the turf, and then addresses the Phantom of Achilles.*

Beautiful shadow
Of Thetis's boy !
Who sleeps in the meadow,
Whose grass grows o'er Troy :
From the red earth, like Adam,
Thy likeness I shape,
As the Being who made him,
Whose actions I ape.
Thou clay, be all glowing,
Till the rose in his cheek
Be as fair as, when blowing,
It wears its first streak !
Ye violets ! I scatter,
Now turn into eyes !
And thou sunshiny water,
Of blood take the guise !
Let these hyacinth boughs
Be his long, flowing hair.
And wave o'er his brows,
As thou wavest in air !
Let his heart be this marble
I tear from the rock !
But his voice as the warble
Of birds on yon oak !
Let his flesh be the purest
Of mould, in which grew
The lily-root surest,
And drank the best dew !
Let his limbs be the lightest
Which clay can compound !
And his aspect the brightest
On earth to be found !
Elements, near me,
Be mingled and stirred,
Know me, and hear me,
And leap to my word !
Sunbeams, awaken
This earth's animation !
'Tis done ! He hath taken
His stand in creation !

The stranger then assumes the cast-off body of Arnold, with this magnificent address :—

Clay ! not dead, but soul-less !
Though no man would choose thee,
An immortal no less
Deigns not to refuse thee.
Clay thou art ; and unto spirit
All clay is of equal merit.

Fire ! *without* which nought can live ;
Fire ! but *in* which nought can live,
Save the fabled Salamander,
Or immortal souls which wander,
Praying what doth not forgive,
Howling for a drop of water,
Burning in a quenchless lot :
Fire ! the only element
Where nor fish, beast, bird, nor worm,
Save the worm which dieth not,
Can preserve a moment's form,
But must with thyself be blent :
Fire ! man's safeguard and his slaughter:
Fire ! Creation's first-born daughter,
And Destruction's threatened son,
When Heaven with the world hath done :

After this metamorphosis, Arnold and his infernal companion set off to seek pleasure and excitement in their favourite haunts. Their first visit is to Rome, then besieged by the Constable of Bourbon, under whose banners Arnold enlists himself and his companion. The following is part of a conversation between these friends under the walls :—

Arnold.—The sun goes down as calmly, and perhaps
More beautifully, than he did on Rome
On the day Remus leapt her wall.
Cæsar.—I saw him.
Arnold.—You!
Cæsar.—Yes, sir. You forget I am or was
Spirit, till I took up with your cast shape
And a worse name. I'm Cæsar and a hunch-back
Now. Well! the first of Cæsars was a bald-head,
And loved his laurels better as a wig
(So history says) than as a glory. Thus
The world runs on, but we'll be merry still.
I saw your Romulus (simple as I am)
Slay his own twin, quick-born of the same womb,
Because he leapt a ditch ('twas then no wall,
Whate'er it now be;) and Rome's earliest cement
Was brother's blood; and if its native blood
Be spilt till the choked Tiber be as red
As e'er 'twas yellow, it will never wear
The deep hue of the Ocean and the Earth,
Which the great robber sons of Fratricide
Have made their never-ceasing scene of slaughter
For ages.
Arnold.—But what have these done, their far
Remote descendants, who have lived in peace,
The peace of heaven, and in her sunshine of
Piety?
Cæsar.—And what had *they* done, whom the old
Romans o'erswept?—Hark!
Arnold.—They are soldiers singing
A reckless roundelay, upon the eve
Of many deaths, it may be of their own.
Cæsar.—And why should they not sing as well as swans?
They are black ones, to be sure.

And these are the sarcasms that are to render goodness a name, "and happiness a dream!" These are the effusions which this rival of Goëthe pours forth under the inspiration of Faust and the Three Brothers! The attack on the city is prefaced by another chorus, in which an admirable opportunity of introducing a splendid ode is totally lost; and in its stead, we are presented with one of the dullest rhapsodies we ever recollect to have perused. Bourbon falls, and the hump-backed satirest observes:—

Cæsar.—Good-night, Lord Constable! thou wert a man.
[*Cæsar follows Arnold; they reach the battlement; Arnold and Cæsar are struck down.*
Cæsar.—A precious somerset; Is your Countship injured?
Arnold.—No.
[*Remounts the ladder.*
Cæsar.—A rare blood-hound, when his own is heated!
And 'tis no boy's play. Now he strikes them down!
His hand is on the battlement—he grasps it
As though it were an altar; now his foot
Is on it, and—what have we here? a Roman? [*A man falls.*
The first bird of the covey! he has fallen
On the outside of the nest. Why, how now, fellow?
The Wounded Man.—A drop of water!
Cæsar.—Blood's the only liquid
Nearer than Tiber.
Wounded Man.—I have died for Rome. [*Dies.*
Cæsar.—And so did Bourbon, in another sense.
Oh these immortal men! and their great motives!
But I must after my young charge. He is
By this time i' the forum. Charge! charge!
[*Cæsar mounts the ladder; the scene closes.*

Several scenes of blood and outrage follow within the city. Arnold fights with Benvenuto Cellini and is wounded—enters St. Peter's just as Olimpia is about to be sacrificed to the brutality of his soldiers—and endeavours in vain to persuade her to place herself under his protection. She rejects his offer with indignation, and dashes herself from the altar on the pavement. Arnold exclaims:—

Arnold.—Eternal God!
I feel thee now! Help! help! She's gone.
Cæsar.—(*Approaches.*)—I am here.
Arnold.—Thou! but oh, save her!
Cæsar.—(*assisting him to raise Olimpia.*)—She hath done it well;
The leap was serious.
Arnold.—Oh! she is lifeless!
Cæsar.—If
She be so, I have nought to do with that:
The resurrection is beyond me.
Arnold.—Slave!
Cæsar.—Aye, slave or master, 'tis all one: methinks

Good words, however, are as well at times.
Arnold.—Words!—Canst thou aid her?
Cæsar.—I will try. A sprinkling
Of that same holy water may be useful.
[*He brings some in his helmet from the font.*
Arnold.—'Tis mixed with blood.
Cæsar.—There is no cleaner now
In Rome.

They bear off the body,—and here the drama ends, the Third Act containing merely the opening chorus: but we are informed by Lord Byron, that should the public show any anxiety for their appearance, a few more Cantos are forthcoming. If their appearance is to depend on this contingency, we suspect the publication will be postponed to the Greek Kalends.

NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE TO NOOTKA SOUND, &c. BY JOHN R. JEWITT.

We have much pleasure in introducing to the notice of our readers this modest and unpretending performance, (a reprint from an American edition,) now on the eve of publication, which is really the only tolerable account of Nootka which has yet appeared. It is written with a total absence of artifice, and straining after effect, in a style which, though it may sometimes excite a smile by its homeliness, can hardly fail to impress on the reader a conviction of the authenticity of the striking incidents which the narrative contains. The surprise of the ship, and murder of the crew,—the motive which led to that barbarous outrage,—the escape of the author and his companion,—their residence among the savages, and the device by which their liberty is regained,—are all detailed with a plainness (and, in regard to the last of these incidents, with a candid admission of a mean deception on the part of Jewitt) that must afford sufficient proof of his sincerity. The information which the book contains, as to the singular manners and customs of the savages, is various and extensive; and, on the whole, the narrative may be said to unite, in an uncommon degree, the interest arising from the detail of "moving accidents by flood and field," with the utility arising from a collection of new facts, connected both with the moral constitution of man, and the appearances of Nature. We quote, as a specimen of Jewitt's manner, his account of the seizure of the vessel by Maquina, the chief of the Nootkese.

On the 19th the king came again on board, and was invited by the captain to dine with him. He had much conversation with Captain Salter, and informed him that there were plenty of wild ducks and geese near Friendly Cove; on which the Captain made him a present of a double-barrelled fowling-piece, with which he appeared to be greatly pleased, and soon after went on shore.

On the 20th we were nearly ready for our departure, having taken in what wood and water we were in need of.

The next day Maquina came on board with nine pair of wild-ducks, as a present, at the same time he brought with him the gun, one of the locks of which he had broken, telling the captain that it was *peshak*, that is, bad. Captain Salter was very much offended at this observation, and considering it as a mark of contempt for his present, he called the king a liar, adding other opprobrious terms, and taking the gun from him, tossed it indignantly into the cabin, and calling me to him, said, "John, this fellow has broken this beautiful fowling-piece, see if you can mend it." On examining it, I told him that it could be done. As I have already observed, Maquina knew a number of English words, and unfortunately understood but too well the meaning of the reproachful terms that the captain addressed to him. He said not a word in reply, but his countenance sufficiently expressed the rage he felt, though he exerted himself to suppress it; and I observed him, while the captain was speaking, repeatedly put his hand to his throat, and rub it upon his bosom, which he afterwards told me was to keep down his heart, which was rising into his throat, and choaking him. He soon after went on shore with his men, evidently much discomposed.

On the morning of the 22d, the natives came off to us as usual with salmon, and remained on board; when about noon, Maquina came alongside, with a considerable number of his chiefs and men, in their canoes, who, after going through the customary examination, were admitted into the ship. He had a whistle in his hand, and over his face a very ugly mask of wood, representing the head of some wild beast, appeared to be remarkably good-humoured and gay, and whilst his people sung and capered about the deck, entertaining us with a variety of antick tricks and gestures, he blew his whistle to a kind of tune which seemed to regulate their motions. As Captain Salter was walking on the quarter-deck, amusing himself with their dancing, the king came up to him, and inquired when he intended to go to sea? He answered, to-morrow. Maquina then said, "You love salmon—much in Friendly Cove, why not go then and catch some?" The captain thought that it would be very desirable to have a good supply of these fish for the voyage, and, on consulting with Mr Delouisa, it was agreed to send part of the crew on shore after dinner, with the seine, in order to procure a quantity. Maquina and his chiefs staid and dined on board, and after dinner the chief mate went off with nine men in the jolly-boat and yawl, to fish at Friendly Cove, having set the steward on board at our watering-place, to wash the captain's clothes.

Shortly after the departure of the boats, I went down to my vice-bench in the steerage, where I was employed in cleaning muskets. I had not been there more than an hour, when I heard the men hoisting in the long-boat, which, in a few minutes after, was succeeded by a great bustle and confusion on deck. I immediately ran up the steerage stairs, but scarcely was my head above deck, when I was caught by the hair by one of the savages, and lifted from my feet; fortunately for me, my hair being short, and the ribbon with which it was tied slipping, I fell from his hold into the steerage. As I was falling, he struck at me with an axe, which cut a deep gash in my forehead, and penetrated the skull, but in consequence of his losing his hold, I luckily escaped the full force of the blow, which, otherwise, would have cleft my head in two. I fell, stunned and senseless, upon the floor. How long I continued in this situation I know not, but, on recovering my senses, the first thing that I did was to try to get up; but so weak was I, from the loss of blood, that I fainted and fell. I was, however, soon recalled to my recollection, by three loud shouts or yells from the savages, which convinced me that they had got possession of the ship. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings at this terrific sound. Some faint idea may be formed of them, by those who have known what it is to half-waken from a hideous dream, and still think it real. Never, no, never shall I lose from my mind the impression of that dreadful moment. I expected every instant to share the wretched fate of my unfortunate companions, and when I heard the song of triumph, by which these infernal yells were succeeded, my blood ran cold in my veins.

Having at length sufficiently recovered my senses to look around me, after wiping the blood from my eyes, I saw that the hatch of the steerage was shut. This was done, as I afterwards discovered, by order of Maquina, who, on seeing the savage strike at me with the axe, told him not to hurt me, for that I was the armourer, and would be useful to them in repairing their arms: while, at the same time, to prevent any of his men from injuring me, he had the hatch closed. But to me this circumstance wore a very different appearance, for I thought that these barbarians had only prolonged my life in order to deprive me of it by the most cruel tortures.

I remained in this horrid state of suspense for a very long time, when, at length, the hatch was opened, and Maquina, calling me by name, ordered me to come up. I groped my way up as well as I was able, being almost blinded with the blood that flowed from my wound, and so weak as with difficulty to walk. The king, on perceiving my situation, ordered one of his men to bring a pot of water to wash the blood from my face, which having done, I was able to see distinctly with one of my eyes, but the other was so swollen, from my wound, that it was closed. But what a terrific spectacle met my eyes! six naked savages, standing in a circle around me, covered with the blood of my murdered comrades, with their daggers uplifted in their hands, prepared to strike. I now thought my last moment had come, and recommended my soul to my Maker.

The king, who, as I have already observed, knew enough of English to make himself understood, entered the circle, and placing himself before me, addressed me nearly in the following words:—"John—I speak—you no say no—You say no—daggers come!" He then asked me if I would be his slave during my life—If I would fight for him in his battles—If I would repair his muskets, and make daggers and knives for him—with several other questions, to all of which I was careful to answer, yes. He then told me he would spare my life, and ordered me to kiss his hands and feet, to show my submission to him, which I did. In the meantime, his people were very clamorous to have put me to death, so that there should be none of us left to tell our story to our countrymen, and to prevent them from coming to trade with them; but the king, in the most determined manner, opposed their wishes; and to his favour am I wholly indebted for my being yet among the living.

As I was busy at work at the time of the attack, I was without my coat, and what with the coldness of the weather, my feebleness from loss of blood, the pain of my wound, and the extreme agitation and terror that I still felt, I shook like a leaf, which the king observing, went into the cabin, and bringing up a great-coat that belonged to the captain, threw it over my shoulders, telling me to drink some rum from a bottle which he handed me, at the same time giving me to understand that it would be good for me, and keep me from trembling as I did. I took a draught of it, after which, taking me by the hand, he led me to the quarter-deck, where the most horrid sight presented itself that ever my eyes witnessed—the heads of our unfortunate captain and his crew, to the number of twenty-five, were all arranged in a line; and Maquina, ordering one of his people to bring a head, asked me whose it was? I answered, the captain's; in like manner the others were showed me, and I told him the names, excepting a few that were so horribly mangled that I was not able to recognize them.

I now discovered that all our unfortunate crew had been massacred, and learned, that, after getting possession of the ship, the savages had broke open the arm-chest and magazine, and, supplying themselves with ammunition and arms, sent a party on shore to attack our men, who had gone thither to fish, and being joined by numbers from the village, without difficulty overpowered and murdered them, and cutting off their heads, brought them on board, after throwing their bodies into the sea. On looking upon the deck, I saw it entirely covered with the blood of my poor comrades, whose throats had been cut with their own jack-knives, the savages having seized the opportunity while they were busy in hoisting in the boat, to grapple with them, and overpower them by their numbers: in the scuffle the captain was thrown overboard, and dispatched by those in the canoes, who immediately cut off his head. What I felt on this occasion may be more readily conceived than expressed.

After I had answered his questions, Maquina took my silk handkerchief from my neck, and bound it around my head, placing over the wound a leaf of tobacco, of which we had a quantity on board. This was done at my desire, as I had often found, from personal experience, the benefit of this application to cuts.

Maquina then ordered me to get the ship under weigh for Friendly Cove. This I did by cutting the cables, and sending some of the natives aloft to loose the sails, which they performed in a very bungling manner. But they succeeded so far in loosing the jib and top-sails, that, with the advantage of fair wind, I succeeded in getting the ship into the Cove, where, by order of the king, I ran her ashore on a sandy-beach.

To Dr Kitchener.

IMPROMPTU BY A LADY.

Each delicate and savoury receipt,
Each exquisitely-season'd oglio,
Is to the very *fancy* such a treat,
It should have occupied a folio!
But even if they had no *goût* possessed,
And though their merits for no praise did call,
Thou art thyself, in fact, so full of *yest* *,
Thou might'st have serv'd for *kitchen* † to them all!
Thy thrice-potent onions will suffice
(And to posterity the art bequeath)
To bring, not only "water to the eyes,"
But in whole *torrents* to the very *teeth!*
I hope and trust that thou'rt already hook'd,
Or I should fear thy *saucy* skill, to prove
That this *morceau*, however ill 'tis cook'd,
Is nothing but a *plain* "receipt for love."
This were "a consummation to be wish'd:"
(I value a good *roasting* not a jot!)
But if *unhook'd*—then I'm completely *dish'd!*
And my poor character is gone to pot!
H. B.

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* The Doctor, besides being remarkably acute himself, generally carries a bottle of *fish-sauce* in his pocket.

† Kitchen, in the Scotch language, signifies *relish*.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A very extensive work is preparing for publication, in three volumes, folio, consisting of a Complete History of London, Westminster, and Southwark, interspersed with biographical notices of eminent persons, and compiled from the Public Records, the Archives of the City, and from other original and authentic sources, by J. Bayley, esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A. one of his Majesty's sub-commissioners on the Public Records, and author of the "History of the Tower of London." The embellishments of the work, which will consist of general views of the metropolis, public buildings, remains of antiquity, churches, monuments, portraits of eminent persons, seals, &c. will be executed by engravers of the highest celebrity, from drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Messrs, Blore, Wild, and other distinguished artists. It will be published in Parts, the first of which will appear in November 1824, and will be continued in the following manner:—The second, third, and fourth Parts, at intervals of four months, and all the remainder of the work at regular quarterly periods.

Dr Ellis, F.R.S. sec. S.A., is preparing a collection of Original Letters, chiefly illustrative of English history, including numerous royal letters, published from autographs in the British Museum, and one or two other collections, in three volumes, crown octavo.

Among the literary novelties of the day, Memoirs of Captain Rock, the celebrated Irish Chieftain, with some account of his ancestors, are about to make their appearance, dictated by himself! His amanuensis is Mr Moore the poet.

A Narrative of a Tour through Parts of the Netherlands, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Savoy, and France, in the year 1821-22, including a description of the Rhine voyage in the middle of autumn, and the stupendous scenery of the Alps in the depth of winter, will shortly be published by C. Tennant, Esq.; containing an appendix, fac-simile copies, with a fair transcript in French, and a translation in English, of eight letters, in the hand-writing of Napoleon Bonaparte to his wife Josephine, the originals of which are in the possession of Mr Tennant.

Two new works on South America are announced by Mrs Graham: the Journal of a Voyage to Brazil, and Residence there during part of the years 1821, 22, and 23, including an account of the Revolution which brought about the independence of the Brazilian empire; and, Journal of a Residence in Chile, and Voyage from the Pacific, in the years 1822 and 1823, preceded by an account of the revolutions in Chile since the year 1810, and particularly of the transactions of the squadron of Chile under Lord Cochrane. They will each appear in a quarto volume, with engravings.

Mr Maugham is about to publish the Pupil's Pharmacopœia, being a literal translation of the new edition of the London Pharmacopœia, the English following the original in italics, word for word, and the Latin text being marked, to facilitate a proper pronunciation.

Capt. Brooke has the following works nearly ready for the press, viz.—1. Narrative of a short Residence in Norwegian Lapland, with an account of a winter's journey, performed with reindeer, through Norwegian Russia and Swedish Lapland, interspersed with numerous plates, and various particulars relating to the Laplanders. 2. Lithographic Illustrations of a Journey across Lapland, from the shores of the Polar Sea to the Gulph of Bothnia, chiefly with reindeer, and during the month of December; showing the manner in which the Laplanders perform their winter expeditions, the appearances of the northern lights, and the most striking features and incidents that occurred during the above period. 3. The Second Number of the Northern Scenery.

The lovers of the drama will be gratified to learn, that Memoirs of the Life of J. P. Kemble, Esq. including a history of the stage from the time of Garrick to the present period, will shortly appear from the pen of Mr J. Bowden.

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin, F.R.S. S.A. announces a work, under the title of the Library Companion, or the young Man's Guide and the Old Man's Comfort in the formation of a Library.

Biographical and Historical Memoirs of the Founders and principal Benefactors of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, are announced by A. Chalmers, Esq. F.S.A. in four volumes, octavo. Either division may be purchased separately, as the Memoirs of each University will form two volumes.

The Rev. W. S. Gilly will shortly publish, a Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont in the year 1823, and Researches among the Vaudois, with illustrations of the very interesting history of these Protestant inhabitants of the Cottian Alps; with an appendix, containing important documents from ancient manuscripts, in one volume, quarto, with maps and other engravings.

The second volume of Anecdotes, Biographical Sketches, and Memoirs, collected by Letitia Matilda Hawkins, is in the press.

Capt. Wallace, the author of "Fifteen Years in India," is about to produce a new work, entitled Memoirs of India, comprising a brief geographical account of the East Indies, and a succinct history of Hindostan, from the early ages to the end of Marquis Hastings' administration in 1823.

A work is in the press, in imperial folio, containing numerous plates from drawings by Mr Dewint, called Olympia, or Topography illustrative of the actual State of Olympia and the Ruins of the City of Elis, by J. S. Stanhope, Esq. F.R.S.

A translation is expected immediately of the Travels in Brazil in the years 1817, 18, 19, and 20. They were undertaken by the command of the King of Bavaria, and are published under his special patronage, by Dr J. Von Spix, and Dr C. Von Martius, members of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences.

Dr Buchan announces a work on the Pythagorean Philosophy concerning the Human Quaternion, which renders man not a simple but a compound being, consisting of body, soul, and mind. These triple faculties, say they, act and re-act, reciprocally illumine and eclipse each other.

Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen, are announced by W. S. Landor, Esq.

The Birds of Aristophanes, translated into English verse, with notes, by the Rev. H. F. Cary, A.M. will soon appear.

A volume, in prose and verse, to be entitled the Climbing Boy's Album, containing contributions from some of the most eminent writers of the day, illustrated with engravings from designs by Mr Cruickshank, will be published in the course of the present season. The object of this work will be to draw the public attention more earnestly than heretofore to the practicability and the necessity of discontinuing one of the most cruel, unjust, and flagitious usages in existence.

An epic poem is shortly expected from the pen of the Ettrick Shepherd, entitled Queen Hynde.

The Agamemnon of Æschylus, translated into English verse, with notes, critical and explanatory, by J. Symmons, Esq. A.M. of Christ Church, Oxford, is in the press.

A work is announced, called Museum Vaticanum, a series of correct outlines of the most celebrated pictures of the early masters, which are preserved in the Vatican and other palaces at Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, Milan, and other capitals of the Continent, drawn from the originals, and engraved in outline by the first artists. And a similar work, engraved from the finest pictures in English collections, is also in preparation.

In a few days will be published, the New London Dispensatory, containing a translation of the "Pharmacopœia Londinensis" of 1824, with a concise history of the articles in the Materia Medica, their class and order, natural order of the plants, &c. the *rationale* of the different chemical processes, together with other necessary information, interesting to the student and medical practitioner, by T. Cox, M.D.

Mr Bewecke, of Lloyd's, has in the press a Treatise on the Principles of Indemnity in Marine Insurances, Bottomry, and Respondentia; containing practical rules for effecting insurances, and for the adjustment of all kinds of losses and averages.

Shortly will be published, in six volumes, the Complete Works of the Rev. Philip Skelton, of Trinity College, Dublin, with Memoirs of his Life, by the Rev. S. Burdy, A.B. edited by the Rev. R. Lynam, A.M. assistant chaplain to the Magdalen Hospital.

A familiar and explanatory Address to Young, Uninformed, and Scrupulous Christians, on the Nature and Design of the Lord's Supper.

Aids to Reflection, in a series of prudential, moral, and spiritual aphorisms, extracted from the works of Archbishop Leighton, with notes and interpolated remarks, are in preparation, by S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

The Improvisatrice, and other Poems, by L. E. L. with illustrative engravings, are in the press.

Reliquiæ Hearnianæ, or the Genuine Remains of Thomas Hearne, with notes and an appendix, by P. Bliss, fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and sub-librarian at the Bodleian, will soon appear in two volumes.

The Star in the East, and other Poems, by Josiah Conder, are in the press.

Sacred Tactics are in the press, being an attempt to develop, and to exhibit to the eye by tabular arrangements, a general rule of composition prevailing in the Holy Scriptures, by the Rev. T. Boys, A.M. of Trinity-college, Cambridge.

The Author of "Recollections in the Peninsula," we understand, has in the press a new work, entitled Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and in Italy.

Mr Hinford is about to publish a Compendious Chart of Ancient History and Biography, designed principally for the use of young persons.

Liturgical Considerations, or an Apology for the Daily Service of the Church, contained in the Book of Common Prayer, is in the press.

Massillon's Thoughts on different Moral and Religious Subjects are in the press, extracted from his works, and arranged under distinct heads, translated by R. Morris, English minister at Calais and the Suburbs of St. Pierre.

Mountain Rambles, and other Poems, by G. H. Storie, Esq. of Trinity-hall, Cambridge, will be published in a few days.

An historical romance, to be called the Prophecy, by the Author of "Ariel," "Wanderings of Fancy," &c. will shortly make its appearance.

An Anglo-Saxon Grammar, with copious notes, illustrative of the Saxon and the formation of the English language, to which will be prefixed, remarks on the history and use of the Anglo Saxon, and an introduction, by J. Bosworth, M. A. F.S.A. is in the press.

Bibliotheca Heraldica Magnæ Britanniæ, is in preparation, being an analytical catalogue of books on genealogy, heraldry, nobility, knighthood, and ceremonies, with a list of provincial visitations, pedigrees, collections of arms, and other manuscripts, and a supplement of foreign genealogical works, by T. Moule, Esq.

A new oriental poem, entitled Abdallah, will shortly appear, descriptive of Arabian character, manners, and scenery, about the time of Mohammed, with numerous notes and authorities, is about to appear.

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FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

Spain.—According to the latest accounts from Madrid, the promised decree of amnesty by Ferdinand was daily expected to be issued. It is stated, that the second article of the decree will exempt from the royal clemency "all the chiefs of the revolt in the Isle of Leon—and all the officers of the regiments sent from Ocana to combat the rebels, and who embraced their cause—and those who, on the 7th of March, forced the King to swear to the Constitution—all the Judges, and all the accomplices in the assassinations of Venuesa, Goffieu, and Elio."

It would seem that the spirit of opposition to King Ferdinand's measures gradually increases, and that the symptoms of disaffection which shew themselves in several parts of the Peninsula, begin seriously to alarm the French.—Private letters received from St. Sebastian's and Bilboa mention, that an Aid-de-Camp of Riego, whose name, we understand, is Valcarce, an extremely intrepid man, and a native of the Biscayan Provinces, was in command of a guerilla party of four-hundred men, in the neighbourhood of Passages, and the attitude he had already assumed was so imposing, that the French were obliged to quit the place, as it was supposed, with a view to enter the fortified town of St. Sebastian's, although, when they took their departure, they gave out that they were going in pursuit of the guerilla above alluded to. In the Biscayan Provinces, it is farther stated, that there are several other smaller parties acting in concert with each other, and cutting off the communication with the points occupied by the French. The rising of Valcarce, with so considerable a band of partisans, had placed the whole province in a state of commotion; and, from the daring character of their leader, and the support he had already found, it was thought that the consequences would become extremely serious to the Seville party. This disposition to organize guerilla parties, which appears so prevalent in Spain at the present moment, may alarm the tyrant on his throne;—so that, urged by M. Marcellus, the French ambassador, he may, perhaps, be induced to relax his coercive measures, and grant the amnesty so much talked of.

A letter from Madrid, of the 21st February, states, that the troops under the command of the celebrated Curate Merino, which garrisoned Segovia, had refused to suffer themselves to be disbanded, and that some conflicts had taken place between them and the party sent to cause the orders of the King to that effect to be executed. In consequence of this, two squadrons of cavalry and two battalions of infantry had been dispatched to Segovia to enforce obedience. —The Baron d'Eroles has disbanded his army. It is principally the want of money which caused this measure. Only the corporals and serjeants have been authorised to remain for service under the new organization of the Spanish army.

Extract of a letter from Madrid, dated Feb. 19:—"A descent has been effected by the Corsairs on the coast of Spain, whence they carried off persons to the number of 300 families. Among the persons carried off was a General Abadia, well known for his attachment to the Constitution."

The definitive treaty for the occupation of Spain by the French troops has been signed. For four years, 40,000 men will remain in the country, and the Spanish Government will pay to France the sum of 2,000,000 francs per month, which will form the immense amount of 96 millions for the four years.

GREECE.—A private letter from Zante, of the 8th January, mentions the arrival there, on their way to Missolunghi, of several persons with money, ammunition, and clothing, for the Greeks, obtained by means of subscriptions in England and Germany. Two printing-houses are said to have been established at Missolunghi, where a daily journal is to be published, under the title of the Grecian Chronicle. It is added, that the Greek Chieftain Odysseus had gained possession of Carystos, in the island of Eubœa, and was besieging Erythræa; that other commanders were blockading Negropont; that Patras was so closely pressed, that several Turkish families had been allowed to go forth under a special arrangement, and the Greek prisoners in the fort had been released; and that Maurocordato was besieging Lepanto. No mention is made of any Turkish force.

It is mentioned in the French papers, that a descent had been made by the Greeks, to the number of 7000 or 8000, on the isle of Mytelene, which had been completely successful, the Turks having every where fled before them, and taken refuge in some forts. Other letters state, that the Turkish garrison of Patras being informed of the preparations making to invest that fortress, had evacuated it, and retired to Lepanto.

ASIA.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.—A series of Gazettes have been received from Hobart-town, Van Diemen's Land, to the end of August. The progress of improvement in this fine colony appears to be extremely rapid, of which, perhaps, the most striking instance is afforded in the projected establishment of passage-vessels, constructed after the manner of the Leith and Berwick smacks, to sail regularly between Hobart-town and Sidney, for the conveyance of passengers. We are glad to perceive that proper protection is given to the passengers on their voyage to this colony, by giving them damages in the law-courts in cases of neglect or ill-treatment of the captain: Three actions for such conduct were brought in the Lieutenant-Governor's Court against the captain of the Berwick, in all of which verdicts were given for the plaintiffs. It was in contemplation to establish a bank at Hobart-town.

AFRICA.

ALGIERS.—The Algerine rulers have, it appears, already forgot the severe lesson which they lately received from the British fleet, and have again fallen into their old habits of piracy. They have had a fleet at sea for some time, and have been making prizes of Spanish vessels; and when Capt. Spencer in the Naiad, and along with him the Cameleon, were dispatched to Algiers, (in the latter end of January,) to demand explanations, and reparation also for an insult offered to the British consular flag, these were refused, and the Dey expressed his determination to recede from the late treaty, by which he is bound not to detain any Christian captives, of whatever nation, in slavery. On being apprised of this resolution, the Naiad and the Cameleon ran in under the batteries, and attacked an Algerine corvette, on board of which were some Spanish captives about to be carried into slavery, and which was captured after a short action.

The specific object of Government, in sending out the Naiad and Cameleon, was to demand satisfaction from the Dey for attacking and breaking open the house of

Mr Macdonald, the British Consul, in search of two of his servants, who are natives of the interior, with whom the Dey is at war. Capt. Spencer also demanded the release of the crews of two Spanish vessels who had just been captured, and were destined for slaves, contrary to the Exmouth treaty. No answer to these demands having been made in four days, Captain Spencer got the Consul and all Europeans on board his ship, under the pretence of giving an entertainment, and next day he left the Bay, with all his guests on board; and while going out, he fortunately suceeded in re-capturing the Spaniards who had been made prisoners. The Algerines have considerably strengthened their batteries. It is the intention of Government to send out another expedition to attack Algiers, should the Dey persist in violating the treaty he made to abolish Christian slavery for ever. Eight bomb-vessels are ordered to be prepared for sea, and ships of war have been appointed to protect our trade in the gut of Gibraltar, and afford convoy to vessels bound to the Mediterranean.

AMERICA.

Mexico.—Letters from Mexico to the 23d of December have been received. Advices had reached the capital of the landing of the British commissioners and consuls, which had produced great satisfaction. The castle of San Juan d'Ulloa was not expected to hold out against the Mexicans much longer, the Spaniards being very short of provisions. The Congress was doing all in its power to put in motion the internal wealth of the country.

A treaty of amity and confederation has been concluded between Mexico and Colombia. The leading features are an obligation to assist each other against foreign and domestic enemies; and, in order to yield to no demand on the part of Spain for the cession of her Supremacy, the formation of a Council, composed of two Deputies from each State, who are to endeavour to prevail on the other States of Spanish America to send each the same number of Deputies, with a view to cement the union between all those States, by watching over and deciding on the affairs common to all.

Brazils.—The Emperor of the Brazils has published the project of a new constitution, which declares Brazil independent, and establishes an hereditary, constitutional, and representative monarchy, with a senate and house of representatives. The latter are elected for four years, and are to be paid. They vacate their seats on being appointed to offices, but may be re-chosen. The senate is chosen for life by the Emperor from triple lists, selected by the provinces. The Roman Catholic religion is to continue the established religion of the state; but all others are to be permitted, without any external form of temple. Don Pedro I. is the hereditary Emperor, and the succession is to continue in his family till it is extinct; in which case the legislature is to choose a new dynasty. The general features of the constitution are borrowed from those of England and the United States, chiefly from the latter, except as far as regards the monarchy. It is of course a fair and liberal one.

West Indies.—The King has been pleased to remit the sentence of death of the Court-Martial on the missionary Smith, in Demerara, (which sentence had been accompanied by a recommendation for mercy on the part of the Court), and to direct that he should be dismissed from the colony, and be called upon to enter into recognizances not to reside within any of his Majesty's colonial possessions in the West Indies.

Kingston, Jamaica, Dec. 28. 1823.

At a Special Slave Court, held on the 19th, the following slaves were tried, charged with being concerned in rebellious conspiracies, and committing other crimes, to the ruin and destruction of the white people, and others of this island, and for causing, exciting, and promoting others thereto; and also for being concerned in rebellion, and designing to commit murder, felony, burglary, and to set fire to certain houses, out-houses, and compassing and imagining the death of the white people in the said parish. They were all found guilty on the clearest evidence, and sentenced to be hanged.

Henry Nibbs, to J. Walker, Esq.—Value £.50
Charles Brown, to Frontier Estate.—Value £.100
James Sterling, to ditto.—Value £.65
Charles Watson, to ditto.—Value—£80
Rodney Wellington, to ditto.—Value £.70
William Montgomery, to ditto.—Value £.100
Richard Cosley, to ditto.—Value £.100
Morris Henry, to ditto.—Value £.90.

On their defence they denied the charge, and said they were well used and clothed, and were quite happy. One of them, Charles Watson, declared that he never was punished in his life; that great trust was put in him, and he was as well off as if he was free.

The above culprits were executed at Port-Maria, in the most solemn and impressive manner, on Wednesday, in pursuance of his Grace's warrant. Richard Cosley acknowledged his guilt to the Rev. Messrs Girod and Cooke, who were unremitting in their attendance on the wretched and deluded beings.

From the evidence, it appeared beyond the shadow of a doubt, that they designed to set fire to Frontier Works, adjoining Port-Maria, and to butcher the whites and free persons of colour, as they came to extinguish the fire, then to come down to the town, and take possession of it, while a detachment seized the fort.—*Public Advertiser.*

According to Jamaica papers and letters of the 13th January, every thing was then quiet in the island. These papers contain a copy of the memorial which was unanimously voted by the House of Assembly on the 11th December. It is extremely bitter and intemperate in its language; and in one passage denies the right of Britain to interfere, and threatens resistance, observing, that "we have taken no oath of allegiance to the Imperial Parliament, and cannot submit to the degradation of having our internal interests regulated by the Commons of Great Britain."

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

During the month of February, no question of interest came before the House of Peers. On the 20th, some observations upon the subject of Mr Wortley's new Game Bill were made by Lord Suffield. His Lordship promised to support the measure, though the result should be the destruction of every pheasant and partridge in the country. "That," said Lord Suffield, "I do not think will be the case; but if it be, it is of no consequence, when compared with the enormous evils which spring from the present system."

[Baron Gifford (late Sir R. Gifford,) has been appointed Deputy-Speaker of the House, for the purpose of hearing Scotch and other appeals.]

House of Commons, *Feb.* 6.—Mr Peel moved an humble address to his Majesty, for copies of correspondence which had taken place between the Secretary of State for the Home Department and Magistrates relative to the Tread-mill. An erroneous statement had gone abroad on this subject. It was said, that this punishment was injurious to the health of the prisoners. From the correspondence for which he now moved it would appear, on the contrary, that wherever this species of punishment was introduced into a prison, the health of the prisoners was greatly improved.—The motion was agreed to.

10.—Mr Hume presented a petition from a person of the name of Latcho, complaining of injustice and oppression. The petitioner had been convicted (as he said unjustly) under the Vagrant Act, upon the evidence of a watchman, who charged him, before Sir D. Williams, with an indecent exposure. He had appealed to the Sessions, at an expence of £.15, which he had to borrow, and the conviction had been quashed, his partner in punishment being retained at hard labour upon the Tread-mill, because she was unable to raise the £.15. Mr Peel and Mr Lyttleton defended the intentions of the author of the Vagrant Act, which, they said, were founded in mercy; but the former admitted, that the Act required correction, and, in particular, observed upon the omission of a clause giving discretion to the Magistrates to mitigate punishment below a month's imprisonment, and also to the deficiency of a proper distinction between voluntary and accidental, or other involuntary exposures.

11.—Mr Western, in moving for leave to bring in a Bill for the regulation of the qualification of jurors, explained, that the object of his proposed measure was to enlarge the number of persons qualified to serve on county juries, by extending this privilege to proprietors of personal property to the amount of £.400, as it had already been extended in corporations.—Mr Peel declared his approbation of the principle advanced by the author of the Bill; but suggested, as an improvement upon Mr Western's plan, which seemed to leave to the petty constable the estimation of each man's qualifications, that the payment of the rates should be adopted as a criterion.

Mr Martin (of Galway) moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the amendment of the law which bears his name, and for extending the protections which it affords to cattle to "other animals." The Hon. Member, as usual, introduced his motion with a facetious speech.—Having obtained leave, he then proceeded to ask leave to bring in another Bill, for the protection of bears, monkeys, badgers, &c. This motion was opposed by Mr Peel, who asked, with what justice could they suppress the sports of the poor, while every session saw them passing laws to protect the equally cruel amusements of the rich? and by Mr Lockhart, who submitted, that the leave which the Hon. Member had obtained was quite sufficient for his purpose, as bears, monkeys, and badgers, came clearly under the title "other animals." The Hon.

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Member for Galway adopted the suggestion, agreed to consolidate his Bills, to restore bears, monkeys, and badgers, to the *animalia* class, and withdrew his motion.

Mr Hume then moved for certain returns connected with the Legacy Duty. The Hon. Member accompanied his motion by urging strong objections against the principle of the tax, and citing several instances of the harshness and injustice of its operation, as where duties which should have been demanded ten or fifteen years before, were, after that delay, exacted from Executors and Administrators, long after the means of paying had passed out of their hands.

12.—Mr Hume moved for a Committee to take into consideration the laws prohibiting the emigration of artificers, and the exportation of machinery, and the several statutes for the prevention or punishment of combination amongst workmen, with a view to their repeal. Mr Huskisson professed his concurrence in the principles laid down by the last speaker, and joined him in lamenting the loss which the question and the interests of trade had suffered by the death of Mr Ricardo. The Right Hon. Gentleman seemed to think that the permission to export machinery was a subject of more difficulty than the repeal of the laws against emigration and combination; but the general tendency of his speech was to approve of all Mr Hume's propositions. A Committee of twenty-one, consisting of about two-thirds Members who usually vote with Ministers, was chosen.

16.—The Bill to repeal the Usury Laws was read a second time, and was supported by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr Huskisson. Sir George Clerk then brought up the Navy Estimates, upon which an interesting discussion ensued. Mr Hume opposed the vote of twenty-nine thousand seamen and marines for the service of the year, and moved an amendment, that the number be limited to twenty-five thousand. Mr Secretary Canning made a powerful appeal to the House on the necessity which exists for our having a strong naval force in the Mediterranean, the West Indies, and on the coasts of South America, in the course of which the Right Hon. Gentleman said, "he would take that opportunity of stating, in explanation of a passage in his Majesty's Speech, that there never was a period in which this country might, with greater certainty, expect a continuance of peace; but," he added, "it must be clearly seen, that there never was a period in which there was so much agitation." Mr Hume afterwards withdrew his amendment, and the resolutions were agreed to.

17.—Mr S. Wortley moved for leave to bring in a Bill upon the subject of the Game Laws; the Hon. Member gave a slight outline of the measure to the following effect:—He would, he said, propose that every man, without distinction of qualification, should have the absolute right to kill game upon his own ground, and that every holder of land should have the power of imparting the privilege of sporting upon that land to one friend for every plough-gate which he should hold. That he would propose to give to landholders a summary remedy, by fine at the discretion of a Magistrate, against intruders by day, and a security against night poachers by a scale of punishments, moderate at first, and increasing with each repetition of the offence; and by holding convicted poachers to bail; and finally, that he would propose to legalise the sale of game by licensed persons.—The motion was slightly opposed by Sir John Shelley, and leave was granted without a division.

Lord Nugent then brought forward his promised motion for certain papers connected with the late proceedings of the British Government in Spain. The Noble Lord introduced the subject in a speech of very great length. He admitted that neutrality was the proper policy of this country, and that which the popular feeling indicated; but he denied that the Ministers had been impartially neutral; and brought in proof of their bias against the Constitutionalists, the retirement of Sir Wm. A'Court from Seville, after the King had been put under restraint; and Sir William's advice to Gen. Alava, as a private friend, to withdraw from the ruin which threatened the Constitutionalists in Cadiz. Lord Nugent's speech was, as we have said, very long; but these were the only specific allegations contained in it. Mr Sturges Bourne and Mr Canning briefly defended the course taken by our Government, and the measures adopted by Sir William A'Court, (who acted in a great degree upon his own discretion;) and Lord Nugent's motion was rejected, in favour of an amendment moved by Mr Bourne, by a majority of 171 to 30.

19.—Mr Grenfell, in bringing forward his motion for the production of certain Bank Accounts, insisted strongly upon the position which had been controverted on a former evening, that Parliament had a right to call upon the Bank for a statement of all its issues in paper. Relinquishing, however, that part of the inquiry, on the ground of expediency, the

Honourable Member confined his motion to the production of two accounts:—1. A Statement of the Balance of Public Money in the hands of the Bank; 2. Of the charge made by the Bank for the management of the public debt. Upon the four millions of public money left in their hands, it will be found, said Mr Grenfell, that this body make annually not less than £.120,000; whereas, if the sum were lodged with any private banker, he would think himself liberally paid by a yearly allowance of £.20,000. Here then was a loss to the public, and a gain to the Bank, of £.100,000. a-year. As to the second head, the charge made last year for the management of the public debt was £.260,000; and though, undoubtedly, the Bank executed this duty in a very excellent and complete manner, there was much reason to believe they were greatly overpaid, and that a yearly remuneration of £.160,000 would be quite sufficient. The Chancellor of the Exchequer reminded the House of the great public services which had been rendered by the Bank: moreover, he contended that, so long as the Bank Charter existed, Parliament could not interfere to diminish the rate of their remuneration. Mr Hume expressed his doubts as to this doctrine. The House had interposed, in 1808, to increase the profits of this Body, and it was not easy, therefore, to see why it might not interfere to reduce them. Several Members expressed a hope that, when the Bank Charter expired, it would not be renewed. Observations, also, were made upon the plan lately adopted by the Bank, of lending money upon landed security. "If," said Mr Baring, "the Bank should have twelve or thirteen millions of capital vested in mortgages, in addition to the burden of the dead weight, they would be very ill qualified to render the country any assistance, should we be compelled to enter into a war, where a great exertion would be required; so that, although partial advantages might be conferred by the system of loans on mortgage, the House ought not to shut their eyes to the public danger which might arise from the practice." Upon neither of the points, however, on which Mr Grenfell had asserted the Bank profits to be excessive, did Mr Baring agree with him. Mr Maberly and Mr Monck expressed their opinions in consonance with those of the mover. The production of the accounts was ultimately agreed to.

Mr Peel introduced a Bill, to amend the Prison Discipline Act of last Session. The chief alterations are these:—Magistrates will be enabled to commit prisoners to the County Gaol, instead of the gaols of their small jurisdictions; by this means, a greater uniformity in prison discipline will be effected. Prisoners, it will be clearly stated, are not to be consigned to hard labour before trial. Sir Thomas Lethbridge suggested, that the expense attending the administration of the public justice should be borne by the nation at large. The present system of making each county pay its own expenses was injurious, argued Sir Thomas, to the landed interest. Mr Hobhouse urged strong objections to the tread-mill, chiefly on account of the inequality of the punishment to persons possessing different degrees of strength: to which Mr Peel replied, that, after the fullest consideration, and the strictest inquiries, he believed it the most advantageous employment ever yet devised.

Another Bill was introduced by the same member of the Government, for consolidating and amending the acts which relate to Juries. At present, those acts are not fewer than fifty. The chief amendment in the new Bill relates to the extension of the qualification of jurors. It will also provide for their more effectual attendance; and thus tend to equalize the burden upon the community. The nomination of jurors will no longer be left to subordinate officers, such as constables and tithing-men; but Magistrates will be enabled to check the returns of those officers, to insert the names of all persons qualified, and to punish any omission in the returns. In the course of the discussion, some very strong remarks were made by Mr Hume and Dr Lushington upon the dreadful extent, complexity, and confusion of the Statute law.

A very animated discussion then took place upon a motion by Mr Grattan, for "a return of the names of persons holding certain offices (specified by the motion) in Ireland, distinguishing such as are Roman Catholics." Though the debate upon this question was long, the substance of it may be very briefly stated. The object of the mover was, to show that the act of 1793, which made the Catholics of Ireland eligible to certain offices, had not been carried into effect; so that not only were members of that unfortunate class subjected to penal laws which still existed, but they were systematically excluded from those offices to which, under the law, they had a right to be appointed. It was denied, by ministers, that this system of exclusion had been acted upon; but the only argument urged against the motion was, that the House, by adopting it, would call on Government to make returns respecting the religious persuasions of those in its employment.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

FEBRUARY.

Coach Travelling.—It is calculated that a person has 1500 opportunities of leaving London in the course of the twenty-four hours, by stage-coaches, including the repeated trips of the coaches which ply the short distances. It is understood that about 300 stage-coaches pass through Hyde Park Corner daily. There are about 40 Brighton coaches. There are 84 coaches belonging to Birmingham, of which 40 are daily; to Chester 19, of which 16 are daily. In 1770, there belonged only two stage-coaches to Manchester, one to London, the other to Liverpool, and they went only twice a-week: there are now 20 coaches which pass backward and forward daily between these two places. There are 60 coaches belonging to Liverpool, of which 59 are daily. The mail-coach establishment, by far the most perfect public arrangement ever attempted and carried into practice, is now extended from the extremity of Cornwall to the extremity of Caithness, a distance of 1082 miles.

4.—*Gambling Houses.*—In the Court of King's Bench this morning, Mr John Fielder, the proprietor of a gambling-house, was sentenced to pay a fine of £.3000 to the King, give sureties, himself in £.5000, and two of £.2500 each; also that he be confined in his Majesty's gaol of Newgate one month.

12.—*Newhaven.*—We understand that the trustees for the district have determined to improve the communication betwixt Edinburgh and Newhaven, by striking out an entirely new line of road. It is intended that this road shall branch off from Leith Walk somewhere between Gayfield Square and the Botanic Garden, and from thence be carried in a straight direction through the grounds of Warriston to the west end of Newhaven. In order to improve the access to the pier, which is at present extremely inconvenient, it is also in contemplation to throw up a stout bulwark between the village and the sea, by which means the narrow, rugged, and dirty street, which at present requires to be traversed by carriages, may be avoided.

Suicide.—On Tuesday, the body of William Clarke, an old man, about 70 years of age, and lately a corset-maker in Edinburgh, was found floating in the canal in the neighbourhood of this city. He had been missing for three weeks, during which time, from the state of the body, it seems it had lain in the water. A paper was found in his pocket, stating his intention to drown himself, and giving as a reason, that he had been some time in absolute want. He also beseeched those who might find his body to inquire after, and for humanity's sake relieve his wife, who was also suffering from the same cause. The poor man had been so firmly determined on this desperate step, that he had made fast a stone to a rope, and put the other end by a loop round his neck. The stone having loosened, had caused the body to float, but the rope was found about the corpse. On inquiring after his wife, it was learned that she had gone to live with a relative, and Clarke's body was buried by the police.

26.—*Burns's Monument.*—The greater proportion of the funds for this monument were, we understand, transmitted from India, doubtless by natives of Scotland. It is to consist of a pedestal, surmounted by a colossal statue of Burns, which is at present preparing by the celebrated sculptor, Flaxman. In the model submitted to, and approved of by the Committee, Burns is represented in his native costume, in the attitude of contemplative reflection; in his hand is placed the mountain daisy, emblematical of one of his sweetest poems; in his left he holds a roll, on which are engraved the words "Cottar's Saturday Night," a poem equally remarkable for its genuine piety and poetical simplicity. The statue, which is of bronze, is to be placed in a conspicuous situation in the New Town of Edinburgh. The funds amount to nearly £.2000.

High Court of Justiciary.—*Attempt to Murder.*—On the 2d instant, Thomas Hay, weaver, King-Street, Leith, was placed at the bar, charged with assaulting, stabbing, and wounding, with intent to murder, William Moffat, wright in Leith, on the 20th of July last. The prisoner was before the Court for trial on the 24th December last, but one of his Counsel, Mr Patrick Robertson, then moved that the diet should be continued, to afford opportunity for some medical persons to examine into the state of his mind, to ascertain whether or not he was a fit subject for trial. A certificate from Drs Spens and Wood, and Mr Bryce, surgeon, to the effect that the prisoner was of sound mind, was now read. On the present occasion, the prisoner seemed agitated when brought into Court. On being desired by one of the police-officers to take off his hat, he refused, alleging that he would catch cold; it was, however, taken off by the officer. When the indictment was reading, he once exclaimed, "It is not true!" and when he was interrogated if he was Guilty or Not Guilty, he replied, "Not Guilty, but Wilson is guilty of rousing me out of my bed this morning without any breakfast, and I suppose there are few here in that situation."

The prisoner was possessed of some property in Leith, and it appeared had invited Mr Moffat into his house, under pretence of consulting him as to some repairs on it; and while the latter was employed, at his desire, in decyphering a cramply-written letter, the prisoner made a lounge at him with a knife, which he held in both hands. Fortunately, however, the attention of Mr Moffat was aroused by hearing a strong respiration behind him, and he turned round in sufficient time to ward off the blow with his arm. He closed with and disarmed Hay, but not till his hand was severely wounded by the knife. It did not clearly appear what motive had incited Hay to this diabolical deed; but he had cunningly prepared for its perpetration and concealment, by turning an oil-cloth carpet, and placing it in the manner of a trough, inside of the chairs. An attempt was made, unsuccessfully, to prove the prisoner insane. He was found guilty, and sentenced to 14 years transportation, and to be previously whipped through the streets of Leith. This latter part of the sentence was carried into execution on the 18th.

On Monday the 16th instant, James Watt was charged with assault, but as it was shewn that the pannel had already been punished by fine in an inferior court, he was dismissed with an admonition from the Lord Justice Clerk.

Mary Horn, *alias* M'Stravick, who had been indicted at Glasgow for murder, and assault with intent to commit murder, and against whom a verdict of guilty of the crimes libelled, but the intention to commit murder not proven, was delivered, and whose case had been certified to the High Court upon an objection in arrest of judgment, was placed at the bar, and judgment prayed on the prisoner by the Lord Advocate. After a variety of learned reasoning, on the point of law in this case, had been gone through by the counsel, and the opinions of the Lords had been given, the prisoner was sentenced to transportation beyond seas for life.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Jan. 28. The dignity of a Baron granted to Sir Robert Gifford, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

Feb. 4. William Robert Keith Douglas, Esq. to be one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

Jan. 15. The first Associate Congregation of Sunderland gave a most harmonious call to Mr Alexander Shaw, Preacher.

26. The Rev. Hugh Ralph, M.A. of London, was elected Minister of the Scotch Church, Oldham-Street, Liverpool.

Feb. 3. Mr John Crambe, assistant to the Rev. Walter Fisher of Cranston, was elected Minister of the Low Meeting, Berwick, by a very large majority, in room of the Rev. Mr Henderson, now of Claremont Chapel, Stockbridge, Edinburgh.

5. The Rev. John Thomson, Minister of Leith Wynd Chapel, Edinburgh, was inducted to the second pastoral charge of the Parish of Dysart, vacated by the translation of the Rev. David Murray to the Church of St. David's, Dundee.

17. The Rev. Kenneth Mackenzie, by an unanimous call of the Congregation, appointed to the Gaelic Chapel of Gorbals, was ordained to that charge by the Presbytery of Glasgow.

III. MILITARY.

Brevet	Major-Gen. Sir F. Adam, K.C.B. Local Rank of Lieut. Gen. in Ionian Islands	10 Feb. 1824.
2 Life Gds.	Lieut. Greenwood, Capt. by purch. vice Smith, ret.	1 Jan.
	Cornet and Sub. Lieut. Milligan, Lieut. by purch.	do.
2 Life Gds.	Ensign Sir W. Scott, Bt. from 51 F. Cornet and Sub. Lieut. by purch.	do.
	Cornet and Sub. Lieut. Rooke, Lieut. by purch. vice Collins, ret.	24 do.
	E. G. Howard, Cornet and Sub. Lieut. by purch.	do.
2 Dr. Gds.	Cornet Hepburn, from h. p. 19 Dr. Cornet vice Craufurd, 2 Dr.	22 do.
6	Capt. Stephenson, Major by purch. vice Fitz Clarence, prom.	29 Jan.
	Lieut. Nooth, Capt. by purch.	do.
	Cornet Richards, Lieut. by purch.	do.
	E. Jerningham, Cornet by purch.	do.
2 Dr.	Cornet Craufurd, from 2 Dr. Gds. Cornet vice Edleman, h. p. 19 Dr.	22 do.
	C. Norman, Cornet by purch. vice Markham, 9 Dr.	12 Feb.
11	W. H. Warrington, Cornet vice Partridge, res.	29 Jan.
13	Cornet Dalzell, Lieut. by purch. vice Hislop, ret.	5 Feb.
	Ensign Hart, from 63 F. Cornet by purch.	do.
Colds. Gds.	W. G. Carter, Solicitor, vice Wilkinson, dead	29 Jan.
7 F.	Capt. Beauchamp, from h. p. 19 Dr. Capt. vice Hulme, 96 F.	do.
8	Lieut. Maclachlan, from h. p. 49 F. Lieut. vice Spratt, 96 F.	5 Feb.
10	Major-Gen. Sir J. Lambert, K.C.B. Col. vice Sir T. Maitland, dead	18 Jan
16	Lieut. Conry, from 63 F. Capt. by purch. vice Berkeley, 2 W. I. R.	5 Feb.
20	Capt. Byrne, from 35 F. Capt. vice Gethin, 96 F.	29 Jan.
	Ensign Darroch, Lieut. vice Robinson, dead	25 do.
	R. T. Furlong, Ens.	do.

20 F. Lieut. Church, from h. p. 31 F. Lieut. vice Kidman, 96 F. 4 Feb. 1824.

Ensign Wigley, from 82 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Ld. Hay, prom. 5 do.

25 Lieut. M'Leod, from h. p. 22 Dr. Paym. vice Biddulph, dead 15 Jan.

28 G. H. Calcraft, Ensign by purch. vice Phelps, 51 F. do.

Lieut. Peters, from h. p. 1 W.I.R. Quart. Mast. vice Reynolds, h. p. 12 Feb.

29 Lieut. Foskey, from 54 F. Adj. and Lieut. vice Weir, res. Adj. only 29 Jan.

30 Lieut. Ker, from h. p. 23 F. Lieut. vice Ouseley, 96 F. 5 Feb.

31 Major M'Gregor, from h. p. 78 F. Maj. vice Nicholls, 96 F. 29 Jan.

Capt. Graham, from h. p. 17 Dr. Capt. vice Waller, 96 F. 5 Feb.

33 Surg. Gowen, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. Surg. vice Thomas, cancelled 22 Jan.

35 Lieut. Walsh, from h. p. 2 Gn. Bn. Lieut. vice Davies, 94 F. 29 do.

Capt. Cradock, from h. p. 64 F. Capt. vice Byrne, 20 F. 5 Feb.

44 Bt. Maj. Carter, Maj. vice Guthrie, dead 5 June 1823.

Lieut. Caulfield, Capt. vice O'Reilly, dead 26 May

—— Hemming, ditto, vice Carter 5 June

Ensign Browne, Lieut. vice Caulfield 26 May

—— Carr, ditto, vice Hemming 5 June

—— Shaw, ditto, vice Sargent, dead 6 do.

H. Usher, Ens. vice Browne 26 May

G. Browne, ditto, vice Carr 14 Jan. 1824

H. Nixon, ditto, vice Shaw 15 do.

51 Ensign Phelps, from 28 F. Ens. vice Scott, 2 Life Gds. 8 do.

54 Lieut. Warren, from h. p. 84 F. Lieut. vice Foskey, 29 F. 5 Feb.

63 —— Mackworth, Ens. by purch. vice Hart, 13 Dr. do.

Ensign Doyle, Lieut. by purch. vice Conroy, 16 F. 12 do.

Hon. G. Spencer, Ens. by purch. do.

69 Lieut. Smith, Capt. vice Lane, dead 11 May 1823

71 Lieut. Gen. Sir G. Drummond, G.C.B. from 88 F. Col. vice Gen. Dundas, dead 28 Jan. 1824

Lieut. Lightbody, Adj. vice Torriano, res. Adj. only 15 do.

76 Lieut. Faincombe, Capt. by purch. vice Hamilton, ret. 12 Feb.

Ensign Champion, Lieut. by purch. do.

F. Carr, Ens. by purch. do.

82 Lord C. Wellesley, Ens. by purch. vice Harford, prom. 16 Jan.

E. T. Cunynghame, do. by purch. vice Wigley, 20 F. 5 Feb.

83 Ensign Young, Lieut. vice Hingston, Afr. Col. Corps 29 Jan.

H. F. Ainslie, Ens. do.

85 Lieut. Watts, Capt. vice Ball, dead 6 Nov. 1823.

H. E. Taylor, Ens. 22 Jan. 1824.

87 Major Browne, Lieut.-Col. vice Miller, dead 18 May 1823

Bt. Maj. Streatfield, Maj. do.

Lieut. Day, Capt. do.

Ensign Halstead, Lieut. do.

E. De L'Etang, Ens. vice Doyle, 4 Dr. do.

N. M. Doyle, do. vice Halstead 15 Jan. 1824.

88 Lieut. Gen. Sir H. F. Campbell, K.C.B. Col. vice Drummond, 71 F. 28 do.

94 Lieut. Davies, from 35 F. Lieut. vice Orr, canc. 1 Dec. 1823.

Surg. Tilt, from h. p. 27 F. Surg. 25 Jan. 1824.

Assist. Surg. Lorimer, from h. p. 91 F. Assist. Surg. 25 Dec. 1823.

95 Lieut. Tweed, from h. p. 3 W.I.R. Lieut. vice Sperling, canc. 15 Jan. 1824.

96 M. Gen. Fuller, Col. 28 do.

Lieut. Col. Herries, from h. p. 100 F. Lieut. Col. 29 do.

96 F. Bt. Lieut. Col. Paty, from h. p. Port. Ser. Maj. 29 Jan. 1824.

Major Nicolls, from 31 F. Maj. do.

Bt. Maj. Hulme, from 7 F. Capt. do.

—— Mansel, from h. p. 93 F. Capt. do.

Capt. Cairncross, from 2 Vet. Bn. Capt. do.

—— Gethin, from 20 F. Capt: do.

—— Garland, from h. p. 73 F. Capt. do.

—— Hyde, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. do.

—— Waller, from 31 F. Capt. do.

—— Brough, from h. p. 56 F. Capt. do.

Lieut. Spratt, from 8 F. Lieut. do.

—— Kennedy, from h. p. W. I. Ran. Lieut. do.

—— Dowling, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lieut. do.

—— Jones, from 2 F. Lieut. do.

—— Kidman, from 20 F. Lieut. do.

—— Nugent, from h. p. 17 F. Lieut. do.

—— Robertson, from Ceylon Reg. Lieut. do.

—— Cary, from h. p. 17 F. Lieut. do.

—— M'Kenzie, from h. p. 24 F. Lieut. do.

—— Ousley, from 30 F. Lieut. do.

Ensign Cross, from h. p. 11 F. Ens. do.

—— Telford, from h. p. 9 F. Ens. do.

—— Oxley, from 1 Vet. Bn. Ens. do.

—— Costello, from h. p. 34 F. Ens. do.

—— Story, from h. p. 17 F. Ens. do.

—— O'Brien, from h. p. 65 F. Ens. do.

Lieut. Sutherland, from h. p. 100 F. Adj. and Lieut. do.

Serj. Murchison, from 3 F. Gds. Quart. Mast. 5 Feb.

Rifle Brig. Lieut. Byrne, Adj. vice Kincaid, res. Adj. only do.

2 W. I. R. Lieut. Locke, from 1 Life Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Stepney, ret. 29 Jan.

Bt. Lieut. Col. Berkeley, from 16 F. Maj. by purch. vice De la Houssaye, ret. 5 Feb.

Ceylon R. 2d Lieut. Mylius, 1st Lieut. 15 Jan.

—— Stewart, from h. p. 2d Ceylon Reg. 2d Lieut. 25 June 1822.

—— Mackay, from h. p. 2d Lieut. do.

R. B. M'Crae, from h. p. 2d Lieut. 16 Jan. 1824.

Lieut. Campbell, from h. p. 5 W. I. R. 1st Lieut. vice Robertson, 96 F. 5 Feb.

Cape C. Assist. Surg. Clarke, Surg. 15 Jan.

Royal Af. Col. C. } Lieut. Hingston, from 83 F. Capt. 4 do.

J. White, Ens. 2 do.

M. O'Halloran, Ens. 3 do.

G. Foss, Ens. 4 do.

J. Uniacke, Ens. 5 do.

C. Lizar, Ens. 6 do.

J. Goodwin, Ens. 7 do.

R. F. Ring, Ens. 8 do.

1 Vet. Bn. Capt. Hamilton, from h. p. 99 F. Capt. vice Craig, 94 F. 15 do.

—— Willshire, from h. p. Portugal Service, Capt. do.

Lieut. Weyland, from h. p. 8 F. Lieut. vice Nicholls, 94, F. do.

—— Christian, from h. p. 34 F. Lieut. vice Dowling, 96 F. do.

—— Paterson, from h. p. 57 F. Lieut. vice Mayes, 95 F. do.

Ens. Ward, from h. p. 66 F. Ens. vice Alexander, 94 F. do.

2d Lieut. Browne, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Ens. vice Cowerd, 94 F. do.

Ens. Tait, from h. p. 78 F. (repaying the diff. he received on exchange) Ens. vice Oxley, 96 F. 22 do.

2 Capt. Harold, from h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. Capt. vice Cairncross, 96 F. 15 do.

—— Stewart, from h. p. 42 F. Capt. vice Kirkman, 95 F. do.

Lieut. Small, from h. p. New Brunswick Fencibles, Lieut. vice Stewart, 94 F. do.

2 Vet. Bn. Lieut. Phibbs, from h. p. 27 F. Lieut. vice Dickens, 95 F. 15 Jan. 1824.
—— Trydell, from h. p. 37 F. Lieut. vice Hartley, 94 F. do.
—— Milne, from late 5 Vet. Bn. Lieut. vice Dickson, 95 F. do.
—— Ford, from 29 F. Lieut. vice Herbert, ret. list 29 do.
Ensign Deshon, from h. p. 85 F. Ens. vice Bunbury, 95 F. 15 do.
—— Senhouse, from h. p. 40 F. Ens. vice Harrison, 95 F. do.
3 Capt. Kerr, from h. p. 62 F. Capt. vice Carey, dead do.
—— Rivers, from h. p. 5 F. Capt. vice Gray, 94 F. do.
Lieut. Milne, from late 5 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Dickson, 95 F. do.
—— Travers, from h. p. 10 F. Lieut. vice Saunders, 95 F. do.
—— Sweeny, from h. p. 26 F. Lieut. vice Sadleir, 94 F. do.
—— Williams, from h. p. 25 F. Lt. vice Ireland, ret. list 5 Feb.

Unattached.

Lieut. Lord Edward Hay, from 20 F. Capt. by purch. vice Krumm, ret. 29 Jan. 1824.

Staff.

Capt. Lord Edward Hay, from h. p. Sub. Inspect. of Militia in Ionian Islands, vice Krumm, res. 5 Feb. 1824.
Bt. Maj. Moore, Gren. Gds. Dep. Quart. Mast. Gen. in Windw. and Leew. Islands, with rank of Lieut. Col. in the Army, vice Popham, dead 12 do.

Garrisons.

Gen. George Lord Harris, G.C.B. Governor of Dumbarton Castle, vice Gen. Dundas, dead 5 Feb. 1824.
Lieut. Col. Hawker, Royal Art. Lieut. Governor of Gravesend and Tilbury Fort, vice Hon. J. de Courcy, dead 22 Jan.

Ordnance Department.—Royal Artillery.

Maj. Gen. Sir R. B. Bloomfield, Bart. G.C.B. & G.C.H. Colonel Commandant, vice Farrington, dead 4 Nov. 1823.

Royal Engineers.

1st Lieut. Budgen, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Sperling, h. p. 24 Jan. 1824.

Hospital Staff.

Assist. Surg. Rhys, from h. p. 2 W. I. R. Assist. Surg. 25 Jan. 1824.

Exchanges.

Lieut. Col. Bunbury, 20 F. with Col. Fitz-Gerald, 60 F.
—— Fane, from Inspect. of Mil. in Ionian Islands, with Col. Hon. F. C. Ponsonby, h. p. 12 Dr.
—— Gilmour, from Rifle Brig. with Lieut. Col. Brown, h. p. Port. Service
Capt. Marten, from 2 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Lord Belhaven & Stenton, h. p. 11 F.
—— Kirkby, from 4 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Moore, h. p. 65 F.
—— Healy, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Brine h. p. 39 F.
—— Elliott, from 17 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Marten, h. p. 11 F.
—— Brown, from 24 F. with Capt. Townshend, 41 F.
—— Mildmay, from 35 F. with Capt. James, h. p. 95 F.
—— Holmes, from 83 F. with Capt. Trydell, h. p. 16 F.
—— Robison, from 95 F. with Capt. Cockburn, h. p. 17 Dr.
Lieut. Macdougall, from 16 Dr. with Lieut. Vincent, 59 F.
—— Ware, from 14 F. with Lieut. Liston, 38 F.
—— Stammers, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Clayfield, h. p. 26 F.
—— Norman, from 41 F. with Lieut. Dickson, 69 F.
Lieut. Cameron, from 53 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Carpenter, h. p.
—— Eliot, 76 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Grubbe, h. p. 43 F.
—— Home, from 86 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Macdonald, h. p. York Light Inf. Vol.
Ensign Shawe, from 13 F. with Ensign Pearson, 92 F.
—— Grant, from 27 F. with Ensign Spencer, h. p. 24 F.
Surg. O'Flaherty, from 14 Dr. with Surg. Forster, 46 F.
Assist. Surg. M'Munn, from 46 F. with Assist. Surg. Hewatt, h. p. 94 F.
—— Ligertwood, from Staff with Assist. Surg. Sweeny, h. p. 7 F.
—— Clifford, from Staff, with Assist. Surg. M'Loughlin, h. p.
Vet. Surg. Schroeder, from 3 Dr. with Vet. Surg. Constant, 13 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major De la Houssaye, 2 W. I. R.
Capt. Smith, 2 Life Gds.
—— Stepney, 2 W. I. R.
—— Krumm, Sub. Inspect. of Militia in Ionian Islands.
Lieut. Collins, 2 Life Gds.
—— Hislop, 13 Dr.
Cornet Partridge, 11 Dr.
Hosp. Assist. W. S. Chartres, h. p.
—— A. Munkittrick.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. Orr, 94 F.
—— Sperling, 95 F.
—— Milne, 3 Vet. Bn.
Ensign Senhouse, 2 Vet. Bn.
Surgeon Thomas, 33 F.

Superseded.

Lieut. Lane, 10 F.

Deaths.

General Roberts, late 111 F. Bruxelles 30 Nov. 1823.
Lieut. Gen. Right Hon. Sir T. Maitland, G.C.B. & G.C.H. 10 F. Malta 17 Jan. 1824.
Lieut. Col. Popham, h. p. 53 F. Dep. Quart. Mast. Gen. West Indies, Barbadoes 25 Dec. 1823.
Major Brunt, h. p. 4 Ceylon Reg. Cape of Good Hope 21 April 1821.
Capt. Rylance, 43 F. on passage from Gibraltar.
—— Sir J. A. Giffard, Bart. h. p. 24 Dr.
—— De Weise, h. p. 60 F. Unkel 14 Sept. 1823.
—— Anderson, h. p. 60 F. 8 Jan. 1824.
—— Sutherland, h. p. 71 F. 24 May 1822.
Lieut. Cotton, 4 F. Jamaica 6 Dec. 1823.
—— Stephenson, of late 5 Vet. Bn. Plymouth 25 do.
—— Clavering, h. p. 3 Dr. Gds.
—— Howard, h. p. 33 F.
—— Macpherson, h. p. 77 F. Feb. 1824.
—— Sir B. Boothby, Bart. h. p. 90 F. Boulogne
—— Besserer, h. p. 104 F. April 1823.
—— Pope, h. p. 5 Garrison Bn. 16 Jan. 1824.
—— Cane, h. p. 8 Garrison Bn.
2d Lieut. Hay, Royal Eng. Trincomalee, Ceylon 26 Aug. 1823.
Ensign Holt, 2 W. I. R. Bathurst, St. Mary, Cape of Good Hope 25 Oct.
—— Fraser, h. p. Glengary Fencibles 18 March 1821.
Paymast. Humphreys, h. p. 48 F. Trumpington, near Cambridge 28 Jan. 1824.
Quart. Mast. Blair, h. p. 21 Dr. 20 do.

Commissariat Department.

Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Corlett, Barbadoes 14 Dec. 1823.
—— Pierce.

Medical Department.

Surg. Burns, 18 F. Malta 21 Dec. 1823.
Assist. Surg. Gordon, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn.
Apothecary Burrowes, Jamaica 25 Nov.
Hosp. Assist. J. Blair, on passage from Africa 1823.

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CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1824.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p.peck	1824.	Oatmeal.		B.& P.Meal	
	Bls.	Prices.	Av.pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.			s. d.		s. d.
Feb. 18	602	24 0 40 0	32 6	28 0 31 6	20 0 28 0	21 6 24 0	11	8	Feb. 17	419	1 6	68	1 3
25	615	25 0 42 6	32 0	26 0 33 0	18 0 28 0	20 0 24 0	11	8	24	375	1 6	62	1 3
March 3	750	25 6 43 0	32 10	26 0 33 6	20 0 30 0	20 0 24 0	11	8	March 2	352	1 6	59	1 3
10	577	25 6 41 0	33 1	26 0 33 6	20 0 30 0	20 0 24 0	11	8	9	318	1 6	54	1 3

Glasgow.

1824.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 264 lbs.		Barley, 320 lbs.		Bns. & Pse.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	Dantzic.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.	Stirl. Meas.		
	s. s.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s. d.
Feb. 19	— —	— —	30 0 40 0	21 0 24 6	25 0 28 0	37 0 38 0	30 0 33 0	26 0 30 0	21 0 24 0	57 60 0
26	— —	— —	30 0 40 0	20 0 24 6	25 0 28 0	35 0 36 0	30 0 33 0	26 0 30 0	21 0 24 0	57 60 0
March 4	— —	— —	30 0 40 0	20 0 24 6	25 0 28 0	35 0 36 0	30 0 33 0	26 0 30 0	21 0 24 0	57 60 0
11	— —	— —	30 0 40 0	20 0 24 6	25 0 28 0	35 0 36 0	30 0 33 0	26 0 29 0	21 0 24 0	57 60 0

Haddington.

1824.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.				
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.
Feb. 20	803	21 0 38 0	31 4	24 0 31 0	21 6 25 6	20 23 6	20 0 24 0
27	749	23 0 37 0	30 9	27 0 34 0	20 0 24 0	19 23 0	20 0 24 0
March 5	684	26 0 37 0	30 10	28 0 35 0	22 0 30 0	19 23 0	20 0 25 0
12	623	20 0 37 0	32 4	30 0 36 0	22 0 28 0	20 24 0	21 0 25 0

Dalkeith.

1824.	Oatmeal.	
	Per Boll.	Pr. Peck
	s. d. s. d.	s. d.
Feb. 16	20 0 21 6	1 5
23	18 0 21 0	1 4½
March 1	19 0 20 0	1 4
8	19 0 21 0	1 4

London.

1824.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
Feb. 16	45 78	42 46	32 40	23 30	24 33	42 50	38 45	45 47	37 41	60 65	58 62	—11
23	45 78	42 46	32 40	21 29	23 32	42 50	38 44	44 46	36 40	60 65	58 62	—11
March 1	48 80	42 46	36 42	21 29	23 33	42 50	38 44	44 46	37 41	60 65	58 62	—11
8	48 80	40 44	33 41	20 28	23 33	42 49	37 43	43 45	37 41	60 65	58 62	—11

Liverpool.

1824.	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oatr. 45 lb.	Barley. 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatm. 240 lb.	
							Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Eng.	Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Feb. 17	5 0 10 6	3 6 3 9	4 6 6 3	40 45	46 54	44 58	50 56	48 56	30 32	32 36	28 30
24	5 6 11 3	3 9 4 0	4 6 6 6	40 45	46 56	44 60	50 58	48 58	30 32	33 37	29 32
March 2	6 6 11 6	3 9 4 9	4 6 6 6	40 45	44 54	42 58	52 60	50 60	30 32	33 37	29 32
9	6 0 11 3	3 9 4 0	4 6 6 4	40 45	45 52	40 56	50 58	50 58	30 32	33 36	29 32

England & Wales.

1824.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Feb. 7	64 7	39 4	35 6	24 10	40 7	40 1	—
14	61 11	42 3	33 6	23 7	38 11	38 4	—
21	66 8	44 7	38 0	25 6	43 6	42 3	—
28	64 7	41 10	38 7	25 7	41 11	40 8	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1824.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Feb. 1	M.31½ A. 37	29.455 .475	M.40 A. 42	S.	Fair, and mild.
2	M.34 A. 43	.589 .785	M.45 A. 43	SW.	Frost morn. fair day.
3	M.31 A. 42	.525 .222	M.41 A. 43	SW.	Frost morn. dull day.
4	M.32 A. 39	.169 .240	M.44 A. 41	W.	Very changeable.
5	M.30½ A. 38	.389 .280	M.43 A. 41	Cble.	Frost morn. day sunshine
6	M.30 A. 37	.542 .262	M.38 A. 39	SW.	Frost morn. dull day.
7	M.38 A. 46	.517 .556	M.46 A. 46	SW.	Fair, and mild.
8	M.40½ A. 45	.660 .992	M.47 A. 46	Cble.	Slight show. rain aftern.
9	M.52 A. 40	.998 .998	M.44 A. 45	W.	Frost morn. fair day.
10	M.35 A. 46	.664 .792	M.51 A. 43	W.	Frost morn. dull day.
11	M.32½ A. 39	.925 .926	M.41 A. 43	W.	Frost, morn. sunshine.
12	M.35 A. 46	.276 28.964	M.45 A. 42	NW.	dull aftern. Ditto.
13	M.31½ A. 40	.450 .825	M.42 A. 40	Cble.	Rain most of day.
14	M.33 A. 37	29.150 .196	M.39 A. 37	NE.	Dull very cold, sh. hail
15	M.24 A. 32	.270 .270	M.36 A. 37	NE.	Frost morn. day fair,cold.
Feb. 16	M.26 A. 34	30.205 .204	M.36 A. 37	Cble.	Frost morn. sh. hail frn.
17	M.27 A. 34	.116 .154	M.38 A. 37	SE.	Frost morn. fair day.
18	M.28 A. 34	28.929 29.150	M.36 A. 37	SE.	Sleet foren. fair aftern.
19	M.30½ A. 39	.364 .443	M.39 A. 39	E.	Dull, and very cold.
20	M.30 A. 38	.540 .540	M.39 A. 39	E.	Day fair, rain night.
21	M.34 A. 38	.620 .621	M.40 A. 39	Cble.	Day sh. rain, night sleet.
22	M.34 A. 39	.764 .805	M.40 A. 40	SE.	Dull, with rain foren.
23	M.34 A. 30	.775 .078	M.40 A. 40	SE.	Frost morn. rain foren.
24	M.33 A. 38	.783 .705	M.39 A. 40	SE.	Dull foren. aft. sh. rain.
25	M.34 A. 39	.686 .785	M.40 A. 39	E.	aftern. Dull, with
26	M.28½ A. 36	.750 .730	M.38 A. 37	E.	showers rain. Hail and sleet
27	M.28½ A. 34	.664 .664	M.36 A. 37	NE.	most of day. Dull, with
28	M.32 A. 37	.766 .760	M.38 A. 37	NE.	showers hail. Morn. dull.
29	M.34 A. 38	.780 .619	M.40 A. 39	Cble.	sunsh. day. Fair,dull,and cold.

Average of Rain, 1.554 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THROUGHOUT the whole of February, the weather continued mild and open. A keen frost set in on the 1st of March, which has continued to this date, accompanied with occasional snow-showers. The mean temperature, for the last two weeks in February, was 39½°; for what is past of the present month, little more than 34°. This winter weather, in the first month of spring, and after such mild weather in the preceding months, has given a severe check to vegetation, which, by the end of February, was in as forward a state as is usual about the end of March. This check may prove salutary in many instances; it will retard the opening of blossoms on fruit-trees till the season is farther advanced, and a greater chance of serene weather, when the fruit is setting, will be afforded. The frost will also pulverize the surface of all stubborn or clay-soils, and prepare a kindly bed for spring-seeds. Plowing being far advanced, little anxiety is yet felt on that subject; but as few beans have been got in, the earliest opportunity will be embraced for that operation.

Wheat has already suffered by the frosts, when the snow lay thin on the surface. A considerable quantity of dung has been carted out of late, and the threshing-mill has been regularly at work.

Prices of grain have fallen since our last, and markets continue dull. Seed oats, indeed, are in request for the Highland districts; in other species of grain there is little doing. Potatoes are plenty, and not in much request. Horses have improved in price of late, and cattle and sheep find ready purchasers with rising prices. The deteriorated state of the turnips has at present forced more than the ordinary number of fat cattle into the market, consequently butchers are a little shy; but this glut will soon be exhausted, and a farther advance in the meat-market may be expected before midsummer. Speculators in grain still anticipate a brisk market for wheat in the summer months, as it is known that a supply for Ireland is wanted.

Perthshire, 13*th March* 1424.

Course of Exchange, London, March 12.——Amsterdam, 12 : 1. Ditto at sight, 11 : 18. Rotterdam, 12 : 2. Antwerp, 12 : 3. Hamburgh, 37 : 5. Altona, 37 : 6. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 60. Bourdeax, 25 : 80. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 155½. Madrid, 36¼. Cadiz, 35½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43½. Naples, 38½. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 51¼. Rio Janeiro, 48. Dublin, 9½ ⅌ cent. Cork, 9½ ⅌ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ⅌ oz.—Portugal Gold in bars, £.0„0„0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £.3„17„6.—New Doubloons, £.3„14„0.—New Dollars, £.0„4„9½.—Silver in bars, Standard, £.0„4„11½.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 25s. *a* 30s.—Cork or Dublin, 25s. *a* 30s.—Belfast. 25s. *a* 30s.—Hambro', 20s. *a* 50s.—Madeira, 20s. *a* 30s.—Jamaica, 10s. *a* 50s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. *a* 12 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from Feb. 18, *to March* 10, 1824.

	Feb. 18.	Feb. 25.	March 3.	March 10.
Bank Stock	238	238¼	—	—
3 ⅌ cent. reduced	92½	92⅞	—	—
3 ⅌ cent. consols	91½	91⅛	94	92⅞
3½ ⅌ cent. do.	—	100⅝	—	—
4 ⅌ cent. do.	102½	102¾	—	—
Ditto New do.	106⅞	106⅞	107⅛	107⅛
India Stock	277	277	—	—
—— Bonds	70 71	78 80	78	80
Exchequer bills, (£.1000)	32 37	45 42	52	54
Consols for account	91¾	91	94⅜	93
French 5 ⅌ cents	95 fr. 50 c.	99 fr. 50c.	—	100 fr. —

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of January and the 20th of February 1824: extracted from the London Gazette.

Alexander, J. Chiswell-street, stable-keeper.
Bates, S. Tipton, corn-merchant.
Berry, T. Broad-court, Wallbrook, wine-merchant.
Bird, G. Hollybush-place, Bethnal-green, calico-dyer.
Bowen, W. Winnington, Salop, shopkeeper.
Bridges, J. and J. Dew, Bristol, brewers.
Broadbent, W. Huddersfield, woolstapler.
Brocklehurst, J. Phoside Hamlet, Derbyshire, cotton cord manufacturer.
Browne, T. Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, plumber.
Cannon, W. Molyneux-street, Portman-square, grocer.
Chillingworth, E. and T. Cooper, Redditch, Warwickshire, needle-makers.
Coe, W. Darkhouse-lane, Billingsgate, victualler.
Cooke, J. Frome, Somersetshire, clothier.
Cranzaz, Sloane-street, Chelsea, merchant.
Creswell, J. Huddersfield, woolstapler.
Cross, R. Harley Tower, Shropshire, maltster.
Crosland, W. Leeds, drysalter.
Crowther, J. Wakefield, corn-factor.
Crowther, W. Islington, apothecary.
Davenport, J. Altrincham, Cheshire, shopkeeper.
Davenport, J. and A. Dunlop, Great Portland-street, milliners.
Davids, T. Kennington Oval, brass-founder.
Dew, W. Praed-street, Paddington, stone-mason.
Dodd, W. Liverpool, paper-hanging manufacturer.
Dowse, C. Chancery-lane, law-stationer.
Drew, R. T. Orchards, Bosbury, Herefordshire, timber-merchant.
Dryson, G. Lad-lane, Manchester, warehouseman.
Eames, W. Dorset Mews West, Portman-square, horse-dealer.
Edie, R. Bread-street, merchant.
Freethy, T. Acton, Middlesex, carpenter.
Gatenby, A. Manchester, wholesale grocer.
Gomersall, J. and B. Leeds, merchants.
Green, W. and J. H. Sampson, and R. A. Smith, Sheffield, manufacturers of metal-wares.
Hall, J. Stockport, grocer.
Hargreaves, W. White Ash, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
Hobley, S. James-street, Covent-garden, boot and shoe maker.
Holden, J. Brokers'-row, Moorfields, ironmonger.
Honeysett, W. Dalston, carpenter.
Houghton, A. Huddersfield, grocer.
Howard, J. T. and N. Houghton, Lancashire, hat-manufacturers.
Hughes, J. Wood-street, Cheapside, tavern-keeper.
Jeremy, J. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars'-road, linen-draper.
Jones, C. Welshpool, draper.
Jones, E. and J. Norris, Budge-row, stationers.
Kelsey, H. Pall Mall, milliner.
Kerslake, W. Exeter, brazier.
Kinnear, J. Brighton, banker.
Lamb, J. Newman-street, Oxford-street, clock-maker.
Lamb, S. Cheapside, hatter.
Leader, E. jun. Wilson-street, Finsbury-Square, upholsterer.
Leak, T. Kelpingham, Lincolnshire, victualler.
Lloyd, D. Bankside, Southwark, timber-merchant.
Matthews, M. and J. Hopkins, Rochester, coal-merchants.
Mee, J. Myton, Hull, merchant.
Miller, R. Paternoster-row, bookseller.
Montgomery, T. John-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer.
Nash, T. Garden-row, Southwark, merchant.
Newhouse, G. W. Little Brook-street, Hanover-square, tailor.
Nichols, G. Bristol, victualler.
Nicholson, R. North Shields, ship-owner.
Nokes, E. Norwich, merchant.
Nuttall, J. Wood-road Mill, near Bury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
Packer, R. Tokenhouse-yard, packer.
Pearson, T. Harringthorpe, Yorkshire, miller.
Penney, S. Shepton Mallet, grocer.
Penney, T. G. Brighton, draper.

Perkins, J. Upper Thames-street, stationer.
Persent, M. W. St. James's Walk, Clerkenwell, table-cloth manufacturer.
Pierce, D. B. Tottenham Court-road, grocer.
Pim, T. B. Exwick, Devonshire, paper-maker.
Pinck, J. Chichester, linen-draper.
Price, T. Hackleton, Northamptonshire, baker.
Purdy, F. Mark-lane, broker.
Richards, T. Birch-mills, Staffordshire, miller.
Rist, C. Lombard-street, auctioneer.
Roe, J. Torpoint, Cornwall, merchant.
Ronaldson, J. J. Broad-street-place, merchant.
Sayers, J. Little Yarmouth, Suffolk, wine and brandy merchant.
Scattergood, T. Nottingham, victualler.
Shaw, J. Wakefield, land-surveyor.
Smalley, R. Pontefract, mercer.
Soloman, A. Clare-court, Drury-lane, clothes-salesman.
Sneade, W. Whitechurch, Salop, timber-merchant.
Tarling, T. S. Leyton, Essex, tailor.
Trotman, T. Dursley, Gloucestershire, mealman.
Turbeville, J. Canon Pion, Herefordshire, timber-dealer.
Vale, T. Leg-alley, Long Acre, coach-joiner.
Wharton, T. Finsbury-place, tailor.
Whincup, W. York, spirit-merchant.
Worsley, H. Plymouth, dealer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced February 1824; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Baird, Nicol Hugh, merchant in Edinburgh and quarrier at Lochbroom, near Falkirk.
Clarke, Ambrose, vintner and innkeeper in Dumfries.
Darling, James, manufacturer at Cumledge Mill, near Dunse.
Gibb & Muir, merchants in Glasgow.
Haig, James, common brewer in Glasgow.
Hogg, John, mason and builder in Paxton.
M'Gill, Quintin, boot and shoe-maker, Content-upon-Ayr.
Pearson, Robert, mill-master and corn-dealer at Thomaston-mill.

DIVIDENDS.

Boyd, Robert and Andrew, manufacturers in Innerleithen; by J. Eckford, Peebles.
M'Alpine, James, general merchant and trader at Corpach, near Fort-William; by Jas. Wilson Johnstone, accountant in Greenock.
M'Leod, Rev. John, minister and builder in Glasgow; by James Kerr, accountant there.
M'Nair, Alexander, merchant in Dingwall; by James Gray, merchant in Inverness.
Paterson, David, late banker and insurance-broker in Edinburgh; by James Inglis, banker there.
Perth Foundry Company; by H. Lindsay, merchant in Perth.
Steel, Archibald, hardware-merchant in Ayr; by P. Cowan, agent there.
Stewart, Charles, merchant in Pitnacree; by Hugh Watt, Dunkeld.
Wright, James, jun. merchant in Glasgow; by John Fraser, merchant there.
Wylie, Alex. late manufacturer in Glasgow; by P. Brown, merchant there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1823. July 10. At Juneach, the Lady of J. S. Impey, Esq. a son.

1824. Jan. 20. At Rome, the Lady of William Herries Ker, Esq. a daughter.

21. At Terregles House, Mrs Alexander Gordon, a daughter.

26. At Castlecraig, the Right Hon. Lady Napier, a daughter.

28. At Liverpool, the Lady of Archibald Maxwell, Esq. a son.

Feb. 2. At London, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay, a son.

— At Royal Barracks, Dublin, the Lady of Charles Short, Esq, 6th dragoon guards, a daughter.

3. Mrs Irvine, 23, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, a son.

4 At Union Place, Aberdeen, Mrs Hunter, of Tillery, a daughter.

5. In Dominick-Street, Dublin, her Grace the Duchess of Leinster, a daughter.

— At Newton Stewart, the Lady of Robert Aitken, Esq. a son.

6. In Rutland Square, Dublin, the Countess of Bective, a daughter.

— In Duke-Street, Westminster, the Lady of the late Dr Carter, of his Majesty's 8th hussars, a son.

— In Russel Square, London, the Lady of P. Grant, Esq. of Red Castle, a daughter.

8. Mrs W. Buchanan, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— At 18, Hill Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Halkerston Manners, a daughter.

— At Nuttall, Lancashire, Mrs Grant, a daughter.

9. In Grosvenor Square, London, the Right Hon. Lady Petre, a son.

11. At Kitton Hall, Stamford, the Lady of Stephen Eaton, Esq. a son.

— At Wellington Square, Ayr, Mrs Hill, Dailly, a son.

12. At 32, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Balfour, of Elwick, a daughter.

Feb. 12. At Rothmaise, Mrs Forbes, younger of Blackford, a son.

— At Dee-Street, Aberdeen, the Lady of Capt. Arrow, R. N., commanding the coast guard of that district, a daughter.

14. At Edinburgh, Mrs Turner, of Turnerhall, a son.

15. At Whitehall, the Lady of James Dinwiddie, Esq. a son and heir.

— At No. 14, Coates Crescent, Edinburgh, the Lady of Adam Hay, Esq. a son.

— At Barrock House, the Lady of John Sinclair, Esq. a son.

17. At the house of Mrs Walker, in George's-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of John Hall, Esq. jun. of Dunglass, a son.

— At Whitehall Place, London, the Right Hon. Lady James Stuart, a son.

— At Dulwich, Surrey, the Lady of David Melville, Esq. of twins.

22. At Cramond, Mrs Hope Johnstone, of Annandale, a son.

24. Mrs Peddie, 4, Great King-Street, Edinburgh, of twin sons.

— At Lathrisk, Mrs Johnston, a son.

27. Mrs Cleghorn, Dundas-Street, Edinburgh, a son.

Lately. At Kelly, in the county of Forfar, the Lady of the Hon. Colonel Ramsay, a son.

MARRIAGES.

1823. July 17. At Bombay, Captain J. Taylor, Bengal Commissariat, to Sarah Falconer, eldest daughter of William Graham, rector of the grammar-school, Haddington.

Nov. 25. At Trinidad, Paymaster Jas. Mackay, 1st West India regiment, to Catherine Jane Moore, widow of the late Dr John Moore, surgeon of the 8th (or King's) regiment, and daughter of Captain Maclauchlan, royal engineers.

1824. Jan. 4. At Manchester, Jamaica, George Dempster, Esq. surgeon, late of the Army Medical Staff, to Catharine, relict of the late John Thomson, Esq. of May-day and Woodside Plantations, and Member of the Hon. House of Assembly.

Jan. 10. At Prestbury, the Rev. Sam. Roberts, of Ravandon, Rector and Vicar of the Union of Mothel, in the county of Kilkenny, to Sarah, daughter of the late Sir Wm. Forbes, Bart. of Craigievar.

17. At St George's, Hanover Square, London, Lieut.-Colonel Davies, M.P., to Augusta Anne, only child of the late Thomas Champion De Crespigny, Esq.

22. At Perth, Mr Mitchell, merchant, John's Street, to Jane, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Pringle.

26. At Summerville, near Dumfries, William Syme, younger of Ryedale, Esq. to Miss Lilias Babington, eldest daughter of the Rev. Charles Maitland Babington, A.M. Rector of Peterstow, Herefordshire.

— At Lyon Cross, parish of Neilston, Renfrewshire, Alexander Craig, Esq. to Miss Agnes, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Cuthbertson, Esq. of Lyon Cross.

28. At Hebburn Hall, William Henry Lambton, Esq. brother of John George Lambton, Esq. M.P. for the county of Durham, to Henrietta, second daughter of Cuthbert Elliston, Esq. M.P. for Newcastle.

29. At Hillside, Leith Walk, J. S. Combe, Esq. M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, to Anne, daughter of the late John Thomson, Esq. Leith.

30. At Leith, Mr J. M'Leod, merchant, Edinburgh, to Christina, fourth daughter of the late William Loudon, Esq. Kerse Hall.

Feb. 2. At Dumfries, Mr John Thomson, Maxwelltown, late merchant in Manchester, to Miss Elizabeth, only daughter of Francis Beattie, Esq. Dumfries.

3. Alexander Vernor, Esq. of Holmes, to Matilda, youngest daughter of the late John Taylor, A.M. Rector of the grammar-school, Musselburgh.

4. At Underwood, Thomas Pelham Hood, Esq. of Springmount, county of Antrim, Ireland, to Miss Kennedy, only daughter of John Kennedy, Esq. of Underwood.

5. At Sandaig, Lieut. John Macdonald, 74th regiment, to Isabella, only daughter of Mr H. Macdonald, Sandaig.

10. At Glasgow, Mr John Smith, accountant, to Margaret, youngest daughter of George Lewis, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

13. The Rev. G. P. Boileau Pollen, domestic chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Northwick, and Rector of Little Bookham, in the county of Surrey, to Elizabeth, eldest surviving daughter of Sir James Hall, Bart. of Dunglass.

16. At Paisley, Mr Patrick G. M'Arthur, merchant, Glasgow, to Ann Frances M'Alpin, daughter of Capt. Archibald M'Alpin, 81st regiment.

20. At Edinburgh, David Welsh, Esq. younger of Collin, W. S. to Margaret, daughter of the late Colonel Andrew Ross, 21st Royal Scots Fusileers.

23. At Greenock, Charles F. Reeves, Esq. of the General Post-Office, Scotland, to Lavinia, daughter of T. S. Bursey, Esq. of the Customs, Greenock.

Lately. At Pitfour Castle, Perthshire, Robert Clerk Rattray, Esq. younger of Craighall-Rattray, to Miss Christina Richardson, daughter of the late James Richardson, of Pitfour, Esq.

— At Kevock Bank, seat of Dr Christie, Mr James Winckworth, of Lauriston, to Marion Selkrig, youngest daughter of the late William Otto, wine-merchant, Dalkeith.

DEATHS.

1823. June 16. At Calcutta, Dr Thomas Hog, Surgeon on board the Royal George East-Indiaman, and second son of the late Captain Hog of Wester Kinloch.

Aug. At Trincomalee, of a fever, Lieutenant Charles Hay, of the Royal Engineers, only son of Charles Hay, Esq. of Ballindoch. The following professional character of this very amiable and enterprising young man, whose premature death is deeply and deservedly lamented by all who knew him, appeared lately in the London Star, inserted, it is presumed, by his Commanding Officer:—"It is with much regret we have to announce the death of Lieutenant Hay, of the royal engineers, who died on the island of Ceylon in the beginning of August last. Lieutenant Charles Hay was a young officer of the most promising abilities, and considerable professional talents, and his loss is deeply regretted by his friends and brother officers of the corps to which he belonged, and to which he promised to be a most valuable acquisition."

Aug. At Lucknow, in the East Indies, Major Alexander Fortune, of the 27th regiment of Bengal native infantry, and Aid-de-Camp to the King of Oude.

25. Mr John Stevenson, a native of the parish of Melrose, Roxburghshire, and one of the proprietors of the Guiana Chronicle, George Town, Demerara. He lost his life by an accident that befel him on the river Oronoco, Spanish Maine, South America.

Nov. 12. At Black River, Poyais, Mr Thomas Stenhouse, son of the late Dr Alexander Stenhouse, Edinburgh.

13. At Thatchfield, St. Elizabeth, Jamaica, in the prime of life, George Forbes, Esq.

16. At Roxburgh Castle, Jamaica, Daniel Virtue, Esq. son of the late Mr Virtue, formerly tenant in Choicelee, Berwickshire.

29. At Sympheropole, Alfred, infant son of Sultan Katte-Ghery-Grim-Ghery.

Dec. 18. At Demerary, Capt. Thomas Tod, late of the ship Guiana.

1824. Jan. 12. At the manse of Mid-Calder, Mary Ann E. Donaldson, youngest daughter of the deceased Charles Donaldson, Esq. late of Calcutta.

16. At Stockholm, Field-Marshal Count Wrede. It was he that entered upon the first negociations for the choice of the actual King, by the title of Prince Royal of Sweden.

— At Craggan, near Grantown, Grace, wife of Captain Grant, of Ballintomb, in the 68th year of her age.

17. At Malta, of apoplexy, Sir Thomas Maitland, G.C.B. and G.C.H., Colonel of the 10th regiment of foot, Governor of Malta, Commander of the Forces in the Mediterranean, and Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands.

— At Brodie House, Jas. Brodie, Esq. of Brodie.

18. At Stromness, Orkney, in the 72d year of her age, May Munro, Lady of Hector Munro, Esq. there.

20. At Balronald, Miss Janet Macdonald, eldest daughter of the late D. Macdonald, Esq. of Balronald.

23. At Boulogne, Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart. F.L.S. of Ashbourn Hall, in the county of Derby, in his 80th year.

24. At Edinburgh, Thomas Howey, Esq. Akeld, Northumberland.

— At Aberdeen, Mrs Margaret M'Killigan, wife of Alexander Webster, Esq. advocate.

— At Whiteleys, Dundee, Mr David Jobson, late cashier of the Dundee Banking Company.

— At Ashford, Staines, Middlesex, John Rae, Esq. late merchant in London. Mr Rae was a native of Dumfries-shire, and was the founder of the eminent house of Reid, Irving, & Co.

25. At Northop, Isle of Man, John Bennet, Esq. of Northop, formerly of Glasgow.

— At Convialloch, Robert Dick, Esq. at the advanced age of 93.

— At his house, Gateside, Laurence Bonnar, Esq. of Ballingry, Fifeshire.

26. At Orbost, in the Isle of Sky, Mrs Campbell, of Ensay.

— At Stranraer, James Bowie, Esq. Deputy Commissary General.

27. At Castle Howard, Yorkshire, the Right Hon. Margaret Caroline, Countess of Carlisle, in the 71st year of her age.

28. At Alloa, Mr Andrew Haig.

29. At Eastloch, in the 65th year of his age, Mr John Purdie, farmer.

— At Florence, the widow of the late Pretender, aged 72.

30. At Cupar Angus, the Rev. Alexander Allan, aged 71.—He was 42 years minister of the First United Associate Congregation in that place.

— At Colinsburgh, Alex. Couper, Esq. aged 82.

31. At Aberdeen, in the 66th year of his age, Mr John Gill, well known for many years as one of the principal and best shipbuilders in that place.

Feb. 1. At Cheltenham, in the 78th year of his age, the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Bart. who, for half a century, has been distinguished in the literary and political world.

— At Dublin, Sir Frederick Flood, Bart. Custos

Rotulorum, and lately M.P. for the county of Wexford.

Feb. 2. At Jedburgh, Mrs Jean Rutherford, widow of the late Thomas Scott, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Nicholson—a youth of great attainments and high promise. During an attendance of six years at the High School, and two sessions at the University, he distinguished himself in every branch of knowledge to which his mind was applied. His acquaintance with ancient geography was singularly minute and accurate; and his beautiful delineations of the classical countries still remains to guide his fellow-students and their successors in the same pursuit. The excellent endowments of his understanding being united with the virtues that most adorn youth—docility, modesty, sweetness of temper, and kindness of heart—he conciliated the respect and affection of all that knew him; while the slenderness and delicacy of his frame, indicating too plainly that he was not long for this world, deepened the impression of his estimable qualities, and excited a melancholy interest, which will not permit him to be speedily forgotten, either by the directors or the companions of his studies.

— At Kelligray, in Harris, Mrs Margaret Macleod, relict of Donald Macleod, Esq. of Bernera, aged 77.

3. At London, the Right Hon. the Countess of Harrington.

— Mr Alex. Armstrong, builder, Leopold Place, Edinburgh.

4. At Star Bank, Anstruther, youngest son of Robert Pattullo, Esq.

— At London, Sir John Simeon, one of the Masters of the Court of Chancery.

— At Bisham Abbey, General Vansittart, eldest son of George Vansittart, Esq.

5. At Balharry, parish of Alyth, Margaret Cameron, aged 100 years and five months. She retained all her faculties, and could walk without assistance till lately.—She had been three times married, but had lived a widowed life for nearly 50 years.

— At Leith Hall, Mrs Hay, of Rannes.

— At Alverthorpe Hall, near Wakefield, John Jackson, Esq. aged 54.

6. At Thavies Inn, London, Horatius, second son of Alex. Fraser, Esq.

— At Sunbury, near Edinburgh, James Haig, junior, Esq.

— At Lauder, in the 73d year of his age, and 44th of his ministry, the Rev. Robert Colville, Pastor to the first United Associate Congregation in that place.

7. At the manse of Alloa, Mrs Jean Bald, spouse of the Rev. James Maxton.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Agnes Williamson, spouse of Mr Wm. Scott, of the Bill Chamber, aged 60.

8. At the manse of Rosskeen, Ross-shire, the Rev. John Ross.

— At Wells, Mrs Fiddes, wife of Mr Fiddes, aged 75.

10. At Edinburgh, Kenneth M'Kenzie, Esq. apothecary.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Isabella Mitchell, wife of Mr Robert Purdie, music-seller.

— At Edinburgh Mrs John Forman, senior.

— At Edinburgh, Andrew Bennet, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Colonel Robertson, late of the 21st regiment, or Scots Fusileers.

11. At Greenock, the well-known Alexander Cuthill, aged 78. He was born in the parish of Denny, Stirlingshire, on the day the battle was fought, which took place at Falkirk, within a few miles of his birth-place, between the forces of the Pretender and the troops of General Hawley. He was bred a cabinet-maker in Glasgow, and for some time afterwards followed that business on board an East-Indiaman, in which service he amassed several hundred pounds. The whole of this money, however, he spent in London with some actors, and afterwards took to that profession himself, and soon attained to considerable eminence in it. He was for many years manager of nearly the whole of the provincial theatres in the north of England, and was the means of bringing into notice several persons who have since distinguished themselves, among whom was the late Mr Cooke. He was very unfortunate in some of his speculations, and lost a considerable sum of money by building a theatre at Newcastle. For the last two years of his life he has lived in Greenock under the care of some of his relations. The day previous to his death he was in his usual state of health, and conversed with the utmost calmness and recollection with a gentleman from Glasgow who visited him. He possessed wonderful powers of memory, and could repeat the whole of the Scriptures, with the exception of a few chapters, and all the metre Psalms.

Feb. 11. At Glenmuick, at the very advanced age of 110 years, Peter Grant, alias Dubrack, long distinguished by the appellation of the Culloden Hero, having fought in that memorable and decisive action. His funeral, which took place on Saturday week, was attended by upwards of 300 people, who came from all quarters of the surrounding country, to the extent of many miles, to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed hero. In the true Highland style, three pipers were stationed at the head of the coffin, playing the favourite tune of the period of Culloden, "Wha wadna fight for Charlie's right," while the company present were not unmindful of their wonted portion of mountain dew, finishing upwards of an anchor of whisky before proceeding to the place of interment.

12. At Stonehaven, in the 28th year of his age, Mr George Main, late of the mercantile house of Messrs Isaac Low and Co. Liverpool.

— At Edinburgh, Duncan Robertson, Esq. of Carron Vale, and of Friendship, Saint Elizabeth, Jamaica.

— At Cassingray, in the parish of Carnbee, Ann Brown, at the advanced age of eighty-three. She was born at Cassingray, and resided there during the whole of her life. Fifty years ago she had three children, a son and two daughters, at one birth, who are still alive, and have all families. She worked as a reaper for sixty-three successive harvests at Cassingray.

13. At Senwick-House, Lady Gordon, spouse of Sir John Gordon, Bart. of Earlston.

— At Edinburgh, Capt. Nisbet Glen, R. N.

14. At Freeland, Erskine, Mrs Penelope Lesslie Johnston, spouse of Major Walker, late 42d foot.

— At Argyle Park, Miss Ann Campbell, eldest daughter of the late Mr Alexander Campbell, of Inverary.

15. At Auldbar, Patrick Chalmers, Esq. of Auldbar, in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

— At the Manse of Kilwinning, suddenly, the Rev. James Steven, minister of Kilwinning.

18. At Craigforth-House, Colonel George Callander of Craigforth.

19. At Edinburgh, Robert Scott, Esq.

— At Carron Vale, Robert, second son of the late Duncan Robertson, Esq. of Carron Vale.

21. At Edinburgh, Mr John Ramsay, solicitor, Supreme Courts.

Lately. At Berwick, Mrs Forster, widow of the late Ralph Forster, Esq., and sister of William Greive, Esq. of Ord House, aged 78.

— At Stamford-hill, Mrs Raffles, mother of Sir Stamford Raffles, Lieut.-Governor of Bencoolen.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Ranken, late of Calcutta.

— At Cathcart Manse, county of Renfrew, of a short illness, Robert Dow, Esq. A.M. only son of the Rev. David Dow, minister of the Gospel, in the 29th year of his age, and much the object of the affectionate attachment of his parents, and of a numerous circle of respectable friends and acquaintances.

J. Ruthven & Son, Printers.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

APRIL 1824.

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EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

Days.		*Morn.*		*Even.*		*Days.*		*Morn.*		*Even.*	
May 1824.		H.	M.	H.	M.	May 1824.		H.	M.	H.	M.
Sa.	1	3	25	3	46	M.	17	4	41	5	0
Su.	2	4	7	4	31	Tu.	18	5	20	5	41
M.	3	4	56	5	22	W.	19	6	4	6	27
Tu.	4	5	48	6	17	Th.	20	6	53	7	19
W.	5	6	47	7	22	Fr.	21	7	48	8	18
Th.	6	7	56	8	32	Sa.	22	8	50	9	21
Fr.	7	9	8	9	42	Su.	23	9	52	10	22
Sa.	8	10	15	10	48	M.	24	10	52	11	18
Su.	9	11	19	11	48	Tu.	25	11	46	—	—
M.	10	—	—	0	14	W.	26	0	11	0	35
Tu.	11	0	39	1	1	Th.	27	1	0	1	23
W.	12	1	24	1	46	Fr.	28	1	46	2	9
Th.	13	2	8	2	27	Sa.	29	2	32	2	55
Fr.	14	2	46	3	1	Su.	30	3	17	3	40
Sa.	15	3	25	3	44	M.	31	4	2	4	27
Su.	16	4	2	4	21						

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

	D.	M.		H.	
First Quart...Th.	6.	58	past	3	morn.
Full Moon,...Th.	13.	17	—	2	morn.
Last Quart....Fr.	21.	20	—	0	midn.
New Moon,...Fr.	28.	47	—	2	after.

TERMS, &c.

May.

12. Court of Session sits.
20. General Assembly sits.
29. King Charles II.'s Restoration.

*** The Correspondents of the EDINBURGH MAGAZINE and LITERARY MISCELLANY are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY, Edinburgh, or to HURST, ROBINSON, & COMPANY, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

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THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

APRIL 1824.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL WRITTEN ON THE COASTS OF CHILI, PERU, AND MEXICO, IN THE YEARS 1820, 1821, 1822. BY CAPTAIN BASIL HALL, ROYAL NAVY.

EUROPE, at rest from the violent storms by which it has been of late agitated, presents, at present, a picture of outward calm, in which there is nothing to excite our hopes or fears, and on which we look, therefore, with less comparative interest, than on scenes of greater trouble. The struggle, and all the anxieties connected with it, of which this quarter of the world was so long the scene, has now been transferred to other countries; and we behold, in South America, the same contest raging in all its fury, which has been laid asleep in the old world, by the decided triumph of one of the parties. The long and arduous struggle which the Spanish colonies have been for years maintaining against the mother country, is well calculated to excite a warm sympathy in every breast. Every principle that we have been long accustomed to hold sacred, is so involved in that struggle, that we cannot be indifferent to its issue. Justice, policy, humanity, are all on their side, for they have all been alike outraged by the iron yoke of despotism and bigotry, fastened by Old Spain round the neck of her colonies. Sympathizing deeply, therefore, with them in their generous efforts for freedom, we are anxious to know all their movements,—we would willingly mark their progress, and calculate all the probabilities of ultimate success; but we have hitherto known but little of the affairs of these countries, and still less of the habits and sentiments of the people, of their zeal or aptitude for freedom, and of the views or capacity of their great leaders. For a long period an uncertainty hung, not only over their fate, but over all their transactions, both civil and military; so that, though we were anxious to know and to inquire into their affairs, and intently gazing on the smallest glimmering of light which might occasionally break forth in aid of our conjectures, we were, until lately, ignorant even of the general course and bearing of events; and even yet we have but little information of the particulars of the interesting conflict which has at length ended in the triumph of the independent cause.

The present work, then, by Captain Basil Hall, already known to the public by his instructive account of the Loo Choo Islands, must prove a most acceptable gratification to the public curiosity, containing, as it does, most ample and satisfactory information on many points on which we were hitherto ignorant,—abounding in the most spirited and amusing sketches of domestic manners,—and giving us a view of the inhabitants in their ordinary habits and occupations, eminently lively and interesting. Captain Hall is, besides, a strict and acute observer himself; and his own remarks on the infant institutions of South America, and the sentiments and views of the people, are remarkably judicious and striking; so that we have seldom met with a more entertaining or instructive work, or one which, along with the utmost sobriety and good sense, combined so much of romantic interest. We shall therefore proceed to lay before our readers a tolerably extended sketch of its contents, with such extracts as may afford a fair specimen of the author's style.

Captain Hall was dispatched from England, on the 10th of August 1820, with His Majesty's ship Conway, to cruise in the Pacific Ocean, and to watch over the interests of our infant commerce in that quarter. He arrived in these seas without any remarkable occurrence. He describes the interest felt by the officers, as they passed the far-famed Cape Horn, lighted up by the last rays of the setting sun. No sooner was the night closed in, than they were astonished by a brilliant light on the north-western quarter, which shone at regular intervals, disappearing for a little, and after four or five minutes, resuming new brilliancy, and resembling a column of burning materials projected into the air. This light faded away with the dawn, and was judged to proceed from a volcano, which they found to be on the main land of Terra del Fuego, upwards of 100 miles distant.

The Conway anchored on the 19th of December in the Bay of Valparaiso, just in time to witness the Christmas festivities, of which Captain Hall gives, as usual, a very pleasing and animated account. The town is built on a narrow strip of land, between the cliffs and the sea; and it has a suburb called Almendral, or Almond Grove, larger than the town itself. On the evening of Christmas day, which is there the middle of summer, every body was abroad, enjoying the cool air in the moonlight; "groups of merry dancers," says Captain Hall, "were seen on every hand, and crowds of people listening to singers bawling out their old romances to the sound of a guitar; gay parties sauntered along, laughing and talking at the full stretch of their voices; wild-looking horsemen pranced about in all quarters, mixing among the people on foot, drinking and talking with them, but never dismounting. From one extremity of the town to the other, along the base of the cliffs, and all round the beach, was one uninterrupted scene of noise and revelry." Of the bull-fights we have a shocking account. They are mere exhibitions of brutality, the pleasure of which seems to consist purely in tormenting the animal. The climate, during these festivities, was mild and agreeable, the thermometer varying from 62° to 64°. In winter, the air is cold and damp; and the inhabitants have charcoal-fires placed in the middle of the floor, in polished braziers. The English residents have coal-fires, the material being procured in great abundance from Conception, a port about 200 miles south of Valparaiso.

On the 6th of January, Captain Hall set out from Valparaiso, for Santiago, the capital, about 55 miles in the interior. They travelled on horseback, the roads in Chili being unfit for carriages, through a country burnt up by the heat of the sun, which flamed out with a bright glow over every thing, parching the grass, and drying up every drop of moisture. They stopt at one of the post-houses, where they had their dinner in the door-way, that they might enjoy the cool breeze. Their repast consisted of large black figs, a tumbler of cold lemonade, the fragrance of which filled the whole house, besides newly-baked snow-white bread, with fine fresh butter; and, instead of wine, they had a pot of mattée, or Paraguay tea. In the course of their journey, they had a fine view of the Andes, towering, in various ranges, one above another, exhibiting a view of mountain scenery magnificent beyond description.

At Santiago they found a better state of society than in Valparaiso, the inhabitants being more wealthy, better educated, of more polished manners, their dress in better fashion, and lodged in better houses. The city is divided into solid squares, the streets crossing each other at right angles. The houses are of one story, flat-roofed, quadrangular, and having their entrances from a square court. They are all white-washed, the streets being kept perfectly clean.

"Nothing," says Captain Hall, "can exceed the neatness of this most regular town." Our traveller gives the following lively description of a family-party to which he was introduced:

7th January.—I was introduced to a family this morning, long known to strangers for their hospitality and useful friendship: they were seated in the corner of a room kept almost dark, with a view to the exclusion of the heat. It is the fashion of the country for the ladies to crowd into corners, or to plant themselves in determined lines along the walls, not a little formidable to strangers. Upon the present occasion, one of the ladies perceiving the conversation to be hurt by this arrangement, rose and went to the pianoforte; the rest remained at their needle, as formal as ever, but presently some other visitors coming in, the parties became intermixed, and the stiffness which had chilled us at first, yielded to a more cheerful and familiar intercourse, which the young ladies encouraged with much spirit. Just as matters had fallen into this agreeable train, a merry-looking old gentleman came skipping into the room with a jest in his mouth, and the easy familiarity of a privileged person. He was a clergyman of seventy, but possessed of the health and animation of seventeen, and cracked his jokes to the right and left without mercy, seeming to set the whole company at defiance. For some time he carried all before him, and the manner in which he quizzed the company was every way diverting. At length, however, some of the young ladies rallied, and being rather nettled, as it seemed, at some of his sarcasms coming rather too near the truth, retorted smartly and with interest. The good-natured father was enchanted with their vivacity, and stimulated them to fresh attacks by an affectation of suffering from their severity, and at length took his leave, though unanimously entreated to remain.

In the evening, every one flocks to the public walk by the side of the Maypocho, which is a wide and finely-kept carriage-way, with a broad walk on each side of it, shaded by poplars. Here there is a fine view of the Andes, which, though not less than 50 or 60 miles distant, seem to overhang the town. All ranks were much interested in the public events which were taking place, and which were to determine the fate of the country. Of their old rulers, the Spaniards, they spoke with feelings of the bitterest animosity, and seemed to retain a most rancorous remembrance of the cruel bondage they had endured at their hands. They were all much animated by intelligence which had been received from Peru, of successes gained over the Royalists. Captain Hall had occasion to communicate, from this place, with Sir Thomas Hardy; and for this purpose he had to send an express across the whole continent to Buenos Ayres, 1365 miles distant. The couriers who travel these expresses generally make out the journey in the incredibly short space of twelve days, so that they must travel at the rate of 114 miles per day. Post-houses are established along the whole line of the route, at which relays of horses are constantly kept for the accommodation of travellers. The chief difficulties of the journey arise from fatigue, bad lodging, and bad fare. With a new, a free, a more enlightened and enterprising Government, and a people roused to exertion by the certainty now held out to them, of enjoying the fruits of their labour, the inconveniences of this barbarous communication will not be long suffered to remain; it was one of the cruel effects of the tyranny now done away, that it caused the industry of the country to languish;—it laid its interdict on talent and enterprise,—was jealous of knowledge and of all improvement, and encouraged, from policy, the darkest ignorance and bigotry among the people. Under such a system all enterprise was suppressed, and every effort at amelioration, however little connected with the political condition of the people. A different era has now arisen; and the secret principle of enterprise, let loose from its prison, will extend itself, we have no doubt, over the whole system of life.

Captain Hall continued, during his residence at Valparaiso, on the most friendly terms with the inhabitants, and visiting in the best families. He gives an account of a most singular incident which took place in one of those parties, which is quite characteristic of this wonderderful country. They were engaged in entertaining each other with music on the guitar, and patriotic songs;

while some were chatting, others working, and the evening was passing very pleasantly. In the midst of this, the following scene took place:

> Without any apparent cause, the whole party jumped up, cast away their music and work, and flew in the most frantic style out of the house, screaming aloud, Misericordia! Misericordia! beating their breasts at the same time, and looking terrified beyond description. I was astonished at all this, but followed the company into the street, calling out Misericordia as loud as any of them. It was a bright moonlight evening, and the street, from end to end, was filled with people; some, only half-dressed, having just leaped from their beds—children, snatched from their sleep, were crying in all directions—many carried lights in their hands—in short, such a scene of wild confusion and alarm was never seen, and all apparently occasioned by a spontaneous movement, without any visible motive. After standing in the street for about a minute, the whole crowd turned round again and ran into their houses, so that, in the course of a few seconds, the hubbub was stilled, and not a mortal was to be seen. I now begged to know the cause of this amazing commotion, having a vague idea of its forming some part of a religious ceremony, when, to my surprise, I learned that it had been produced by an earthquake, so severe, that the people had been afraid of the houses tumbling about their ears, and had run into the open street to avoid the danger; for my part, I was totally unconscious of any motion, nor did I hear the sound, which they described as unusually loud. On mentioning this fact afterwards in company, I was assured, that, for a considerable period after the arrival of foreigners, they are in like manner insensible to shocks, which a native can at once distinguish. It may be mentioned, also, as an unusual effect of experience, that the sensation of alarm, caused by feeling an earthquake, goes on augmenting instead of diminishing, and that one who at first ridicules the terrors of the inhabitants, comes eventually to be even more frightened than they are.

Captain Hall left Valparaiso in the end of March, and anchored before Callao, the port of Lima, on the 5th of Feb. 1821, after a passage of nine days. This was just about the time that San Martin's expedition, from Chili against Peru, had arrived in the neighbourhood of Lima, and while Lord Cochrane was, at the same time, blockading Callao. He gives a very brief and interesting summary of the military career of San Martin, previous to his entering Peru; of the conflict for superiority between the different parties in Chili, which was decided in favour of the patriots by the battle of Maypo, fought on the 5th April 1818; and of the subsequent expedition of the Chilians against Peru. This expedition was under the direction of San Martin, who was ably assisted by Lord Cochrane, of whose zeal and characteristic intrepidity, in the service of his new masters, we have a most animated account. In Lima the greatest agitation prevailed from the threatened attack of San Martin. This capital had been for centuries the seat of luxury and sloth; and though there might have been distractions in the remoter provinces, no evil had ever approached this secure refuge of enjoyment and wealth. But now the inhabitants saw the enemy at their doors; they were besieged both by sea and land; commerce was at a stand; their wonted luxuries were cut off; and they were already suffering the most severe privations. What rendered this more galling was, that they had always held the Chilians in the greatest contempt; and the old and proud Spaniards now saw the country, by their aid, on the brink of a revolution, which, by securing the rights of all, was to strip them of their ill-gotten consequence and power. The fierce passions which this state of things engendered, and the feuds and the factions which now rent society asunder—the hopes of some, the dismay of others, and the anxious uncertainty of all—gave to the political state of Lima, under those agitating causes, a fearful degree of interest. The following striking contrast between the state of Valparaiso, animated by a free trade, and Lima, yet languishing under the bondage of old monopolies, is the most powerful argument that could possibly be desired in favour of independence:

> We left Valparaiso harbour filled with shipping, its custom-house wharfs piled high with goods, too numerous and bulky for the old warehouses; the road

between the port and the capital was always crowded with convoys of mules groaning under every kind of foreign manufacture; while numerous ships were busy taking in cargoes of the wines, corn, and other articles, the growth of the country; and large sums of treasure were daily embarked for Europe, in return for goods already distributed over the country. A spirit of intelligence and inquiry animated the whole of society; schools were multiplied in every town; libraries established, and every encouragement given to literature and the arts; and as travelling was free, passports were unnecessary. In the manners, and even in the step of every man, might be traced the air of conscious freedom and independence. In dress, also, a total change had very recently taken place, and from the same causes; the former uncouth, and almost savage costume of the ladies, and the slovenly cloaks invariably worn by the men, had given way to the fashions of Europe.

No such changes, and no such sentiments, were to be found as yet in Peru. In the harbour of Callao, the shipping were crowded into a corner, encircled by gun-boats, close under the fort, with a boom drawn round them. The custom-house was empty, and the door locked; no bales of goods rose in pyramids on the quays; no loaded mules covered the road from Callao to Lima; nor, during the whole ascent, was an individual to be seen, except, perhaps, a solitary express gallopping towards the fortress. In Lima itself the difference was as striking; jealousy and distrust of one another, and still more of strangers, filled every breast; disappointment and fear, aggravated by personal inconvenience and privation, broke up all agreeable society; rendering this once great, luxurious, and happy city, one of the most wretched places on earth.

The Conway again left Lima, and arrived at Valparaiso on the 18th of March, after a passage of eighteen days. Captain Hall brought letters from many residents at Lima to their relations in Valparaiso, and the joy which he thus diffused among them was extreme; a proof that, though at times rather of a cold and formal exterior, they are no strangers to the warmth of social feeling. Captain Hall proceeded in a few days to Santiago, in the neighbourhood of which he made several excursions, which gave him further opportunities for observing the manners of the people, which he, as usual, duly improved. He set out from Santiago on a visit to a gentleman about eighteen miles in the interior; and night coming on while he was wandering among the Andes, he arrived at the house of a landed proprietor, who, he was told, would furnish him with a guide for the remainder of the journey. Here he was shewn into a bleak, comfortless room, with a mud floor, a rude unfinished roof, and lighted by a solitary black tallow candle,—sure signs, as they thought, of a cold reception! But what was their surprise, when the master of the house politely shewed them into his drawing-room, handsomely lighted up with a dozen wax-candles,—the floor covered with a rich carpet,—the roof and cornices neatly finished,—the walls ornamented with mirrors and pictures, and at the upper end of the room a grand piano-forte by Broadwood! Here they were kindly received by the lady of the house, and pressed to remain all night. This they were forced unwillingly to decline; and mounting their horses again, they arrived at the place of their destination, where they experienced an equally kind reception. Our author gives a lively account of the hospitality with which they were entertained; and he here had an opportunity of seeing the South American mode of catching cattle, which has been mentioned by various other writers, but which is here particularly described. The great art is to entangle the animal in a slip-knot, or noose, which is run on the end of a rope made of strips of untanned hide. This is done by throwing the noose round the horns or legs of the beast; and here it is that such amazing art and dexterity is shewn. The rope is fastened by a button to a belt bound tightly round the horse; with the right hand the noose is whirled round the head with velocity, and, at the same time, by a peculiar turn of the wrist, is made to assume a circular form; so that, when it is thrown, it preserves itself open till it falls over the object at which it is aimed. The unerring precision with which the *lasso*, as it is called, is thrown, is perfectly astonishing, and, at first, has an appearance very magical; yet those who are trained from their infancy to these feats, though their horse be at speed, and though hedges and ditches are to be leaped, never miss their aim, but are sure to place their noose on any particular part they please,—over the horns, round the neck or the body, or they can include all four legs, or two, or any one of the four, and the whole with such ease and certainty, that it must be witnessed before it can be adequately conceived. "It is, in fact, (says Captain Hall,) the earliest amusement of these people, and I have often seen little boys just beginning to run about, actively employed in lassoing cats, and entangling the legs of every dog that was unfortunate enough to pass within reach. They soon try their skill on poultry, and on wild-birds; and by the time they are mounted on horseback, which is always at an early age, they begin to acquire that matchless skill, from which no animal of less speed than a horse has the smallest chance of escaping." The following detail of the mode of catching a wild bull is highly interesting:

Let us suppose that a wild bull is to be caught, and two mounted horsemen, guassos, as they are called, undertake to kill him. As soon as they discover him, they remove the coil of the lasso from behind them, and grasping it in the left hand, prepare the noose in the right, and dash off at full gallop, each swinging his lasso round his head. The first who comes within reach aims at the bull's horns, and, when he sees, which he does in an instant, that the lasso will take effect, he stops his horse, and turns it half round, the bull continuing his course, till the whole lasso has run out from the guasso's hand. The horse, meanwhile, knowing, by experience, what is going to happen, leans over as much as he can in the opposite direction from the bull, and stands in trembling expectation of the violent tug which is given by the bull when brought up by the lasso. So great, indeed, is the jerk which takes place at this moment, that, were the horse not to lean over, he would certainly be overturned; but standing, as he does, with his feet planted firmly on the ground, he offers sufficient resistance to stop the bull as instantaneously as if it had been shot, though at full speed; and, in some cases, the check is so abrupt and violent, that the animal is not only dashed to the ground, but rolls along at the full stretch of the lasso, while the horse, drawn sideways, ploughs up the earth with his feet for several yards. This, which takes so long to describe, is the work of a few seconds, during which, the other horseman gallops past, and, before the bull has time to recover from the shock, places the lasso over his horns, and continues advancing till it also is at the full stretch. The bull, stupified by the fall, sometimes lies motionless on the ground; but the horsemen soon rouse him up, by tugging him to and fro. When on his legs, he is like a ship moored with two cables, and however unwilling he may be to accompany the horsemen, or however great his struggles, he is irresistibly dragged along by them in whatever direction they please.

Not less singular is the mode in which are caught the wild horses, which rove about in innumerable droves on the boundless plains of the interior. The horse is entangled by the two hind legs, in such a manner as to be thrown down on his side. The rider dismounting, wraps round his head the cloak which he commonly wears on his shoulder; then forcing into his mouth one of the powerful bridles of the country, and strapping a saddle on his back, he bestrides him, and removes the cloak; on which the astonished horse springs on his legs, and makes many a vain effort to rid himself of the burden. The rider sits quite composedly, and by a discipline which never fails, soon reduces the horse to complete obedience.

During the recent wars of the country, the noose, or the lasso, was found to be a most powerful weapon; and those who could wield it, never failed to dismount cavalry, or throw down the horses which came within their reach. In the streets of Buenos Ayres, several horsemen gallopped fearlessly up to a piece of artillery, and having placed their nooses over it, fairly overturned it.

Our traveller recounts the mode of killing the cattle after they are caught, which at first may seem rather an unpromising subject; but when it is considered that they are first allowed to bound out of the inclosure in which they are confined, and are then entangled in the lasso, it will be seen that the killing of cattle is not here a mere exhibition of slaughter, but that it presents a most animating scene of dexterity and skill. It is described in the most lively strain in the entertaining book before us; but our limits will not permit further extracts on this subject.

The party at length breaking up, the old gentleman and his daughter returned with Captain Hall to Santiago; from which, in an excursion to a waterfall, they visited another landholder, who was intent on the cultivation of his estate, and took them all over his vineyards and his olive-groves. He shewed them also his wine-presses, and his immense cellars, along which were ranged many hundreds of gigantic jars, capable of holding at least a tun each. Wines and olives here form the great staples of agriculture, and, in the progress of trade, will no doubt afford profitable articles of export to the northern countries of Europe.

Captain Hall again left Valparaiso on the 26th of May, and proceeded along the coast for Lima. He continued in sight of land almost the whole way, and the voyage was enlivened by distant glimpses of the majestic Andes, under all their most various and picturesque aspects. He touched at several towns on the coast, where the war had left its desolating traces, and anchored, on the 24th of June, in Callao roads. By this time General San Martin was bringing to a close the campaign which he had pursued of cautious and calculating manœuvres. The inhabitants of Lima, enervated by a long peace, viewed with inconceivable feelings of alarm the approach of the enemy, as he drew nearer and nearer their town. They looked for nothing short of a general pillage. General San Martin, on the other hand, was advancing by slow and sure steps. His policy was not to make a conquest of the capital, but rather to enter it as a friend; and, with this view, he was in no haste to advance, but was anxious rather to make friends to the cause of independence, and in this manner to undermine rather than violently to overthrow the old authorities of the country. His object was to effect, not merely a revolution of power, but a revolution of sentiment; and while he was approaching with his army, his friends in the capital, by their arguments and discussions with the people, were paving the way for his peaceful entrance. The viceroy seeing no prospect of defending the city, issued a proclamation that he was to abandon it, and pointed out Callao as a refuge for the alarmed inhabitants. This was accordingly the signal for immediate flight, and the road to Callao was covered with a long train of miserable fugitives, acting under the influence of mere panic, and flying from unknown evils, the work chiefly of their own terrified imaginations. In the capital, a similar panic prevailed, and an indistinct presage of some terrible catastrophe. The Marquis of Montemire, who had been left by the Viceroy as Governor of the city, convened the principal inhabitants to consult for their common safety; at this meeting Captain Hall was present, and he gives the following account of it:

> Many whose politics had obliged them to keep out of sight for a long time, now came forward from their places of concealment; and many whose authority had a few days before carried all before it, now looked sadly crest-fallen. Some expressed the greatest alarm, some sorrow; others were exulting and congratulating one another on the consummation of their political hopes; and some bustled about amongst the crowd, merely to say how very much they were in doubt what ought to be done. My old acquaintance, the ex-inquisitor, whom I had met in the same house in February last, was there amongst the rest, but was treated with a contempt that very clearly proved his occupation to be gone. On the other hand, I recognised a strange little man, folded up in an old dingy Spanish cloak, with a broad-brimmed yellow hat, hooked loosely on one corner of his small square head, and shadowing a face plastered all over with snuff, which, in the vehemence of his agitation, he flung at his nose in handfuls; but through this forbidding exterior it was easy to perceive, by the flash of his eye, and the sarcastic turn of his expression, a promise of intellect far beyond that of the people about him. He had been formerly pointed out to me in the streets as a furious republican, who had been with difficulty restrained by his friends from breaking out too soon; and his active intrigues, it was also said, had essentially contributed to that revolution in public sentiment which had been gradually accomplished in Lima.

By the advice of this person, a letter was written to San Martin, inviting him to enter the city, and protect it against the dangers with which it was threatened from the violence of the mob, and from the slaves. A brief and admirable reply was received from General San Martin, mentioning, that he had no desire to enter the city, unless expressly invited by the inhabitants themselves; and in the meantime, to prevent any alarm, and to give full time for deliberation, he added, that orders had been sent to the troops surrounding the capital to obey, implicitly, the Governor of Lima. On assembling to hear this answer read, the whole company were thunderstruck at such an unlooked-for example of moderation; doubts were started as to the sincerity of the General, and one person went so far as to say, that the whole was a mockery of their distress, and that the city would be pillaged in a few hours. On this the little old republican, mentioned as so active in all these consultations, and who appears to have been clearly in the interest of San Martin, proposed that an order should be sent to some of the troops investing the town to move to a greater distance, which would at once bring the General's sincerity to the test. This order was instantly obeyed; the news of which flying through Lima, at once restored general confidence. "In a day or two, (says Captain Hall,) every thing was restored to its ordinary state,—the shops were opened,—the women were seen stealing out of their convents,—the men ventured forth to smoke their segars in the Plaza,—the streets were lined with people returning to their homes, and with loaded mules bringing back trunks, boxes, and household articles of all kinds,—the mass-bells were again tinkling,—the street-criers bawling as heretofore,—and the great city once more restored to its wonted noise and bustle."

Captain Hall gives the following well-drawn portrait of General San Martin:

> There was little, at first sight, in his appearance to engage the attention, but when he rose up and began to speak, his superiority was apparent. He received us in very homely style, on the deck of his vessel, dressed in a loose surtout coat, and a large fur cap, and seated at a table made of a few loose planks laid along the top of some empty casks. He is a tall, erect, well-proportioned, handsome man, with a large aquiline nose, thick black hair, and immense bushy dark whiskers, extending from ear to ear under the chin; his complexion is deep olive; and his eye, which is large, prominent, and piercing, is jet black,—his whole appearance being highly military. He is thoroughly well-bred, and unaffectedly simple in his manners, exceedingly cordial and engaging, and possessed evidently of great kindliness of disposition; in short, I have never seen any person, the enchantment of whose address was more irresistible. In conversation, he went at once to the strong points of the topic, disdaining, as it were, to trifle with its minor parts; he listened earnestly, and replied with distinctness and fairness, showing wonderful resources in argument, and a most happy fertility of illustration, the effect of which was, to make his audience feel they were understood in the sense they wished. Yet there was nothing showy or ingenious in his discourse, and he certainly seemed, at all times, perfectly in earnest, and deeply possessed with his subject. At times, his animation rose to a high pitch, when the flash of his eye, and the whole turn of his expression, became so exceedingly energetic, as to rivet the attention of his audience beyond the possibility of evading his arguments. This was most remarkable when the topic was politics, on which subject I consider myself fortunate in having heard him express himself frequently. But his quiet manner was not less striking, and indicative of a mind of no ordinary stamp; and he could even be playful and familiar, were such the tone of the moment; and whatever effect the subsequent possession of great political power may have had on his mind, I feel confident that his natural disposition is kind and benevolent.

General San Martin entered Lima on the 12th of July, and, by his popular manners, appeared to give satisfaction to all ranks. He was waited upon by all the public authorities,—the independence of Peru was proclaimed and solemnly sworn to,—and public balls were given in honour of the auspicious era now commenced. On Sunday, *Te Deum* was sung, and the evening concluded with a ball at the Palace, given by San Martin, who joined heartily in the dances, conversing with every individual in the

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room with ease and cheerfulness, and appeared, of all the company, the least burdened with official duties. The following strange custom, as mentioned by Captain Hall, prevails in this country at balls, public as well as private:

> Ladies of all ranks, who happen not to be invited, come in disguise, and stand at the windows, or in the passages, and often actually enter the ball-room. They are called Tapadas, from their faces being covered; and their object is to observe the proceedings of their unconscious friends, whom they torment by malicious speeches whenever they are within hearing. At the Palace, on Sunday evening, the Tapadas were somewhat less forward than usual; but at the Cabildo, or Magistrates' ball, given previously, the lower part of the room was filled with them, and they kept up a constant fire of jests at the gentlemen near the bottom of the dance.

The Conway sailed from Valparaiso on the 1st of October, to the south, in quest of a noted pirate, Benavides, who had taken two American, and one English whaler, and of whose operations and final exit on the scaffold we have an interesting account. On the 14th of November 1821, Captain Hall received orders to proceed from Valparaiso towards Lima, calling at the intermediate ports. He accordingly touched at Coquimbo, a shipping port for the produce of the mines; also at Guasco, the village of Asiento, pleasantly situated on the banks of a stream, with gardens and trees between, and shady walks reaching from the doors to the water. They were every where kindly and hospitably received, and had an opportunity of inspecting several mines, and the works established for the smelting of the metal. On the 22d of November they anchored in Copiapo bay, and early next day they set off for Copiapo, which, in April 1819, was thrown down by an earthquake. It is about 60 miles from its port. The party consisted of three passengers in the Conway from Coquimbo, and three officers. They soon entered a broad valley, where the surface was covered with a crust of salt several inches thick, which looked like snow on the ground. The day was dreadfully hot, and they were almost choaked with dust, when they approached, with delight, a small stream. To their disappointment, however, it proved as salt as brine. They had the towering Andes in view, which somewhat relieved the tedium of the journey. At about forty miles from the port they came to the farm-house of Ramadina, where every thing wore a new and more pleasing aspect; cultivation, pasture, and abundance of verdure being seen on all sides. At Copiapo they were kindly received by a most intelligent and gentlemanly person, a native of the Island of Chiloe, the most southern of the Spanish possessions. They saw, by candle-light, the traces of the earthquake, which had thrown down the town, the house in which they were lodged, though not thrown down, being cracked and twisted in a most extraordinary manner. This earthquake almost entirely overthrew the town, and its dismal effects were yet visible in the ruins everywhere spread around. In the Plaza, or square, every house, except the one in which they lodged, and a small chapel, was completely destroyed; their walls having fallen in all directions, some inwards, some outwards, and presenting a scene singularly ruinous and melancholy. Though the walls of the houses were from three to four feet thick, yet they appeared to have tumbled down like so many castles of cards. The great church, La Merced, fell on the 4th of April, one day after the earthquake began, and seven days before the great shock which destroyed the town. This calamity had caused the emigration of a number of the most wealthy and industrious inhabitants from the town, some from fear of a repetition of such catastrophes, which, judging from the past, there is good reason to dread, and others from the loss of property. One serious effect of the earthquake was to diminish the only stream of water by which the town was supplied. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, many were busily engaged rebuilding their houses, and working the mines in the neighbourhood, and some indulging in good hope of the future, although, from past experience, it appears that Copiapo has been destroyed every twenty-three years, the latest periods of these calamities being 1773, 1796, and 1819. The great earthquake was the chief subject of conversation at Copiapo, and many characteristic remarks were made on this topic. The question being asked at one of the inhabitants when they had last felt a shock, he replied, "in April," meaning the great earthquake of April 1819, not conceiving that any one would take an interest in such petty shocks as would not destroy a town; an old man in company seeing the mistake, explained that it was a long time since they had felt a shock of any consequence; and on being pressed more closely to say what he considered long, he replied, "a month." The following account of the sensations of those who were present gives a lively conception of this dreadful catastrophe:

> On our return, we were gratified by meeting two agreeable and intelligent men, whom our host had considerately invited to meet us; they were most willing to exchange local information for news about the rest of the world, with which they appeared to have extremely little intercourse. We soon engaged them in conversation about the great earthquake. It began, they said, between eight and nine in the morning of the 3d of April, and continued, with gentle shocks, during that day and the next. At four in the afternoon of the 4th there came a violent shock, which produced a waving or rolling motion in the ground, like that of a ship at sea, which lasted for about two minutes. In every case these shocks were preceded by a loud rolling noise, compared, by one person, to the echo of thunder amongst the hills, and by another to the roar of a subterranean torrent, carrying along an enormous mass of rocks and stones. Every person spoke of this sound with an expression of the greatest horror. One of the gentlemen said, it was "espantoso!" (frightful.) "Yes," added the other, shuddering at the recollection, "horroroso."

The people, at a particular moment, were excited to a more than ordinary terror, and they all rushed in a body to the church called La Merced. They were advised not to enter, but rather to bring the images to the streets. This advice was happily followed, and they had scarcely left the church when a severe shock brought down the roof and one end of it, so that almost the whole population of the town must have perished, if they had not been judiciously detained in the open air. After this, the description proceeds in the following terms:

> After the fall of La Merced, the inhabitants fled to the neighbouring hills, leaving only one or two fool-hardy people who chose to remain. Amongst these was a German, who, as he told me himself, divided his time in the Plaza, between taking notes of the various passing phenomena, and drinking aquardiente, the spirits of the country. Slight shocks occasionally succeeded that on the 4th; but it was not till the 11th of April, seven days after the fall of the Merced, that the formidable one occurred, which, in an instant, laid the whole town in ruins. It was accompanied by a subterranean sound, which, though at first of a low tone, gradually swelled to a clear, dreadful loudness, of which no one, I observed, even at this distance of time, could speak without an involuntary shudder. After the first great shock which levelled the town, the ground continued in motion for seven minutes, sometimes rising and falling, but more frequently vibrating with great rapidity; it then became still for some minutes; then vibrated again, and so on, without an intermission of more than a quarter of an hour, for several days. The violence of the earthquake now abated a little; the intervals became longer, and the shocks not quite so violent; but it was not till six months afterwards that it could be said to be entirely over; for the ground, during that period, was never long steady, and the frightful noises in the earth constantly portended fresh calamities.

In the course of these conversations, many little circumstances were detailed, which impressed the stamp of authenticity on the narrative given. One of the party, describing the severe shock, mentioned that it was about four in the afternoon. "Oh no," said another, "it was later, I assure you." "Indeed it was not," answered the first; "don't you remember we were playing at bowls at the time, and when the sound was heard I stopped playing, and you called on me to look what o'clock it was? I took out my watch, and told you it was past four." Another person, mentioning the panic in which some little insignificant person was thrown, added, they forgot the shock in quizzing this little mannikin. He then proceeded in the following terms, according to Captain Hall's account:

> "Nevertheless," added he gravely, "although I am not a man to cry out and play the fool on such occasions, yet I do fairly own, that earthquakes are very awful; and, indeed, must be felt, to be understood in their true extent. Before we hear the sound, or, at least, are fully conscious of hearing it, we are made sensible, I do not well know how, that something uncommon is going to happen; every thing seems to change colour; our thoughts are chained immoveably down; the whole world appears to be in disorder; all Nature looks different from what it wont to do; we feel quite subdued and overwhelmed by some invisible power, beyond human control or comprehension. Then comes the horrible sound, distinctly heard; and immediately the solid earth is all in motion, waving to and fro, like the surface of the sea. Depend upon it, Sir, a severe earthquake is enough to shake the firmest mind. Custom enables us to restrain the expression of alarm; but no custom can teach any one to witness such earthquakes without the deepest emotion of terror."

Captain Hall gives a very distinct and satisfactory view of the mining concerns in Chili. The metals produced are gold, silver, and copper, the last by much the most abundant and most profitable—the copper-mines being to the gold-mines in the proportion of 50 to 1, and, to the silver, as 15 to 1. The average produce of copper has been increased to 60,000 quintals, of 100 Spanish pounds each, the greatest part of which goes to Calcutta, a small quantity to the United States, and the rest to China. The annual export of silver is about 20,000 marcs, at 8 dollars per marc. It is well known that, according to the mode in which mining was carried on in South America, the miner was obliged to depend on the capitalist, who resided at some of the ports, for advances to carry on his business; in the same manner, as in agriculture, the seed was, in the rude ages of Europe, advanced to the husbandman by the richer landlord. He is accordingly at the mercy of this money-lender, to whom he is always in debt, and who exacts from him the most usurious advantages. By the free trade, and the introduction of foreign capital, a greater competition has now arisen; and Captain Hall details a pleasing example of a miner who had been long held in this unjust thraldom, liberated by the interference of an English merchant, who advanced him the necessary capital on easier terms, on condition that he should have, at a fair price, the whole produce of the mine. Copper is the great staple of the country, and affords the most eligible remittance in return for goods imported. The advantage of having a command of this article, therefore, is, that the merchant is thereby enabled to act as agent for the mercantile houses of the capital. The consignee of the British goods in South America must apply to the agent of the mines for a supply of copper; his ship calls at the appointed time, and receives its cargo. By this means the whole transaction is wound up—the British manufacturer receives his payment—the South American agent receives his commission, and a profit on the sale of the goods—and the agent of the mines has also his profit and his commission. As the trade increases, however, the business will no doubt gradually run into other and more diversified channels. The late free trade has brought with it incalculable advantages to the trade of mining, as it has doubled the prices paid for the copper, while all articles necessary in the working of the mines, such as steel and iron, have fallen from 50 and 25, to 16 and 8; fine cloth from 23 to 12; printed cottons from 18 and 24, to 2½ and 3 reals; velveteens from 26 to 2 reals; crockery-ware, per crate, from 350 to 40; hardware from 300 to 100; glass from 200 to 100.

In the course of his account of the mines, and the mode of working them, Captain Hall has laid down a principle in political economy, as applicable to this subject, which, on consideration, he may not find so clear as he at first imagines. Mining, he says, no more than any other branch of industry, can long continue to yield extraordinary profits; "since, if capital were more productively bestowed on mines, than on any other employment, it would be speedily withdrawn from these other employments, and affixed to mining speculations, until competition had lowered the profits to the usual standard.* This being inevitably the case," &c.

There is no doubt, that, in all those employments in which capital and industry are alone required, no greater profit can for any length of time be got from one portion of capital than from another. There is here a general level of profit, to which all capital naturally falls, because there is nothing to prevent its freely flowing from one employment to another;—and when this proposition is thoroughly considered, it will be found to mean no more than this, that, in an open market, equal portions of capital must always be of the same value; which we can no more deny, than that one quarter of corn must always be of the same value as another quarter, or that one pound of gold must be always of equal value of another pound of the same weight and fineness. But the same principle may not hold good where something else is necessary to produce the article in question besides labour and capital. In the case of metals, no command of labour and capital will produce a supply of them, unless we are lucky enough to find out where they are deposited. In this, however, we may not succeed, and the mines actively worked may not, in the mean time, be able to bring up the supply to the level of the demand. In this case, they will yield extraordinary profits, and nothing will prevent this but the discovery of more abundant mines, which depends not on the regular application of capital and industry, but on chance. How many centuries had gold and silver circulated in the world, at a very high value, before the discovery of the American mines, and those mines were found out by mere accident! The application of capital to mining is limited; all the capital of the world, for example, could not produce gold and silver in Great Britain; by the application of a given quantity of capital to the manufacture of cloth, we are sure of a given produce; but, in mining, the result is quite uncertain; and, with all our efforts, we may never be able to make the supply equal to the demand; and, in this case, extraordinary profits will be derived from this branch of industry. The mines, in short, will yield a rent, or a surplus, above the ordinary rate of wages and profit; and nothing can prevent this but the discovery of richer mines, which, as we stated before, is an event altogether uncertain.

On the 9th of December Captain Hall again arrived at Lima, where great changes had taken place. The independent cause was completely triumphant; the castle of Callao had struck its flag; the harbour, now open and free to all the world, was crowded with shipping, unloading rich cargoes; and the bay, to a distance of a mile from the harbour, was covered with others waiting for room to land their merchandize. All on shore was bustle and activity. The shops were filled with British goods; the pavement thronged with busy merchants of all nations; and loaded carts and mules actually blocked up the thorough-fares. Several severe measures were in the mean time adopted against the old Spaniards. The new rulers of South America complained that they were restless and dissatisfied, and refused to co-operate in the new system, to which they were inveterate enemies. A decree was accordingly issued, banishing them the country. Similar measures, it may be observed, were adopted in all the different Governments in Chili, Buenos Ayres, Colombia; and lately, according to accounts received, the Government of Mexico has had recourse to the same decided measure. Thus the many have at last prevailed over the few.

Leaving Callao, on the 17th of December he touched at Payta, Guayaquil, the Galapagos Islands, Panama, Acapulco, and San Blas of California. Entering the river of Guayaquil, the vessel, by the help of a faint air and the tide, shot rapidly up through the woods, which stood dark and still, like two vast black walls, along the banks of the stream. We have the following curious account of the Guayaquil ladies:

> I had a letter of introduction to a gentleman, who received me in the easy style of the country; at once undertook to put us in the way of procuring fresh provisions and other supplies; carried me to the Governor's, to pay the usual visit of

ceremony, and afterwards offered to introduce my officers and myself to some families of his acquaintance. We were somewhat surprised, on entering the first house, to observe the ladies in immense hammocks, made of a net-work of strong grass, dyed of various colours, suspended from the roof, which was twenty feet high. Some of them were sitting, others reclining in their hammocks, with their feet, or, at least, one foot left hanging out, and so nearly touching the floor, that, when they pleased, they could reach it with the toe, and by a gentle push, give motion to the hammock. This family consisted of no less than three generations; the grandmother, lying at full length in a hammock suspended across one corner of the room,—the mother, seated in another, swinging from side to side,—and three young ladies, her daughters, lounging in one hammock, attached to hooks along the length of the room. The whole party were swinging away at such a furious rate, that at first we were confounded, and made giddy by the variety of motions in different directions. We succeeded; however, in making good our passage to a sofa at the other side of the room, though not without apprehensions of being knocked over by the way. The ladies, seeing us embarrassed, ceased their vibrations until the introductions had taken place, and then touching the floor with their feet, swung off again without any interruption to the conversation.

We had often heard before of the fair complexion of the Guayaquilenas, but had fancied it was merely comparative. To our surprise, therefore, we found these ladies quite as fair and clear in the complexion as any European; unlike the Spaniards, also, their eyes were blue, and their hair of a light colour. The whole party maintained the character for pre-eminence in beauty, for which Guayaquil is celebrated in all parts of South America; even the venerable grandmother preserved her looks in a degree rarely met with between the tropics.

Guayaquil shared deeply in the political agitations of the day; in 1819, the inhabitants declared themselves independent, and opened the port to foreign trade, hampering it with a restriction, that no foreigner should be allowed to have any share in the trade of the town. This regulation was soon relinquished, as was also the notion of independence. The town of Guayaquil contains only 20,000 inhabitants, and the surrounding country 50,000.

At Panama, Captain Hall was, as usual, well received; and he found English very generally spoken, owing to the constant intercourse maintained with the West Indies. The Spanish troops stationed here having been dispatched to reinforce their armies in Quito, the inhabitants could not resist the tempting opportunity to declare themselves independent of Spain, and to place themselves under the protection of Bolivar. As Panama had suffered much less from the tyranny of the mother country than any of the other Spanish colonies, the Revolution was accomplished without the least violence. The Governor was even left the option of continuing in his old situation; and he, whiffing his segar for a few minutes, and shrugging up his shoulders, said, that he had no sort of objection to remain; on which they very quietly hauled down the flag of Spain, hoisted that of Bolivar in its place, proclaimed a free trade, and let all things go on as before.

The arrival of the Conway at San Blas excited general interest, no English man-of-war having ever before anchored in the port. The merchants here were exceedingly desirous to open an intercourse with England; and, for this purpose, they wished to make a remittance of treasure by the Conway, in exchange for goods, that being the mode in which they were accustomed to transact their business. Captain Hall finding that the most of them were to be found in Tepic, or at Guadaxalara, proceeded to the former place, where he resided for some time; and he gives, as usual, an amusing account of the manners of the inhabitants. In the evening, the whole female population repaired to the church of Santa Cruz; he had, therefore, a good opportunity of seeing them, and he gives a ludicrous description of this church-ceremony. The door was thronged with comers and goers, and a continued low humming noise. "Sometimes," he observes, "a group of six or eight damsels would arrive together, and vanish at the entrance; or a stray demure Beata would steal in at the side, with affected humility. A compact cluster of merry lasses, a minute before in high gossip, might be seen sobering down their looks,

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and adjusting their shawls as they approached the church; while another party, still muttering over their last *ave*, were pressing outwards, and, as soon as the threshold was passed, flying off in all directions."

Captain Hall was at various evening-parties; and he gives a most lively picture of a dinner-party, at which there sat down about forty guests. The master of the house served as waiter, assisted by four or five gentlemen. During dinner, the patriotic toast, "Union and Liberty," was drunk; after which there was, during the remainder of the dinner, a constant discharge of toasts and sentiments. The following is the account of this curious scene:

> Meanwhile the dinner went on, as if nothing remarkable was passing; the plates and dishes were changed by the servants, and their volunteer assistants, with singular dexterity, and in spite of the vast confusion. The bottle passed more and more rapidly; the noise increased; the bawlers became more numerous; and by the time the dinner was well over, the party fell to pieces, and all seemed uproar and confusion; groupes of four and five, and sometimes twice that number, might be seen clustered together, all speaking or singing at once. I never was more astonished than at seeing so many men, on all other occasions perfect models of decorum, suddenly lose their formality, and act like so many professed topers and merry-makers. At first I thought this must needs end in blows, and stood prepared to avoid the bottles and glasses which were likely to be flying about. But after a little while, it was easy to discover more sounds of mirth than of anger; and the ladies, who must have been accustomed to such scenes, sat very composedly, viewing it all with great delight. Something like order was presently restored by the feats of a merry Biscayan, who dressed himself like a cook, by throwing off his coat and waistcoat, turning up the sleeves of his shirt above the elbows, and pinning a napkin across his breast. Those who knew him of old were immediately aware of what he was going to do; and roared out pastel! pastel! (a pie! a pie!) upon which all singing, drinking, and talking were put an end to, and every one crowded round to see this famous pie made. The Biscayan first indicated by signs that a large dish was to be supposed before him, into which he pretended to place a number of ingredients, naming each as he affected to put it in his pie. These ingredients consisted principally of his friends, some of whom he inserted in whole; of others merely some ridiculous quality, or characteristic peculiarity; and as he chose only such persons as were present, the laugh went round against each in his turn. His satire was sometimes very severe, especially against the ladies; and at length he pretended, after a long and witty preface, to cut up the curate, who was sitting opposite, and thrust him into the dish, to the unspeakable delight of the company. No one enjoyed the laugh more then the worthy curate himself.

He then amused the company with mimicry; and the last feat which he performed was one which certainly would not have been permitted a year or two before in a country so bigotted. Having taken a table-cloth, he dressed himself as a priest, and, assuming the most ludicrous gravity of countenance, went through a part of the ceremony of high mass, to the infinite delight of the company, who shook the house with peals of laughter.

More than half-a-million of dollars, besides other large sums, were embarked on board the Conway, destined for London. Captain Hall left Tepic on the 5th of May, for San Blas, having been of late rather looked upon with a suspicious eye by the inhabitants. At San Blas he found the heat oppressive, the thermometer being in the day between 90 and 95, and at night between 80 and 85. He was also tormented with insects, the plague of all hot climates. He maintained a most friendly intercourse with the inhabitants of San Blas; and he gives an account of a scene of domestic calamity, to which he was an unwilling witness, from the reputation he had acquired as a physician,—" medecin malgré lui,"—which is deeply affecting, and is related in terms the most pathetic and interesting. He gives the following dreadful account of the commencement of the rainy season:

> During eight hours, deluges of rain never ceased pouring down for a moment; the steep streets of the town soon became the channels of continued streams of such magnitude, as to sweep away large stones, rendering it everywhere dangerous, and in some places quite impossible

to pass. The rain found its way through the roofs, and drenched every part of the houses; the loud rumbling noise of the torrents, in the streets, never ceased; the deafening loudness of the thunder, which seemed to cling round the rock, became distracting; while the continued flashes of the forked lightning, which played in the most brilliant manner, from the zenith to the horizon, on all sides, were at once beautiful and terrific. I never witnessed such a night. As the day broke, the rain ceased; and during all the morning there was a dead calm; the air was so sultry that it was painful to breathe it; and though the sky remained overcast, the sun had power to raise up clouds of steam, which covered the whole plain as far as the base of the mountains.

On the 15th of June, Captain Hall left San Blas, and anchored in Rio Janeiro on the 12th of September, after a voyage round Cape Horn of nearly 8000 miles.

Owing to the popular form in which Captain Hall has most judiciously presented the substance of his Journal to the public, there is necessarily little of a scientific character in the work; but that little is interesting. While at Valparaiso, in 1821, he made a number of astronomical observations, principally on a comet, which remained in sight from the 1st of April to the 8th of June, and performed a series of experiments with Captain Kater's pendulum, for the purpose of determining the figure of the earth. The observations on the comet have furnished Dr Brinkley of Dublin with sufficient data for computing the elements of its orbit, which are, accordingly, given in the Philosophical Transactions for 1822. The result of the experiments with the invariable pendulum at Valparaiso is not given; but from those performed at the Galapagos and San Blas, it appears that the length of the pendulum vibrating seconds, at the former place, is 39·01717 inches, and at the latter, 39·03776 inches; while the compression of the earth, as deduced from the experiments at Galapagos, is $\frac{1}{285}$, and from those at San Blas, $\frac{1}{313 \cdot 55}$, the numerator expressing the difference between the equatorial and polar diameters of the earth, and the denominator the length of the diameter at the equator. These results, so different from each other, and so contrary to the ideas which, till lately, prevailed respecting the figure of the earth, only tend to confirm the conclusion, that the meridians are neither equal nor of the same figure, and that, by consequence, the earth is much more irregular than philosophers have hitherto imagined. In the present case, however, a portion of the anomaly must, no doubt, be ascribed to the circumstances in which the experiments were performed, and which rendered it next to impossible to attain that minute accuracy so extremely desirable in this nice and difficult inquiry.

Upon the whole, we consider Captain Hall's work as, independent of its other great and various merits, peculiarly seasonable at the present moment. It is eminently calculated to dispel, not only a great deal of the ignorance, but, what is of infinitely greater consequence, much of the prejudice that has prevailed respecting South America. It is the production of a man of intelligence, observation, candour, and impartiality, and, by plain and undeniable facts, establishes the incontestible advantages, moral, political, and commercial, which have *already* resulted to the great body of the people where independence has been established, and a free trade opened. The standard of liberty is, in fact, no sooner raised, than the work of regeneration begins. Indolence, bigotry, and superstition, almost instantaneously, and, as it were, by some magical influence, give place to industry, enlightened sentiments, and a desire to receive and to communicate knowledge. Captain Hall is no theorist; he tells us what he saw, and communicates to us, not the result of his speculations, but of his personal observation and experience. The delightful pictures, too, which he has drawn of the manners of the South Americans, must produce a powerful interest in their favour; and as no one can read his book without being charmed with the skill and address of the writer, so no one can rise from the perusal of it without a conviction of the perfect authenticity of every word it contains. The unexampled rapidity with which the first edition has vanished, (a second edition, we believe, will be ready before our review can meet the public eye,) is a testimony of public approbation which must be peculiarly flattering to the feelings of the author, and certainly was never more deservedly bestowed.

The Harp.

GIVE me the Harp that has laurel round it,
Red with the blood of the slaughter'd foe;
Give me the Harp, for I once could sound it,
Ere thou, my country, wert sunk so low.

Ah! why were those laurels left to wither?
And why is the ancient Harp unstrung?
The Minstrel's voice and that Harp together,
Have oft through the hall of the hero rung.

Oh! dazzling then was the eye of Beauty,
And soft the words on the ear that stole;
But Love ne'er triumph'd o'er faith and duty,
Nor drown'd in folly the hero's soul:

He lov'd,—but as soon as the bugle sounded,
The maid of his heart was left alone;
On his neighing steed the hero bounded,
And his sword in the midst of the battle shone.

He loved,—but not like one reclining
On Beauty's lap, 'mongst a bed of flowers,
Her soft hair round his fingers twining,
And smiling away life's sunny hours.

He loved,—but the maid was his guide to glory,
She polish'd his helmet and girt on his sword;
And after the battle—when reeking and gory—
Her look of delight was his blest reward.

Then, as she smil'd, would her fingers fleetly
Over the chords of the wild-harp fly;
And, oh! but the strains she sung so sweetly
Illumin'd to rapture her warrior's eye.

But never again, dear Harp! oh never
Wilt thou summon to glory the brave and free;
Thy music, dear Harp! thy music for ever
Must now be the music of slavery!

Then break the Harp that has laurel round it,
Red with the blood of the martyr'd brave,—
Break the Harp, for none now can sound it
Like the mighty who sleep in the silent grave!

H. G. B.

Sonnet to ———.

ELLEN! 'twas on a cloudless summer's eve,
Upon the flowery bank of a bright rill,
A while before the sun had ta'en his leave
O' the blue sky, and whilst the lark was still
Up in the heavens, and before the flower
Had clos'd its purple blossoms from the night,—
Ellen! 'twas then, in that seraphic hour,
When the heart melts in fulness of delight,
I ventur'd first to press thy lips to mine,
And fold thee to my bosom; and the bliss
Of that one moment I would not resign
For ages of mere mortal happiness;—
Yet, Ellen! I have lived to see thee wed
A stranger, and to feel that hope and joy are dead.

H. G. B.

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RELICS OF A WANDERER.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Magazine.

RESPECTED SIR,

At the request of my much-valued friend, John Bryden, in Chapmanford, parish of Eskdale, I transmit to you the inclosed sheets, for insertion in your Magazine, should you deem them worthy of that honour. In a few words, I shall explain to you how they got into Mr Bryden's hands. In the spring of 1811, a tall, emaciated, middle-aged man, habited in black, presented himself at my friend's domicile, and stated that he was engaged in a pedestrian excursion to the English borders; but a sickness having overtaken him as he was journeying across the muir, he found himself compelled to solicit leave to rest himself for a day or two in the first farm-house that he came to, which happened to be my friend's. In those muirland parts, such a request is never preferred in vain. Accordingly the stranger was received into my friend's house; but his distemper, which seemed to be asthma, increased so rapidly, that, at the end of two days, it was evident to all that the hand of death was upon him. At the end of other three days he surrendered his immortal part without a groan, but had previously put the inclosed manuscript into the hands of my friend, requesting him to consign it to the hands of a much-respected literary friend of his own in Edinburgh, whom he appointed his executor by a writing under his own hand. Mr Bryden had the unhappy man decently interred in the parish church-yard; but *the man of letters*, the executor, though advertised of the sad event, did not make his appearance till some days after. He was particularly inquisitive about any funds which the deceased might have left in my friend's keeping; but when told by Mrs Bryden, that the aforesaid manuscript was all that he had brought to the house, he cast an angry glance at it, exclaiming, " Some of his d——d trash, no doubt; the best thing you can do with it is to put it into the fire;" and then calling for his horse, he rode off, muttering something about the expence which the journey had cost him, and leaving my friend to pay the funeral expences.

With my friend the manuscript has remained these twelve years, and might have remained with him for ever unopened, had not he, from (I blush to say it) a respect for my literary acquirements, been induced to shew me it. I perceived at once that it was an imperfect composition, —a fragment, in short; but as it contains some rather vivid and faithful descriptions of the manners and habits of thinking in a particular district, which has never yet been explored by the antiquary or novelist, it struck me, that " the foregone conclusion" of the executor was an erroneous one, and that the fragment would do no discredit even to your pages.

With that impression, I prevailed upon Mr Bryden to allow me to transmit it to you, in the hope that its publication might assist in compensating him for the sums disbursed in burying its unfortunate author.

I am,
Mr Editor,
With profound respect,
Your most obedient Servant,
D. Gillespie,
Student of Divinity.

Chapter I.

I have already explained, that, in the summer of 1810, having been seized with a violent paralytic affection, I was ordered by my medical advisers to repair to Haggisville, the mineral waters of which have been so justly celebrated. While there, I heard so much of the Royal Burgh of Dubslacks, which lay at an inconsiderable distance, that I was seized with a vehement desire to visit it. I took notice that the place was never spoken of but in the spirit of derision and scorn; and when every other joke failed, an allusion to Dubslacks, its magistrates or its dogs, was sure to conjure up a most hearty and sonorous laugh. There must, I thought, be something most remarkable in the localities of this Burgh, or in the character of its inhabitants, when the very name of it operates as a charm upon the risible faculties of rational beings; and I determined forthwith to explore in person the whole of its peculiarities, both moral and statistical.

It was about the close of a delightful autumn day that I left the village of Haggisville, carrying my fishing-tackle along with me, and descended the valley of Arden on my way to the Burgh of Dubslacks. It is my purpose to record facts; and therefore I need not expatiate upon the placid delight which took possession of my mind in the course of the journey. There was neither absolute solitude nor absolute repose, but a near approach to both in the scene around me. At intervals, small groups of cottagers passed me on their return home from the labours of the field, their bodies bent with fatigue; and from the rude implements of their industry hung dangling the potatoe blossom, an image of abundance and comfort, not less affecting and poetical than clusters of grapes in the land of the vine and the olive. The lowing of cattle on the distant hills, and the lengthening shadows of the hills, announced to the ear and the eye the approach of the season of repose for all animated nature. In a nook of ground, covered with a most luxuriant sward, and fashioned into an angular form by a running brook, was a cottage; and under a spreading *bore-tree,* which partly fenced a small garden, I observed a family of blooming children at their evening meal; and over the group presided an aged *granny,* whose office it was, by rebukes and gentle blows, *magnas componere lites,* which arose respecting the distribution of the *kitchen**. At a smithy-door might be seen a few rustics, convened in an irregular circle, who seemed scarcely to exchange a remark, but to be held together by a sort of gregarious instinct. As the evening advanced, all was still; only the drowsy sound of the beetle, driving past me in impetuous career, was occasionally heard,—and sometimes the whirring of partridges, which, scared by my approach, sprung up from the long heath that now skirted the road. Profound darkness at last prevailed over the lingering twilight. Then, from the humble cottage on the muir, arose, in full swell, the voices of the simple tenants, as, apart from the world, they poured out their hearts in adoration and prayer. There is, to a pious mind, nothing more sublime and affecting than this tribute of worship, offered up to the Deity in a secluded spot, and in the silence and darkness of night. In truth, nothing inspires a more lively sense of the omnipresence of God, his omniscience, and unceasing watchfulness; and it is then we feel, that, in seemingly the most sterile soils, the seeds of piety may be most abundantly planted. We feel that the abode of our Universal Father is not in temples made with hands; that he is not to be propitiated with sounds alone, majestically thundered from instruments of man's invention; but that he chuses to reside where there is humility and innocence, and delights to listen to praises and prayers which are poured out in single-heartedness,—in the spirit of faith and of charity to all mankind. At an hour when sleep had sealed the eye of the weary cottager,—when, in the "hollow cavern of the night," no sound was heard but the baying of the watch-dog from some distant farm,—the moon arose in resplendent brightness, and "shed her silvery light o'er tower and tree." Before me was spread the widely-extended valley of Arden, declining imperceptibly towards the distant ocean, and intersected in all directions with numerous streams, from which thick vapours arose, and, in immense, unshapely masses, crept up the sides of the adjoining hills. Proceeding onwards, I came within sight of a number of lochs, the dark blue waters of which, tinged with the moon-beams, shewed like oceans of molten lead. My road lay along one of them. Not a breeze ruffled its surface, upon which some large bird of the wave floated majestically, as if proud of its watery domain. After passing the loch, the smell of turf, with which the air was now impregnated, satisfied me that I was upon the confines of the burgh of Dubslacks.

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* A Scotch word which has no synonime in the English language. It signifies that which is used as a relish to the more substantial part of a meal:—*e. g.* milk is *kitchen* to porridge; and hence the saying, "hunger is good kitchen."

On arriving in the town, a faint glimmering of light directed me to a public-house, where, having dismounted, I was conducted to a large, comfortless chamber, the walls of which, spotted with grease and smoke at regular distances, bore marks of its having been recently lighted up for some penny-wedding, or other festival. In lieu of china, ranged along the chimney-piece, there were large chasms in the plaster of the ceiling, and fragments of bottle-glass swept carefully up into a corner of the floor. The hearth "stood tenantless," only there appeared an empty greybeard, based upon dirt, and venerable with a profusion of cobwebs. In the centre of the floor stood a large fir-table, sprinkled over with the *exuviæ* of tobacco-pipes; and near to it an old-fashioned chair, the joints of which creaked under the gentlest incumbrance. A broken pane of glass in the window was supplied by an unseemly mass, the nucleus whereof I observed was an old pair of corduroy breeches. The landlord, who was no other than Bailie Mason, made his appearance to answer to my hasty summons. "Have you got aught to eat?" I impatiently inquired. "Wi, I daresay," replied the bailie, "something may be got for ye. Nae doubt ye're apeteesed?" "*Sans doute;* and therefore I conjure you, mine worthy host, to let me have a smoking-hot beef-steak with all possible expedition; and let it be seasoned with eschalots, and garnished with raddishes and—" Here mine host, with a most disconcerted look, interrupted me by observing, "Dod, Sir, ye maunna look for flesh meat at this time o' night;—if ye had but sent ane word a day before;—a' the travellers that come to our house aye tak' *tey*, it refreshes them sae;—we might ha'e got a vendish or twa for ye out o' the loch, had it been sooner o' the night. But," continued he, (his countenance darkening as he proceeded to asperse the character of a fish, which, but that it is eatable, would be deified in Dubslacks,) "a vendish is sae wersh! mony a ane likes a herring far better; it has aye gat guid sa't about it for a relish!" "In the name of charity," I exclaimed, "get me a meal of any description." In due time tea was served up, accompanied by the heel of a cheese which would have required a sledge-hammer to reduce it to fragments,—bread bearing that odour which cats are said to communicate to viands which they delight familiarly to honour,—and, in lieu of the herring, which, it seems, could not be obtained, the fag-end of a hog's pudding. After I had gone through the ceremony of eating, my landlady appeared, to discharge the office of waiter; when casting a look, expressive, partly of shame and partly of satisfaction, over the remnants of my frugal repast, she observed—"Ye're no o'er fond o' ye're vivres, Sir?" This interrogation I courteously waved, by observing, that indeed I felt a much stronger inclination towards my bed, and begged she would conduct me to my bedroom. "Guid guide us, Sir!" she exclaimed, "what a pity ye hadna sent us word a day before!—troth, Sir, our beds, ye see, are a' ta'en up wi' our ain big family, and we ha'e nae up-pitting for ye. But let us see," continued she, in a more lofty key; "there's Mrs Jardine, down the gate a bit, can gi'e ye up-pitting, I daresay, if ye ha'e nae objection. She has a braw bien house, and has some outlandish gentleman, wha fishes geds and eels, and eats them too—Guid guide us a'!—living wi' her just now;—I'll convoy ye down to the house, Sir, if ye've a mind to gang." The proposition was instantly assented to, and after paying my shot, as the phrase is, and treating the hostess with a glass of her own execrable whisky, we proceeded together to the house of Mrs Jardine.

The history of this honest woman is very brief. In her younger days she had served as housekeeper in a nobleman's family, where she acquired some ultramontane notions of cleanliness and comfort. Returning to her native town, to take possession of a small house and croft, which she had succeeded to upon the death of her father, she contracted a matrimonial alliance with a drunken bailie, with whom, for many days, she "supped the soup of sorrow," struggling against his indomitable habits of indolence and dissipation, "to keep the house aboon their head, and appear respectable." The sot, at length, was one day found at a dike-side, smothered in the fumes of his own potations, to the great joy of his wife's relations. The widow, after shedding some natural tears of sorrow over his bier, bethought herself of a means of livelihood; and having always, during the greatest of her difficulties, contrived to make some little addition to her stock of furniture, she resolved to commence a lodging-house, for the accommodation of such eccentric individuals as might wish to establish a temporary residence in the Burgh. To this scheme she came to superadd that of a grocery shop; and as she enjoyed a cow's grass in her own right, and was proprietrix of a thriving piggery, her revenue was altogether so considerable as to class her among the magnates of the town of Dubslacks. Her's was a *home-house*, or house-of-call, on a Sabbath-day, to most of the farmers' daughters around; and there all letters or parcels for their families, whether brought by the post or by the carrier, were directed to be left. That a young lady was upon visiting terms with Mrs Jardine, was a sure passport to the best society of all the neighbouring towns. The circumstance, also, of her being an heritor of the parish gave her some little consequence with the Minister; and when that gentleman's lady and she happened to be in conjunction at a tea-party, the event was noised abroad, and descanted upon as the *ne plus ultra* of gentility.

The appearance of Mrs Jardine at once impressed me with a notion of her mental superiority over the common herd with whom she was doomed to associate. She was in deep mourning, and wore the widow's cap, having a deep and tastefully-crimped border; and her breast was modestly concealed by a double folded napkin of book-muslin, which shone like virgin snow amidst the surrounding blackness. About her neck was that other decent emblem of widowhood, a black neck-string. Her manner was composed, but kindly; and the frank benevolence which beamed in her countenance was dashed with an air of thoughtful melancholy, which well suited her forlorn situation. "I've brought ye a lodger, Mrs Jardine," said Mrs Mason, "*sic as he is*." "You're most welcome, Sir," said the other lady, addressing herself to me, "to sic accommodation as my house can afford; but," observing me disconcerted by the *double entendre* with which mine former hostess had concluded her introduction of me, "ye maunna be offended at Mrs Mason's jokes. Ye maun ken we had a Minister ance, that, when he came first to the parish, in praying for the Magistrates, according to auld use and wont, prayed for them '*sic as they are*;' and the Magistrates of Dubslacks, sic as they are, ha'e been a bye-word ever since, far and near. But, Sir, I'm feared I can only offer ye a bed-room, for the sitting-room is occupied by another lodger, Mr Heaviland, a nice, cracky auld gentleman; but I daresay he'll ha'e nae objection to your sharing it wi' him, if ye can agree about it." Mrs Jardine forthwith proceeded up stairs, to consult the old gentleman's inclinations on the subject, and soon returned with an invitation to me to spend the evening with him.

On entering the room, the first object which arrested my attention was Mr Heaviland himself, in the act of stirring the contents of a capacious bowl, filled to the brim with rum-punch, the delicious fragrance of which ascended in a thick vapour, which diffused itself through the whole apartment. He was dressed in a style which at once satisfied the beholder that he was far from inattentive to his personal comforts. His coat was of snuff-brown, studded with brass buttons of an enormous size, beneath which he wore a scarlet waistcoat of ample dimensions; his pantaloons were of the same stuff with his coat; and his legs were still farther intrenched in a pair of *hoshins*, which their wearer suffered to hang down in huge folds, in defiance of every notion of symmetry. His form

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was robust, but beneath the middle size, and his physiognomy was remarkably striking. His forehead towered magnificently, until it terminated in the apex of the individual, which was entirely bald. Mr Heaviland's nose did not, like the noses of other men, originate between the eyes, but shot boldly out from the forehead, of which it seemed to be merely an elongation, and its inclination downwards was so slight, and disproportioned to the fall of the rest of the face, that it terminated in a huge bulb, or promontory, which had the peculiarity of being so exceedingly muscular, that Mr Heaviland could, by mere volition, twist it into forms the most portentous and expressive. His eyes did not lack lustre, but they were restless and agitated,—perpetually oscillating from one extremity to the other of their sockets, with a rapidity which was truly as incalculable as it was marvellous. His cheeks were perfectly square and perpendicular, and seemed to serve as bastions to the central parts of his countenance. His whole appearance struck me as that of a man who had travelled much,—who had renounced all connection with the frivolities of the world, and was disposed to share in its substantial enjoyments,—a man of observation, —a citizen of the world, in short,—shrewd, inquisitive, and penetrating. And such I found him to be. In his conversation he always instructed or astonished, by the extent or the originality of his information. His language, perhaps, was too peregrinate, as one would say, and too redundant;—but what compensated every defect of style, was the brilliancy of Mr Heaviland's fancy;—though, on the whole, a matter-of-fact-man in his discourse, he did not disdain the aid of ornament; on the contrary, in all his narratives, he contrived to elevate truth above its native vulgarity, by clothing it in a drapery of the richest invention.

Opposite to this sage sat Captain Macfergus, a native and a resident of the Burgh. This gentleman, as I afterwards learnt, had served as a subaltern in the Marines in the memorable expedition to the Dardanelles, shortly after which he bid adieu to the service. His friends accounted for this incident in his history, by saying that it arose from the Captain, or, more properly speaking, the Lieutenant, having been so unfortunate as to capture a fort belonging to the enemy. The Captain, it was said, after the British fleet had forced the passage, was dispatched on shore with a foraging party, who, as bad luck would have it, fell in with a fort, the garrison of which were so panic-struck with the martial appearance of the Captain and his band, that, without a shot having been fired on either side, they capitulated on the simple condition of having their throats respected. The Captain's friends still further asserted, that it was his unexampled generosity, in consenting to terms so *very* favourable to the enemy, which had incensed the Government against him. Be this as it may, Captain Macfergus had degenerated into a simpering, superlative coxcomb. As he was the only individual in the place who united in his person the characters of a hero and a lover, he was naturally in "the mind's eye" of all the reading damsels of the vicinity, who, in laying siege to his heart, had completely undermined that *great* outwork—his understanding. In his communications with these impassioned beings, he had adopted the manners of the professed sentimentalist. His favourite topics of discourse were himself and his horse, a miserable old *yaud*, which he employed in leading his peats, and ploughing about five acres of ground which belonged to him by inheritance. He was perpetually exercising his sensibility, not so much in providing provender for the brute, or in affording it repose, as in panegyrising its innumerable virtues. He took great delight in holding himself out as a young gentleman, who, from choice, had withdrawn himself from that society which he was so well qualified to adorn, and to reside upon his own property, where he might indulge, in retirement, the pensive melancholy of his disposition. Of course, he was the only *cicerone* of Dubslacks, and it was in that capacity he had managed to insinuate himself into the good graces of Mr Heaviland.

Both gentlemen rose as I entered

the room, and received me most courteously,—Mr Heaviland with a hearty shake of the hand, the Captain with a grin of maudlin sensibility. The former pressed me, in a tone both friendly and imperative, to take my seat near an excellent peat fire which blazed in the grate; and, when so seated, my kind entertainer proceeded to complete the manufacture of his punch by an infusion of lemon. Above the mantel-piece was suspended an ancient looking-glass, ornamented at the summit with a nosegay stuck upright, and two peacock-feathers laid crossways, with their plumage depending. Behind the glass lay, half-concealed, a few tobacco-pipes, and a small package of the Trans-Atlantic weed, destined for the solace and comfort of Mr Heaviland. On one side of this fixture were hung the Ten Commandments, in sampler-work, the frame whereof bore the marks of an injury which it had received from the hands of the *umquhile* bailie, in one of his drunken fits. On the other side was a string of proverbs, also in sampler work, followed up with a pious invocation by its fair artist, and the date of her nativity. On the mantel-piece reclined the "babes in the wood," in a frame of pasteboard; there also lay Mr Heaviland's massive silver-watch; and there also stood two gaudy paroquets, in a musing attitude, as become things of stucco.

The conversation, which commenced on the part of our host, was vigorously sustained for some time; and the glass circulated with such rapidity, as very soon to fire the brain of Captain Macfergus, whose tongue, after some finical endeavours to look big on his part, refused to perform its functions; his eyes became fixed and glazy; and, with a tremendous hiccup, he dropped upon the floor, motionless and insensible. This was a signal for Mrs Jardine to dispatch a message to the most efficient of the Captain's domestics—a stout brawny wench, who soon arrived, and, with the assistance of his cow-herd, succeeded in transporting the hero down a long retired lane, to his own domicile.

The conversation of Mr Heaviland, which had hitherto been hilarious and varied, now assumed a more determinate form; it grew serious, ethical, and didactic; and, in order to mark the transition, he invited me, with some formality, to join him in a pipe of tobacco. The treatment of children by their parents, above all other themes, seemed most to engross his mind. "Parental severity," he observed, "though morally bad in itself, has, I am persuaded, produced great and beneficial results to society. What else is the origin of much of that adventurous energy to be remarked in many individuals, which proves either a blessing or a curse to mankind, according to the direction which is given to it? A boy's mind, like his body, may be pampered,—it may be stuffed, even to *nausea*, with admonitions,—it may be pruned of every unseemly luxuriancy,—but what then? It becomes sickly and emaciated; and the unhappy boy, when he arrives at manhood, in place of trusting to his own judgment, which, indeed, has been rendered incapable of exertion, steers his course implicitly by the maxims which he has imbibed; and these, even when sound, (as they often are, at the best, problematical,) it is ten to one, that, wanting the intuitive faculty, he will most fatally misapply in practice. A boy, on the other hand, whose education has been neglected,—who has been capriciously and unmercifully scourged and buffetted from infancy,—who sees no prop for him along the rugged paths of life in a parent's affection,—whose feelings have been exacerbated by every species of privation, contumely, and disgrace,—the heart of that boy throbs with the proud thought of avenging his unmerited wrongs, by eclipsing, at some future period, those who inflicted them, with his transcendent greatness; his mind is fortified against calamity by a long train of suffering, and is ennobled by resentment; by practice, it has been rendered artful, speculative, and fertile in expedients. The moment that he feels assured of his strength, he cuts the cords which bind him to his home; and, unbefriended, helpless, and renounced, launches into life an intrepid adventurer; and, before he calls himself man, acquires more real practical wisdom than is to be obtained by ordinary men in the course of a lifetime. What, for example, is the early history of your Scotch packmen—the greatest prodigies that I know of—but that they were step-children, or treated as such? Or what else has been the early history of many men in more exalted spheres, who have reached fame and fortune by their own unassisted industry? For myself, when a child, I was loathed by my mother, and detested by my father; and as he had persuaded himself that parental dignity was only to be supported by excessive rigour, he could afford to indulge his hatred of me upon a moral principle." Here Mr Heaviland's eyes flashed fire,—his nostrils expanded,—and throwing himself back in his chair, after shaking the ashes hastily from his pipe, "Never," he exclaimed, (looking towards the ceiling, as with his thumb he thrust a fresh supply of tobacco into his pipe,) "never shall I forget the barbarities which I had to endure in my childhood. Even when my brains were sweltering under an American sun, or my blood suffering congelation in the regions of Greenland, never could I banish these one moment from my recollection. You must know, Sir," continued he abruptly, and with an air of scornful defiance, "my father was a butcher, and the article which he dealt in was human flesh; in other words, he was a dissector, and sold out the carcases of his fellow-men, in limbs and joints, to students of anatomy. His house was in one of the most retired lanes of London; and in a dark and dreary cellar beneath, which the light of day never penetrated, he performed his revolting operations. One day having happened to offend him, I was adjudged by my inhuman parent to be confined in this horrible dungeon, there to beat a drum all the night long, for the purpose of frightening away the rats, who resorted to it in swarms, to share with my father the plunder of the church-yard. It was in vain that, in attitudes the most humble and moving, I prayed for a remission of the dreadful sentence. My cries were disregarded, as I was dragged along the steep and tortuous passage which conducted to the infernal shambles. My imagination, as I descended, was all but overpowered by horrid anticipations; but as my father (who had taken the precaution of fixing me with ropes to his dissecting-table, upon which there was extended a human corpse, overspread with a linen cloth) prepared to withdraw, rage and despair took possession of my breast, and in accents almost unearthly, I imprecated every curse of Heaven upon his unparalleled brutality. These feelings were but of short endurance, as I surveyed the dismal abode, then faintly illuminated by a lamp, which, with most refined cruelty, my father had placed out of my reach upon the table before me. Here was I immured fathoms deep below the ground, every object that met my eyes pregnant with horror, and shut out from all human assistance. Before me lay a corpse, the dull heavy effluvia arising from which convinced me that it was in the incipient stages of putrefaction. Above me dangled a number of skeletons, which seemed to look down with grim delight, as if claiming a fellowship in suffering with me. It is almost impossible ever entirely to dissociate the idea of intelligence from that of the human form. As I gazed upon these vestiges of mortal man, imagination supplied them with the organs of vision; they seemed informed with some mysterious attributes of mind, and each assumed a countenance of peculiar expression. On a shelf at one end of the room was placed a row of heads. Such a scene might be considered the consummation of horrors. Yet I felt that it might be aggravated by any sound, which I could not account for, invading the dismal silence of the place. The noise even of a mouse, at this instant, would have frozen me with terror, since I could not conceive that any thing living, which was not possessed of damnable instincts, would chuse to visit my loathsome prison-house. The most puny animal would have appeared an incarnate fiend in my imagination. To guard against surprises of this kind, I commenced beating the drum, and persevered in the exercise, until the sound of an old clock, which belonged to a church in the neighbourhood, announced the hour of midnight. All the little courage which

I had stored up to support me in this dread crisis, now abandoned me. The suspended skeletons appeared all at once to grin more vivaciously, as if acted upon by a genial influence, and every moment I expected them to descend and perform some unhallowed freak. A deeper gloom overspread the apartment; and I believed that a host of spirits had silently congregated, and were now flitting about, making the air so cumbrous, that I felt its weight, and stooped down, covering my face with my hands, which were rested upon the table. For the promise of worlds I would not, at that moment, have ventured to respire audibly,—much less to sound the drum. My audaciousness, I did not doubt, would let loose against me the collective vengeance of a legion of demons. At one time, in the agony of terror, I felt tempted by some inexplicable feeling to shout, but the very dread of doing so curdled my blood, and I sat coiled up, persuaded that the midnight visitors of the place had at last assumed palpable forms,—that they were staring upon me, and deliberating on my fate. All at once, I heard a noise like the rustling of flowing garments,—the harbinger, I thought, of some dignitary in the world of spirits. Something heavy fell at my feet. It was, though then unknown to me, some sere-clothes which had been piled upon an adjoining chair. By a sudden impulse, I determined to brave my fate, and I looked up, every nerve in my system quivering with apprehension. Good God! what did I behold! The sere-clothes, in their descent, had brought with them the sheet which covered the *subject* upon the table—the naked corpse of a tall, corpulent man, with two deadly gashes across his throat! I felt a swimming in my head, and a leaden pressure upon my eye-lids. I fell into a swoon, in which I did not long remain; and when I recovered, I felt an augmentation of courage, or rather the highly-excited state of my feelings served me for courage. I drew my hand across my brow, to convince myself that I was in being; I coughed; I even ventured to touch the mangled carcase before me, in order to give to my judgment the ascendancy over my feelings. My fears, however, still predominated; and I shut my eyes, as being the most vulnerable part of me. After some vain attempts to constrain my mind into a state of abstraction, I heard a faint melancholy sound, like that by which a person expresses the compound feeling of grief and surprise at the calamity of another, and which is produced by withdrawing the tip of the tongue from the palate. I summoned up courage to look to the place whence the noise proceeded; and keeping my face concealed with my hands, I saw one of the heads nodding to me, and, as it moved, uttering the ominous sound which I have described. The blood instantly forsook my heart, but rushing to it again with a mechanical impulse, I screamed aloud, and with my eyeballs strained to their utmost stretch, gazed at the terrible object. The same moment, a huge rat, plump and oleaginous, made a sweep from behind the head, and jumped upon the floor. It was this animal which, by sucking the sanguineous moisture about the neck, had caused the strange sound, and also the movement of the head. Such a revolution had my feelings undergone in the course of an hour, that now there was nothing I dreaded so much as silence, and the appearance of the rat actually served to revive my spirits. Enjoying a state of comparative composure, I heard the sound of footsteps, and the trailing of some heavy substance along the stair-case. The door opened, when my father and two of his familiars entered, bearing a dead body. The latter started on beholding me, and ventured gruffly to remonstrate with my father on his conduct. He who, I believe, upon seeing me, felt some compunctious qualms, appeared to yield to their intercessions, and dismissed me to my bed. So capricious, and so naturally generous are the feelings of mankind, that, at that instant, my heart swelled with an exuberance of gratitude and filial affection. My sleep was restless, and disturbed by the most hideous dreams; and when I awoke in the morning, I fell on my knees, and, in the blessed light of the sun, poured out my soul in thanksgiving to its Almighty Creator.

IRISH MIRACLES.

(Concluded.)

It is no wonder that the Letter-writer, who believes in *relics*, as he tells us, is most indignant at those who cavil at the Irish miracles, or that he should quote the miracles pretended to have been wrought by St. Augustine of Canterbury, St. Bernard, and St. Xavier. How can we believe St. Augustine, when we see him working miracles to convince the Britons that for cousin-germans to marry is a sin, and that those who did so would have no children, when the whole Jewish nation, he must have known, sprung from that connection? How can any one believe St. Bernard, when he dares, in the face of Louis VII. of France, his Queen and Nobles, and before Conrade III. of Germany, excite them to go to the Holy War, declaring, with unhesitating assurance, that he had *a divine commission* to foretel its glorious success? The Crusade was accordingly undertaken. The two Sovereigns, with the flower of their nobility, and the strength of their kingdoms, marched for Jerusalem. But before their arrival in the Holy Land, the greatest part of their numerous and well-appointed armies melted away, and perished miserably; some by famine, some by the swords of the Mahometans, some by shipwreck, and a considerable number by the perfidious cruelty of the Greeks! Such were the results of St. Bernard's divine commission, results calculated to put every one on their guard, as to his pretended illuminations and wonder-working powers—the mere illusions of a heated, visionary, and enthusiastic mind.

As to St. Xavier raising to life *five* or *six dead* persons, any body may believe it who will; we will not hinder them, though we must admire their credulity. We wonder how the Letter-writer omitted the miracle of "St. Anthony, whose preachings on shipboard attracted all the fishes in the sea, which, in order to listen to his pious discourse, held their heads out of the water!!!" This would have been a match for St. Xavier's; and, with Tertullian's *bravado* before the Heathen Magistrates, that he would produce a person possessed by the Devil, and exorcise him, would have made a very pretty *trio* in the legendary gallery of St. Joseph Ranelaigh, Dublin.

The Letter-writer ends his long list of miraculous evidence for the continuation of miracles, by making St. Jerome ask Vigilantius "how it comes to pass, that, in this vile dust and ashes of the martyrs, there is so great a manifestation of signs and miracles?" We shall answer for Vigilantius:—The prospect of gain, and the ambitious desire of being reverenced by the multitude, and the crowds of suppliants which flocked to them with rich presents, in order to obtain succour from the supposed virtues of these *relics*, under the afflictions they suffered, or the dangers they dreaded, made the PRIESTHOOD of those days nourish and foment, by every *stratagem*, this rage for relics, in the more ignorant and superstitious sons of the Church.

"It was not enough," says Mosheim, "to reverence departed Saints, and to confide in their intercession and succours: it was not enough to clothe them with an imaginary power of healing diseases, *working miracles*, and delivering from all sorts of calamities and dangers; their bones, their clothes, the apparel and furniture they had possessed during their lives, the very ground which they had touched, or in which their putrid carcases were laid, were treated with a stupid veneration, and supposed to retain the marvellous virtue of healing all disorders both of body and mind, and of defending such as possessed them against all the assaults and devices of Satan."

"The demand," continues he, "for relics was prodigious and universal,—the Clergy employed all their dexterity to satisfy these demands, and were far from being nice in the methods they used for that end. Miracles were wrought in abundance,—the bodies of the Saints were sought by fasting and prayer, instituted by

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the Priest; and, by a wonderful concatenation, like cause and effect, the prayer never failed to lead them to the holy carcase, which they impiously gave out was in consequence of the miraculous suggestion or inspiration of God."

Oh! how has the world been abused by Priestcraft! Shall the wisdom and the science of the nineteenth century allow it to return? Shall we be led to believe that Prince Hohenlohe is endowed by Heaven to cure diseases, comfort dejected minds, save sinking Ireland, and, relieving her sick from all maladies, and her Catholic population from all oppression, to lift them at once into the seat of power, and give to them the glorious ascendancy?

The knavery and dexterity of the Greeks found a rich prey in the Latin relic-hunters. The legs, arms, skulls, and jaw-bones of Pagans and monkeys, were sold for those of Saints; "and thus the Latin Church came," says Mosheim, "to the possession of those celebrated relics of St. Mark, St. James, St. Bartholomew, Cyprian, Pantaleon, and others, which they show at this day with so much ostentation," and which have wrought so many miraculous cures*! Is there no knavery, no dexterity in Hohenlohe's cures?

Such are the instances which this Letter-writer has produced of alleged true miracles. We give them up to him without the least scruple, believing that such pretended prodigies have only to be read by rational minds to be treated with the contempt they deserve. A little reflection will convince any one that the greater part of those lying wonders were unquestionably forged, after the time of Charlemagne, by monastic writers, who had both the inclination and the leisure to edify the Church by these pious frauds. The same impostors who peopled the celestial regions with fictitious Saints, employed also their fruitful imaginations in embellishing, *with false miracles*, and various other impertinent forgeries, the history of those who had been real martyrs or confessors in the cause of Christ: and their inventions were nobly defended; the plea was, they transcended human understanding.

We are most ready and willing to grant, that many things have happened, and are still happening, that are wondrous, and beyond our powers satisfactorily to account for, but which it would be rash to consider miraculous. Time, which has often thrown light on them, has shown that they were merely the results of the ordinary laws of Nature, unknown to us at the time.

The love of the marvellous is so mixed up with our nature, that we are ever ready to become the dupes of this passion. Hence there are no opinions, however absurd, and no miracles, however improbable, that a weak, ignorant, and superstitious multitude will not swallow. This has certainly been the effect of these pretended miracles upon the Catholic population of Ireland; they have been ensnared by the impious attempt of Hohenlohe, and the Pastoral Letters of Dr Murray and Dr Doyle. These, and such efforts, have rivetted the chains of a degrading superstition more firmly around the necks of the Irish peasantry, and which it will take ages to tear and burst asunder. So firmly persuaded are they of the truth of these miracles, that though an angel from Heaven, even St. Peter himself, were to descend and preach against them as impostures, they would not believe. There is a witchery about miracles, which, like the stories of ghosts and hobgoblins, always finds a ready admittance into a Catholic heart.

We have just one remark more to make on this part of the Letter, and that is, with regard to the author's triumphant tone, that, by such evidence for the existence of miracles and miraculous powers continued in the Church, he has made out a strong case. He boasts "*the unanimous testimony of the Fathers, Church Historians, and others,*" in support of his position. Now, by adopting his method, and believing every thing for Gospel that we find stated by Historians and Fathers, we could make out a much stronger case for the existence of witchcraft. Not

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* See Mosheim, Vol. II. pp. 321—325.

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without being, like him, a dependant on the smiles on the great,—I can leap at once over the dark ages of ignorance and superstition that succeeded the overthrow of the Roman greatness; and then there instantly starts up beside me, in bright array, all the immortals of modern Europe. To attempt to enumerate them would be a thousand times more difficult than to perform the twelve labours of Hercules.

Chapter XXI.

If a man cannot be content with such companions as these, it would be difficult, I suspect, to find out any thing sublunary that would make him so. He must be a cold, unenthusiastic, granite-hearted misanthrope, whose feelings and passions having suffered a stroke of palsy, or a fit of apoplexy, are irretrievably morbid, and worse than useless. Or, peradventure, he may be a greedy, plodding, selfish votary of Plutus, who can understand nothing unconnected with pounds, shillings, and pence, who opens nothing in the shape of a book except his ledger, who smiles in extacy at the receipt of a guinea, and who groans in agony at the loss of a penny; one, in short, whose temple of glory is made of bank-notes, and the streets of whose heaven are paved with gold.

Such a man I despise from the very bottom of my soul. I can have no one sensation in common with him. He knows nothing of the delights of literature; he never enjoyed ——but I shall put a bridle upon my wrath, and conclude this chapter with the following apposite lines from a celebrated living poet:—

" But what strange art, what magic can dispose
The troubled mind to change its native woes?
Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
Others more wretched—more undone than we?
This *books* can do; nor this alone; they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live;
They soothe the griev'd,—the stubborn they chastise;
Fools they admonish,—and confirm the wise:
Their aid *they* yield to all; they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone:
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But shew to subjects what they shew to kings!"

H. G. B.

THE FIRST OF APRIL; " ALL-FOOL'S-DAY."

Fools are the daily work
Of Nature; her vocation. If she form
A man, she loses by it; 'tis too expensive,
For it would make ten fools. *Dryden's Œdipus.*

MR EDITOR,

From the subject I have chosen, and the day of which I write, should I send you a foolish paper, I trust you will have the good nature to attribute it to the influence of the presiding divinity; and your readers may perhaps consider a little good-humoured nonsense, mixed up with the gravity and good sense which has lately appeared in your pages, as an agreeable variety. Although my motto insinuates that most men are fools, yet Pliny, who wrote perhaps less dispassionately than Dryden, says, *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit;* thereby intimating the imperfection of our nature, and considering folly as one of the frailties to which man is liable.

The mythology of the Greeks and Romans has long been exploded in Britain, and we have shaken off many of the superstitious observances of our forefathers; but Folly still retains her influence; and although no altars are raised to her worship, from the court to the cottage, she has her votaries, who not only acknowledge her influence, but willingly, and with delight, prostrate themselves before her as a divinity. The wisest among us may some-would be a gross dereliction of my duty, to pass by unnoticed this important department, or appendage, of my chamber.

Christian, I recollected, in the Pilgrim's Progress, turned off his way to visit the house of the Interpreter. Cook, when he sailed round the world, did not leave the Friendly Islands unexplored. Park, in his wanderings through Africa, never omitted an opportunity for examining the interior of a negro's hut; and, above all, Mrs Radcliffe, in conducting her trembling heroines, and scarcely-less-terrified heroes, through her haunted castles, seldom permitted them to pass a door before they had satisfied the very laudable desire of knowing whither it conducted. With such authorities as these, I have no alternative. *Coute qui coute*, I must enter my library.

And now, O, Apollo! god, as thou art called, of the silver bow—though one made of the branch of a forest tree would have been more elastic and deadly; and you too, O, ye Muses! smile propitiously upon your votary's entrance into your temple!—Let me not scare you away from your sacred abode, Melpomene! if thou art weeping over thy departed Shakespeare, and ruminating in dismay on his degenerate successors, let me not interrupt thy gentle griefs! —Clio! if the drowsy streams of a Coleridge or a Wordsworth have lulled thee to a soft repose, let me not dissipate thy happier dreams of the offerings which a Rogers, a Campbell, and a Byron, have placed upon thy altar!—Thalia! lively patroness of humour, let me not banish the smile from thy lips, which the elegant wit of a Cibber, a Vanburgh, or a Congreve, may have placed upon them!

Chapter XX.

A COTTAGE which Socrates built for his own use was declared by his friends to be far too insignificant for one of whom the whole world spoke with admiration. It was all, however, that the sage desired. "Would to God," said he, "that I could fill this cottage, small as it is, with true friends!"

What Socrates longed for in vain, I possess. Here, in my library, seated at my writing-desk, with my pen in my hand, and my papers before me, I find that I am on every side surrounded by true and faithful friends; not the every-day acquaintances of the world,—not

"The summer friend—the winter foe;"

not the selfish or capricious adviser, —not the officious and cunning attendant; but true and faithful friends, —friends who are ever willing to render me all the assistance in their power,—friends whose knowledge is inexhaustible, whose constancy is never-ending, and whose precepts, if followed, cannot fail to render me wise, virtuous, and happy.

Are not these companions which Socrates might well envy me, blessed as they are with immortal youth, and undisturbed by the common weaknesses of humanity?

Here I can converse with the philosophers and sages of old, without viewing their poverty or knowing their cares,—I can listen to the persuasive instructions of Socrates, without dread of being interrupted by Xantippe,—I can follow the divine reasoning of Plato, without being tormented by the petty jealousies of his little-minded rivals,—I can admire the sound sense and natural acuteness of Diogenes, without being obliged to take up my abode in a neighbouring tub,—I can fancy myself one of the disciples of Cato or Brutus, without running any risk of being murdered by Cæsar, or of committing suicide at Philippi,—I can visit the tops of Olympus, or the windings of the Scamander, with Homer, without accompanying him in his wanderings from village to village, and partaking of the scanty meal which the bounty of strangers afforded,—I can listen delighted to Xenophon's classical detail of the retreat of the ten thousand, without sharing, like him, in their fatigues and dangers,—I can participate in Anacreon's enthusiasm, when he sings of the delights of wine, and the charms of beauty, without being miserable as soon as the effects of the former are over, and still more miserable as long as the effects of the latter continue,—I can feel my whole soul inspired by the harmony of Virgil, sickened at the sight; I thought of the Flora of long-lost years, and left you, never again to obtrude on your society.

Chapter XVII.

"And so, Mr Jonathan, this is your boasted bachelorship, is it? Why, Sir, it appears you are a poor, forlorn, willow-wearing, broken-hearted benedict, who have been most grievously disappointed and slighted in your first love, and would now attempt to wreak your impotent vengeance on one half of the whole female sex. We have found you out, most reverend bachelor. Old-maids, indeed! you are a remarkably pretty fellow to set up for a lecturer,—to attempt to break jokes on us, forsooth!"

Such are the interrogations, exclamations, and imprecations, which are pouring in upon me thick as hail. It is no light matter, let me tell you, to offend the whole tribe of ancient spinsters; their tongues are the most formidable engines of war ever invented; the ancient catapults and battering-rams were mere jokes to them.

It may be true, that few old-maids retain any thing in their gums but half-a-dozen useless stumps, or that, if any of their teeth remain entire, they are like Virgil's sailors,

> Rari nantes in gurgite vasto;

but still they are a dreadful set; I shall never throw down the gauntlet to them again. One may as well deprive himself at once of his sense of hearing.

Chapter XVIII.

But what, in the name of all that is unintelligible, have old-maids, and India, and husband-hunters, and catapults, and battering-rams, to do with my Journey round my Chamber? Barbara! thou hast played me a Will-o'-the-wisp trick, and led me dancing after thee, over hill and dale, till I have nearly forgot where I was before I set out.

I believe I was at my three-legged table, which I now hasten to leave.

The track of country, however, through which I have to travel before reaching the next stage, is sufficiently barren and uninteresting. I pass in my way, it is true, one or two chairs, and a large dining-table, but they are hardly worthy of much attention.

The chairs are neither easy-chairs, nor chairs of state, nor antique-chairs, nor new-fashioned chairs; they are only plain, substantial, middle-aged chairs, such as are to be met with everywhere. The literary man sees nothing captivating about them,—the antiquarian passes them by in disdain,—the votary of *bon ton* hardly looks at them. They *must* be very common-place chairs; and far be it from me to attempt to force them upon the attention of the intelligent reader.

Neither, as I said before, has the table any higher pretensions to notice. It is made, no doubt, of very fine mahogany, and its gloss and polish contribute, in no slight degree, to Barbara's pride in her house-wifery; but then it is a great deal too large to be of any real use, for it is only on very rare occasions that it is moved from its situation. In truth, it is a cumbrance instead of an ornament to the room, and the upholsterer who made it can have had no idea of the importance of Horace's advice to mix the "*utile*" with the "*dulce.*" How unlike the round table of King Arthur, at which all the brave warriors of the time sat recounting their feats of arms, and glorious exploits of chivalry! Happy they whose fate it was to live in that golden age, when giants, and magicians, and haunted castles, and disconsolate damsels, were as plentiful as now they are rare! How unlike, too, that illustrious round table which my friend Hazlitt is so fortunate as to possess, and which he has rendered immortal!

But behold me arrived at a door which opens into a small cabinet, or closet, off my chamber, and in this cabinet is my library.

Chapter XIX.

I long debated with myself whether, in my Journey round my Chamber, I ought to enter this favourite *boudoir*. On mature consideration, and after diligently consulting the works of the great travellers who have gone before me, I find that it which all his wishes tend, and upon which all his hopes rest, becomes every moment less distinct, till at last it is hid from his eyes altogether.

Chapter XVI.

A THOUSAND, thousand times better, however, is the condition of those females who remain unmarried, and unprovided for, in their own country, than that of those who sink themselves so low as to become *husband-hunters* in distant lands,—

> I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
> Than such a woman.

The modesty, delicacy, and dignity, which ought always to characterise the sex, are at once forgotten. It is impossible not to esteem and admire her, who, influenced by "a noble passion, misnamed Pride," never tells the secret of her young heart's love till she breathes it out in the arms of him she has selected from a thousand. But what is the opinion we entertain of her, who, for ever renouncing all the purer feelings of the breast,—all the more refined sentiments of the soul,—gives up her country, her relations, her station in society, in order to court those whose affection is not worth gaining, and who, if they think of her at all, do so merely from selfish motives? And wonderful is the victory she gains, and high must her self-approbation be! she is preferred to illiterate barbarians; she is made the mistress and the slave of an insolent Nabob,—of one whose every thought is of his own comforts, alike ignorant of humanity, delicacy, and justice.

With such a prospect as this, oh! who, for the sake of splendid misery, would renounce the quiet joys of a peaceful, though perhaps a solitary home? and who, with the heart of a mother to guide her, would force her reluctant daughter to quit her native shore, and all her earliest and best-loved associates? Yet such is the fate of many! Whilst yet they are too young to act decidedly for themselves, but old enough to feel their hearts expanding with affection, they are forced away, and every link of youthful love is broken, every budding hope which their artless bosoms had fostered is torn up by the roots, never, never to bloom again!

Such, Flora! was thy fate. The first glance of love had just begun to sparkle in thy bright blue eye, the first sigh in which sorrow had no share had escaped thy innocent lips,—for the first time had thy bosom heaved with a sort of tumultuous pleasure, and for the first time were higher hopes and more perplexing fears beginning to open, as it were, a new and superior state of existence:—it was then you were hurried from us,—then, when your beauty shone in all the lustre of unsullied purity! And little did you wish to leave your native hills. Gladly would you have resigned all the lofty hopes which your friends entertained, for the quiet possession of some humble cottage. Your country's wild-flowers would have been your jewels, and your country's mountains would have bounded all your wishes. There might you have lived happy and guileless,—then might you have enjoyed the exquisite delight of loving and of being beloved.

It was otherwise destined. I saw the vessel bounding from its harbour which was to carry you from genuine felicity for ever. No wonder the tears of bitter sorrow rolled down your cheek,—no wonder your affectionate heart seemed as if it would have broken; for your dawn was overcast, and no noon-day or evening-beams could ever break in upon the gloom.

Years flew away, but still, like the form that occasionally flits before the dreamer's eye, the remembrance of your winning charms and countless, nameless graces dwelt in my memory. Often, often did I wish once again to behold you, and my prayers at last were heard. I saw you,—I saw once more her who had been the lovely companion of my happiest years,—her in whose smile there was magic,—her on the Eden of whose face I had so often gazed in rapture. Oh! now how sadly changed! I saw you, Flora, glittering in the proud circles of rank and fashion,—I heard your forced laugh of idle gaiety, I marked the heartless triumph of haughty wealth; in your giddy smile, in your affected air, in your haggard cheek, in your deadened eye, I descried the ruins of all that was once noble, generous, and bewitching. I

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to discover their real advantages, they wisely, and I may say, philosophically, determine upon wearing them, at least occasionally. Their utility is at last miraculously found out, and being convinced of the weakness of their *eyes*, (not of their *eye-sight*,) they seriously think that it would be the height of folly not to avail themselves of every possible precaution, so as to render spectacles quite unnecessary in their *old age*.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity."

Chapter XV.

Barbara and I sometimes break a few jokes upon each other, connected with our mutual state of single blessedness. I know not how it is, however, but Barbara commonly gets into something very like a passion before we stop; and the more I laugh at my sallies of wit, the more she seems inclined to hold both them and me in contempt. Certain it is, that I usually come off victorious, since the enemy, towards the conclusion of the skirmish, always quits the field with precipitation. I confess, at the same time, that the vantage-ground is mine. A bachelor is considered to be so from choice; and though his situation is liable to many inconveniences, still he is neither an uninteresting nor disagreeable object. On the contrary, young men, knee-deep in the distresses of love, respect him as they would do a being of a superior order, regarding him as one not subject to the common frailties of flesh and blood; and your comely, middle-aged widows, treat him with wonderful complaisance, and are overjoyed to meet with a man "not to be deceived and led astray by the coquetry of giddy girls."

Widely different is the condition of the *maiden* of fifty. Not that she is in the situation of the foolish damsels, who allowed their lamps to go out; she had her's constantly trimmed; but, alas! no bridegroom came, and her labour was lost. It is universally taken for granted, that a woman lays herself out to be married, and every man is invited to "*pick* and choose," as the Yorkshireman, in the song, says of his pigs. There must unquestionably, therefore, be some defect, either mental or personal, about those females who are passed over. Their eyes, it is plain, have done no execution, their blushes have been unregarded,—no amulets have been made of their hair, no echo has ever given them back their sighs,—their smiles, like those of the moon, have never warmed: it is plain, in short, they were born old-maids.

Now Barbara sees the truth of all this, and it affects her accordingly. In vain she attempts to conceal her chagrin; in vain she tells me, for the fiftieth time, the story of her first love having been drowned, and the vow she then made to continue single for his sake; in vain she tries to laugh at my sly hits, to hum a tune, or to look perfectly indifferent. Her laugh is something between a grin and a groan,—her tune is the wildest and most irregular I ever heard—slow, quick, high, and low, all at once; and her indifference usually ends in the destruction of several pieces of lace, or the *deflowering* of some of her best needle-work.

I smile at all this, but am not surprised. No wonder that the temper of the unlucky female becomes soured, who has all her fairest prospects of happiness blasted,—all her hopes for ever withered,—all the endeavours and attainments of the best part of her life rendered abortive, and comparatively useless. The belief that she will one day be a wife, and probably a mother, is the mainspring of every young woman's actions; her own family circle is the scene she looks forward to with the warmest delight,—where all her talents are to be exercised, all her affections called forth, and all her worth appreciated. Ought we not, therefore, to sympathise with the secret anguish she must feel, when she observes that years are flying rapidly away, and that her chance for happiness—so long and so anxiously expected—is daily diminishing?

Surely every one must perceive how dreary is such a situation. It resembles that of the ship-wrecked mariner, who, seated upon a single plank, trusts himself to the mercy of the ocean; he sees land in the distance, but the tide carries him off in an opposite direction; and the object to

And, last, the sun's too ardent ray,
Once chasten'd by the thorn's kind shade,
Steals all her crimson tints away,
And bids the lovely blossoms fade.

In vain the rose bewails her folly;
Alike have aid and pity fled:
Behold her now a ruin wholly,
Parch'd, leafless, shrunken, pale, and dead.

Spurn not, oh youth! the rigid care
Of those who shield your ripening years;
Dangers unseen are lurking where
Freedom's attractive scene appears.

And prize ye well your calm retreat,
Who, far from glory's vain pursuits,
Nor storm nor treach'rous sunshine meet,
But taste retiring virtue's fruits.

February 1824.

THE NEW JOURNEY ROUND MY CHAMBER. BY JONATHAN FANCIFUL, GENT.

(Continued.)

Chapter XIV.

It is at this table, in the third place, that my sister Barbara very frequently plies her busy needle. Upon it rests her little balls of white thread, her patent silver thimble, whose many inimitable qualities I have often heard detailed, her scissors carefully placed, except when under actual service, in a red morocco sheath, or at least a sheath which she assures *me* is morocco. Upon it, also, she can always find room for her snuff-box, and lying close beside it, you may commonly see the case in which, when she has no further need for their services, she adjusts her spectacles.

The judicious reader will at once perceive, from what I have already hinted, that Barbara is by no means an uninteresting object at this stage of my journey. She is, in fact, of as much importance as the rocking-stones in Cumberland, the church of *Notre Dame* in Paris, the sand-hills in Holland, or the Caledonian Canal in Scotland; a traveller who passed over any of these wonders in silence would be unfit for his calling. *I* must beware of committing such an error.

Barbara, then, may fairly be considered, if not an *honorary*, at least an *honourable* member of the respectable and numerous sisterhood of old maids. She has all the characteristic marks by which the *sociæ* of this society are known. Her snuff-box, indeed, is perhaps a supernumerary, for the old maids who take snuff, however advanced in years, are *raræ aves in terris.* Barbara having, however, I suppose, finally, and for ever, bid adieu to all her once-fondly-cherished and romantic hopes of a husband, had the strength of mind, at last, to be able to endure the sight of a snuff-box,—nay, she would occasionally, at first, indeed, as if in sport, bashfully and timidly apply a pinch to her nose, and would then, after a few innocent grimaces, indulge in a copious fit of sneezing. But, "dimidium facti, qui bene cœpit, habet," says the Latin proverb; and so it proved with Barbara. One pinch produced another, till at last I discovered that she privately carried about with her a small supply of black rapee. Had I detected the Gunpowder Plot, my horror could not have been greater, for I detest all sorts of snuff, and all sorts of snuffers. But my remonstrances were useless; relentless fate had decreed it otherwise. Barbara got a box, and became a confirmed votary of the god or goddess of tobacco—a horrid monster, closely related to the god or goddess of tea, to whom also she daily makes pretty large libations.

The use of spectacles preceded, with Barbara, the use of snuff;—and this is always the case with your elderly maidens. Sight is a necessary, but snuff is a luxury. Upon the point, therefore, of reaching their grand climacteric, when their eyes, which you will find are commonly of a greyish colour, are no longer the brilliant stars they once were—the quivers stored with darts so irresistible, these damsels very probably begin to wonder how people can think of wearing spectacles; and merely to satisfy a very laudable curiosity, they try on a pair or two, solely with the view of discovering what is their effect. This, however, does not explain the mystery, for "they see fully as well with them as without them;" but, still hoping bell ceased tolling; Gerald started up, and looking wildly around, he exclaimed—"Haste, haste, the bell has rung out—the bride is waiting in the damp church-yard, and you would not keep the bridegroom here. Come near me, come near me, sweet bird, and say Good-bye; for the road is very cold, and no one must go with me." As he thus raved, poor Florence looked at him with a sorrowful look and tearful eye, "Gerald," she tenderly said, "Gerald." The soft sound of her voice seemed to recal his wandering senses. The wildness of his face was turned to gentleness. He took hold of her little hand, and with his other he grasped mine—"Farewell, my kind aunt—farewell, my last-loved Florence." His eye dimmed, his grasp relaxed to feebleness, his head drooped, and as he fell back he mournfully sighed, "Bury me near Ellen." It was all over—Gerald Aymer was no more.

A.

Fable from the Italian.

Where spring its richest green display'd,
Protected by a thorn's embrace,
A rose, in early bloom array'd,
Unfolded safe her virgin grace.

So close the thorn, its shelter drew
The tender flower's fine hues around,
That scarce that leafy cover through
Day's faintest beam an entrance found.

And only when the verdant screen
Might chance a narrow chink to yield,
The rose's crimson breast was seen—
Fairer that thorns her beauty shield.

Thus hid within her dark retreat,
The changeful hours no danger bring;
And low'ring sky, or scorching heat,
Hurt not the lovely child of spring.

But now with perfect beauty came
The wish in broad free light to shine,
The praises of her peers to claim,
And in their sunny pleasures join.

And reckless of ensuing woes,
For safety paying, too, with scorn,
In plainful words, the simple rose
Began to blame her guardian thorn.

"Cruel! that thus my days of bloom,
In horrid prison spent, should pine
Inglorious—lost my sweet perfume—
No joy for the bright season mine."

"Peace!"—so the rugged thorn replied,
With kind intent, though stern in tone;
"To thee all safety were denied,
If these my prickly arms were gone;

"For, if the sultry noontide ray
Harmless to thee its fury pours;
Or if the hail-storm's with'ring sway
Pow'rless to wound thy leaflets roars;

"Who o'er thee spreads the mantling shade,
Serving, at once, to save from blight,
And from the herd's defiling tread,
And nibbling flock's keen appetite?

"Learn, fool, to prize thy friendly bower,
Nor wish its spines and gloom away;
Heedful of peril's certain hour,
If left expos'd in open day."

Still wrathful thoughts her breast annoy,
Though the young rose to silence shrunk:
"Oh might some whirlwind's rage destroy,
Or lightning rend that envious trunk!"

Not wholly vain th' ungrateful pray'r;
For now the flow'ry lawn to clear
Of cumb'ring wood, the hinds prepare,
And lo! with eager steel appear.

And griev'd th' impatient rose to see
Her faithful guardian thorn o'erthrown?
Or smil'd she when the sunbeam free
And full upon her bosom shone?

High o'er encircling rivals now,
In conscious joy of liberty;
Bidding each lowlier flow'ret bow,
She lifts her head in vanity.

And her the amorous zephyrs greet,
Her praise each feather'd chorist sings;
While morn, her partial smile to meet,
O'er her bright leaves his dew-drops flings.

But like the transient meteor gleam,
That breaks athwart the wintry sky,
Does Pleasure's short uncertain beam,
Ev'n ere we note its radiance, die.

A hungry grub afar had seen
The imprudent rose so fresh and gay;
And soon her stem's inviting green,
And greener leaves become its prey.

And speedily a snail's vile length
Presumes her lofty front to climb,
Wasting with greedy teeth her strength,
And tracing all its path in slime.

aunt, who alone has not deserted me in my adversity. Farewell.

When I received the foregoing MS. from my dear nephew, I had no intention of adding to it a single line; but events have since happened, which I think it my duty to record, as forming a kind of sequel to his history.

After unburthening his mind by what he had written, he seemed rather exhausted, but his spirits were better than they had been for some days. Still there was a melancholy quietness about him, an apathy to what was passing, which formed a strong contrast to his former impetuosity and warmth of feeling. The place in which he was was by no means calculated to raise his spirits. It was a small thatched cottage, which skirted a deep wood; nothing was to be seen but the dark waving branches, nothing was to be heard but the wind moaning among the trees—I dare say, however, this gloom pleased poor Gerald.

The next day was the brightest and loveliest I had seen for a long time, and even the cottage seemed to participate in the liveliness of the weather. The sun shot its glittering rays through the veil of jessamine which half-closed the little window, the swallows were seen darting to and fro about their mud dwellings, a solitary chirp was sometimes heard from the drowsy birds as they sat half-sleeping among the branches; but all this could not enliven poor Gerald. His spirits were not gloomy, but he was very gentle and quiet, and seemed oppressed by some internal foreboding of woe.

As we sat alone, a gentle tap was heard at the door, which was instantly followed by the silvery tones of a female asking for admittance. Gerald started up when he heard the soft voice, and in an agitated manner I heard him exclaim, "Florence!" When I opened the door, a young lady entered, dressed in deep mourning. She was, I think, the most beautiful girl I ever beheld, and there was an expression of pensiveness in her face, which heightened the interest her dark eyes immediately inspired. She bowed to me as she entered, and then cast her eyes eagerly around the apartment: "My poor Gerald!" she said, as she saw the pale countenance of him she had loved. "Poor, poor Gerald! is it thus I see you?" As she spoke, the tears burst from her black eyes, and she flung herself on his bosom, and imprinted a kiss on his white brow; at that moment I was called out of the room. When I returned, Gerald was sitting with his arm round Florence's slender waist; affection was beaming in both their eyes; pale as he was, I never saw him looking more handsome than in that bright but fleeting moment; and Florence seemed so happy in her love, that, old as I was, I almost envied the warm-hearted girl. Poor things! alas! alas! it was perhaps the last moment of happiness they were to enjoy; like the sun, which, long struggling through stormy clouds, shines brightly for an instant in the glowing west, and then sinks for the night into the dark depths of the ocean.

As I drew near them, I heard Florence reminding Gerald that this very day was to have been their marriage-day. For a time he was silent, and then he slowly said, as if to himself, "Poor Ellen, and this day too I was to have been wedded to thee." A deep cloud instantly passed over Florence's countenance, and her cheerfulness vanished!—"Poor Ellen!" she mournfully said, "poor Ellen! Do you hear that dull bell, Gerald, which so heavily sounds through the trees? that bell tolls for poor Ellen's funeral: at this very moment they will be bearing her coffin to the grave." The murder was out; the unguarded sorrow of Florence had revealed the sad tidings of Ellen's death, which, fearful of the consequences, I had anxiously concealed from Gerald. I was greatly relieved, however, for at first he did not seem to betray much emotion, but gradually his eyes became fixed, and a blueness overspread his temples. "Is Ellen indeed dead?" said he, in a hollow voice; "then the dark whispers of fate, which have long sounded in my ears, are indeed come to pass; one more scene, and the play is at an end." He paused, and we stood beside him for some minutes in silence. All at once the

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that day was destined, in some way or other, to be fatal to me.

A few days after this I was engaged to dine at a gentleman's house a few miles distant from town. Arriving there too soon, I resolved to while away the time, by rambling among the adjacent pleasure-grounds. It was a bright and beautiful day in June; the lilacs which embowered the walks had put forth their gayest blossoms,—the golden flowers of the laburnum were drooping in rich clusters from their green branches,—and the perfume of a thousand flowers was wafted gently on by the sleepy breeze. As I sauntered along, sadly musing on the past, I beheld Ellen walking quietly a little way before me. We came upon each other so abruptly, that it was impossible to avoid each other.

Poor Ellen! how dejected did she look, and how sadly was she altered from what she was, when, like a bright vision, she first crossed my path in her mother's house! *then* she was all life and smiles, and as lovely as a seraph; *now*, her eyes were dim, but their sweet expression still remained, and the delicate colour which used to flit about her cheeks had given place to a care-looking and melancholy paleness. In a word, she exhibited the appearance of one on whom Consumption had fixed his withering and remorseless hands.

When she perceived me, her cheeks for a moment were faintly flushed, and she hurriedly turned aside her head; recovering herself, however, she accosted me with the air of one who was too proud to shew that she had ever been offended. But though there was no pique exhibited in her behaviour, I could see that insulted love, and womanly pride, and tenderness of heart, were all struggling for the mastery in her agitated bosom. For a time, embarrassed by our feelings and situation, we walked together in silence, or, what conversation we did attempt only shewed how incapable we were of supporting it. I felt my bosom warming to the poor girl. I could have wept to see how sadly misery had altered her whom I once loved, and I was filled with remorse, when I thought that that misery had been caused by me. After a struggle, I could assume indifference no longer, and, turning to her, I said, with an agonized heart, "Ellen, you have been very ill; you are so pale, so sadly changed, since—" I could not finish the sentence I had so inadvertently begun. "Since what?" said she, turning steadily round, with a reproachful yet sorrowful look, "since what, Gerald?" "Since I was a villain, Ellen, a base, dishonoured wretch, detested by myself as I am by thee." She said nothing, but a tear which filled her eye was a more affecting commentary than the most eloquent words. "But you are revenged, Ellen. Oh! I carry in my breast a fiend which goads me to madness. Ellen, Ellen, the curse of a broken vow is upon me, and here or hereafter I can never again expect to be at rest!"

As I spoke thus, Ellen turned even more pale than before, and looking timidly at me, she said, "Gerald, if my forgiveness can make you happy, take it, you have long had it. Though my hopes, (and here her words faltered,) though my hopes have been withered, yet I could never feel resentment against one whom I confess I once loved. 'Tis no matter what now becomes of *me*, but if, hereafter, you should ever think of Ellen, think kindly." As she spoke these last words, the tears began to flow down her pale cheeks. Feeble, and exhausted by her agitation, she in vain tried to support the firmness she had at first assumed. She sobbed, and sobbed with such bitter grief, that I thought her little heart would have burst; mine, too, was near the breaking. I forgot Florence; I forgot the whole world except Ellen, and my first love rushed upon me with overpowering violence. I renewed my vows to her; I told her, that, looking on the past as a troubled dream, we would yet be happy; and I painted the future happiness we might enjoy in the most impassioned and glowing language. As I spoke, her eye brightened, and her whole face was overspread with a blush. "Answer me one question," and she seemed almost breathless,—"answer me one question: Are you not engaged to another?" She looked at me as if her life depended on my words. I could not speak, but she read my answer in my face, and posite to Ellen's; she wanted the blue eyes and gentle look of the latter, but there was a dignity about her, and yet a feminine sweetness, which more accorded with the ideas I had formerly entertained of female beauty. Her long hair was very dark, and while it harmonised with the rich glow of her complexion, it contrasted powerfully with her forehead, which seemed to have been washed by the lilies, it was of such snowy whiteness. Her large eyes were of the deepest black, and their pensive expression was softened into richness by the jetty eye-lashes which fringed them; and at times such fires would flash from them, as shewed the warm nature of the heart to which they were the eloquent index.

If I was struck with the appearance of Florence Cecil, I was still more delighted by the attractions of her mind. Like myself, she was enthusiastically fond of poetry: without being sentimental, her soul was full of romance; and when she talked of love, there was an earnest, a thrilling expression in her face and manner, which shewed how tremblingly alive she was to every impulse of gentle affection.

I returned home, charmed with the beauty and kindness of Florence Cecil, which I could not help contrasting with the coldness and reserve of Ellen. From this time, there was scarcely a day in which I did not see Florence, and every hour was placing my heart and honour in greater peril. I would not believe that I was in any danger of loving her, and when I saw my sweet and kind-hearted Ellen, and heard her building airy castles of future happiness, I knew it was impossible I could desert her, impossible that I should inflict such a wound on the peace of her gentle bosom.

But every hour, as it flew on, was dragging me nearer to the precipice of dishonour. I at length awoke from the dream in which I had been revelling—awoke to a full sense of my actual misery. I found that I no longer loved Ellen, or loved her only as a brother, while Florence Cecil my soul adored with the devotion of an idolater. I loved her with the most impetuous passion. The very opposition which it met with served as fuel to the flame which devoured me; uncontrollable, its violence affected my very life, and in an evil hour I told her how I loved, and heard that I was beloved in return. Now was my misery completed. I was bound in honour to a woman whom I more than esteemed; and yet, forgetting every duty, I had engaged the affections of her friend; to one I must prove a villain. My heart bled at the misery I would inflict on Ellen, and yet I could not think of wedding her, when my heart had been given to another. Long did I struggle between duty and inclination, but at last love completed his triumph over honour; I resolved to marry Florence Cecil, and to abandon poor Ellen.

From this moment I never knew peace, except when in Florence Cecil's company; there, indeed, I forgot every thing but love,—there, I existed in an intoxication of delight; but when away from her, the wound I had inflicted on Ellen was ever before my eyes. I execrated myself as a wretch—a dishonoured villain. My breast was a hell within me, compared to which I thought all other hells would be beds of roses; and yet all this I was content to suffer, so that I might be loved by Florence.

I had now entirely deserted the Noels. I never went near the house, nor did I ever see Ellen; and I began to hope that she had forgotten me. I soothed my remorse, by reflecting that she had never exhibited much passion for me, and that, the first shock being over, the distress which I believed I had occasioned only existed, perhaps, in my own heated imagination.

Encouraged by these reflections, I pressed Florence to name a day for our marriage. A delicious blush overspread her happy face, as she named that day month,—the day on which she attained majority, and became the uncontrolled mistress of her actions. I heard her in silence; in truth, I was deeply affected, for, by a strange and melancholy coincidence, the day she proposed was the day which poor Ellen had formerly fixed for our marriage. From that moment, a vague presentiment came over my mind of some evil I knew not what, but it seemed to me that

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But this happiness was too much to last. Nature has given me a warm heart, and to love is with me to adore: if I love, it is with the deepest, the most romantic passion. But while my whole heart thus pours itself out, I cannot help expecting—it may be vanity, perhaps—that my affection shall be as warmly returned. I must be loved; I must know and perceive that I am loved. My mistress must trust in me with the same boundless confidence I trust in her, and the warm torrent of love which gushes from my heart would be chilled and frozen did it meet with any coldness in her.

Ellen was too modest, and brought up with too much strictness, to allow any display of the affection with which she had been inspired. Indeed, the timidity of her nature made her carry this too far; and had she at this time shewn a little more regard for me, much distress might have been spared to both of us. Nature and education, however, had taught her to believe, that a woman should treat her lover as a friend, and not till he becomes her husband should she, in any respect, behave to him as a lover. She always treated me with the most gentle kindness,—she sung to me the songs I loved,—she painted those flowers I gathered for her,—she tried to please me in a thousand little artless ways which could not fail to touch my heart; but, spite of all this, there was something wanting to make me happy. There was too little, or rather a total want, of warmth in her love to me, which distressed, and at times rendered me miserable. If I took her hand, she passively permitted it, but there was no kind pressure responsive to my own; if I folded her in my arms, I felt no bosom clinging to mine; if I snatched a parting kiss, a crimsoning blush was the only sign of emotion she betrayed. Her heart, in reality, was not cold, but it was too pure for this world; and believing it improper to shew even to me those feelings of affection which were growing around her heart, she went into the opposite extreme of coldness,—a coldness which seemed almost to amount to indifference.

Our wedding-day was at length fixed, and here again Ellen's rigid ideas interfered; and while I wished it to take place in three days, she decided that it should not be for three months. I believe, after all, that Ellen, poor girl! had a melancholy foresight of what was to happen, and was unwilling to bind me in bands which I might afterwards regret had ever been tied: but she was wrong; had we at that time been married, my heart would have been her's, and her's alone, for ever. She was fixed, however, in her resolution, nor would she even receive from me a written promise by which we might in some manner have been bound to each other. "You may claim me this day three months, (said she,) if you *then* shall think me worthy; but from you I will receive no promise; your heart is what I ask; with that, your promise would be superfluous; without it, worse than useless. I have only to add, our engagement, Gerald, must be kept secret; no one shall know it from me,—not even Florence Cecil."

Florence Cecil was a young English lady, who had been at the same school with Ellen. At school, every one except misanthropes contract particular friendships, and Florence Cecil and Ellen Noel soon became sister-friends. I understood that they were of very opposite dispositions; the former being all passion, while the latter was all gentleness; and thus it generally is; *that* friendship is the firmest which is formed from the most discordant materials; and in chusing a friend, we generally look for those qualities in which we ourselves are most deficient. Florence was an orphan, and, I was told, both rich and handsome. I had never seen her, as she had only very lately come down (along with her brother) from England, on a visit to some Scottish relations.

Scarcely had Ellen pronounced the name of Florence Cecil, when that lady was announced. She was above the middling stature, and was dressed in a dark pelisse of the Spanish fashion, which, fitting tightly to the shape, displayed the fine proportions of her luxuriant form, and a swelling bosom, which seemed to press against the silk, as if anxious to burst from its soft confinement. The expression of her face was the very op-

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ten, but which, now that he was gone for ever, rose in fearful and sorrowful array before me. The same lapse of time, however, while to some it is bringing grief, to others carries a remedy for their woes. I again began to mix in company, and, for his father's sake, Gerald Aymer of Lilburn Tower was everywhere a welcome visitor.

I have always been passionately fond of dancing. I hated a dinner-party; an evening one was not much better; but in a ball I delighted. There is something peculiarly fascinating in the mixture of sweet music and dancing, while brilliant lights are streaming from a thousand lamps, and brighter beams are flashing from beauty's eye. The country-dance inspirits, the graceful quadrille pleases, and the waltz—the melting waltz—whirls every sense into delicious extacy!

I had been enjoying a few weeks shooting at Lilburn, when, on returning to town, I found that my friend Mrs Noel was to have a ball that very evening. Mrs Noel was a widow of large fortune. She had only one daughter, who had for many years past resided in England, and to me she had almost been a mother, from my very infancy. Though tired by my journey, a ball at her house was too tempting to be rejected, so I at once resolved to be a partaker in it.

It was late before I arrived at the scene of action, and, still fatigued, I sat down by myself on an empty sopha. Casting my eyes round, but in vain, to discover Mrs Noel, I saw, amid the crowd, a young girl who seemed to me the very ideal of loveliness. She was apparently about eighteen, and rather *petite*, but her fine slender figure was like the picture of a sylph. Her hair was of a dark auburn colour, and fell in glossy ringlets over a neck and bosom of transparent whiteness. Her complexion was of that delicate flitting cast which indicated a heart alive to every impulse of tenderness, and from her blue eyes streamed a gentle and winning light, which found its way irresistibly to every heart. So gentle was she, so pure and so lovely, she seemed more like a seraph which had wandered from the bowers of Paradise than any mere creature of mortal mould. Never before had I seen any thing in female beauty so touching. My feelings were those of delicious transport. I passed my hand for a moment across my eyes, as if to shut out the excess of delight which almost overpowered my senses: when I looked again, she had vanished, and I almost believed it to have been some brilliant vision which had passed across my fanciful brain.

I cannot tell how long I remained in the posture I was in, my head resting on my hand, and eagerly gazing at the place where she had disappeared, till I could almost believe I again saw her before me. From this reverie I was at length roused by a gentle tap on the shoulder. Starting suddenly, I cast my eyes up; and what were my feelings, when I saw the same bright girl standing by my side! She had her hand in that of Mrs Noel, who, smiling at my agitation, presented her to me as her daughter. What an evening of delight was that! if the spirits in heaven enjoy a tithe of such happiness, *certes* they have reason to be contented.

To make a long story short, within a month I was the accepted lover of Ellen. In a transport of passion, I one day told her how I loved her, and she, innocent girl! with a sweet smile and sweeter blush, put her little white hand into mine; then breaking from my grasp, like a young fawn she flew out of the room, to conceal her confusion, and the tears which I saw rushing to her eyes.

Till a person loves, and is loved, he cannot be said to have lived. A new existence opened to me;—the gloomy thoughts which sometimes used to oppress me were dissipated, and my mind was as tranquil as an evening landscape in Italy. I was happy, and not the least of my happiness arose from the reflection that I contributed to the happiness of Ellen. She, poor thing! was as happy as a first love can make a woman; and when I used to gaze on her beautiful face, beaming with conscious love, I would fold her to my beating heart, and could scarce help wondering that such a being should think me worthy of her love.

ELLEN.

" 'Tis good to be off with the old love
Before you be on with the new."

Every one has something to say of himself. The veteran grows young, as he recounts the exploits of his youth, and shows how fields and reputation were lost and won. The citizen has his old-world story, which he loves to tell, and who is there so hard-hearted as would wish to interrupt him? I, too, have my story, and, to relieve the tedium of a sick-bed, I have become an egotist, and, such as it is, have resolved to relate it. If I can be a hero no where else, I shall at least be the hero of my own little tale.

Of my early youth I shall say little. I had a father who looked strictly after me, and a mother who loved me, but who died before I could appreciate her tenderness. As I was the only child, I was allowed, on all hands, to be a prodigy of learning, steadiness, and so forth; but the truth is, the old folks were deceived; I was too lazy to study any thing except works of imagination, and my character of steadiness was more indebted to my face than to my manners. After going through the routine of school and college, I was sent to study law, previous to appearing at the Scottish Bar. I had always wished to enter the army, but the vile peace did away with every view of that sort; so, instead of the crimson jacket, I was obliged to assume the dingy uniform of the law.

I was now about twenty-one,—six feet high, and with as much beauty as avoided the imputation of ugliness, but, I imagine, not enough to entitle me to the character of handsome. Hitherto my life had been an unbroken level. I had never felt my heart the least moved by love, and this, I suppose, because my father was incessantly boring me to look out for a wife. There is always something disagreeable in a father speaking to his son about love and matrimony; an old man has no sentiment about him, or if he has, it lies buried at the bottom of his purse. I, at least, found the truth of this; and when my father used to harp on this subject, I always, as speedily as possible, put an end to his tune.

My manners, though sometimes lively, were, in general, grave. I never was very fond of company, and I now began to live more secluded than ever. My favourite amusement was to wander alone towards Arthur Seat, and there, throwing myself down on some sunny rock, I used to feast my mind with the fanciful thoughts which the beautiful scenery around called forth. I felt, like another Mirza, among the hills of Bagdad. I heard the hum of the great city, I saw the smoke rising from a thousand palaces, I felt myself amid the haunts of busy men; then turning myself round, every thing seemed at once to vanish; houses, and noise, and men, disappeared, and I found myself stretched on a bare rock, the steep hills before me, and the sheep feeding quietly in the green valley beneath. Such were the thoughts which used to pass along my untroubled mind, like light clouds flitting across the blue of a summer sky.

But I felt that something was wanting to make my dream complete; my heart wearied for some one who might be a partaker and a heightener of my happiness,—some bright being, with intelligent countenance, and pale forehead, and dark mournful eyes, whose feelings would be deep as my own, and who would love me with that pure, that relying love, without which I felt I could never be content. Such was the visionary portrait which fancy drew, and which my soul loved well to contemplate.

For a couple of years did I lead this unprofitable, but to me delicious sort of life. At this time my father died, and I lost a kind, a good-hearted, a dear parent. I was told that I had always been a dutiful son, but my own heart reproached me with many an act which had been long forgot-

Our first extract is from a Pamphlet just now published, with the initials of J. K. L., and imputed to John Kildare Leighlin, *alias* Dr. Doyle. Our second is from the *Courier*, as part of a speech said to be delivered by Mr O'Connell, at a late meeting of the Catholics in Dublin.

After speaking most contemptuously of the Church of England, as "*deserters*" from Catholicism, especially those of them who went to Ireland,—"the adventurers who came here to watch the baggage and collect the spoils,"—"*The Holy Harpies*," says this meek-spirited Catholic Divine, "are not these men but *the* SCROFULA *of the Church of England, who came here chiefly during the reigns of Elizabeth, and after Cromwell* *?"

"He (Mr O'Connell) would ask, had not the Duke of York publicly announced himself their enemy? Had he not voted against them, and made speeches against them? Was he not a short time ago at the head of the Orangemen of England? The Duke of York was heir to the greatest empire in the world; he had before him all the enjoyments a man could desire; but he ought to remember, that one Duke of York lost Ireland, by endeavouring to force the consciences of the English nation; and another Duke of York might lose it by attempting to force *their* consciences! It became them to speak out as free men, and to tell the heir-apparent, that one Duke of York, by his bigotry, lost the throne of England, and that another Duke of York might experience the same fate!!!"

These extracts speak for themselves: the one as regarding the feelings of the Catholic Priesthood towards the Established Church of Ireland, and the other with respect to the animosity cherished by the lay-leaders against those, even the highest characters in the state, who dare to oppose them in the conscientious discharge of their public duty. We would fain hope that the Catholics, *as a body*, join not in the ravings of the one, nor cherish the deep and seemingly settled malignity of the other. Incendiary language will not, cannot forward their cause. "England, in her magnanimity and generosity, may concede; but menaces she will ever throw back upon them with scorn." The only sure, and safe, and speedy way to gain, ultimately, their object, is to root out bigotry and superstition from among their people; to enlighten their minds with true knowledge, and imbue them with the principles of a *rational* and practical religion; to make them good neighbours, and good members of society, moral, orderly, and industrious. Thus useful to their flocks, and beneficial to the State and their country, they will obtain what they want, because they will deserve it; and cause tranquillity, and peace, and plenty, and contentment, to visit again the land of SAINT PATRICK.

1st March 1824.

Spring.

AT length have Zephyr's gentle whisp'rings brought
The lovely Spring abroad; and crown'd with wreathes,
O'er which the waken'd soul of odour breathes
Sweetest perfume, and rob'd in drapery wrought
Of ether thread, wherein each hue is caught,
Fairest and brightest in the sunbeam blent;
Lo! where, with eyes upon the scene intent,
Smiling to see her realm with beauty fraught,
The radiant queen appears! Thronging around,
The Loves and Graces twine in jocund dance,
Or show'r the path with flow'rs as they advance.
The milder air, blue sky, and verdant earth,
In ev'ry breast call gladness into birth;
While grove and bow'r with Nature's song resound.

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* P. 113.

Christianity, these have been the instruments with which they have imposed on ignorance and credulity, and by which they upheld their power and their influence. A history of these disgusting and blasphemous frauds, called *pious* frauds, (by some Romish writers,) would fill volumes. The few nauseous details given above are faithful specimens of the way and manner by which, in every age, they attempted to establish their relation to Heaven,—the truth of their absurd and impious doctrines,—and the evidence by which they affected to prove, that they, personally, were the favourites of the Most High, and their Church the only pure and true Church of God on earth!

The present attempt, therefore, of the Irish Catholic Church, to lift herself into power, by the pretended miracles of Prince Hohenlohe, is neither *new*, nor strange, nor unprecedented. On the contrary, it is quite in the business-like style. *She* has done the same disgusting work in all countries. We honestly and sincerely lament this attempt, because we have zealously and conscientiously advocated the right of our Irish brethren, to the enjoyment of their *full* civil and political rights and privileges, through good and through bad report. We were satisfied that, in the state to which *exclusion* had reduced them, there was much folly, and weakness, and superstition, existing among them; and that ebullitions of passion, on account of disappointed hopes, might now and then make their appearance; yet we never suspected, that, amidst the *liberal* spirit of the age, and surrounded by that blaze of philosophical and religious light which illuminates Britain, they could become the *dupes* of a barbarous and irrational superstition, or believe in the thaumaturgic pretensions of this German impostor, his Serene Highness Prince KATERFELTO *Hohenlohe!* Our sagacity is hurt at being deceived, and our philanthropic feelings wounded by the doubts every where expressed, how far, in the knowledge of these facts, it would be *safe*, and wise, and prudent, to place political power and influence in the hands of Catholics, and to give them equal privileges with their Protestant countrymen. Every day, they tell us, is unfolding the dangerous spirit and creed of Catholicism. In France, "by a government order, all children, without reference to nation or religious opinions, educated at the French schools, *must* attend the celebration of mass; in other words, be initiated into the principles and practices of the Catholic creed."

The Cardinal Archbishop of Toulouse, not satisfied with that power which the laws of France have conferred on his order, resolved, like his predecessors in *olden* times, to set himself *above* the constituted civil authorities, and, for that end, "published, under the form of a Pastoral Letter, propositions contrary to public law, and to the laws of the kingdom,—to the prerogatives and independence of our crown," says Louis, in his ordinance, dated 10th January 1824; and the Mexican Government, by its new constitution, has *excluded all religions* from a share in it except the Catholic. By it, Protestants can enjoy no place of power or trust whatever.

When this spirit of Catholicism, operating actively everywhere, through the increased activity of the restored society of Jesus, is combined with the avowed principles and practices of the Holy Alliance, and the temper and tone of the Irish Catholics, inflamed by these miracles, Protestants have reason to be justly alarmed, and on their guard, lest, by their liberality, indifference, or a mistaken philanthropy, they allow the chains of mental and bodily slavery, now *forging* for them by the Holy Alliance and Catholicism, to be rivetted upon them, and thus introduce, by their sloth, a long night of tyranny and darkness, which may settle over Europe for ages.

We should proceed to notice the second article that stands at the head of our paper; but our remarks on that *neat* little work, which is the production of a gentleman, a scholar, a divine, and every way worthy of him, we must defer, and solicit public attention to the two following extracts, which at once show the tone and spirit prevalent, at present, in Ireland, both among the Catholic Clergy and Laity.

which the most detestible impiety and barbarity could invent, that they did not put in practice, till, finding at last an opportunity of getting out of the Convent, he threw himself into the hands of the magistrates, to whom he made a full discovery of this infernal plot. The affair brought to ROME, commissaries were sent from thence to examine the matter; and the whole cheat being fully proved, the four friars were solemnly degraded from their priesthood, and were burnt alive on the last day of May 1509.

"Jetzer died some time after at *Constance*. Had his life been taken away before he found an opportunity of making the discovery, this execrable and horrid plot, which, (like many of the other miracles of the Church of Rome,) in many of its circumstances was conducted with art, would have been handed down to posterity as a stupendous miracle*."

This miracle, intended to increase the power and authority of the Dominicans, ruined their *cause:* their influence instantly declined, and soon left them most deservedly exposed to the public indignation.

Notwithstanding this failure, new attempts were made; and the Reformation, in this country, a short time after, was, by a *miracle* also, endeavoured to be overthrown; but its instant detection brought them low, made them still more contemptible in the eyes of the nation, and gained for the Reformation one of its greatest champions. We cannot help quoting it:

"One attempt they (the Popish Clergy) indeed made, to recover their lost reputation, and support their sinking cause, by reviving the *stale* pretence of MIRACLES wrought at the shrines of their Saints. The farce referred to was acted at the Chapel of Loretto, near Musselburgh, (during the course of the year 1559,) in the presence of a great concourse of people, collected, by previous intimation, from different parts of the country to witness it. A young man, said to have been blind from his youth, was brought upon the stage by the Priests and Friars, who, after a number of ceremonies, accompanied with prayers, (what horrid profanity!) restored him to the use of his sight, to the astonishment of the spectators!

"A gentleman of Fife, who happened to be present at the time, suspecting the fraud, persuaded the young man to follow him, and drew from him the secret, that he had counterfeited blindness at the desire of the Friars; which the gentleman immediately published in the most open manner †.

"The detection of this imposture exposed them to derision, and was the occasion of their losing a person, who, by his learning and integrity, was the greatest ornament of their party,—the celebrated JOHN ROW."

And such, ultimately, will be the effect of these Irish miracles. Even now, every man of sense is *laughing* at them. Philosophy disowns them, Reason spurns them, and "*the voice of facts*," issuing from St. Joseph's, Ranelaigh," or "Ballenkyl," instead of "publishing" the glory of God with the loudness of thunder, has proclaimed the shame and degradation of all the parties concerned in them.

Every body is recalling to memory the trickery of the Roman Catholic Priesthood, from the fourth century down to the pretended and detected miracles at the tomb of the *Abbé Paris*. People are recollecting, that, in every age, crafty impostors have deluded the simple, the ignorant, and the credulous multitude, with false miracles. The Catholic Priesthood, if you believe their church historians, have filled all countries with their prodigies. In every region where they attempted to plant zer imagined that the voice of the spectre resembled that of the Prior of the Convent; and he was not mistaken; but not suspecting a fraud, he gave little attention to this. The Prior appeared in various forms, sometimes in that of St. Barbara, at others in that of St. Bernard: at length he assumed that of the Virgin Mary; and, for that purpose, clothed himself in the habits that were employed to adorn the statue of the Virgin in the great festivals. The little images, that on these days are set on the altars, were made use of for angels, which being tied to a cord that passed through a pully over Jetzer's head, rose up and down, and danced about the pretended Virgin, to increase the delusion. The Virgin, thus equipped, addressed a long discourse to Jetzer, in which, among other things, she told him, that she was conceived in original sin, though she had remained but a short time under that blemish. She gave him, as a miraculous proof of her presence, a *host*, or consecrated wafer, which turned from white to red in a moment; and after various visits, in which the greatest enormities were transacted, the *Virgin-Prior* told Jetzer, that she would give him the most affecting and undoubted marks of her son's love, by imprinting on him the *five wounds* that pierced Jesus on the Cross, as she had done before to St. Lucia and St. Catharine. Accordingly, she took his hand by force, and struck a large nail through it, which threw the poor *dupe* into the greatest torment. The next night this masculine Virgin brought, as she pretended, some of the linen in which Christ had been buried, to soften the wound, and gave Jetzer a soporific draught, which had in it the blood of an unbaptized child, some grains of incense and of consecrated salt, some quicksilver, the hairs of the eye-brows of a child; all which, with some stupifying and poisonous ingredients, were mingled together by the Prior with magic ceremonies, and a solemn dedication of himself to the Devil in hope of his succour. This draught threw the poor wretch into a sort of lethargy, during which the monks imprinted on his body the other four wounds of Christ, in such a manner that he felt no pain. When he awakened, he found, to his unspeakable joy, these impressions on his body, and came at last to fancy himself a representative of Christ, in the various parts of his passion. He was, in this state, exposed to the admiring multitude on the principal altar of the Convent, to the great mortification of the Franciscans. The Dominicans gave him some other draughts, that threw him into convulsions, which were followed by a voice conveyed through a pipe into the mouths of two images, one of Mary, and another of the child Jesus; the former of which had tears painted upon its cheeks, in a lively manner. The little Jesus asked his mother, by means of this voice, (which was that of the Prior's,) why she wept? and she answered, that 'her tears were owing to the impious manner in which the Franciscans attributed to *her* the honour that was due to *him*, in saying that she was conceived and born without sin.'

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* This most impious fraud is recorded at length by Ruchat, at the end of the sixth volume of his Histoire de la Reformatione en Suisse: and also by Hattenger, in Histor. Eccles Helvet. Tom I., p. 334; and in Mosheim, Vol. IV. pp. 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22, in a note, whence the above is taken.

† See M'Crie's Life of Knox, p. 219; also Row's MSS. Historie, p. 356; and Weekly Magazine for June 1772, for a full account of this pretended miracle and its detection.

"The apparitions, false prodigies, and abominable stratagems of these Dominicans, were repeated every night; but the matter was at length so grossly over-acted, that, simple as Jetzer was, he at last discovered it, and had almost killed the Prior, who appeared to him one night in the form of the Virgin, with a crown on her head.

"The Dominicans fearing, by this discovery, to lose the fruits of their imposture, thought the best method would be to own the whole matter to Jetzer, and to engage him, by the most seducing promises of opulence and glory, to carry on the cheat. Jetzer was persuaded, or at least appeared to be so. But the Dominicans, suspecting that he was not entirely gained over, resolved to poison him; but his constitution was so vigorous, that though they gave him poison five several times, he was not destroyed by it. One day they sent him a loaf prepared with some spices, which, growing green in a day or two, he threw a piece of it to a wolf's whelps that were in the monastery, and it killed them immediately. At another time they poisoned the *host*, or consecrated wafer; but as he vomited it up soon after he swallowed it, he escaped once more. In short, there were no means of securing him,

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he) was the consequence of a rivalship between the Franciscans and Dominicans, and more especially of their controversy concerning the *immaculate conception* of the Virgin Mary. The *former* maintained that she was born without the blemish of *original sin;* the *latter* asserted the contrary. The doctrine of the Franciscans, in an age of darkness and superstition, could not but be popular; and hence the Dominicans lost ground from day to day.

"To support the credit of their order, they resolved, at a chapter held at *Vimpsen*, in the year 1504, to have recourse to fictitious visions and dreams, in which the people, at that time, had an easy faith, and they determined to make Berne the scene of their operations*. A person named Jetzer, who was extremely simple, and much inclined to austerities, and who had taken their habit as a lay-brother, was chosen as the instrument of the delusions they were contriving. One of the four Dominicans, who had undertaken the management of the plot, conveyed himself secretly into Jetzer's cell, and, about midnight, appeared to him in a horrid figure, surrounded with howling dogs, and seeming to blow fire from his nostrils by means of a box of combustibles which he held near his mouth. In this frightful form he approached Jetzer's bed, told him that he was the ghost of a Dominican who had been killed at *Paris*, as a judgment of Heaven for laying aside his monastic habit; that he was condemned to Purgatory for this crime; adding, at the same time, that, by his means, he might be rescued from his misery, which was beyond expression.

"This story, accompanied with horrid cries and howlings, frighted poor Jetzer out of the little wits he had, and engaged him to promise to do all that was in his power to deliver the Dominican from his torment. Upon this the impostor told him, that nothing but the most extraordinary mortifications, such as the *discipline of the whip*, performed, during eight days, by the whole monastery, and Jetzer's lying prostrate, in the form of one crucified, in the chapel, during mass, could contribute to his deliverance. He added, that the performance of these mortifications would draw down upon Jetzer the peculiar protection of the blessed Virgin; and concluded by saying, that he would appear to him again, accompanied with two other spirits.

"Morning was no sooner come, than Jetzer gave an account of this apparition to the rest of the Convent, who all unanimously advised him to undergo the discipline that was enjoined him, and every one consented to bear his share of the task imposed. The deluded simpleton obeyed, and was admired as a saint by the multitudes that crowded about the Convent, while the four friars that managed the imposture magnified, in the most pompous manner, the *miracle* of this apparition, in their sermons, and in their discourse†. The night after, the apparition was renewed, with the addition of two impostors, dressed like devils; and Jetzer's faith was augmented by hearing from the spectre all the secrets of his life and thoughts, which the impostors had learned from his confessor‡. In this, and some subsequent scenes, (the detail of whose enormities, for the sake of brevity, we shall here omit,) the impostor talked much to Jetzer of the Dominican Order, which he said was peculiarly dear to the blessed Virgin: he added, that the Virgin knew herself to be conceived in original sin; that the doctors who taught the contrary were in Purgatory; that the blessed Virgin abhorred the Franciscans for making her equal with her son; and that the town of *Berne* would be destroyed for harbouring such plagues within her walls.

"In one of these apparitions, Jet-only should we be able to prove it, from the History of the Jews and the Christians, but from the records of the Justiciary Tribunals,—from judicial confessions,—from the opinions of Judges, the verdicts of Juries, and the multitudes who heard the deluded creatures, in the very face of torture and death, confess their dealings with spirits; avowing their intercourse with the Devil, particularly their riding with him through the air on broom-sticks, and sailing the seas in egg-shells! &c. &c. &c.

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* What a horrid idea does this give of the morals of those Clergy who held that chapter! In modern times, combinations to destroy individuals, and carry their point, have not been wanting. What will the Clergy not do?

† How wonderfully similar is all this to Dr Murray's and Dr Doyle's conduct! It brings us to think upon their Pastoral Letters, and the manner in which the whole thing was got up and carried on at Ranelaigh.

‡ Behold the evil of auricular confession!

Nay, were we to adopt the same method as this Letter-writer, we could bring as strong miracles from Pagan authors, wrought to disprove Christian miracles, as he has to prove miracles wrought by Saints, to confirm the doctrine of Purgatory and the virtue of relics. The miracles of Apollonius Tyanæus, and Archytas of Tarentum, were highly celebrated by the vulgar, while they themselves were brought upon the scene, and exhibited as divine teachers, and rivals of the glory of the Son of God. The impudent fictions, ridiculous fables, and absurd miracles, put into the Life of Apollonius, written by Philostratus, are just similar to the legends and false miracles found in the Romish Historians and Legendary Tales, and are incapable of deceiving any one possessed of a sound mind,—any, but such as, through the corruption of vicious prejudices and a grovelling superstition, like the Irish Catholics, are willing to be deceived. Are not the miracles of Vespasian, when in Egypt, well attested? Yet who believes them?

Following the plan of the author we are remarking on, we should now examine his critique upon the *third* Article in No. LXXVII. of the Edinburgh Review, with respect to the narrative of Dr Badeley, and the cures of Mrs Stewart, and Misses O'Connor, Lalor, and Dawell. But this we now deem superfluous. We have proved to demonstration, that these cures were *not* supernatural, at least in the sense of being *Divine interpositions*, in answer to Hohenlohe's prayers, which was the case we undertook to make out; we have shown that the Church of Rome has *added* to, and *taken away* from, the doctrines of Scripture; and, therefore, being, according to St. John, under the *anathema* of Heaven, miracles from Heaven could not, consistently with the truth of God, be wrought in her favour, to prove her what she is not—the only true Church; because this would be Heaven working a miracle, or empowering the Prince Hohenlohe to work one in his name, to establish a *lie;* and, consequently, if Heaven could not do this, the Prince's cures are not miraculous—he is without a Divine commission—and, therefore, is either an enthusiast or impostor. This conclusion settles the whole question: it is invincible, and cannot be overturned. The Prince is welcome to either limb of the alternative, as also Drs Murray and Doyle.

The idea that these cures are wrought, in order, as the Prince says, "that faith in the Divinity of Christ, which in these days is so much fallen away, might be revived amongst the many denominations of Christians," is absurd. "Signs are for them that believe not, not for them that believe." The object of the primitive miracles was, not to explain doctrines, but to convert Pagans. The object of the Prince's is to settle doctrines. This pretence is nothing *novel*, though sufficiently absurd. It is built upon the conduct of the Franciscans and Dominicans, each of whom wrought miracles to prove and disprove the immaculate conception. Suppose, then, such a *test* for the soundness of doctrine remaining in the church as the working of miracles to establish orthodoxy. Which of these two contending parties was right? They were both staunch adherents of the Church of Rome—her best and favourite sons. Both could not be right; yet miracle followed miracle in quick succession, till the tragedy at Berne, in 1509, put an end to it, by the exposure of the perfidy of the Dominicans. As their attempts to impose miracles for the confirmation of their doctrine were quite in character with others too common in the Church of Rome, we shall here transcribe the one attempted at *Berne*, as given by the translator of Mosheim's Church History:

"The stratagem in question (says

times be found in her train, when we imagine ourselves under the guidance, and following the path of wisdom; yet, as if this were not sufficient, there is something not unpleasant in feeling that there is at least one day in which we are at liberty to play the fool with impunity. Among the ancients, the crowd had their Saturnalia, and many of the moderns, more addicted to superstition than ourselves, have still their carnivals and seasons of frenzied, mirthful mummery: so we have the first of April, which we celebrate as the festival of Folly; not by any tabular formula of rites and ceremonies, every one being left to the freedom of his own will, and the fertility of his own invention; it being always understood, that he who can perform the most extravagant and ridiculous feat, and most dextrously hoax his friend or neighbour, is to be considered as the most zealous and acceptable worshipper.

To the great mass of mankind life is a stage, on which, like the heroes of the sock and buskin, what is amusement to the spectators is painful labour to themselves; they also find the changes and variations of scenery frequently consist only of a succession of cares, which often grow into sorrows. Hence the most rigid moralist will perhaps allow that a little innocent folly is excusable, or even useful, in relaxing the mind, which, like a bow continually bent, would lose its elasticity. It must, however, be admitted, that there is considerable difficulty in confining Folly within due bounds; as, like a spirited, but unbroken steed, she is apt to run away with her rider; for her pleasantry often degenerates into buffoonery; and harmless jokes sometimes become the precursors of wanton, or even ill-natured and unfeeling hoaxing.

It might be amusing, although foreign to the purpose of this paper, to inquire into the origin of the first day of April being set apart for the worship of Folly. We have the authority of Addison, in the Spectator, for its having been appropriated to that species of vulgar merriment more than a century ago. But the practice is wearing out; and practical jokes, on this particular day, are become less frequent than formerly; for I can recollect the time when half the people in my native village were employed in either making April fools, or being made so themselves. I have known a lubberly boy sent a wild-goose chase of many miles, and of several hours' duration, from his being the bearer of a letter containing merely the words, "Send the gowk another mile." Young girls were sent for a pound of maidenblushes, or a bottle of pigeon's milk; nor were these silly jokes confined to the youngsters; married people of both sexes were alternately hoaxers and hoaxees. I have known half-a-score wives collected round a matron in the family-way, whose hour was not come; and I recollect of the proudest man in the parish walking several miles to attend the funeral of a person whom he met at his own door in good health. Is it because we are really grown wiser, or that we only affect superior wisdom, that such follies are gradually disappearing? The owl is pourtrayed as the constant companion of Minerva, and the emblem of Wisdom; and yet the gravity of that bird is always proverbially and contemptuously applied. Perhaps we are so accustomed to play the fool every day, that we have less relish for the annual carnival; as roast-beef and plum-pudding are most esteemed by those habituated to a scanty and meagre dinner.

Whether there is some innate propensity in my disposition to this vulgar fun, or, as habit becomes second nature, it arises from my early association with those by whom it was practised, I cannot say; but I frankly acknowledge, that I have ever since felt a strong, I may say almost an irresistible inclination, to play off my wit on my less suspicious neighbours, on the first of April, without the slightest wish to indulge it on any other day in the calendar; that being with me the only red-letter-day in the rubric of Folly. There is perhaps another reason; it is my birth-day: (should you, Mr Editor, or any of your readers, be inclined to laugh at this, and say, that Folly had a just title to me as her child, I beg to state, that the joke is stale long ago.) I generally have a few friends to sup with me, and celebrate the anniversary which it brings round; and, to me, it constitutes one of the pleasures of the evening, to entertain the company with an account of how many fools I have made that day, and also narrating the most remarkable circumstances.

I shall take the freedom of relating one or two of my hoaxes; not that they are more important, or worth the boasting of, than many others, but because they are connected with what follows in this paper. About seven years ago, I sent my neighbour, and intimate friend, Dr Anodyne, who practises as an *accoucheur*, on a journey of half-a-dozen miles, in a rainy morning, and miry road, to assist a matron who has never felt either the pain or pleasure of being a mother, and whose husband imagines himself affronted and insulted, if the slightest allusion is made to his having no children. The man of medicine met the farmer at his own door, and their interview, although short, was highly characteristic, and would have furnished an excellent subject for Cruickshank—the Doctor sitting on his horse, staring with astonishment, and the farmer fuming and stamping with rage, which no explanation or apology could pacify. I had my friend the Doctor to supper in the evening; and he was so tickled with the furious passion into which his visit had thrown the farmer, that he could not forbear relating how he had been hoaxed. You may imagine how I chuckled with secret delight, and could hardly forbear avowing myself the author of the whole; but the subject was rather too recent, and of too serious a nature to be so rashly disclosed. However, my friend soon detected me, and expressed no further resentment, than a hope not to die in my debt. Next year I sent my brother Tom (now a writer in Edinburgh) to see a whale that had come on shore at the lights of Tay: (when I inform you that I stay in Dundee, and that Tom was lodging with me, you will perceive that he had a journey of about twenty-four miles going and returning.) I, last year, contrived to send my cousin Emily half-a-score miles on a visit to her aunt, in expectation of meeting the man to whom she is since married, while he, by his own account, was becalmed off Madeira.

The above are specimens of my abilities in this way; but to my shame, and no small vexation, I acknowledge, that, instead of being the battledore this season, I have been made the shuttlecock,—fairly caught in my own snares; and, like the bird, wounded with feathers furnished from my own wings.

For nearly a week past, I had employed several leisure hours in contriving new and more ingenious schemes to make April fools, and in ruminating where I should find gudgeons, for my neighbours are now so well acquainted with my dexterity, they are become shy, and will not bite. However, I had my hooks so disguised, and cunningly baited, that I believed it impossible but to succeed; and I enjoyed, by anticipation, the triumph of the evening, as fox-hunters do when detailing the sports of the day. I rose an hour before my usual time, that I might be in the way to pop off a flying-shot at any chance gull which might occur; but before I was fully dressed, the servant-maid tapped at the door, and handed in a letter, which she said was desired to be delivered the moment it arrived. I saw by the address it was from my cousin Emily, now Mrs Swan; the contents were as follow:

"Dear Cousin,

"I write this hasty line beside our dear aunt, who, I am sorry to say, is, to all appearance, on her death-bed; indeed the doctor says she cannot live more than two or three days at most. She was suddenly taken ill, and is still sensible, requesting most earnestly to see you. I beg you will set off the moment that you receive this, as we have found a messenger who starts immediately, and aunt calculates on your arrival by noon.

Your affectionate cousin,
Emily Swan."

I rung the bell. "Where is the messenger who brought this letter?" said I to the servant. "He did not come in, Sir, and went away in haste." "Do you know him?" "No, Sir; I never before saw the man." "So, so, my affectionate cousin Emily Swan; and you, no doubt, hope to make me a goose!" said I to myself; "catch old sparrows with chaff; this is the first of April; and I find you have not forgotten last year;—your humble servant, my kind cousin!"

I thrust the letter into my pocket, and putting on my coat, sallied out in search of sport, and met my neighbour the bailie, who saluted me with "What makes you sae soon asteer this morning?—but it's the first of April; ye'll be wanting to make fools: take a friend's advice; ye're o'er auld for sic pranks now; gi'e them o'er in time." I had a springe set for him; but finding it would not hold, left him. In crossing the street, I met the postman with the letters by the south mail. He gave me two; one addressed in a hand to which I was a stranger; the following is a copy:

"My Dear Brother,

"I have at last met—I need not say whom—I am wounded; further particulars when we meet, which I beg may be as soon as possible after you receive this; for although the surgeon, who writes this at my dictation, assures me there is no immediate danger, I cannot be easy till I see you. I try to write my name, and am, while in life,

Your loving Brother."

The signature was certainly my brother's, and bore too sad evidence of his misfortune. Below was the following postscript, "For my own sake, as well as that of your brother, I beg you to hasten your arrival."

The writer's name I could not decypher; the letter was also without date, either of time or place; but this I attributed to the agitation of the parties, and it served to increase my alarm. I knew that a misunderstanding had taken place between my brother and a gentleman, whom business of importance had taken to London before my brother had had time to demand either explanation or satisfaction, which he had resolved upon doing on the gentleman's return. Without deliberating a moment, I engaged a seat in the Fife coach, and having only time to leave some necessary directions in my business, and make some alterations in my dress, I started for the metropolis.

My brother was most dear to me; and I suffered great anxiety about him till my arrival in Edinburgh, when, hastening to his lodgings, I was informed by his landlady that he had gone to Portobello early on the preceding morning, and had said the time of his return was uncertain. I wished to inquire farther, but her easiness of manner convinced me she was ignorant of what had happened, and, therefore, procuring his address, I left her, being quite impatient to see my brother. Finding there would be no stage-coach for nearly two hours, I engaged a post-chaise and drove off. On arriving at Portobello, I found my brother had stopped only about an hour there, and departed for Musselburgh. Again pursuing his track, I recollected that the gentleman with whom he had the misunderstanding belonged to Haddington, and presumed that Musselburgh Links had been chosen by both parties for the scene of their rencontre, as a kind of neutral ground. Arriving at the Anchor, and making the necessary inquiries, I was shewn into a room, where, after a delay of several minutes, which seemed to me interminable, I was much surprised by the entrance of my friend Dr Anodyne; I interrupted his expressions of pleasure at meeting me, with the question, "Have you seen my brother?" "I left him this moment." "How is he?—in what state?" "Better than you, I presume, expected; but quite impatient for your arrival." "Can I see him just now?" "Certainly—follow me." He led the way, and we entered a large dining-room, with five covers on the table; when pulling the bell, the Doctor said, "Tell the gentlemen to come in;" and before I had recovered from my surprise, my brother entered, between two strangers of genteel appearance: I rushed forward, saying, "How are you, Tom?" "Quite hearty—never better in my life—but hungry as a hawk; we have waited supper impatiently for you." Staring with astonishment, I cried, "What means all this?" "First of April—All-Fool's-day, brother!" And the company set up a laugh.

which made the house ring. I was, for a moment, inclined to be angry; but on looking at Dr Anodyne's countenance glowing, and his eyes sparkling with delight, and also at my brother's healthful, happy face, I felt it impossible to be offended, and, therefore, joined in the laugh against myself.

We sat down to an excellent and elegant supper, to which all seemed inclined to do ample justice; and the libation which followed was worthy of the company and the day. "Now, my dear Sir," said the Doctor, "your brother and I have long been your debtors; are you ready and willing to give us a discharge in full of all demands for the first of April?" "Yes," said I, with some confusion; "I acknowledge myself paid, both principal and interest."

Observing that I looked a little foolish, one of the strangers said, "My dear Sir, you are not the only April fool in the company; on this day twelve months I hoaxed my friend here; and to-day, by a well-concerted scheme, which it is unnecessary to explain, he has induced me to hunt the gowk from Leith to Edinburgh, from thence to Lasswade, on to Dalkeith, from that to Prestonpans, and from thence to where I have now met a brother—let us shake hands," stretching his arm across the table, with a complacent smile. "Are we all friends now?" cried the Doctor; "if so, I propose a bumper, and a farewell to April follies." We all filled to the brim, and that was followed by warm expressions of friendship; and

The bonds grew the tighter, the more
they were wet.

The sitting was prolonged till nearly "witching time," when we drove into "Auld Reekie" in a couple of post-chaises; I accompanied Tom to his lodgings, where I soon retired for the night.

The occurrences of the day had produced an excitement of spirits which had not yet evaporated; and feeling no inclination to sleep, I sat down at the table, musing on the past, and regretting, not so much that I had been made an April fool, as that I had been prevented from making others. My imagination, doubtless, stimulated by the wine I had drunk, now began to roam, and I thought I beheld Folly personified, looking with a kind of good-humoured scorn on the fools who had so recently appeared in her train: I resolved to follow up this flight of fancy, by addressing an "Ode to Folly;" and, seeing materials for writing in the room, began instantly; and, with a fluent pen, soon produced an irregular stanza, as an invocation to the imaginary goddess. Reading it over, I was much pleased with the personification I had sketched, and sat for a minute or two with my pen almost close to the paper; but the afflatus had abated, and I could not begin another stanza to my own satisfaction; I therefore threw myself back in my chair, to deliberate more at my ease. While sitting in this position, with my thoughts still fixed on the same object, I must have insensibly fallen asleep; for methought the being I had just invoked appeared before me in nearly the same costume as my pen had described her. The principal addition which I observed was a great number of little bells, pendant from every part of her dress, all of which kept continually tingling; and although so far from producing any thing like musical concord, that they formed a most inharmonious combination, which changed every moment, but still in Allegro time, yet, with all their discordance, there was something in the commingling sounds indescribably pleasing. Her face was that of a young girl in her teens; her eyes sparkled with a vivacity and lustre which surpass description; but they seemed incapable of being fixed steadily on any object: there was a glow of ruddy health on her cheek; her lips seemed like twin cherries, wet with the dews of morning, and produced a striking effect, when compared with the whiteness of her teeth, which were placed in the most symmetrical order, and were always to be seen; for her mouth wore a smile which seemed ready to burst out in a broad laugh; the curves at the corners, and the dimples in her cheeks, exhibiting a sweetness approaching to fascination. There was an apparent thoughtlessness, and careless levity of manner in her air, which forbade either sincere love or respectful esteem; yet, at the same moment, she exhibited such a playful and good-humoured sweetness, that I felt a strong inclination to throw myself into her arms, which were widely and invitingly extended as she approached. As she took my hand, I felt my pulse quicken, and a titillating sensation play around my heart, which increased as she tickled my palm with her delicate fingers.

With a voice of bewitching sweetness, she addressed me, saying, "Why thus dejected? cheer up! you are my faithful votary; one whom I have long known as my devoted worshipper. You have been disappointed at my carnival of yesterday; I must endeavour to make you some amends. Keep your place till my return with my magic lantern, and I will shew you a few of the April Fools." She paused, and, I thought, folded me in her arms, saying,

"Farewell a while, I will not leave you
long!"

and she pressed her lips to my cheek with a gaiety which seemed liker the smack of a wanton, than the parting embrace of virgin modesty; then sporting a well-turned and slender ancle, she glided lightly over the floor, and vanished.

No sooner had she disappeared, than a hale and venerable old man stood before me, on the spot she had occupied; he fixed on me an eye so piercing, that it seemed to penetrate to my heart. His brow was arched and lofty; the lines of deep thought were visible in his face, and his features, although they bore an air of seriousness, were not gloomy. Although there was nothing threatening in his attitude, and the dignity of his manner seemed to command respect, and also to inspire confidence, I felt a kind of involuntary shudder as he drew nearer, and I thought I felt myself shrinking into littleness in his presence. In an earnest and solemn tone he addressed me, saying, "Be not afraid—I am one who wish to be your friend; although you have hitherto slighted my acquaintance, you will one day wish you had been more familiar with me. My name is Experience; I wish to talk with you; but this is not the time; for I know you expect more agreeable company, and shall not, therefore, detain you: Folly comes to amuse you with her magic lantern, and, like Castor and Pollux, she and I never appear in the same hemisphere; I generally follow her, and although I have taken precedence of her at present, it is for your sake, that you may be prepared for our next meeting. In the meantime, see this mirror, which I fix upon the wall, right above where the exhibitions of Folly's lantern will appear. She will shew things as they are now viewed by those concerned; and if you take the trouble to look in the mirror above, you will see them as they will be at a future period. Enough—I hear the approach of your visitor," and my sage monitor instantly disappeared.

While musing on what I had heard and seen, and half resolved to turn Folly down stairs, should she return, she entered, with her face so full of

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

that I rose to welcome her approach. Clasping her arms around my neck, and then patting my cheek, with a wanton glance and seducing smile, she said, "So you have had a visitor since I left you! He is an arch hypocrite, and most insinuating, impudent knave; and you will be troubled with his daily intrusions, if you do not keep him at a distance.

His name is Care—but should he call,
Quick out of doors with vigour throw
him;
And tell the miscreant, once for all,
You know him not—you ne'er will
know him!

But now for my exhibition. Look on the wall right before you, and behold the figures as they pass, and you will admit that the gayest are the happiest of my votaries. There you have, first, the members of the Holy Alliance, singing *Te Deum* around Riego's gibbet, and trampling the Spanish Constitution under their feet. See, there they are binding down all the printing-presses with padlocks, and covering the key-holes with the seal of the Holy-office. There, the

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Autocrat holds up an open Bible, on which is blazoned in large capitals, 'LET EVERY SOUL BE SUBJECT TO THE HIGHER POWERS; FOR THERE IS NO POWER BUT OF GOD: THE POWERS THAT BE ARE ORDAINED OF GOD.'" On looking in the mirror, I saw at a great distance the same figures, all with their backs turned to each other; but every one trying to peep over his shoulder, jealous of his neighbour; an immense number of printing-presses all employed; and above, there was an open Bible, richly illuminated, on which was inscribed in golden letters, "NOW, THEREFORE, BE WISE, O KINGS! AND BE TAUGHT, YE JUDGES OF THE EARTH."

"Presto!" cried my companion. "Look here,—see Ferdinand fumbling in an empty purse, while he is dictating a decree to his Secretary for the subjugation of Spanish America; on the table lies a paper, docqueted, 'Scheme of the Sinking Fund.'" I looked in the mirror; the royal purse had lost the bottom; the scheme of the Sinking Fund floated in air, a few inches above the table, and burst like a soap-bubble; and a South American coolly lighted his hookah with the decree against the freedom of his country.

"There," cried the mistress of the ceremonies, "behold the West Indian planters tearing the Registry Act,—burning Missionary chapels,—uttering execrations against Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Bathurst, and rivetting the fetters of the trembling negroes." On raising my eyes to the reflector, the actors continued the same, but the objects differed: instead of the Registry Act, the planters had torn the charter of their rights as Britons; and such was their frenzied haste, that they applied their torches to their own plantations, instead of religious chapels; while they were so reckless in hammering closer the fetters of the slaves, that two out of every three strokes fell on their own shins.

"We shall leave the thorny walks of politics for the flowery and delightful fields of love," said she. "Behold a fond and loving couple,—the lady is coming over a window on the second floor, and is in her sixteenth year,—the youth, who receives her at the bottom of the ladder, is a lieutenant upon half-pay, but his father is rich. He clasps her in his arms, conducts her to a post-chaise, which gallops off to Gretna Green, while the tender pair sit,

> Like turtle doves, so fondly billing,
> Or Will and Mary on a shilling."

On glancing at the mirror, which might be termed "Time's Telescope," I beheld the fair in faded mourning weeds, with an infant in her arms, and another by her side, kneeling and weeping at the feet of her father-in-law, while he turned away, with a frown of scorn on his brow.

"Here comes a pair who have no occasion to match clandestinely; the bride is a gay, rich, and wanton widow, fat, fair, and forty; the bridegroom, who was her late husband's clerk, attained his majority yesterday. They were united in the morning, and are just retiring for the night, at an inn, to which they have driven on the wings of love; and now all is Elysium around them; not less bright is their sky after breakfast next morning, when his bride, affecting to blush, ogles him fondly, and puts into his hands a check for her deposits in the bank, to be transferred in his name." In the glass above I saw a very different scene. The lady was sitting alone, and seemed to have been weeping; a watch on the mantel-piece shewed it was past midnight, and she was in the attitude of listening to every passing sound. Another compartment of the picture exhibited a group around the gaming-table, among which I recognised her husband; he had just thrown the dice,—kicked them and the dice-box in the fire,—left the room grinding his teeth,—met a girl in the street, took her on his arm, and accompanied her to her lodgings.

"Here comes another pair, on their way to the temple of Hymen; the bridegroom is rich, both in years and worldly wealth; for he has passed his grand climacteric, and he holds stock to the amount of ten thousand pounds, exclusive of shares in banks, canals, and other profitable commercial concerns; the bride is a blooming beauty of nineteen, was the playmate of his youngest daughter, and has now become so necessary to the old man, that he has confirmed the proverb; 'There is no fool like an old fool.' See, there, they have returned from the altar; he is leering on her with all the fondness which his watery eyes will permit, and is about to say something very kind and tender, but is interrupted by a violent fit of coughing; however, he has settled on her an annuity of three hundred pounds for life; he is fond, she is grateful, and they must be happy." Let me look in the mirror. Like some of Hogarth's pictures, it represents different scenes at successive periods. She has nursed him for ten long and lingering years, and during the last seven, her regard has increased; for she has nightly prayed, most fervently and devoutly, that he might speedily be removed beyond the reach of every earthly affliction. He is sitting with his gouty leg on a stool, while she kneels and smooths the downy pillow on which it rests. The servant hands a letter to her mistress; she reads, and puts it hastily in her pocket, a glow suffusing her cheek. Was that a twinge in his great-toe which distorted her husband's features so horribly? Oh no! it was a pang at the heart, caused by a disease still more keen and incurable, —he writhes in a paroxysm of jealousy; while she turns away with a smile of silent contempt curling her pouting lip.

This succession of gloomy pictures threw me off my guard, and I exclaimed, "Ah! are all your love-matches so unhappy?"

"So you have made a discovery!" cried the enchantress. "I saw the mirror; but had not power to remove it. Being now conscious, that, however you may continue to worship me in private, you will no longer mingle with the crowd at my annual festival, I shall speak with more plainness and sincerity. You ask if all my love-matches are unhappy? What other consummation is to be expected from those preposterous unions which take place under my auspices? In all those represented before you, there has been either imprudence or incongruity; but, even where there are not, less apparent and latent causes often interrupt or annihilate the anticipated felicity. Look at another picture. See that bridegroom and bride; they are coeval in age, both young, and of equal rank in life; he kneels in rapturous adoration, while she smiles with so much sweetness, that uninterrupted happiness may be expected as the result of their union. Raise your eyes to the mirror, and see the pair in the last stage of their honey-moon,—with what indifference they now sit beside each other! They have not quarrelled, neither is there anger in either of their faces; but both express languor and disappointment. He considered her an angel, and she imagined him endowed with perfection, both physical and intellectual. He has now discovered that she is only a woman; and she has found him subject to the infirmities inseparable from human nature. Had not both indulged in visionary dreams, and expected to bask in the Paradise of Fools, they might have been happy.

"To shew of what rational love is capable, look at that picture now before you; the bridegroom is twenty-four and the bride three years younger. They are none of my votaries, and have never followed in my train; there is a manly dignity in his air, and a melting tenderness in his eye, while he clasps the hand of his bride, whose cheek glows with the blush of virgin modesty. Their nuptial couch is trimmed with budding roses and evergreen myrtles, and the torch of Hymen diffuses a light around them, which, for brilliancy and purity, far outrivals any gas of human invention. Look in the mirror, through the long vista of years, forty of which have passed over their heads; you see them celebrating the anniversary of their marriage, seated at the head of their supper-table, with their children and grand-children around them: the roses have now faded, and the myrtle chaplets have lost their vernal green; but both still breathe a pleasing fragrance. He is the picture of winter, "frosty, but kindly," as he presses her hand, while she leans on his shoulder, and sings, 'John Anderson, my jo!'

"Look again; see that young lady at her toilette: Nature has given her agreeable features; but, not content with pleasing, she wishes to fascinate; her eyes shine like stars, but she would have their brilliancy as irresistible as that of the lightning. Her dressing-table groans beneath a load of lotions and cosmetics of various kinds; Macassar oil had its day, but has now yielded to Kalydor; she paints both in white and red; pencils her eye-brows, and sleeps every night in chicken gloves. It would be impossible to give a catalogue of the instruments and ammunition she employs, as the artillery of love, which she never felt; and although she idolizes herself, she is one of my most devoted worshippers. Look in the mirror. Like the beauties beneath a tropical sun, she has sunk in premature old age; for not only is her skin withered and shrivelled, and her face wrinkled, but she has also lost her health, from the noxious qualities of her external applications. Although it is not my province, I am sure, that all who follow such practices,

Let them paint inch thick,
It must come to this at last.

"Here comes a young man in humble life; he has just got an eighth of a twenty thousand pounds prize in the State-Lottery. He has made a bonfire of the implements of his former occupation, and you see him with a large party, in a fashionable hotel; they have been drinking punch-royal, that is, brandy for spirits, and wine for water; and are now amusing themselves in pitching the glasses at the cornices of the room: they have just now knocked out a couple of the waiter's front teeth with the punch-laddle, and have ordered him to put them in the bill. The mirror will exhibit the last scene of this farce, or rather tragi-comedy. In two years, this man, who believed his wealth inexhaustible, is in want of a shilling to purchase his dinner, with the horrors of a jail staring him in the face; to obtain the first, and escape from the last, he enlists in a marching regiment, is sent to Jamaica, drinks new rum, and dies in a few weeks after his landing.

"Look again at another of my steady worshippers; he whom you now see seated at a table, with some slips of paper in his hand, is one who, despising steady and regular industry, still hopes to become rich at once; he embarked in various speculations, which have all ended in smoke; and for several years past, he has held to the extent of three whole tickets, as draughts upon Fortune, in every Lottery; by these measures he has exhausted a decent patrimony, and is now pennyless: the papers you see in his hand are shares of Lottery-tickets, the fate of which will be decided to-morrow. Let us consult the mirror for the result. All blanks! and Fortune's victim appears in the background, howling in a strait waistcoat.

"Permit me merely to mention the next pair of pictures; they might, perhaps, amuse you; but if you are familiar with the works of Hogarth, you will find them correctly delineated, under the titles of 'The Rake's and Harlot's Progress.' Those who form the subjects are fully conscious of being my constant followers; and although they sometimes, after a fit of sickness, or from other causes, talk of forsaking me, yet they generally

Resolve, and re-resolve, and die the same.

"Let us now take a glance at a very different class, when we shall find those who consider themselves the disciples of Pallas, and the illuminati of the age. Behold that meagre-looking man,

With study pale, and midnight vigils
spent;

he is seated at his desk, the floor on each side loaded with books in various languages, and a large bundle of manuscripts lies before him. He is busy, alternately writing and obliterating; the paper under his hands is such a medley of patchwork, as none but himself could attempt to decypher. Compared with it, the manuscript of Pope's Homer, deposited in the British Museum, is a clean and fair copy; he takes this pains, because, like the painter, he believes himself writing, if not for eternity, at least for posterity, as long as the language he employs shall be understood. He is an erudite, and has wasted the best years of his life in researches about which the world is indifferent. Let us consult the mirror for the result of his labours. See, he still sits as before, but paler and more emaciated,—seems liker a ghost than a man,—with a trembling hand he is still employed in correcting and interlining his MS. The printer's devil enters with a proof of the first sheet,—he revises it with convulsive grasp,—the excitement is more than exhausted nature can support,—his head swims, the sheet drops from his hand, he falls back in his chair, and, with a smile playing on his lip, breathes his last. Surely you will acknowledge, that,

If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

"Here comes another author, but of a very different species from our last; and believing himself the legitimate child of Apollo, and the favoured paramour of the Muses, he imagines his writings proceed from direct inspiration, and would therefore deem it sacrilege to blot a word produced by the fancied afflatus. He has finished his manuscript copy for the press, and is just now sitting for his portrait,

His eye in a fine frenzy rolling.

It is to adorn the front of his volume, —a peep at the mirror will shew its reception. Can this be the son of Apollo, the favourite of the Muses, the child of soothing song, who writhes in agony, and, like a rabid animal, foams at the mouth? What book is that he is tearing in pieces with his teeth? It is a Review in which his volume has been criticised, and pronounced nonsense, and the author held up to ridicule as an incorrigible, ostentatious fool."

There now passed before me several visionary enthusiasts and dreaming philanthropists, which my companion asserted were her worshippers, while they imagined themselves employed in subverting her authority. But as their romantic pursuits were only in embryo, the mirror could not exhibit what they would ultimately produce.

"I shall close this exhibition," said the goddess, "by setting before you the picture of one who has long been my principal favourite and most devoted follower, although I have now some reason to apprehend his apostacy." She paused, and I thought heaved a sigh. The portrait passed before me, and I beheld my own physiognomy. I attempted to raise my eyes to the mirror, but she stood right before my face, so as completely to intercept my view; and approaching with a sweet, fascinating smile, said, "Now, my dearly-beloved friend, grant me the favour of a parting embrace!" Her air and beauty were so bewitching, that I stretched my arms to clasp her slender neck, and, closing my hands on the flame of the candle on the table, thought I heard my sage monitor say, "The votaries of Folly generally burn their fingers." I started with pain, woke from the reverie, and found mine blistered.

Alas! I soon found this saying of Experience more fully confirmed. Having passed three days in Edinburgh, I returned home, where the first object that claimed my attention was another letter from my cousin Emily, sealed with black. My heart misgave me as I opened it. My fears were more than confirmed; for it announced the death of my aunt, (an old maiden lady,) with this addition, that she so highly resented my neglect in not visiting her, that she caused her will, in which I was a legatee for three hundred pounds, to be delivered to her; and, still reluctant to cancel her kindness, she kept it below her pillow till within a few hours of her death, in the expectation of my arrival. When I came not, it was the last act of her life to destroy the will, leaving her whole effects to the heir-at-law.

Thus, Mr Editor, have the events of one day rendered to me retributive justice for the follies of many years; and by laying claim to sagacity, inspired only by my own cunning, I have lost three hundred pounds sterling, with the additional mortification of being forced to acknowledge myself

An April Fool.

THE FISHER'S SABBATH.

"An' this war' off the day it's on."
My Grandmother.

The poor man's Sabbath has been said and sung under a great variety of aspects. That rest from bodily labour, and that presence of moral delight, which the peasant experiences, or is at least entitled to enjoy, during the blessed Sabbath, could not possibly remain unnoticed in an age like the present. And it is indeed a most interesting and hallowing recollection, to contemplate the father, in the midst of his family, clothed in his best, and leisurely inquiring into the condition, and participating in the happiness of his children. I do not, in fact, know a more pleasing subject of reflection, than the little family knot squatted upon the top of some smooth and green eminence, basking, like a covey of partridges, in the Sabbath-evening sun, repeating and commenting upon the text of the day, and stammering out the half-committed psalm and question in the zealous and rigorous ear of parental piety and affection. Wo be unto him, whatever be his creed or his credentials before the public, who would convert the beautiful and healthful sky and breath of heaven into a vault of poisoned and morose confinement, and who would shut up, of a Sabbath afternoon, within the walls of a narrow and smoky abode, the poor pensioner on God's blessed sun and light, merely because his gloomy or hypocritical soul has demonized the divine and unbounded goodness of Heaven!

The shepherd's Sabbath, or that which is spent and enjoyed amongst the mountains*, has likewise figured in poetical description, and has attracted that share of attention and interest to which it was so eminently entitled. With his Bible, his dog, his flock, and his mountain-cairn, or shieling, the shepherd may, at any time, convert the wide expanse of earth and sky into a temple, wherein to worship with fervour and elevated devotion. He cannot open his Bible without meeting with some allusion or reference to the actual state of things around him,—to the green pasture, the pure stream, the munition of rocks, the flocks that stray, or that feed peacefully within the limits assigned to them. And he cannot, in the most casual manner, glance his eye over the surrounding landscape, without feeling it to be instinct, as it were, with a religious life, harmonized and softened down into a Sabbath expression.

I have often imagined, that the very crows were sensible of and enjoyed, with an appropriate relish, the advantages of a Christian day of repose. As you advance on your way churchwards, they will sit and pick up the worms from a newly-ploughed field, quite unmoved and unconcerned; and no feigned alarms, from presented staff or flapped plaid, will compel them to any considerable distance. Whilst, on a work-day again, they will survey your most distant advance with suspicion, and take excellent care that you shall not approach within a hundred yards of them. So delicate is their week-day sense of human encroachment, that it is commonly supposed they can smell powder, as the camel does water, at an immense distance; and that they have actually scouts, or out-posts, stationed, whose office it is to give timely warning of danger.

The dogs, too, all instinct with intellect, as many of them are, are not unfrequently fully aware of the privileges of the Sabbath. I remember sitting in a muirland parish church, where "the blessing," at the conclusion of the service, was pronounced with the congregation sitting, in order to cheat the colleys out of their "scaling" howl. And I knew a clergyman, whose dog, Neptune, his constant and inseparable companion on other occasions, never offered to follow him when the bell rung to church.

Thus, Sir, there is scarcely a variety, either of the rational or of the irrational creation, which is not in one way or another influenced and modified in its habits and happiness by the Sabbath; and whilst this fact has been noticed, and even blazoned, in "prose and verse," in respect of almost every other class or character, "the Fisher's Sabbath" remains yet unnoticed. Be it, therefore, my task and aim to give you some notion, in the shape and form of a narrative, illustrated and interspersed with suitable and seasonable reflections, of the life which a truly-devoted fisher, one of the real mountain-breed, leads,—of what he enjoys and suffers,—of all his varied experiences on a Christian Sabbath.

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* *Vide* "Sabbath among the Mountains."

I had fished all Saturday without success. In fact, the weather was extremely unfavourable, for, owing to some heavy showers on "the heads," the trouting streams came down suddenly and red, and rendered fishing with success quite impracticable. By breakfast-time of the Sabbath morning, the sun, which had shone out early, was clouded *in* with a sheety and dark-spread covering. The whole sky had gradually assumed a sombre aspect, yet not so deep or so lowering as to sadden the earth. There was a kind of Claude Lorraine hue, which settled gradually upon hill and valley, and which was quite consistent with cheerfulness and distinct vision. A gentle breeze sprung up, not in fits or gusts, but in that long and uniform breathing which softly ruffles the surface of the pool, whilst the stream remains apparently untouched. I could see it upon a little pond, or "floshen," first rippling at the weather-ward edge, then gaining form, and advance, and extent, and depth of curl, till "the smooth" became one gentle ruffling, and "the still" one placid agitation. It was as if a troop of spirits had passed over the surface of the water, and with their presence had fanned it into motion; or as if a Scotch housewife, in the hurry and bustle of her morning dairy, had breathed gently upon a milk-cog, compelling the cream to retire to the opposite side of the vessel, before the stream of her blast. The bell rung to church, and long did I hesitate betwixt two opinions. What would I gain by a stroll into the mountains, and along those well-known streams, but vexation and chagrin? and by going, as usual, to church, I might settle accounts with my conscience, and hear an excellent sermon. The bell, however, rung *in* whilst I was still hesitating; and as I disliked, or thought that I disliked, a public entry into the church when too late, I gradually ascended the long glen, which conducted me almost to the mountain's-brow. I was quite alone in the solitude of Nature, and I felt it. The mountainous region was thinly inhabited, and, with the exception of a single shepherd, who hung in loose plaid, and with his dog accompanying him, upon the distant weather gleam, I am quite certain that no rational creature was within ten miles of me. There was something balmy, yet not oppressively hot, in the air, and every fowl of heaven seemed to hold jubilee, and to rejoice in the consciousness of being, and in the possession of liberty. No wonder, thought I, that your mountaineers have, in all ages, resisted the aggressions of despotism, for the very air which they breathe, the very ground which they tread, is hallowed by the presence of Freedom. Even the flocks roam without restraint, whilst the raven and the kite, the lapwing and the curlew, keep up the communion of independence over head. Having gained the summit of the mountain, I rested upon a well-known cairn, from the southern side of which the shepherd had carefully scoped out a recess, stocked with hazel staves of curious workmanship, and with many a scattered remnant of shoes and stockings. From this, I looked a-down the vale, and along the full stretch of a stream, all visible in every pool and current, every bend and winding. In the extreme distance lay the sea, like an edging of blue ribbon, contracted into a narrow stripe, and sinking away into the horizon cloud. And as I turned my face northward, into the broken and precipitous recesses of the cataract and the spring, I could see a whole host of rivulets rushing from the declivity, and curving away fantastically into the larger river beneath. On the whole of Nature around me one character was inscribed, one expression was visible, one solicitation was perceptible,—and I recollected, and felt, that I was every inch a fisher. Need I mince the matter, by apology to the religious, or explanation to the prudent and propriety-guided reader? It is sufficient, at least for the purposes of truth and sincerity, to state, that I felt something like regret that it was Sabbath, and that my hand was not armed, as on the immediately-preceding day, with a rod, and my pockets stored with lines and hooks. I would have exchanged any two of the longest and most lovely Sabbaths of June, for one short hour of week-day freedom on this occasion. Yet, had some malicious spirit of the mountain, or of the flood, supplied me with the means, and had I been even fully assured of the absence of all worldly observation, I had not thrown a line, or fished a single pool. My feelings upon the subject terminated in mere regret that Saturday had not been Sunday, and *vice versâ*. A truly irreligious fisher is a monster "in rerum natura." Every fisher feels, that, to violate the majesty and authority of God, by profanation or impiety, were to forfeit his claims to the character which he possesses, and which he values so highly. It were throwing upwards spot, or pollution, upon the pure vault of heaven—it were whispering treason and trespass into the ever-listening ear of Silence—it were advancing singly and alone into the presence-chamber of Majesty, with the view of perpetrating insult. "Oh! how can he resist" the freshness, and the purity, and the promise, and the gladdening uprising of the morning dew! "Oh! how can he resist" the elevation and the buoyancy of spirit which every ascending step on the mountain imparts or supports! "Oh! how can he resist" the intercommunings of solitude, the inner feeling and the outward impression, that close and elevating intercourse which the spirit of Nature holds with the heart, and with the reflective and imaginative powers! All this may indeed be resisted by a person who knows merely how to cover his hook with a worm or with a minnow, and to torture into temptation the living "bait." But a "fly-fisher," a real sportsman of the true innocuous breed, is altogether incapable of such monstrosity*. His whole aspect is erect and prepossessing, and his whole soul is refined, and exalted into lofty and purifying apprehensions. Who ever heard of a fishing cock-fighter, or smuggler, or horse-dealer? Wherever there is grossierte of purpose, or low chicanery of dealing, *there* the spirit of angling will not abide.

Have you ever, Mr Editor, experienced "a Sabbath amongst the Mountains?" I do not speak of a walk which you may accidentally have held along a public road, and through a mountainous district of country,—I do not speak of a companioned ramble, which, in the buoyancy and thoughtlessness of youth, you may have taken, of a summer Sabbath, to the "Fountain-head," or to "Habbie's How;" neither do I advert to that straining and puffing which the desire of compassing Arthur's Seat, of a Sunday afternoon, may have induced you to undergo. None of these come within a thousand miles of my present meaning, when I interrogate you respecting "a Sabbath amongst the Mountains." He who sets out of a spring or a summer Sabbath morning, in excellent health, and good, though, at the same time, chastened and commandable spirits,—who has said to himself, "Go to," I will forget for a day all that bustle and anxiety which the week has produced,—he who, with a single pocketable volume, measures his way, as it were, at random, into the distant wilderness—who feels, as he advances, that he is opening up a favourite retreat of Nature, and who ultimately lays himself down in some sunny glen, where the noisy, and dancing, and sparkling mountain-stream winds around him,—he who reposes upon turf, at once verdant and dry, at once fragrant and soft, and who, pleased with himself and with all around him, gradually converts a reclining into a supine position, and who, thus circumstanced and situated, hears the grasshopper chirp, the lavrock sing, and the raven croak around and above him,—who takes knowledge of the fleecy clouds as they sail, in almost imperceptible motion, above, and who looks into the distant blue of heaven, till it become dark and deep, and indigo-hued, till the large and vibratory bells float, and the dancing and restless flashes of darkness shift across his vision; he who does and experiences all this, knows, and *he only* can be said to know, what "a Sabbath amongst the Mountains" means.

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* "They may talk (says Lord Byron) about the beauties of Nature, but the angler merely thinks of his dish of fish!" So says his Lordship; but in this, as well as in a few particulars besides, the author of "Don Juan" is evidently anxious to be singular. "Non cuivis homini contigit adire Corinthum"—let him stick to his Greeks.

As if led by instinct, rather than by reason or recollection, I arrived about mid-day at the most favourite portion of my most favourite stream, and there I laid myself down on an elevated bank, from which I could command a pretty extended view of some of the best pools and eddies in the water. I took from my pocket my Sabbath companion, "Young's Night Thoughts," and had just entered upon the fearful mystery of "Lorenzo," when I was arrested by a frequent and expressive plunging. When I looked up, the whole adjoining pool, and indeed the whole smoother water, so far as my eye could reach, was one theatre of commotion. It resembled the first bubbling and bell-shewing of a boiling pot, or rather the close and universal flash and dancing of a thunder shower on the surface of the flood. What I felt on this occasion it would be needless, even were it possible, to describe, for, to a brother of the rod, such an attempt would be impertinent, and to any other reader it would be at once absurd and unintelligible. I forgot "Lorenzo," gradually permitted "Young," as if I had been fast asleep, to slip from my hand, and fixed my eyes intently and steadily upon the scene before me. But whilst I continued to look with the intensity of a cat watching her prey, or of Hogg's dog, Hector, setting, during prayer-time, the family mouser, the scene instantly shifted, and the water became smooth and unbroken as formerly. I had never distinctly marked this fact before, and my attention was aroused to it by what followed. After an interval of half an hour, I felt a gentle breeze upon my face, and saw a whole colony of flies, of every wing and colour, straggling, and fluttering, and tilting passively along, over the stream-head. In an instant, the former appearances were renewed; there was nothing to be seen but one plunge and plash, wherever such commotions, from the nature of the stream, were visible. I thought that, had I been differently circumstanced, in point of time and accoutrements, I could have filled my basket at the delightful rate of two to a throw, and could not help wishing that, instead of my present teasing and tempting position, I had occupied my place immediately under the precentor's desk in the church. Whether these were feelings of repentance or true devotion, or of mere sportsman regret, I leave to the Professor of "Moral Philosophy," that most comprehensive and incomprehensible of all sciences, coolly, leisurely, and learnedly, to determine.

In the meantime, I may be permitted, as a fisher, to remark in passing, that, from what I observed on this occasion, I was enabled to explain a circumstance which I had not formerly understood. During the same day, and apparently under the same sky and breath of heaven, trouts are often teasingly capricious;—*now*, for example, you cannot bring your hook within an inch and a half of the surface of the flood, but some lazy, lumbering fellow, has his nose three inches out of the water to secure it, or some light smart chitterling of a par or whiting makes a sommerset of a foot high, in order to catch it! and again, in the course of one single minute, things are so altered, that, though you should strain your rod from its joints, and your arm from its socket, and your eyeballs from their setting, in throwing, and adjusting throws, in lightly dropping here, and in smartly trailing there, in the full and exhausted exercise of all your skill and all your art, you shall not be able to raise a single fin; you may as well fish with your youngest petticoat-attired son in the duck-pond, or the byre-door-dub. Now, it occurs to me, that all this is owing to a certain alternate change of the electrical state of the atmosphere, in consequence of which, the flies are at once disengaged from the banks, and the trouts are suddenly excited to secure their prey. If ever any very decided discoveries shall be made, in the infant science of electricity, it strikes me that the angler has an excellent chance to hit upon the truth. But upon this subject the year 1924 must bear testimony; and to the fishers and philosophers of that year I willingly leave the whole subject in all its bearings. There is one circumstance, however, of which, as an angler, I am entitled, even now, to speculate. All fishers know, that the killing of trouts is not in proportion to their rising; in other words, that one may be actually teased and tormented out of all patience with a constant shew of taking, by every manner of rise and curvet-work, whilst, at the same time, your hook is never touched, or touched in so slight and almost imperceptible a manner, that you become, at last, quite furious, and lash away as if you were giving the water, like Xerxes, a chastisement, or bringing into subjection and intelligence some wayward and refractory pointer. Now, I account for this fact in the following manner: When the water is clear, (and such occurrences only take place in this state of the water,) and there is no ripple upon the surface of the pool, the trouts, provided the electrical state of the atmosphere be favourable for their rising, immediately dash upwards at the first fly which presents itself over head. Thus they acquire an impetus; they are like a vessel under full sail, and they cannot all at once arrest and completely nullify their motion; coming, however, in the course of their upward ascent, to discover that what they took for a veritable fly has some suspicious points about it—that the tail is unusually elongated, or the wing uncommonly dense and heavy, or the body and head of a somewhat attennuated aspect; these adventurers of the flood seem suddenly to alter their intentions, and to divert that impetus into another direction, which they have no means of altogether and suddenly nullifying; and thus they spring up on all sides *of*, and at all angles *from*, your hook, as if they were actually making merry with your efforts, and enjoying the sport more than the sportsman himself. Let any one who is accustomed to the elegant and graceful accomplishment of skating take this matter into consideration, and he will not be long in assimilating the two cases, and in discovering how a skater, moving at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, may *deflect*, rather than instantly *arrest* his speed. I am the more inclined to consider the above as the true interpretation of the phenomenon, in as much as those trouts which rise in agitated streams and gullets, where the features of the hook cannot be distinctly made out, always take firmly, and seldom suffer themselves to miss their aim.

How it came to pass I cannot now distinctly recollect, but so it was, that I looked and gazed myself under a warm mid-day sun, which had now broken forth, first into stupor, and latterly into a sound sleep. And whenever at any time, and such times occur to us all, I miss my sleep, and begin to feel hot and restless in my bed, and get into a habit of counting the hours,—and almost imagine the house haunted, from the number of unaccountable noises,—and find that my pillow has not been properly shaken up, and that the bed-sheets have shifted their position, and given place to the fretting, tickling, teasing blanket;—whenever, I say, this happens to be the case, and I can obtain sleep upon none of the customary expedients and appliances, I uniformly have recourse to my memory, and conjure up, from the distance of twenty-five years, this hour's experience; and lay myself again quietly down upon the soft grass, and apply the vision of my fancy to the very identical stream, and pool, and exhibition of flies, and rises, and flood-boiling, till my feelings and apprehensions are again stupified into insensibility, and I sink at last into a sound and refreshing slumber. This is one expedient for commanding sleep, which is very much at the service of every fisher. None else can use it. There are many others. And if any one philosopher should arise, who should discover an *infallible* cure to that nightly sleeplessness and restlessness to which authors, booksellers, lawyers, writers, and all sedentary professions, in general, are so manifestly exposed,—such a fortunate individual would make a fortune by the discovery. He need not rack his brain with the chemical analysis of metals and galvanic influences, in order to copper-bottom His Majesty's navy; he might fairly rest contented with the power of commanding rest, that rest which is the most desirable of all things, for which Job prays so pathetically, and of which Lord Byron expresses himself,

> " I want no Paradise but rest,
> To rest, and not to know 'tis rest."

In fact, dreaming, or the consciousness of being asleep, spoils all. I had rather, for my own part, count every hour from twelve to seven, and hear every infernal click which the house-clock is making, and feel all the horrors of that warning *whirr* which precedes the striking—I had rather suffer all this, than be exposed to the consciousness, whilst asleep, of being asleep, to that painful feeling which results from a fruitless effort to reason one's self out of the persuasion of being asleep, or to pinch and drag one's self, in vain, into an aroused state.—I have actually cast myself from a precipice, or from the top of a very high tree, merely with the view of discovering the difference betwixt imagination and reality; and have often attained an imaginary awakening, only to be precipitated anew into all the excruciating horror of a reasoned reality of suffering. For this cause, I say, any man would make a fortune by a sleeping device. And yet I am not quite certain that any such universal remedy of nightly restlessness shall ever be devised. For although a fisher may doze himself into sleep over the imaginary stream and rush of flies,—though a bookseller, that great Mæcenas of modern times, may contrive to congratulate himself asleep over an extensive list of subscribers' names,—though an advocate may drive off the blue devils under the protection and at the instigation of a wealthy and litigious client,—though a minister of the national church may purchase repose, under the recollected monotony of his own, or of a brother's pulpit oratory,—though a Burgh magistrate may requiesce under the last sale of city acres, and under the contemplation of that handsome allowance which may thus be appropriated to public dinners,—though a country laird may " dover o'er" in the calculation of the question betwixt letting his acres at a fiar or at a money-rent, —though shepherds, and even *he* of Ettrick, may resolve themselves into *sough* and *snore*, in making advantageous purchases and sales of wool and wethers,—and though butchers, bakers, tailors, and horse-dealers, together with every species and society of trade and craft, may each craddle their own particular bumps into inactivity under appropriate and suitable appliances; yet, how shall we abstract the thing so far as to make the cap fit each particular head, and yet all craniums in general! The substantive verb, and the elastic and patent braces, were nothing to this. In the present instance, I slept, however, without the help of effort or artifice, and I immediately, as might naturally have been expected, commenced just where I was,—my favourite amusement of fishing. My rod was in my hand,—it was Monday,—" it was off the day it was on," and the trouts were alive to the sport in which I was engaged. For a time I did pretty well, and succeeded in landing a " bull trout," of no ordinary dimensions; but as I was employed in inspecting his scales, and looking at his whole outspread and fascinating shape and size, the heavens begun suddenly to darken over head. It was not that the clouds thickened, but that they came up from behind the mountains into dark and suffocating tower, and jet, and commotion, as if they had ascended from some immense conflagration. I looked upon the water, but it had become ink, and there was a rusty red gleam which floated and undulated on its surface. I looked upon the earth; but it was no longer green, and fresh, and rejoicing,—a change had passed over it,—it seemed as if I had reached the ascent to Mount Vesuvius; and there was, as if they had sprung from the soil, an innumerable multitude around me. It now came over my soul suddenly, that I was " *breaking the Sabbath,*" and that I was thus, somehow or other, caught in the midst of my fearful impiety. I was not long in suspense, for the volumes of dark smoke spread out, and down, and *in* upon the glen where I stood; and all at once over the contracted and horrible concave above me, there shot a fearful rainbow of fire, and it reached, like a pair of compasses, from hill to hill; and along the whole extent of the flickering "arch" were written, in characters of blue flame, these words, which, so long as my reason remains, I shall never forget,

ARISE, YE DEAD, AND COME TO JUDGMENT.

I heard a rush, as if of the sea in the clouds; and over the adjoining hill I saw, descending into the valley, a perpendicular breastwork of tumbling, and foaming, and overwhelming ocean. I saw multitudes of my fellow-creatures running before it, and perishing in its sweep. I shrunk, screamed, and awoke "in the midst of the adjoining pool," into which I had, during my awful consternation, tumbled; and beheld "Willie Crosbie," the "Gilchristland herd," standing with his dogs and his flocks, which he had collected upon the spot where I had reclined, around me. But I have never taken any more fishing-walks of a Sabbath morning since. Yours, &c.

PISCATOR.

HISTORICAL-NOVEL WRITING.

WE are apt to ascribe to general causes, or at least to the plans of statesmen, many events, which, when they are better known, are found to proceed from the private passions of individuals, as much as those incidents do which are of far more trivial consequence. Were we to examine the annals of arbitrary governments, we should find numerous instances of this; but there are many, also, in those of free countries. Thus, in Rome, the vices of the Tarquins were the cause of the termination of its monarchy; those of Appius Claudius put an end to the decemvirate; and the envy of one sister towards another was the origin of the admission of Plebeians to share in the honours of the Consulate. In latter ages, too, and during the empire, there are similar examples. After a reign of half a century, in which Augustus blessed the world with his mild and steady sway, the nefarious intrigues of his second wife, Livia, to the exclusion, and even destruction of his offspring, placed the government in the hands of a tyrant, her own son, Tiberius; and Aggrippina, the second spouse of Claudius, secluded Britannicus, his son by a former marriage, and seated on the throne of the empire her own son Nero, though he was no descendant of the deceased emperor, and was, besides, one of the greatest monsters that ever disgraced human nature. In Germany, the jealousy subsisting between the clergy of two Roman Catholic sects gave rise to the reformation in religion. In our own island, the personal and family caprices of Henry VIII. had the most general consequences; and his peevishness, which arose from his disappointment in not receiving the expected visit of his nephew, James V., King of Scots, through the selfish management of interested Priests, had effects which were deeply felt by both nations.

It would carry us beyond the bounds of this little sketch were we to enter widely into the history of the romance of novel-writing: suffice it to say, that out of this influence of the human passions in the great affairs of mankind, has come that species of it, where events are found to spring from the minuter feelings, and where most important general consequences are shown to have arisen from what may be accounted incidents of ordinary life.

In this kind of writing, the French have excelled in an eminent degree; and among the most entertaining details to be found in any language are the Epicaris, the Conjuration de la Venise, and the Don Carlos of St. Real. In the first of these, the famous conspiracy of Piso, and even the burning of Rome in the days of Nero, are traced to what may be termed "private sources:" in the second of them, the more minute features of the Venetian Conspiracy are developed in a similar way; and in the Nouvelle Historique of Don Carlos, while we peruse a portion of the political history of Spain, then in her glory, we sympathise in the deepest manner with the individual distress which is there pourtrayed.

Of this kind of composition, which may be called the *Historical Novel*, we have sundry good examples in our own tongue, and the number of them has been considerably increased by the works of a renowned modern author, who has continued to place before his countrymen, in the most enticing manner, several very important periods of their history. Who of us is not versant, through the pages of Waverley, with the latest Scotch Rebellion? Who, amid all the ludicrous, as well as the grave scenes, of Old Mortality, and along with Claverhouse, and Burley, and Cuddie Headrigg, is not made acquainted with our excellent Covenanters, to whose noble and manly exertions we owe so much? Who can read Kenilworth without seeing before his eyes the maiden Sovereign, equally celebrated for her greatness as a Queen, and her caprice as a woman? And who can follow out the Fortunes of Nigel, and associate in idea with the personages there represented, without feeling himself almost actually in the presence of the whimsical monarch of that day?

On that species of writing, in general, we remark, that it seems a very useful one; for the amusement which it affords rouses curiosity; the severer study of common history frequently follows the light entertainment; and we venture to say, that there are many persons to whom these bustling and interesting periods of their own nation would have been nearly unknown, but for those popular works.

We have been led into this train of reflection, from a perusal of the last book of this kind which has been given to the public, under the title of ST JOHNSTOUN, OR THE EARL OF GOWRIE*. It has for its period the reign of James VI.; and its subject is in some degree that plot where the Earl of Gowrie and his brother Ruthven were slain, and where the King was in the most imminent danger. That event is one of the darkest in the whole of our history; and while one set of writers (and among these Dr Robertson) say that it was the object of the brothers to kill the King, or place him in captivity,—others contend that the treachery was on the King's side, and that it was accomplished in the destruction of those persons by his Majesty and his followers. This last is the theory of the author, but there are further intrigues, and also a due mixture of the tender passion in the book, without which, in truth, a novel can scarcely be made. Young Gowrie is the lover, and it is clear that the opposite view could not have been taken with any propriety by this novelist, for then the hero of the tale must have been a traitor against his Sovereign, even in his own house, instead of a gallant and generous youth; but that never would have answered, and would have been contrary to all the rules of custom and criticism.

Such is the general subject of this book; but, as is usual, there are various underplots, with correspondent characters in them. Among these individuals is the *Lady of Loretto*, *alias*, the Landlady of the Inn, at a place of that name, a few miles eastward of Edinburgh, and consisting of what was formerly a religious house of some note. This was the place of the kind, in Scotland, that was first converted to secular purposes; which was deemed an act of such heinous impiety by the Catholics, that, as the author tells us, the Pope annually pronounced from the Vatican the most *solemn curses* for it, against the inhabitants of the adjoining town of Musselburgh, the perpetrators of this conversion.

This author takes advantage of the eventful period in question, to introduce various curious incidents, some of which she has managed with considerable dexterity. Among these is

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* St. Johnstoun; or, John, Earl of Gowrie. In Three Volumes. Printed for Maclachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh; and Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, London. 1823.

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a stage play exhibited in the open air, at Holyrood, and the cause of much offence to the reformed Clergy, when the English comedians, who were sent down by Elizabeth, played the "Midsummer Night's Dream," before the Royal Family and Court of Scotland. There is also an examination of a witch in the King's own presence, which is well described; together with a Court-ball which took place in the Palace, with the exhibition of what, in the language of the times, was called the *Peacock Dance.*

One defect of the book has been said to be too close an imitation of the author of Waverley, (particularly in the Fortunes of Nigel,) in describing King James, and there is probably some truth in the objection; but if the Great Unknown gave a true representation of the King, and this author does the same, must not the two pictures, *of necessity,* resemble each other on the principle of an axiom, (as certain as the similar one of Euclid,) that "things that are like to one and the same thing, are like to one another?"

In the under-plots of this author there is sometimes a good deal of prosing, but not more than is occasionally found in some far greater writers. But why do many of these professional entertainers of the public serve up such loads as to surfeit, instead of refreshing them? Where is the good use of three, and sometimes four volumes, when all that is interesting in their details, with all their embellishments, might be far better given in two, and sometimes even in one? For the sake of authors themselves, allow us to remind them, that the Vicar of Wakefield, one of the most pleasing of books, consists of one volume only, while stretching it out to three or four would have enfeebled, or totally destroyed it; and that the beautiful French works, above alluded to, of the same description with St. Johnstoun, do not any one of them fill even a single volume.

This book is said to be from the pen of a fair lady, not many miles on this side of Berwick; and we shall soon have the second work which she has promised, which is to contain the Memoirs of Logan of Restalrig. We trust that she will do his memory more justice, at least shew it more mercy, than it received from those, who, several years after his death, most savagely dug up his bones from the tomb, and placing them at the bar, tried and condemned him, though dead, as a traitor, for supposed accession to that conspiracy which has been the subject of this author's pages.

If the author is to pursue this kind of writing, let us suggest to her some subjects in her own neighbourhood, not yet pre-occupied. Why, for example, may she not go to Holywellhaugh, at Upsettlington, and tell a tale of the attrocious Edward I., when he there defrauded Scotland of her liberties, till they were redeemed by the gallantry of Wallace and Bruce, and the other heroes of that age? At the Church of Lamberton, also in her vicinity, let her remember that there, as it is said, was celebrated the marriage between our Fourth James and the fair daughter of Henry VII., in whose descendants the crowns were united, and peace and comfort given to the land instead of war and bloodshed; and she may also follow the happy pair to Dalkeith, and, in imagination, join the wedding festivities which took place there on the occasion, so amusingly described by the ancient Chronicler. But may she not climb the summits of Dunse-law in her way, and, descending in the current of time, visit Leslie and his covenanting army, who encamped there in a later age? And may she not proceed to the banks of the Whitadder, and view the grave of De le Bote, now without even a stone to mark where the mighty lies; and there she will recollect the ancient day when the wrathful Wedderburn placed his head on the battlements of Home, and affixed his scalp and flowing hair to his saddle-tree*? But why may she not go to Buncle, from whence sprung Scottish monarchs, and again make its halls to resound with mirth and minstrelsy?—or, if more general topics are requisite than any of these shall afford, why not take a subject connected with the union of the kingdoms,—an event and period fertile in strong feelings, and not wanting in ludicrous incident?

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* A stone memorial once marked this grave, and which was preserved with great care by the late Mr Home of Broomhoun, the proprietor of the land there. His heir, Col. Home, was also most anxious to preserve it; but, in his absence in his duty abroad, an improving farmer built, as he said, a *bonnie dyke* with the materials, much

From these well-meant suggestions we trust that this lady will profit, and she has our good wishes. Her first essay is favourable. She must be aware, however, that there are different orders of novelists, as of knighthood, and she must be as yet content with being placed in the second of them. But she and her female characters will find very good company there, such as the Spaewife, and the Bachelor's Wife, and the worthy and afflicted Margaret Lindsay; but she must not cope with Rebecca, Minna, and Brenda, and Diana Vernon, nor even with the humbler Meg Dodds; for then she would be intruding within the *Unknown's* patent, and she has not yet established any good title to break through it. Let her exert herself, however, and do her best; she will find it no simple matter to fight with professed gladiators; nor will she even have the experience of writers whose amusing and able works come out almost as frequently and regularly as Belfast or Aberdeen New Almanacks.

The lady will pardon us for one hint more. It has been said, that he is a keen reader indeed who peruses a preface; and the remark is even more applicable to a long concluding letter; yet she has furnished us with one here, which really can scarcely be expected to be read over, after going through almost three volumes, particularly as even the names of the parties to it give little encouragement to begin it, for it is from Peregrine *Rover* to Tacitus *Torpedo*. It is sometimes said, that books are often reviewed by persons who never read them. Now we plead almost guilty to this charge, so far as regards the letter; imitating thus the conduct of the foes of Phrenology, who are said, by its patrons, to rail and bark furiously at it with but little knowledge of the subject. We have seen enough, however, of that letter to detect not a little wearisomeness in it; and, notwithstanding the example of no less a person than the Man of Feeling, who has sometimes prosed a little in the same way, we advise our author to avoid such things in future.

But our time and space are out. Perhaps an apology is due by us for having occupied so much of both in treating of this work; but we have been imperceptibly led to do so, as illustrative of our general reasonings on historical novel-writing; and if we have here pointed out one way of conveying, by light reading, some historical information to those who think they have not leisure, or have no inclination to turn over heavier volumes, we shall be happy in considering that our writing has not been in vain.

Several of the descriptions in these volumes are curious, as having reference to the gaieties of another age. The genius of our Edinburgh beaux was not a little exercised a few weeks ago, in decking themselves in foreign or antique dresses at their large fancy-meeting. Now we must recommend to them that part of this work which gives an account of the Court Assembly at Holyrood; and we think that, at the *Bachelor's Ball* of next year, we shall hear of some gallant youth appearing in the costume of the *Earl of Gowrie*, such as it has been described by our fair author.

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to the vexation and annoyance of his landlord. In the Temple of Fame, this Goth is to occupy the same niche with the modern Knight, who, Pennant tells us, had "demolished the ancient Monument called *Arthur's Oven*, for a similar purpose."

ACCOUNT OF THE ORGANIZATION, ADMINISTRATION, AND PRESENT STATE OF THE MILITARY COLONIES OF RUSSIA. BY ROBERT LYALL.

In our last, we gave some account of Mr Lyall's large work on the Russian character and manners. The present little tract contains an interesting exposition of the military policy which they are now pursuing in that empire. Not that we are disposed to indulge in any serious apprehensions, on this account, for the peace of Europe. The great object, no doubt, of the Russian rulers, is to lay the foundation of a great military power—to create military resources, on which, in case of emergency, they can draw to any extent. But, from the nature and constitution of man, the thing is impossible. Despotic power cannot so crush and benumb every faculty of the human mind, as to mould society into such an unnatural shape. "Times and occasions," as Burke observes, " teach their own lessons;" and an enlightened and patriotic nation, under the impulse of some great and pressing public danger, may be suddenly transformed into soldiers. But it must be a voluntary sacrifice on the part of the people; it cannot be produced by force; such a revolution of habits cannot be deliberately brought about by the fiat of any despot. It will accordingly be found, that no people ever yet became essentially military, except under the influence of patriotism. There must be devotion—there must be zeal to kindle up the military flame. The cold and freezing influence of despotism may produce a sluggish acquiescence, but beyond this it cannot go. The most perfect military communities of which we have any account, were those of Greece and Rome; and here it is well known that patriotism, or the love of glory, was the animating principle. These nations were nursed amid the din of arms. The sword was their only refuge from foreign oppression; every man was forced to turn soldier in defence of his country; and this policy was formed by a congenial system of laws and manners. Arts and luxury were discouraged; the ground, to be sure, was cultivated, in order to procure subsistence to the armed population, and certain manufactures were also followed, in order to clothe them. But beyond this, all was strictly forbidden by sumptuary laws; and there was, besides, a rigid discipline enforced, to inure the youth to fortitude and temperance. It was with great difficulty that this severe training could be kept up, even by all the great motives of patriotism and national glory; the love of ease and pleasure was continually breaking in; and at last the ancient simplicity of those warlike manners was, in Rome, entirely corrupted by the inroads of licentiousness and luxury. Modern France, after the Revolution, received an extraordinary impulse to war, from the unprovoked attack of the allied armies, and from the prospect held out, by its success, of degradation and misery to the people; all classes accordingly rushed to arms; and the consequence was, that France obtained the dominion of Europe. But when the reasons of this extraordinary exertion ceased to exist, the people grew tired of conscriptions, and of the bloodshed and misery of foreign wars; and it is well known that the great Napoleon, in converting what was meant for domestic safety into an instrument of foreign conquest, experienced considerable opposition; and if he had remained on the imperial throne, he must have relaxed the rigour of his warlike policy. A military conscription is entirely at variance with the industrious and manufacturing habits of modern society. Industry and war cannot flourish at the same time; nor can any one pursue with alacrity a peaceful calling, who may be torn away, at a moment's warning, to the field of battle. Such an inroad on the settled habits of a working community will not be long endured, without the urgent call of some great public necessity. Decrees may be issued, laws may be made—but they will not be enforced. Despots may call as loudly as they please to their oppressed subjects; but unless their voice meets an echo in the general will, their orders will in some way or another be evaded.

The present scheme of military colonies in Russia is the most despotic and cruel that can well be conceived. It subverts without compunction all the local attachments and settled habits of the peasantry, takes from them every comfort, and gives them, in place of their former bondage, softened by habit and immemorial usage, the far-worse bondage of a military police, with the most extensive powers to enforce submission. The system is universally hated in Russia; it is hated by the nobles—hated by the army and the officers—and hated by the peasantry, who groan under it in hopeless misery. That such a system can take root so as to render Russia a great military power, and formidable to her neighbours, we see no risk. The emperor is, no doubt, a great patron of this military policy. But, despot as he is, he cannot perform impossibilities. He may reduce the refractory, and compel an outward tranquillity at the point of the bayonet; but a cordial co-operation, without which his plans cannot succeed, is not to be procured amid the hatred and curses of the irritated peasantry.

After the re-establishment of peace, it naturally became a question among the Russian statesmen how the army was to be disposed of? The expence of maintaining so vast a force would have been far too great a burden on the already struggling finances of that unwieldy empire. It was resolved, therefore, to settle the soldiers as agricultural labourers, liable, at any time, to be called into the field; and, accordingly, certain of the crown villages were marked out for the residence of the soldiers, and they were called "military colonies." The whole population was immediately placed under military law; the old buildings of the peasantry were taken down, and new ones were erected, and formed into a street. The inhabitants were to have soldiers quartered on them, who, in return for their own and their family's subsistence, were to aid them in their field labours, when they could spare as much time from their military exercises. All were to wear a military uniform, and to be subjected to the domiciliary visits of officers. The peasant on whose land the soldier is supported, and on whom he is quartered, is called the "master-colonist;" and he becomes so far a soldier, that he is dressed in uniform, taught to march, to use the sabre, and to salute his officers. All the inhabitants of those colonies are encouraged to marry; but their wives, once within the pale of the military colonies, are never allowed to marry out of them. There are, besides, reserve-colonies, who are drafted to supply deficiences when the army is in actual service. The children born in these colonies are all soldiers. They remain with their parents until they are eight years of age; they are then sent to school, where they are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and they also learn a catechism containing the duties of a soldier. On alternate days, they are exercised to the use of arms, and taught to ride. After the age of thirteeen they are assembled at the head-quarters of the regiment, and formed into corps, in which those who distinguish themselves are made officers. Mr Lyall mentions that he saw at a village, a body of Cantonists, as they are called, who marched, fired, and performed all the evolutions of experienced soldiers with astonishing steadiness and precision. The women in these colonies are also educated on the Lancasterian plan.

The military colonies in the south of Russia occupy 380 villages, in the governments of Kherson, Kharkof, and Yekaterinoslaf. In these villages were colonized, in 1822, twelve regiments of Lancers, and twelve regiments of Cuirassiers, forming a total of 24,000 men. These three governments constitute a military district, which is kept so distinct from the other governments, that no one can enter it without a special passport from the military authorities. So entirely military are all its institutions, that even the service of the post is performed by soldiers. At each station there is a subaltern officer, who receives and examines the traveller's order for post-horses,—another sees them harnessed to the carriage,—one soldier greases, and another acts as coachman. At the sight of a military cloak, or an officer's hat and feather, every peasant on the road faces about, and gives the military salute. Order is maintained in all these colonies by an inquisitorial military police, exceedingly oppressive to the peasants, who detest the whole system. Each house is daily visited by a subaltern officer, who makes his report, who inspects the order and economy of the interior, and if there is any thing wrong, has authority to reprimand, or chastise with blows, the unfortunate inmates. Offences are judged of by committees of squadrons, and by regimental committees, which are referred to Count de Witt, the Governor, for his approbation; and from his decision there is no appeal, even though it should extend to banishment to Siberia, which is the highest punishment. The following passage sufficiently explains how grievously this system oppresses the inhabitants:

> It will easily be understood, after the detail which I have just given, that such a system as that described, when first instituted, was exceedingly unpopular amongst the peasantry. The peasants' habits were broken into, at a time of life when change was irksome; an inmate forced upon him, who is often a troublesome, and always an expensive guest; his sons all obliged to continue in the colony, and to submit to a strict military discipline; his daughters obliged to marry, if at all, within the narrow limits of the military colonies; and he himself obliged to relinquish the natural costume, for shorn beard, cropped head, and military dress, and to submit to the tyranny of an inquisitorial police.
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> The iron hand of despotism could alone have induced the Russian peasant to submit to an institution, so destructive to his domestic comforts, so revolting to his prejudices, and so contrary to his interests. The grant of land, a larger allotment, probably, than he before enjoyed, the occasional assistance of the soldier in his farm, and a house better certainly than most of them had been accustomed to, present a specious show of advantages; but, on the other hand, he loses the freedom, which he formerly possessed, of settling where he liked in Russia, and following the occupation best adapted to his interests or inclinations. He formerly paid the moderate tax of 8 roubles, about 6s. 8d. He now supports a soldier, which costs him from 45 to 50 roubles, or about L. 2 a-year, and his horse, which costs him from 180 to 200 roubles; for these various taxes, the compensation afforded is very inadequate.

The Emperor Alexander is so bigotted to this system, that he perseveres in carrying it forward, amid the violent disapprobation of all classes. Every thing which we see about this prince marks his despotic character, and is completely at variance with the eulogies with which he was so abundantly flattered when he was the ally of this country. It is clear, from all his actions, that he is an inveterate enemy to whatever has the least aspect of freedom. Of any thing like popular rights he is the sworn foe; and a selfish, overweening attachment to what he considers his own interest as a Sovereign, seems to be the ruling principle of his conduct. His maxim is, that subjects should tremble and obey; any opposition to his power, or even to his will, he seems to construe into the worst species of treason; and those who are guilty of such crimes, he dooms, without remorse, to the highest penalties of the law. Nor is his care confined merely to his own subjects. So zealous is he that subjects should be loyal to kings, that his influence is extended all over the world, to crush disorder wherever it appears; those individuals being invariably termed disorderly, rebellious, or disaffected, who pretend in any matter to have a will of their own. Such being the maxims of this prince, we need not wonder at the relentless perseverance, and the cold, unfeeling cruelty, with which he perseveres in this scheme, for forming a nursery of troops. The army is the favourite instrument by which he rules; it is congenial to all his maxims of government, and is the master-spring of his authority. Hence his anxiety about this plan for converting his subjects into soldiers, and for maintaining a ready-made army in time of peace; and hence he enforces his system, totally regardless of the cries and misery of his unhappy subjects. Mr Lyall gives a most affecting account of the dismay with which the Russian peasantry viewed this encroachment on their freedom and happiness, of their vain efforts to parry the blow, and of their final submission at the approach of bayonets and cannon. The following is the account of the organization of these military villages:

> I have had repeated opportunities of seeing some of the military colonies in the government of Novogorod. Although I had previously seen the Military Working Battalion (as it is called,) at Moscow, employed in different kinds of trade, yet I was not prepared to connect the ideas of a labourer of the ground with a soldier's uniform; and, indeed, the association of *soldier-agriculturist*, or *agriculturist-soldier*, seemed then, and still seems, extremely incongruous. The sight of soldiers in their uniform working in the fields, driving carts, building houses, repairing roads, and similar offices;—of the former gloomy and tranquil villages, at once cleaned, repaired, adorned, and converted into military stations, and provided with signal-posts and guard-houses, and numerous patroles;—of gaudily-painted posts, with gilded eagles and elegant inscriptions, indicating the boundaries of different divisions of troops, upon the great road, and at regular distances;—by its novelty, roused attention, and excited interest in the breast of the traveller, and led to meditations on the results of such an extraordinary scheme.
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> Upon entering the houses of the peasants, what a change is to be remarked, from the dirt and disorder which usually characterize the Russian cottage! Every thing bore an aspect of military regularity; the very water-pail *(védro)* has its assigned place, and should it happen to be found in any other, by the inspecting subaltern officer, on his morning-visit, a severe reprimand, if not a stroke of the cane, is sure to follow.
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> The military villages have been much improved: the roads in all have been repaired, and in some have been paved with stone: ditches have been dug on each side, along which rows of trees are planted; and the houses have been repaired and joined to each other by neat rails, which stretch between them, and inclose a court and garden. In some of the villages, the names of the *Master-Colonists* are displayed on the fronts of all the houses; on which are also nailed painted boards, on each of which, beside the number of the house, is remarked a ladder, a hatchet, a pitchfork, a water-pail, and such other articles as are necessary when a fire takes place; it being understood that the tenants of these houses have the article painted upon the board, at all times, in readiness. The same practice is common in many parts of Russia, where there are no military colonies, though some travellers mention it as particular to certain villages.

"How much (continues Mr Lyall) the poor peasants complain of being restrained in their dwellings by the severe military police! how bitterly they regret their fate in being forced to become colonists! and how warmly they talk of utter ruin!" They make the most lamentable contrast between their new bondage and their former condition, which appears to them, from comparison, to be almost perfect freedom. At the town of Tchuguef, containing a population of 9000, the inhabitants were so averse to the new fetters with which they were threatened, that they made great preparations for defence, and even offered violent resistance to the troops sent to colonize them. But this was merely a rash effort prompted by despair. What could those helpless peasants effect against the whole strength of the Russian empire? They were soon surrounded by forces which it would have been madness to resist; their town was invested with cannon; all angry demonstrations of feeling were quelled by the strong arm of power, and thus they were forced to yield to their destiny. The severe punishment of the ringleaders completed this cruel tragedy, and wrung from the peasants a reluctant submission. Thus it is that we see the tears of the wretched profusely flowing when power is on the side of the oppressor; and the pang of sympathy is converted into a lively feeling of indignation, at the remorseless tyranny which builds on such a foundation of human misery.

On some of the royal journeys, we are told that the afflicted peasants beset all the roads, imploring the princesses of the royal train to take pity on their woes, and to persuade the Emperor to desist from his cruel schemes. Every expedient they thus alternately try, of supplication and of resistance, to free their neck from the galling yoke; but in vain: the magnanimous Emperor perseveres in his plans for the support of his own power; and the trembling bird might as well expect mercy from the felon kite, as those helpless, unoffending subjects, from the Sovereign who gorges his lust of despotic will at their expence. And this is the school from which Europe is henceforth to take lessons of policy. This is the pattern held out for general imitation; and any nation that shall presume to go farther in political improvement, shall be brought back to its original barbarity by threats of war. In former times, the less-improved nations were wont to copy from the more civilized. But the rule is now reversed; the world is turned upside down by the great military powers, and it is the improved nations that must now copy from their more barbarous neighbours. The world must be kept in salutary ignorance, for the convenience of princes. The vile multitude must be sacrificed for the pleasure of one or two. Every chink must be shut up through which light might, by any possibility, break in, that Russia may be converted into a gloomy and capacious prison, in which its ignorant inhabitants may be confined in darkness and chains. This is the object of the Holy Alliance,—not only to keep their own subjects in ignorance, but to foster ignorance every where, lest the light of knowledge, once kindled, should reach the benighted regions under their sway. And the tyranny and cruelty exercised in planting those military colonies in Russia, may serve as a specimen of the Government held up as a pattern to the rest of Europe, and of the state to which these powers would have the world reduced.

We agree, however, with Mr Lyall, in thinking that a scheme of such pure violence cannot succeed. Power, however despotic in its forms, is always subject to some limitations, if not from positive law, at any rate from the authority of manners. In barbarous countries, religion frequently imposes some restraint, however imperfect. But in more civilized states, public opinion is the most effectual controul, to which kings, however despotic, are forced to pay some sort of deference. No despot in Russia could carry tyranny to the same length as in Turkey; there is not the same field for it as in a more barbarous community. Knowledge sets bounds to violence, whether proceeding from kings or from the people,—it may be said to be the measure of popular freedom,—the vessel which holds it, according to the capacity of which the people will be more or less free. Now, in Russia, knowledge is rapidly extending. There has already grown up a body of public opinion, which acts, though rather remotely and indirectly, on the operations of Government; so that a measure so hateful as that of the military colonies, though it may be propt up for a while by the despotic nature of the Government, must fall to the ground at last, before the united opposition of all classes. Our author calculates the prodigious resources which this system will create for recruiting the army, and what a formidable military power Russia will become with such a proportion of her peasantry bred to arms. If the scheme could be realised, Europe might no doubt have cause to tremble at her growing power. But no nation ever yet became military in time of peace. It is necessity, as we before had occasion to remark, the pressing sense of public danger, which begets martial habits; and that being withdrawn, a corresponding relaxation will take place in spite of all the terrors of despotism. Particular commands may be enforced; but it is beyond the power of despotism itself to create alacrity and zeal for the execution of its projects; and without this they may go on for a while languidly enough, but they never can succeed; and Russia, with all these ill-directed efforts, will still be found an unwieldy mass, with more of bulk than of solid strength. It is by a totally different policy, by a policy directed to the improvement of the people; it is by diffusing knowledge among them, training them up to commerce and industry, and instructing them in all the acts of civil life, that this nation can be rendered truly great. By pursuing any other course, the work of improvement will only be retarded,—despotism may for a while contend against impossibilities,—but, foiled in the end, it will be forced to return into the ordinary beaten track, when it is found that there is no imperial road to national improvement.

A CONFERENCE BETWEEN TWO M. P.'S, UNFOLDING AN EASY METHOD OF ADAPTING OUR MONIES, WEIGHTS, AND MEASURES, TO THE DECIMAL SCALE.

THE AUTHORS TO THEIR FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN, GREETING:

It concerneth you not to know who or what we are, who designate ourselves Sir G. and Sir J., nor why we have thought it meet to issue this our joint work from the capital of Scotland, rather than from the metropolis of Britain; but it verily concerneth you much to feel that it is for your profit and pleasure that our conference has been penned, and printed, and published.

Scene—A Library—Sir J. W. seated at a table, on which are books and papers.

Enter Sir G. C.

Sir G. Good-morning, W.; but I interrupt you.

Sir J. No, my dear Sir, you find me fancying improvements which, I fear, will never be realized.

Sir G. Indeed! that is quite the order of the day—improvement—reform—nothing else is now thought of.

Sir J. I was thinking, certainly, of a reform.

Sir G. And of the Constitution, no doubt?

Sir J. Yes, of the constitution of our *monetary system!*

Sir G. Ha! of the tens, hundreds, and thousands, that you lost last night. And you are thinking of recovering them?

Sir J. I have no such intention, C., but—

Sir G. But you are a great admirer of the French decimal monies; and your patriotic feelings are hurt, forsooth, because you are prevented from conferring a similar boon upon your own country!

Sir J. I at least marvel that this country, the mistress of the sciences and arts, should not have the wisdom to adopt so very beautiful a system.

Sir G. Or rather, you might say, that she has so great a reverence for every relic of the "olden time," that she cannot think of parting with her present one.

Sir J. Or that she will not, because she might be thought to copy from the French.

Sir G. Or simply, as we say in the North, she *canna be fashed.* But are our lively neighbours the only people who employ such a system?

Sir J. They are not: you may find it at work in Russia, Persia, China, Japan, Portugal, Rome, Naples, Switzerland, the United States of America, and the United States of the Netherlands.

Sir G. And so, after smoking over many a grave debate, our friends the Dutch have also received it!

Sir J. And I am afraid that even the Caffres and the Cherokees will be before us in their monetary reform.

Sir G. Patriotically said! But granting, as I do, that a regular is better than an irregular progression, I am yet to learn that the *decimal* is the most proper one.

Sir J. It is the most proper, because it is that of our numeration.

Sir G. But that the decimal scale of numbers was at first adopted, was by no means owing to its intrinsic excellence.

Sir J. Surely not. It originated in a period of society when the *fingers* were employed as the readiest instrument of numeration.

Sir G. And had Nature furnished us with *twelve*, instead of *ten* fingers, we should now be in possession of a scale much better adapted to the purposes of calculation.

Sir J. No doubt we should. But of any such change there is as little probability, as that all mankind shall ever agree to use the same language.

Sir G. Yet a universal language was contemplated by Condorcet as a step to the future perfectibility of our species.

Sir J. And it was a scheme nearly as wild that Charles the XII. proposed to himself, when, in his camp and amid his armies, he meditated the introduction of the duodecimal scale of numbers.

Sir G. Ha! ha! ha! And so Charles and Condorcet were radical reformers!

Sir J. In this instance, at least, they were visionary enthusiasts.

Sir G. But I wonder, W., that, with your veneration for the decimal scale, you should have confined your attention solely to our monies.

Sir J. I was not the less sensible that, in the divisions of the units of weight and extension, the greatest and most perplexing irregularity is found.

Sir G. And that the simplest operations are hence involved in an intricacy which no ingenuity has been able to remove.

Sir J. That follows, Sir G. There is, however, an irregularity which is even beyond the power of a Parliament to alter.

Sir G. Ay, what may that be?

Sir J. Those divisions of units which have their origin in nature, or are determined by an authority which all must revere.

Sir G. You are pleased to be oracular, Sir J.

Sir J. I mean simply, that, whatever improvement may be hoped for in the progress of society, the number of days in a year and in a week are irrevocably fixed.

Sir G. And yet the French, in their enthusiasm for system, divided time into *decades,* or periods of ten days.

Sir J. To have been consistent, they ought also to have divided their year into *ten*, or a *hundred* decades!

Sir G. Well thrust, Sir J.; but the same necessity does not adhere to any of the divisions of weight or extension.

Sir J. Or money, you might add.

Sir G. Certainly. They have all been formed without any regard to general principles, and apparently with no other motive than present convenience.

Sir J. And were it not for the influence of habit, they would long ere now have ceased to remind us of the infancy of science.

Sir G. The variety of these divisions is indeed perfectly perplexing.

Sir J. And ridiculous too, when we find measures employed which are *not* measures!

Sir G. That seems a paradox, Sir J.

Sir J. But yet is not one. A quantity, you know, ought to contain its measure a certain number of times exactly.

Sir G. Very true; and we have *fractions*, as well as integers, as terms in our system.

Sir J. For example, there is the puncheon of 1⅓ hogshead, the hogshead of 1½ tierces, and the tun of 2 pipes.

Sir G. Ay, and the nail of 2¼ inches, the yard of 3 feet, or 4 quarters, the ell of 5 quarters, the pole of 5½ yards, and the fathom of 6 feet.

Sir J. And the wey of 6½ lods, and the clove of 7 pounds.

Sir G. Yes, and the ale-firkin of 8 gallons, the beer-firkin of 9, and the anchor of brandy of 10 gallons.

Sir J. And there we may stop.

Sir G. What! because the varieties are exhausted?

Sir J. No, C.; but because they are exhaustless.

Sir G. They are so, when we consider also the varieties of units with similar names.

Sir J. Such as the pound Troy of 5760, and the pound Avoirdupois of 7000 of the same grains.

Sir G. And the Scots Troy pound of 7616, and the old Tron pound of $10216\frac{24}{41}$.

Sir J. And the wine-gallon of 231 cubic inches, the ale-gallon of 282, the corn-gallon of $268\frac{1}{5}$, the corn-bushel of $2150\frac{42}{100}$, and the coal-bushel of $2217\frac{47}{100}$.

Sir G. And, in Scotland, the ale-pint of Aberdeen, of 108·89 cubic inches, of Argyle 109·866, of Ayr 110·624, of Banff 105·284, of Dumbarton 105·5, of Dumfries 114, of Elgin 105·438, of Inverness 115·161, of Renfrew 109·877, and of Roxburgh 110.

Sir J. A pretty catalogue, to be sure! But you did not mention the ale-pint of Edinburgh.

Sir G. That county and Linlithgow employ the standard pint, which is 103·404 cubic inches; but, from a principle of liberality, I suppose, the *pint-stoups* are generally made to contain 105.

Sir J. Well, all this diversity must be insufferably inconvenient.

Sir G. The corn varieties of Scotland are, however, much more so. Almost every individual county employs *one* measure for wheat, and *another* for barley; and there are nearly as many of these duplicate measures as there are counties.

Sir J. It is full time, certainly, as one of your great experimenters has said, to restore the sobriety of reason.

Sir G. It is so. An uniformity of our weights and measures has been long anxiously desired by all classes of the United Kingdom.

Sir J. And the Legislature (how liberal !) has conceded, that all local varieties ought to be abolished.

Sir G. And I have no doubt, Sir J., that this concession will be carried into effect.

Sir J. Well, when it is, the internal commerce of the country will be much facilitated, by having only one general system.

Sir G. And the labours of calculation will be greatly lessened in those cases, in which a comparison of local varieties would otherwise be required.

Sir J. But calculation and commerce would still be impeded by the irregular divisions of the units employed.

Sir G. I am well convinced of the intricacy they occasion.

Sir J. And, in the greater part of the country, there would be the change of a bad system for one equally bad.

Sir G. I grant you there would.

Sir J. And there would therefore be much reason to regret, that, for the sake of partial and present convenience, a favourable opportunity had been neglected of giving harmony and consistency to calculation, and of raising arithmetic to its proper rank among the other sciences.

Sir G. I confess that something more is required for facilitating calculation, than the simple adoption of a regular system.

Sir J. And that something is—*The perfect adaptation of the units to the decimal scale.*

Sir G. I am half inclined to be of that opinion.

Sir J. If you were wholly so, you would think that object of so much importance, that, for the attainment of it, no present inconvenience ought at all to be regarded.

Sir G. But Mr W., you recollect, did not seem to perceive the advantages to be derived from decimal divisions.

Sir J. It requires so very limited a knowledge of numbers to perceive them, that I am disposed to question the sincerity of his assertion.

Sir G. I can see that, if the decimal scale were introduced, the value of a compound quantity, in terms of any denomination, would be known at once by a simple inspection.

Sir J. Exactly; thus of French monies, 573 cents are equivalent to 5 francs 73 cents.

Sir G. That is simple enough, truly.

Sir J. Another advantage is—that, as the tens of any denomination would express units of the next higher, any operation upon compound quantities would be precisely the same as upon simple numbers.

Sir G. That is equally clear. To multiply 5 francs 73 cents by 8, for instance, is the same thing as to multiply 573 cents by 8; and therefore the product is 4584 cents, or 45 francs 84 cents.

Sir J. And so in every case. But this improvement would also have the effect of very much lessening the number of arithmetical operations.

Sir G. Many of these, I know, have been invented for the purpose merely of avoiding the tediousness of a more direct procedure.

Sir J. And as the cause of their introduction was the irregularity of the divisions, they would be entirely excluded from the real business of life.

Sir G. Or only find a place in those works on arithmetic in which a complete developement of the science was intended to be given.

Sir J. Exactly so.

Sir G. But you would not advise an entire change of units?

Sir J. That would not be necessary; and indeed that alteration would be most generally acceptable, by which the least violence was offered to established habit.

Sir G. And the most effectual way, I conceive, by which this would be avoided, would be to retain as units of the decimal system, *one of each kind of units already employed.*

Sir J. That is precisely my opinion.

Sir G. The French, however, in the formation of their system, seem to have thought otherwise.

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Sir J. At last they acted otherwise. To determine the real figure and magnitude of the earth, a considerable portion of the meridian had been actually measured, and they assumed the mètre, or ten millionth part of the quadrant, as a unit of extension.

Sir G. And by employing this mètre as the standard from which all their weights and measures were to be derived, they thought they had formed a system for all nations.

Sir J. But they failed in even creating one proper for themselves. They were not aware that no standard is proper to be adopted, the length of which may not at all times be easily ascertained.

Sir G. And they did not perceive that the length of the pendulum was certainly more proper, since, by means of it, they confessed, the mètre, if lost, must eventually be restored.

Sir J. There is no doubt, Sir G., that the length of the pendulum is the most convenient standard.

Sir G. But not that this standard should also be a unit of length?

Sir J. Assuredly not. If the foot were retained as a unit, its length might always easily be determined, from a comparison with the pendulum.

Sir G. And would you retain the foot in preference to the yard?

Sir J. Unhesitatingly—and the ounce avoirdupois rather than the pound.

Sir G. And why, Sir J.?

Sir J. Because a cubic foot of pure water, at the temperature of 56½ degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, weighs exactly 1000 ounces avoirdupois.

Sir G. That is a very remarkable coincidence.

Sir J. And a very fortunate one for our present purpose. By retaining the foot and the ounce as units of the decimal system, a beautiful harmony would obtain among our weights and measures.

Sir G. And the different kinds of units be derived from each other, without employing fractions at all in the operation.

Sir J. True. A cubic foot of water would give 1000 ounces; and, conversely, 1000 ounces would give the cubic foot.

Sir G. I like the simplicity of this plan. But let us now examine the different units in their order.

Sir J. With all my heart. These are *the units of weight*:—

					oz. Av.
The quintal	*of*	10	*stones*	=	1000
The stone	*of*	10	*marks*	=	100
The mark	*of*	10	*ounces*	=	10
The ounce	*of*	10	*drams*	=	1
The dram	*of*	10	*carats*	=	$\frac{1}{10}$
The carat	*of*	10	*grains*	=	$\frac{1}{100}$
The grain				=	$\frac{1}{1000}$

Sir G. What is the principle of your nomenclature?

Sir J. I retain such of the present names as are variable in their significations. The *stone*, for instance.

Sir G. There is no lack of variety in that unit,—from the stone of glass of 5 lb., to the stone of Scotch wool of 24 lb. But the *dram?*

Sir J. Is nearly an arithmetical mean between the dram avoirdupois and the apothecaries' dram. The former is ·0625, and the latter ·1371, of an ounce avoirdupois.

Sir G. And the mean is ·0998, or only a five-hundredth part less than a tenth of an ounce. The new *ounce*, you say—

Sir J. Is the ounce avoirdupois; and the new *carat* is not a tenth part more than the troy carat.

Sir G. And the new *grain*—

Sir J. Is to the grain avoirdupois as 12 to 25, and to the grain troy as 7 to 16.

Sir G. Well, there are small and large grains in nature, and why not in weight? But the *pound* is variable, and yet you have adopted the *mark?*

Sir J. To avoid the ambiguity which so often arises from applying the term *pound* both to weight and value.

Sir G. And why *quintal*, and not *hundred-weight?*

Sir J. Because the latter term has yet been applied only to 112 pounds, while the former is as various as there are countries on the Continent.

Sir G. I am now satisfied, Sir J., that these units should be introduced.

Sir J. For every weighable article, I hope?

Sir G. Yes, for silver, and senna, and groceries, and gold. I think, with the late Professor Playfair, that "the simplicity and accuracy of the system would be sacrificed by any partial exceptions."

Sir J. I am glad you think so. But, even to goldsmiths and apothecaries, the inconvenience of the system would be scarcely felt. They might have the aid of *tables of comparison.*

Sir G. They might; and as they use the same pounds, ounces, and grains, one table would suffice for both of these classes.

Sir J. Exactly. And, moreover, as the new and avoirdupois ounces are the same to merchants in general, a table would hardly be necessary.

Sir G. In any case, the required reductions would be extremely simple. *To convert new grains into grains troy,* you would multiply by 7, and divide by 16?

Sir J. Or it would be simpler to take, from half the number of new grains, one-eighth of that half.

Sir G. Let me see; to reduce
3752 new grains into grains 3752
troy, I must, from the half, 1876
1876, take the eighth, 234½ 234½
and reckon the difference, ———
1641½, as troy grains? 1641½

Sir J. Precisely; and *to convert troy grains into new grains*—

Sir G. You would add, to double the number of troy grains, one-seventh of that double?

Sir J. I would—as, for example,
to reduce 1641½ grains 1641½ × 2
troy into new grains; to 3283
the double, 3283, I add 469
the seventh, 469, and the ——
sum, 3752, is new grains. 3752

Sir G. This is all very clear; and I see, that, *to reduce the units of avoirdupois weight into the new units,* it is only necessary to reduce them to ounces, or decimals of an ounce?

Sir J. That, C., is all. To change, for instance, 3 ℔. 15 oz. 8 dr. into new units, you reduce this quantity to 63½, or 63·5 oz.; and you have, of the new units, 6 marks 3 oz. 5 dr., or 63 oz. 5 dr., or 635 dr.

Sir G. And the converse of this is equally plain. To reduce 6 marks 3 oz. 5 dr. into avoirdupois units, I have, by simple inspection, 63.5 oz., or 3 ℔. 15 oz. 8 dr.

Sir J. You are right. And now for the *lineal measures.*

The furlong of 10 *chains* = 1000
The chain of 10 *poles* = 100
The pole of 10 *feet* = 10
The foot of 10 *inches* = 1
The inch of 10 *lines* = $\frac{1}{10}$
The line.................. = $\frac{1}{100}$

Sir G. You make no innovations, W., in the names of the units?

Sir J. No; but in the values of all, *except the foot.*

Sir G. And I am willing to *accept* them all for the sake of this exception! The foot is the foot of the three kingdoms, and all else is of little importance.

Sir J. I should think so.

Sir G. Well, your *pole* is 10 feet.

Sir J. Yes; and the offset staff is, in England, 6$\frac{6}{10}$ feet, and in Scotland 7$\frac{4}{10}$; the statute pole is 16½, the Devonshire 15, the Dorsetshire 15$\frac{1}{12}$, the Cornwall 18, the Lancashire 21, and the Cheshire 24.

Sir G. Yet more; in Scotland it is 18½, and in Ireland 21; so you have precedents enough for your variety. But your *chain*—

Sir J. Is 100 feet; while the English one is 66, and the Scotch 74.

Sir G. That is, the English chain is a third, and the Scotch a fourth, less than your proposed one.

Sir J. Nearly so; and there are the same relations between the respective *furlongs.*

Sir G. But you advance no farther than 1000 feet; which is your furlong?

Sir J. For surveyors and land-measurers this is surely far enough.

Sir G. Ay, but for measurements on a large scale?

Sir J. If the furlong won't do, there is the English, or the geographical mile—either would very easily be converted into new units.

Sir G. Or, what think you of making the statute mile 5000 feet? *The distance of the sun from the earth would then be* 100 *millions of miles!*

Sir J. That would be an inducement! The quadrant of the terrestrial meridian is nothing to this!

Sir G. No; the French system is grand, but this would be sublime!

Sir J. It would, however, be much more magnificent to make our mile 10,000 feet; and then, not only would the regularity of the system be preserved, but 100 *millions of such miles would form the diameter of the earth's orbit.*

Sir G. You have beat me, C.; and I therefore had better return to your *inch.*

Sir J. The proposed inch would be a fifth more than our present one; and—

Sir G. You need not go lower—artists and artificers are already practised in dividing their inch *decimally.* But as to the conversion of the systems—

Sir J. That is an easy affair. The present measures must be reduced to feet, or decimals of a foot.

Sir G. I see it, W.; and now for your *square measures.*

Sir J. Here they are:

	sq. feet.
The sq. furl. of 100 *sq. chains* =	1,000,000
The sq. chain of 100 *sq. poles* =	10,000
The sq. pole of 100 *sq. feet* =	100
The sq. foot of 100 *sq. inches* =	1
The sq. inch =	$\frac{1}{100}$

Sir G. You are right, W. in making the units of square measure to correspond with the squares of the lineal units.

Sir J. We have thus a clearer idea of the surface meant. The *centesimal* scale is, moreover, as simple as the *decimal.*

Sir G. Equally so; it is as easy to say 75 square feet, as 8 square yards 3 square feet. But the word square—

Sir J. May in general be omitted. When I say that such a field contains 3 chains 26 poles—

Sir G. I know you to mean 3 square chains 26 square poles; and so "the sound will sometimes seem an echo to the sense."

Sir J. Nay, almost always.

Sir G. Well, your *square foot* is the English square foot?

Sir J. And the Scots and the Irish too.

Sir G. I know that, W.; and that your *square pole* is 100 square feet, or the artificers' square of flooring; and that your square chain—

Sir J. Is 10,000 square feet, or about a twelfth part less than the English rood.

Sir G. And your square furlong is—

Sir J. A million of square feet, which is about a fourteenth part less than the French *hilare.*

Sir G. That is, your furlong is nearly 23 acres, the *hilare* fully 24½. And now, W., all is plain.

Sir J. The reductions, you perceive, are made through the common medium of the square foot.

Sir G. I am aware of that; and I am therefore ready to attend to your *cubical units.*

Sir J. They are,

The cub. furlong of 1000 *cub. chains.*
The cub. chain of 1000 *cub. poles.*
The cub. pole of 1000 *cub. feet.*
The cub. foot of 1000 *cub. inches.*

Sir G. We take now the cubic foot as the medium of comparison?

Sir J. We do; the English lineal foot was retained.

Sir G. And of course the square and the cubical. But you make the cubical pole 1000 cubical feet?

Sir J. And the cubical chain a million; and the cubical furlong a thousand millions.

Sir G. It is, however, with your foot and inch chiefly that we have any concern.

Sir J. With respect to *measures of capacity,* you mean?

Sir G. Yes; and for that purpose you propose to interpolate the tenth and hundredth of a foot?

Sir J. And the tenth and hundredth of a pole.

Sir G. Then your units of capacity are, *one, ten,* and *a hundred cubical inches;* and *one, ten, and a hundred cubical feet?*

Sir J. Unquestionably; but recollect that the cubic inch is the 1000th, and not the 1728th of a foot.

Sir G. I meant it so.

Sir J. In other words, the proposed units are, in cubic feet, the *thousandth, hundredth, tenth, one, ten,* and *hundred.*

Sir G. And these you mean for both liquid and dry substances?

Sir J. For corn, wine, and oil; milk and honey; and malt, and malt liquors.

Sir G. And coals and potatoes.

Sir J. And for every article that can be poured into a vessel. The *units of capacity* are:

	cub. feet.
The last of 10 *tierces* =	100
The tierce of 10 *ankers* =	10
The anker of 10 *gallons* =	1
The gallon of 10 *pints* =	$\frac{1}{10}$
The pint of 10 *gills* =	$\frac{1}{100}$
The gill =	$\frac{1}{1000}$

Sir G. These are names, Sir J., our ears are quite familiar with. Your *last* is 100 cubic feet?

Sir J. Which is only about a 224th part more than the English corn last.

Sir G. That is, 224 of the proposed are equivalent to 225 of the present lasts.

Sir J. Nearly; and there is the same relation between the proposed *tierce* and the present *quarter.*

Sir G. These, W., are very near approximations; but why change *quarter* into *tierce*?

Sir J. To avoid the impropriety of applying a *general* term to a *particular* one.

Sir G. As how, Sir J.?

Sir J. At present, you know, a quarter means the fourth part *generally,* and the fourth of a chaldron *particularly!*

Sir G. That, to be sure, is illogical; yet the term you have substituted for quarter means a *third.*

Sir J. It, *tierce,* is not the *general* term for *third;* it was originally employed to denote the *third of a pipe,* but has now a much more extensive and indeterminate signification.

Sir G. And you have therefore a right to employ it determinately; but let me see—I have it—your system, W., will be popular in Scotland.

Sir J. Ay, how is that?

Sir G. Your *last,* my dear Sir, has a curious connexion with our Scottish measures.

Sir J. Impossible! with your countless variations of county varieties?

Sir G. No, not with them—but with the standard chalders.

Sir J. As how, C.?

Sir G. You must know, that the standard chalder for barley is 118·72, and for wheat, 81·32, and that hence the *mean* is $100\frac{1}{20}$ cubical feet.

Sir J. And that is only the two thousandth part more than the proposed last.

Sir G. Even so; and, therefore, were Scotland to be benefited with your system—

Sir J. Why, she would have the proud satisfaction to find that Parliament had condescended to meet her *half*-way!

Sir G. Yes; and, with a considerate regard for her welfare, had only required her to preserve the *golden mean!*

Sir J. But do any of her measures approximate to the proposed tierce?

Sir G. That unit is about a sixtieth part less than two of her standard bolls.

Sir J. This is very near, yet, among the multiplicity of her measures, is there not one nearer?

Sir G. There is—the wheat boll of Wigton, or, which is the same thing, the barley boll of Ayr, is exactly the English quarter.

Sir J. And is thus to the proposed tierce as 224 to 225?

Sir G. Yes; but the Bute barley boll is scarcely a fifteen hundredth part less than your tierce—and this is the nearest to it.

Sir J. The nearest, Sir G.! why, it is nearer than is commonly the copy to the measure copied.

Sir G. It may indeed be said to be the same; but let us now discuss your anker.

Sir J. Which is one cubic foot, and therefore nearly a fourth part less than the present anker of brandy, or a fifth part less than the English bushel.

Sir G. Or fully a fifth part less than the standard wheat firlot. And your gallon is?

Sir J. One tenth of a cubic foot, or is to the English corn gallon as 9 to 14—to the wine gallon, as 3 to 4—and to the beer gallon as 8 to 13, in round numbers.

Sir G. And nearly to the Scottish quart as 5 to 6, and to the *mean* of the two standard lippies as 50 to 49. And your pint?

Sir J. Is the hundredth part of a cubic foot, and is thus about the *half* of the beer pint.

Sir G. Or *one-sixth* of the Scottish pint.

Sir J. *One-sixth* did you say! then the Scottish pint is *three* beer pints?

Sir G. Nearly; and since there is so great a diversity in the existing measures, you are at liberty to make yours of what size you chuse.

Sir J. Yes; and since the Scottish penny was only *one-twelfth* of the penny sterling—

Sir G. That, indeed, is a stronger

instance; yet it was ungenerous in England to give Scotland no more than *a penny for a shilling!*

Sir J. Nay, it was, on the contrary, a high proof of her generosity, to accept as a partner one who could pay but *twenty-pence a pound!*

Sir G. That's well hit, W.; but we digress—and therefore now for your *units of money.*

Sir J. No, Sir G.; mine have been *negatived without a vote!* I have none others to propose.

Sir G. Then I have—and they are:

		crown.		*pence.*
The crown of 10 *dimes*	=	1	=	60
The dime of 10 *cents*	=	$\frac{1}{10}$	=	6
The cent of 10 *mills*	=	$\frac{1}{100}$	=	$\frac{6}{10}$
The mill	=	$\frac{1}{1000}$	=	$\frac{6}{100}$

Sir J. *Crowns, dimes, cents,* and *mills*—this, Sir G., is quite Transatlantic.

Sir G. Not quite; *cents,* you know, is a European term; and, *proh dolor!* there are no *crowns* in the United States!

Sir J. There are abundance of *dollars,* however; and these the Yankies like better than those.

Sir G. Well—I shall not quarrel with their taste—

Sir J. Nor with their *dimes* and *mills,* I perceive.

Sir G. That's a mere trifle; America owes a *language* to us, and we ask, in return, only *two little words.*

Sir J. Which, indeed, are merely manufactures from a foreign production. But let us attend to the values of your units. Your *crown*—

Sir G. Is the English crown, or quarter sovereign.

Sir J. And why have you quartered the sovereign?

Sir G. Because the weight of the crown is 9974 *ten thousandths* of the proposed or avoirdupois ounce.

Sir J. Ha! *Its weight then scarcely differs from that ounce by a quantity so small as a four hundredth part!*

Sir G. And thus, W., it is *not one-third of the remedy of the mint.*

Sir J. Nay, it is considerably less; and hence *the ounce avoirdupois may safely be assumed as the weight of the crown!*

Sir G. It certainly may.

Sir J. This, Sir G., I was not prepared for; yet I am particularly pleased that it harmonizes so very nearly with the proposed units of weight. But go on,—your *dime?*

Sir G. Is the tenth of the crown, or our *sixpence;* and its weight is, or may be reckoned, the tenth of the ounce.

Sir J. And the *cent* is of course the hundredth of the crown?

Sir G. Or only *one-fifth more* than our *halfpenny;* and its weight in standard silver is the hundredth of the ounce.

Sir J. And the *mill* must be of very little value?

Sir G. Not of much, certainly. It is the thousandth of the crown, or nearly *one-fourth of our farthing;* and its weight in silver is the thousandth of the ounce.

Sir J. And thus it is evident the values of your units have the same relation to the crown that their weights in standard silver have to the ounce?

Sir G. Almost, accurately, they have. These relations are:—

Units.	Values.		Weights in Silver.	
The crown	1	*crown*	1 *oz. Avoir.*	
The dime	$\frac{1}{10}$	—	$\frac{1}{10}$	—
The cent	$\frac{1}{100}$	—	$\frac{1}{100}$	—
The mill	$\frac{1}{1000}$	—	$\frac{1}{1000}$	—

Sir J. This is perfectly simple. The crown weighs an *ounce,* the dime a *dram,* the cent a *carat,* and the mill a *grain.* But as your cent is nearly our halfpenny, your lowest denomination might in general be dispensed with.

Sir G. It might. When a fraction is less than a halfpenny, it is commonly neglected, and scarcely more would be lost by neglecting all below the cent.

Sir J. Yes; but where the fraction equals, or exceeds a halfpenny, it is reckoned a penny.

Sir G. In the same manner, then, when a fraction is less than half a cent, reject it; and when it equals or exceeds half a cent, call it a whole one.

Sir J. Precisely. And this, I perceive, is in favour of the cent. By the present practice, we approximate to *five*-tenths of a penny; and by that proposed, to *three*-tenths of a penny.

Sir G. That is, in the former case, to a halfpenny; and in the latter, to nearly a farthing.

Sir J. And since the mill is less than the fourth of a farthing, a *minuter* accuracy is acquired by the proposed than by the present units.

Sir G. Of that there can be no doubt; and, moreover, *without changing the progression,* the very smallest values may easily be expressed.

Sir J. As, for instance, the expression cr. 75·31826, denotes 75 crowns, and 31826 hundred thousandths of a crown; but such refined accuracy is very seldom required.

Sir G. No; it will generally be enough to call that expression 75 crowns, and 318 mills, or thousandths.

Sir J. Or since the eight thousandths are more than half a cent, to say 75 crowns 32 cents. And thus your units may commonly be reduced to two,—

The crown of 100 = 60 *pence.*
The cent——— = $\frac{6}{10}$

Sir G. And, Sir J., is it not of great importance that *the present gold and silver coins might remain?*

Sir J. To be systematic, however, you would require to change their names.

Sir G. Yes, partially. The sixpence must be called the *dime,* or *ten-cent-piece;* the shilling, the *double-dime,* or *twenty-cent-piece.*

Sir J. And the half-crown and crown would be called so still?

Sir G. Of course, but the half sovereign would be termed the *double-crown;* and the sovereign—

Sir J. Must be held sacred?

Sir G. No; the sovereign must be styled the *pound,* or *four-crown-piece.*

Sir J. But the copper coins,—you would have to discard them?

Sir G. No; for some time, at least, the penny might pass for the *double-cent,* the half-penny for the *cent,* and the farthing for the *half-cent.*

Sir J. Well, as their nominal would thus be a fifth more than their real values, they would not likely be applied to any other purpose.

Sir G. There would be little fear of that!

Sir J. In any new coinage, however, it would be desirable to have even the *mill* represented by a coin.

Sir G. You surely forget that this unit is only about the *fourth* of a farthing?

Sir J. And why not have coins smaller than a farthing? There are precedents enow?

Sir G. In many countries, I grant you, there are coins as small as *half* our farthing.

Sir J. And smaller. In Russia, the Netherlands, France, Portugal, Madras, and China, the smallest coin is scarcely a *third* of our farthing; and in Rome and Calcutta less than a *fourth.*

Sir G. That is less than the *mill.* And the *cowry* of Calcutta is not more than the *twelfth* of a farthing; but cowries are *shells.*

Sir J. That is of no consequence; by means of them small payments are made in the bazaar.

Sir G. But have you nothing better in favour of small coins than that such are employed in other countries?

Sir J. I have; the lower orders, in many of their little dealings, lose many a half and quarter farthing from the want of corresponding coins.

Sir G. Nay, if the poor are to be profited withal, I must, perforce, yield.

Sir J. There is, moreover, a moral inducement—the sphere of charity would be extended!

Sir G. You are right: many a poor person would thus have it in his power to give a coin to a poorer!

Sir J. Who at present cannot give a farthing. But besides the mill, I would have the *double, triple,* and *quadruple* of that unit.

Sir G. And why?

Sir J. Because with them you can express any number of mills up to a cent., without employing more than one piece of the same kind.

Sir G. Ay, this would be useful; you would thus express,

10 by 4+3+2+1
9 by 4+3+2
8 by 4+3+1
7 by 4+3
6 by 4+2 or 3+2+1
5 by 4+1 or 3+2

Sir J. And precisely for a similar reason I would have 1, 2, 3, and 4, of each of the other units.

Sir G. With *sixteen* pieces, you would then express any sum from 10 crowns to the fourth of a farthing, without two pieces of the same kind.

Sir J. Yes, the *copper* coin would

therefore be—the *mill*, *double-mill*, *triple-mill*, and *mill-piece*, *cent*, *double-cent*, and *triple-cent*.

Sir G. And the *silver* coins—the *4-cent-piece*, the *dime*, the *double-dime*, *triple-dime*, *4-dime-piece*, and the *crown*.

Sir J. Ay, and the *gold* coins—the *crown*, the *double-crown*, the *triple-crown*, and the *pound*, or *4-crown-piece*.

Sir G. Or *sixteen* pieces in all, that is even *fewer* than we have at present; but might not the same series of numbers be of use if applied to weights?

Sir J. Of the very greatest, Sir G.; the weight of any article, from a grain, to the ounce of 1000 grains, would require, at most, only *twelve* different weights.

Sir G. And from a grain, to the quintal of a million of grains, only *twenty-four!*

Sir J. In no one business, however, would of all these weights be required; *sixteen* or *twenty* would be sufficient in any instance.

Sir G. For example, the weights of grocers would be 1, 2, 3, 4 *drams;* 1, 2, 3, 4 *ounces;* 1, 2, 3, 4 *marks;* and 1, 2, 3, 4, *stones*.

Sir J. And those of goldsmiths and apothecaries, 1, 2, 3, 4 *grains;* 1, 2, 3, 4 *carats;* 1, 2, 3, 4 *drams;* 1, 2, 3, 4 *ounces;* and 1, 2, 3, 4 *marks*.

Sir G. But as to measures of capacity—

Sir J. I would have 1, 2, 3, 4 *gills;* 1, 2, 3, 4 *pints;* and 1, 2, 3, 4 *gallons*.

Sir G. What! no more, Sir J.?

Sir J. Not of the same series; any quantity of liquid or dry articles may be obtained by repeated measures of the same unit. If we fill a gallon measure, and then pour the contents into a vessel—

Sir G. Why, we shall have a gallon in the vessel.

Sir J. And if we repeat the operation seven times—

Sir G. We shall have exactly seven gallons to be sure;—but what of this?

Sir J. Only that there is no occasion to carry the series farther than the anker.

Sir G. And so not have the tierce and last?

Sir J. The tierce and last, certainly,—but I would derive them from anker—the last two units would be rather unweildy measures.

Sir G. They would; and now, W., you have exhausted all my objections, and convinced me of the practical excellence of *your* system.

Sir J. Call it not *mine*, I beseech you; whatever *value* there is in it, is yours.

Sir G. But yours, whatever there is of *weight*—and so let us go *snacks*.

Sonnet to Laura.

Iron-hearted Laura! thou didst never feel
Those soft delights which life and love impart,
Oh! surely Nature placed a barbarous seal
On every entrance to thy deaden'd heart,
Else had thy Petrarch's heaven-descended lyre
Rais'd in thy bosom a congenial fire.
'Twas a proud hour for him when Rome bequeath'd
Her laurel to him, and proclaim'd him chief
Of all her poets, and the garland wreath'd
Around his temples;—but the inward grief,
That, like the vulture fam'd, unceasing prey'd
Upon his heart, could not be thus allay'd;
'Twas not for laurels—'twas for thee he sigh'd;
But Laura would not smile, and laurell'd Petrarch died!

H. G. B.

SCHILLER'S CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued.)

Schiller to the Baron Von Dalberg.

Manheim, 24th August 1784.

The place of your present residence having wholly escaped my recollection, I now write your Excellency at a venture, uncertain whether my epistle shall reach you or not. But I feel, I confess, an eager and importunate desire to speak once more, without reserve or disguise, on the ever-interesting and inviting themes of art and literature; and to whom can I, assuredly, more peculiarly and fitly impart myself than to your Excellency?

Your absence from Manheim, in the regret with which it has filled me, seems, I may say, to have chilled, and nearly disarmed my genius of its wonted power; and in the warmth of my affection, I have almost, at times, been led to look upon the bland summer which has drawn you to a distance from me, with some sentiments of repugnance and aversion. I now indeed truly believe, that even the most ardent and vigorous fancy, and the richest and most felicitously-active power of poetic invention, require the quickening and salutary influence of some cherished bias and attachment, or kindly incentive, for their continued exertion, which, without violence, or a capricious and desultory force, shall yet, in the abiding warmth of their impulse, foster and preserve, in equable vigour, the noblest powers of the mind. It is, therefore, with no small satisfaction that I already see the trees beginning partially to shed their leaves, and the signs and precursors of autumn rapidly appearing, as I eagerly indulge the hope that your return cannot now be far distant.

With regard to my present pursuits, my time is chiefly occupied in my own literary labours of composition, and the study and perusal of the French dramatic writers. The motive which has led me to the latter of these, your Excellency, I feel assured, will readily approve. In the first place, it seems to me that it tends especially to enlarge my knowledge of the great requisites of the dramatic art, and enriches, while it chastens and refines, my fancy; and I cherish the hope, through those novel lights and conceptions which in this work of dramatic appreciation break in upon me, of perhaps hereafter striking out for myself a new, and what would seem to me a preferable poetic walk, between the two hostile and dissimilar extremes which so strikingly characterise the English and French systems of dramatic writing. I also, at present, meditate the design of, at some future time, transfusing into our language the most classical and distinguished dramas of Corneille, Racine, and Crebillon; and of, in this way, enriching and elevating our national stage, by such pure and noble productions.

The subject of Don Carlos I feel to be, for me, one above all others, noble, comprehensive, and impressive. Four characters which it embraces, of nearly equal interest and magnitude, Carlos, Philip, the Queen, and Alba, open up for me a vast field of arduous poetical exertion. I cannot, therefore, repress some strong emotions of surprise, when I now reflect, that the wayward desire of earning celebrity, in another department of the drama, should have lately made me ambitious of circumscribing my poetical endeavours within the more narrow and unimpressive range of the tragedy of humble domestic life, when, in the subject upon which I now labour, the drama, in its noblest and most comprehensive form, spreads out before me (would that I might indeed say not in vain!) such rich sources of impressive incident and contrasted character. In this most dignified species of the drama, I seem to feel a more flexible power and capacity of depicting, with somewhat of appropriate force and depth of colouring, those more impressive and elevated situations of patriotic interest, which, in my present subject, so abundantly flow from the incidents, and their peculiar dramatic treatment. In the former more familiar and less impressively poetical form of the drama, I might, it is possible, have speedily seen my endeavours surpassed by the more felicitous exertions of others. In the latter, however, while I seem to feel for its cultivation the happier and more fitting congeniality of my powers, I may affirm, without the imputation of excessive vanity, that my poetical efforts may perhaps be found more difficult to be equalled or surpassed. I rejoice, that, in my dramatic labours, I have now acquired considerable facility in framing my iambic verse *. I flatter myself that the use of this measure cannot fail to impart additional dignity, and a richer and more impressive poetical embellishment, to my Don Carlos.

I look forward to the winter with eager and delighted feelings of anticipation. I find myself once more in the full and unremitting exercise of my poetical powers, and I trust, ere long, to produce what shall amply compensate for the unpropitious and barren interval of nearly a year, occasioned by partial attacks of indisposition. I am resolved, if possible, that our theatre shall be enriched, through my sedulous exertions, by various admirable dramatic pieces, at present unknown on our stage, among which I purpose to include "Macbeth" and "Cymon," besides several by distinguished French writers. When I shall have completed "Carlos," I design immediately to enter upon the composition of the second part of the "Robbers." In the general bearing and cast of its incidents, and its clear and ostensible moral, I intend that it shall hold out for its author a convincing apology for its former more questionable part; and it shall be my solicitous endeavour, that, whatever might there have been regarded as too carelessly free or immoral, shall be disarmed of all noxious influence, in the strictness of the poetical justice, and the impressive dignity of its moral and instructive tendency. This, I feel, assuredly opens up a very wide and arduous range for my poetical exertions †.

Perhaps your Excellency may here, in the exuberance of my poetical plans and purposes, experience some feelings of incredulity gradually gaining upon you. But if you dispassionately reflect how frequently indisposition, and the cares and disquietudes of a dependent condition, have shed their baleful and enervating gloom across my mind, and warred with my fondest wishes and endeavours, you will, I feel assured, allow that it is no decisive and marked feature of my character, to form literary projects, and afterwards vainly and capriciously abandon them.

As to my intention of prosecuting the medical profession, and those other literary purposes and pursuits which I inseparably associate with it, I beg to reserve myself, on these points, for the confidence of a personal communing with your Excellency; as I find I should be unable to embrace, within the limits of a letter, the views which press upon me on so momentous and important a matter. I may, however, thus far assure your Excellency, that my resolution is decisively taken; and that, amidst my other pursuits, I do not neglect the acquisition of what may aid and facilitate the attainment of my great object.

Madame Von Kalb has now established her residence here, and desires nothing with greater ardour and impatience than to be introduced to the acquaintance of your Excellency, and Madame Von Dalberg. I may confidently say, you will find in her a person most estimable and engaging; who, without o'erstepping what is due to the amiable and retiring gentleness of her sex, is strikingly interesting and original in the characteristic traits of her conversation.

Iffland's Lear is here rapturously

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* Schiller, in adopting this verse, is said to have been swayed by the example of Lessing, in his admirable drama of "*Nathan.*"

† Perhaps it cannot be much regretted that Schiller never executed the dramatic design which he here meditated. It is probable it would have added little to his poetical celebrity, as those dramas, written to enforce and illustrate some moral and philosophical truth, seem invariably the least animated and inviting, because the most circumscribed in the free natural range, and bold and felicitous selection of their incidents and characters.

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and enthusiastically admired; and even the most discriminating and fastidious among our critics lavish on his skilful and admirable performance of this part their unqualified commendation.

I have perused Horace's Epistles in the translation of Wieland with sentiments of the most lively and ardent satisfaction. What pure, perspicuous, and richly-instructive philosophy, conveyed with so rare a grace, and matchless felicity of idiomatic expression, and at the same time accompanied, and delicately seasoned, by the piquant allurements of the most witty, the most archly-sarcastic, and the most delicately and dexterously playful satire! The translation is indeed throughout of the highest excellence, and, with the unrestrained freedom of an original, unites the most pure and accurate use of our national tongue.

Of the dramatic performances of this week I can say little that is favourable. But after the rich repast of two representations of "Lear," the public ought not, perhaps, greatly to complain of being compelled occasionally to taste of much simpler and coarser fare.

With the greatest impatience I look forward to the happiness of meeting your Excellency, agreeably to your promise, on the Sunday; and with the most perfect esteem, I remain, &c. &c.

Schiller to Von Dalberg.

Manheim, 19*th Jan.* 1785.

I NOW, for the first time, venture to speak to your Excellency my free and undisguised sentiments of the performance of my dramatic pieces. And I should not, assuredly, for many reasons, have felt induced to take so painful and invidious a step, did not the high and affectionate respect I cherish towards your Excellency seem imperatively to prescribe this to me as a duty, before, at least, I take a more public and decisive mode of animadverting on the injurious and offensive professional negligence of several of our actors.

I know not to what mystical refinement of professional policy we shall ascribe it, that our Manheim performers, with few exceptions, seem to find so singular and perverted a satisfaction in lavishing the most anxious and emulative efforts of their art upon dialogue the least inviting and impressive, and of carelessly and insensibly passing over what, in its greater dramatic richness and power, demands the noblest and most discriminating efforts of their professional skill. Assuredly, one of the least marks of deference which can well be expressed towards the dramatic poet, is, that the actor shall at least be fully master of the words of his part. This slender gratification, however, has even been denied to me. It has often cost me hours before I have been able to satisfy myself, in giving to my periods the last arduous and significant touches of their fitting embellishment. Yet I have been compelled to endure the mortification and disappointment of seeing what I have effected by such sedulous exertion, at once defaced by the negligence or design of the performer, and of having my dramatic dialogue, which I have so solicitously and carefully framed, often singularly metamorphosed into language (I need not say the least of all poetical, but rather) the most vulgar, and halting, and incorrect.

Of what antiquity, I pray you, is this singular theatrical usage, which allows the actor thus capriciously and absolutely to play his part, and to trample upon the unfortunate dramatic author?

I felt more sensibly this grievance last evening than upon any former occasion. My "Cabal and Love," owing to the very negligent and ineffective performance of nearly the whole actors, was deprived, I may say, of all its wonted dramatic interest and force. I was frequently, in place of the language of the piece, compelled to listen to the extemporaneous, nonsensical ebullitions of the actors. If such a licence can at any time be at all indulged to a performer, it ought only, assuredly, to be when he is so fully and accurately in possession of his part, that these casual expressions of the overflowing of his vivacity or sensibility shall not run cruelly counter to the poetic spirit and bearing of the character he supports. It fills me with unfeigned regret, to detail to your Excellency so flagrant a negligence in

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your *corps dramatique;* and it yet more sensibly afflicts me, as I fear I must here rather ascribe it to some studied slight, or inveterate hostility towards myself, than to any common or unavoidable deficiencies of performance;—for I have often witnessed, with sentiments of admiration and delight, the efforts of these same performers in pieces of very inferior merit, while, in my ill-fated dramas, they seemed at once to fall off from every power or capacity of natural or impressive delineation. How, then, shall I otherwise interpret such strange and opposite exertions of their professional art? With the exception of the female performers, and Beck, whose natural and exquisite touches of delineation I can readily allow to atone for his less intimate familiarity with some of the characteristics of his part, all the other actors displayed the most gross and studied negligence. In so far as I am here personally interested, I could have willingly endeavoured to preserve myself callous to such flagrant and intentional slights; for I may, without presumption, affirm, that the theatrical establishment has been more decidedly benefited through the instrumentality of my dramatic pieces, than what these have been aided, or enforced, or illustrated, by any professional endeavours of the performers. I shall never, assuredly, be willing to abide in a situation which shall, in the slightest degree, subject me to the humiliating necessity of having the appreciation of my dramatic productions in some sort dependant on the vain and shifting humours, or the capricious and unmanly resentments of the performers. As, however, I shall speedily submit to the public some critical views and considerations on our Manheim stage, I have felt it impossible to view this matter with the unconcern or indifference I might perhaps otherwise have done.

I leave it to your Excellency to make what use you may think fit of the detail I have now given you. Whatever steps, however, you may be led to adopt, I have resolved to take a full and decisive review of the whole of this matter in the "Rheinische Thalia." Permit me to conclude, in saying, that a poet, who has already contributed to the stage three dramatic pieces, one of which is the "Robbers," ought, perhaps, to be allowed some right to stand publicly forth, and, with modesty, yet firmness, to complain that he has been withheld that courtesy and respect which his talents and arduous exertions might not unjustly have challenged.

Schiller to the same.

Manheim, 19*th March* 1785.

THE publication of the "Rheinische Thalia" has, I am informed, given rise, in several of the performers, to the violent expression of feelings of enmity and disappointment, which, assuredly, I could not have anticipated, from the general respectability of your theatrical establishment. I may venture to assure your Excellency, that, had I spoken out more decidedly and explicitly in my public critical estimate, my favourable impression of the professional merits of Rennschüb, and also of his wife, within a limited range of character,—although in this I should only, I believe, have expressed the true sentiments of the more discriminating part of the public,—I might then, it is not improbable, have had cause to apprehend some personal violence from the jealousy and embittered disappointment of the other performers. I can easily, therefore, forgive, in the lady, those expressions of resentment which my critical reserve may have in part occasioned; although, looking to their intemperate and foolish violence, it is probable that no excess of critical gallantry could have soothed the over-weening vanity in which they seem to have been dictated. I confess, in the clearer insight which the whole details of this matter have afforded me, of the characters and capricious humours of so rare an assemblage of extravagant histrionic pretension, I cannot but feel high astonishment, how your Excellency, for the space of five years, has been enabled so happily to regulate and conduct your theatrical management, as not to have given rise, amidst a set of performers so restlessly jealous and inflammable, to any expression of hostility or dissatisfaction towards yourself. What, however, in this matter, I cannot tamely brook, is the flagrant and outrageous conduct of Bök, and it is probable I shall speedily take the decisive step of exposing it to the censure and reprehension of the public. I think I may justly say, that, in my critical notice of the merits and characteristics of the different performers, I have spoken of Bök with a discreet and lenient forbearance, and have, at the same time, awarded to him a heightened measure of praise, which, I fear, his professional abilities cannot justly arrogate. Yet this is the person who, callous to every feeling of modesty or propriety, does not hesitate to assail me on the stage with his slanderous abuse, and who basely avails himself of the aids and facilities of his professional calling, to win to his side the clamour and violence of the popular favour. Such, I am well informed, has been the outrageous conduct of this individual towards me; and did your Excellency require any thing farther, to heighten or confirm your opinion of its indecency and injustice, you might at once find it, in contrasting his present demeanour with the manner in which I have spoken in my journal of his talents as a performer. The real cause, however, of this clamorous and violent exacerbation of spirit, it is not difficult to discover. Bök, I believe, looked with confidence, and eager longing, for the acceptable incense of rapturous encomiastic eulogy, and found nothing to gratify the credulous and excessive vanity of his expectations. He also feels indignant at the high and justly-merited terms of commendation in which I have spoken of the professional powers of Beil*, Beck, and Iffland; and I have, besides, inflicted a deep and galling wound on his pride and exuberant conceit, which he can never forgive, in not at once elevating him to the enviable and desired throne of supremacy above all his theatrical compeers. But at what a vast and humiliating distance, in professional excellence and endowment, is he removed from his three distinguished and gifted rivals! When, however, I shall proceed with the continuation of my observations on the Manheim stage, I shall deem myself justly warranted in administering to him the wholesome corrective of some spirited strictures upon the intemperate violence of his conduct; and shall endeavour to recall him to some humbler feeling of self-appreciation, by lowering that excessive vanity which often so singularly and inveterately adheres to our comedians.

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* Beil appears to have been one of the most celebrated actors of his time. Nature seemed alone to have singularly fitted him for eminence in his professional art, in bestowing upon him a figure at once beautiful and commanding, the most ardent and susceptible feeling of poetical excellence, and a voice richly impressive, and, in the natural truth and flexibility of its modulation, fitted to impart energy or tenderness to every passion or emotion of the heart. The effect produced upon him by the striking performances of the great actors, Reinecke, Opitz, Thering, and others, is said to have decided him in adopting the stage as his profession. He seems to have possessed a singular versatility and commanding power in his art, which enabled him strikingly to delineate characters the most opposite and dissimilar in their poetical qualities and attributes. This great and decided excellence, however, lay in characters of a tragic cast. In these he might be said to have no equal, but his gifted friend and associate, Iffland, and no superior but the inimitable Schröder—the most enlightened and finely discriminative, and the most irresistibly touching and impressive of all the German actors. Beil was the author of a variety of pieces for the stage, which often display much beauty, and considerable felicity and art of dramatic invention. The impulses and dictates, however, of a sensibility, too undiscerning in the objects of its poetical choice and exercise, have betrayed him into many striking and singular dramatic defects, which the salutary correctives and unerring guidance of purer models, than those he seems to have studied, might otherwise have easily enabled him to avoid. His dramas abound with the obtrusive and incessant display of the sentiments of a vague and undiscriminating philanthropy, and with the ill-timed workings of a sensibility, which seems to recognise, in every incident, however trivial and unimportant, the fitting opportunity for its lavish and sickening indulgence. His dramas once enjoyed their full share of the popular favour, but seem not to have outlived that wayward and capricious aberration of the poetical taste of his countrymen, caused by the peculiar productions of Kotzebue and his numerous followers. In these plays of Beil, the hints by which he thinks fit to indicate to the reader the effects of the supposed mental agitations and feelings of his dramatic personages, on their outward movements and demeanour, are the most amazingly circumstantial which are perhaps to be met with, even among the dramas of a people who seem to hold, in singular favour and estimation, such cunning commentaries. It is remarkable that the author himself, a distinguished and original actor, should, in this, have played so arbitrary and tyrannical a part towards his theatrical brethren, and paid so ambiguous a compliment to the clearness and intelligibility of his own dramatic dia-

Should your Excellency find it convenient to indulge me with the favour of waiting upon you for half an hour this afternoon, you will have the goodness to intimate to me the time which may best suit you. &c.

Schiller to Louis F. Huber *.

Manheim, 1785.

THIS, it is probable, is the last letter I shall address to you from Manheim. The time, from the 15th of March till now, has seemed to me, amidst the eager impatience of my wishes, to creep lazily and almost imperceptibly on; like those tedious and oppressive intervals, which, to a litigant, confident and assured of success, delay the final sentence of the judge. I rejoice, however, that I shall now speedily have the satisfaction of joining you at Leipsic. Permit me then, my true friend, in addition to the interest you have hitherto taken in my prospects, to impart to you my wishes and designs, in regard to my future domestic plans and arrangements.

I feel extremely desirous, in establishing myself at Leipsic, to provide against an inconvenience which, at Manheim, has always proved to me highly irksome and unpleasant. It is simply, that I have resolved in future to throw myself free from the teasing superintendance of all household concerns, and no longer to reside alone. The former of these I have felt to be most alien and repugnant to my peculiar biasses and predilections. I might indeed here, almost with truth, affirm, that, in the province of the drama, I have found it an easier task to elucidate the incidents of some dark conspiracy, or great political revolution, than to administer the concerns of my domestic economy; and you know assuredly well, that nothing can be more dangerous, to the undisturbed purity and constancy of poetic excitement, than the vexatious and humiliating calls of such household arrangements. I find myself at once rudely and swiftly recalled, from the visions of the bright and seducing world, whither my kindled enthusiasm has transported me, and in which, so to speak, I roam entranced, when I am impertinently reminded of some of the daily demands and details of my domestic management and economy.

But, besides, to complete fully my enjoyment, I ardently thirst after the endeared society and communion of a kind and intelligent friend, who,

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logue, as to deem it necessary to expound and illustrate it, like some of the dark riddles of the ancient Sphinx. Iffland has written the life of this distinguished performer; and thus affectionately commemorated the ardour and sincerity of his own friendship, and the lively and fond appreciation he cherished of the rare and admirable professional excellencies of one, with whom he had so often striven and been conflicted, amidst all the impressive and chequered agitations of the mimic scene.—*Tr.*

* Huber enjoyed great celebrity as a writer, and seems to have been possessed of very varied and comprehensive powers, improved and refined by the most enlightened studies, and the most pure and ardent devotion for letters. He was the elegant translator of a number of French dramatic pieces for the German stage; and, besides several original productions in this walk of composition, was the author of the "Secret Tribunal," a tragedy singularly interesting and impressive, and the plot and dialogue of which are framed with much effective art and penetrating discernment. Huber was deeply versed in English literature, and published observations on Beaumont and Fletcher and the state of our stage during that early and distinguished period. He was also the writer of several volumes of Tales, which are held in the highest estimation, for the richness and beauty of their invention, and the pure and felicitous graces of their narrative. Huber wrote, besides, several esteemed political treatises, and an excellent critical and philosophical work on the peculiar and distinctive characteristics of the literature of his country.—*Tr.*

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like some guiding and protecting spirit, shall ever be affectionately near me,—to whom I can, without scruple or disguise, impart my thoughts even amidst all the feeble and unexpanded immaturity of their first conception, and not through the colder and more formal medium of written correspondence, or of concerted visits. Even the circumstance, seemingly so trivial, that in proceeding to visit my friend, I may perhaps be compelled to pass some hundred yards along the public street, and the consequent necessity of previously arranging my dress, would assuredly detract from the more full and unrestrained enjoyment of such an intercourse; and indeed it might frequently happen, that the peculiar cast and bias of thought or feeling which had prompted me, perhaps, to court so eagerly his society, might in this way be chilled of its interest and fervour, and no longer solicit or allure me to the enjoyments of confidential intercourse.

Perhaps, my dear friend, you may feel disposed to view such considerations as wholly unimportant. But how frequently, may I not ask, do these form the delicious and cherished ingredient, without which the measure of our happiness would be incomplete? If I am not deceived, I possess no imperfect knowledge and appreciation of the true qualities and peculiarities of my own character;—and I know well, indeed, how few slender aids and appliances I often only require to taste the truest and most lively enjoyment. But perhaps I ought here to pause, and ask myself, whether I feel indeed assured of obtaining the objects of my eager wishes and desires, in my intended removal to Leipsic? Were it possible that, without begetting inconvenience, I could be received as an inmate of your family, then I might say, that all solicitude, as to my domestic arrangements, would at once be at an end. I may perhaps with truth affirm, from what you already know of me, that I should possibly be found no disagreeable domestic associate. I possess, I think, a sufficient gentleness and pliancy of disposition to accommodate myself with ease to the biasses and humours of others; and, like Yorick, I may perhaps be found, in some things, to possess the power of enlivening and improving others. Could you, at the same time, in addition to what I now propose, provide for me the menial attendance I might require, I should then be relieved from all anxiety in those matters so foreign to my natural temper and biasses.

As to my accommodation, I should require a bed-room, which I would also use as my place of study, and a separate apartment for the reception of visitors. The furniture I should wish to consist merely of a good chest of drawers, a writing-desk, a bed, and sopha, together with a table and a few chairs. These I should deem sufficient for my full comfort and conveniency. I am desirous of not having my rooms on the ground-floor, as, among other reasons, I should, in this way, be debarred, amidst my musings, from directing my look towards the adjoining burying-ground. I cherish a benevolent regard towards mankind; but, at the same time, as a poet, I love, by such a powerful and impressive aid, to stimulate my more intense and touching contemplation of those dire ills and calamities by which human life, to its close, is often so darkly and eventfully chequered.

Should it be found impossible so to arrange matters, that we (meaning here our small society of especially-endeared friends *) can take our meals together, I shall then resort to the Table d'Hôte, for I would more willingly endure the privation of fasting, than, at such times, not enjoy the exhilarating influence of social converse. I write you, my dear friend, thus minutely, to prepare you somewhat for the peculiarity and eccentricity of my humours, and to enable you, with a view to my establishment at Leipsic, to take what preliminary measures of preparation your affectionate regard may sug-

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* Those to whom Schiller here alludes were Jünger, Moritz, and Göschen, with whom he first became acquainted during a summer residence of several months at Gohlis, in the neighbourhood of Leipsic.

Jünger was, in his time, a very popular and successful writer for the German stage. His pieces are very numerous; and if they do not perhaps display the most fertile and gest. My wishes you may perhaps regard as exacting of you too large and minute a compliance; but should I have now been hurried into too great a freedom, I fear you must alone impute it to the effects of your own affectionate and perhaps too forbearant indulgence.

You will, ere this, I presume, have perused the first Number of the "Thalia," and formed your critical estimate of the merit of the first act of my "Don Carlos." I reserve, however, for myself, till we meet, the satisfaction of hearing your candid and enlightened sentiments upon it. May I not here fondly flatter myself with the belief, that, had we five not been already personally known to each other, I might perhaps have owed it to the poetical merits and influence of my Carlos, that I should first have been drawn into that close and endeared union of cherished friendships which I now so truly value, and would desire, with the most ardent solicitude of affection, to maintain and perpetuate? &c. &c.

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original dramatic invention, he has yet appropriated to his own poetical uses, with considerable dexterity, the thoughts or hints of others: he is so great an adept in the resources and difficult requisites of scenic effect, and his dialogue is at all times so gaily and sportively animated, and so purely elegant and natural in its expression, that it cannot perhaps appear singular if he drew to himself a larger share of the general favour than several of his cotemporaries of more noble, and original, and comprehensive dramatic genius. Jünger was also the writer of various novels, as "*Huldreich Wurmsamen von Wurmfeld*," "*Fritz*," and others; into which he has transfused his characteristic gaiety and buoyancy of genius, and imparted to them high fascination, by the grace and felicitous ease of his narrative.

Moritz, to whom Schiller also above alludes, was the author of a variety of works upon Antiquities, Mythology, Psychology, and Grammar. His life appears to have been singularly marked throughout by the restless inconstancy of his disposition, and the untamed eccentricity of his habits. In the outset of his career, he became a convert to the singular opinions of Basedow, which at that time excited such general interest throughout Germany; and during some time he acted as the assistant of this eloquent and enthusiastic visionary, in his great seminary of education at Dessau. The fervours of his youthful conviction seem, however, speedily to have subsided. After endeavouring in vain to obtain some situation in his profession of a clergyman, he was appointed Extraordinary Professor to the Berlin Gymnasium, and delivered prelections on the German language and the Belles-lettres. This situation, with several others highly honourable and respectable, which he subsequently obtained, the inconstancy of his temper prompted him inconsiderately to resign. He seems to have been no sooner established in the literary quiet and security of a new situation, than the spirit of wandering and adventure came upon him; and he at once renounced, as irksome and distasteful, what had previously appeared to him, amidst the hazard and difficulty of its attainment, so peculiarly inviting and desirable. He travelled, at different periods of his life, into England, Switzerland, and Italy; and the narratives which he published of these expeditions, so congenial to the restless spirit of change and observation which possessed him, are highly interesting and instructive. His better fortune, amidst all the inconsiderate caprice and inconstancy of his disposition, seems never wholly to have forsaken him. When in Italy, he became known to his great countryman, Goethe, who, in the exercise of that ardent and affectionate generosity of temper, which led him so strikingly and beneficently to promote the fortunes of his distinguished cotemporaries, Herder and Schiller, obtained for Moritz, through the intercession of his illustrious friend, the Duke of Saxe-Weimer, the honourable distinction of Member of the Berlin Academy. Moritz, some time afterwards, was nominated Professor of Antiquities, and the Theory of the Fine Arts, at Berlin, in which situation he died in 1793. He may be said to have contributed much to the advancement of literature, in a variety of its most opposite and dissimilar branches, if the singular vicissitudes and fluctuations of his life, and the frequent interruptions, and capricious and changing direction of his pursuits, be considered;—and he has frequently written with so rare a justness and force of discrimination,—with such a masculine vigour, and rich originality of thought,—with such vivid intensity of feeling, and the seducing graces of so richly-coloured and impressive an eloquence, that it is impossible not deeply to regret, that the fullest and most felicitous expansion of so gifted a mind should have been so unceasingly marred and impeded in its exercise by that ever-active spirit of inconstancy, and restless love of adventure, which seem to have animated and beguiled him to the last.—*Tr.*

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CLASSICAL REVERIES.

No. V.

Of all the ballads which have been bequeathed to us by antiquity, there is none which, in my estimation, ranks above the "Mariner's Wife." There is so much of the spirit of the true song in it,—so much expressed, and so much left to be understood,—such a sustained interest, and passion, and glee, through the whole, that I have resolved to give you, as Lady Wallace would have expressed it, "a few loose thoughts" upon the subject.

> "But are ye sure the news is true—
> And are ye sure he's weel?
> Is this a time to think o' wark?—
> Ye jades, fling by your wheel!"

Nothing can excel this exordium; here there is no prefatory explanation, like the lumbering and impertinent chorusses of antiquity, informing you of circumstances and histories, which you had far better be left to gather from the spirit of the song. Here you have no household god, no "Deus Lar," no winged Mercurius, starting from the hearth, and reading you a lecture upon past events. The ode runs, or rather dashes at once "in medias res," and you have not read or heard two lines till you are better acquainted with the whole affair than you would have been by a whole page of prosing explanation:

> "*But* are ye sure the news is true?"

But,—why *but?* to what does this conjunction, all *adversative*, as it has been denominated by grammarians, refer? Why commence by a word, be its grammatical designation what it may, which manifestly requires you to suppose that some previous conversation has been going on. For this very reason, that some such conversation as *the following* is manifestly understood to have taken place betwixt the good woman and her neighbour gossips, who have come all panting, with haste, to inform her of the arrival in the Roads of the ship in which her husband had sailed.

Isbol Gossip.—Was ye out on the Castle-hill this morning, gudewife?

Marion Stedfast.—Na, at weel,—no me,—I ha'e something else ado, than idling away my time on Castle-hills, or ony sic idle, loitering gaits.

Isbol Gossip.—Hout ay! nae dou't it's a' true, and your weans, puir things, maun e'en be looked after in their daddy's absence; but I was just thinking ye might, maybe, ha'e likit to see the guid ship "Rover" come *in* this morning wi' full sail, and streamers flying.

Marion Stedfast.—Ay! what say ye, woman? tak' tent what ye say; am no a woman to trifle wi'; for if I find ye trying to trifle wi' me on sic a subject,

> "Little haud my hands—confound ye!
> But I'll cleave ye to the teeth."

Isbol Gossip.—Nae sic cleaving, Marion, for I ken fu' weel that your ain gudeman is arrived safe and sound, and that whenever the tide makes, he'll be ashore himsel' to tell ye sae.

Marion Stedfast.—No possible, Isbol; *it is not possible;* I tell you, woman, he has nae had time, by six days and a half, since the last time that me and wee Jenny, there, saw him sail; and a wae and sorrowful man was he, I wat weel, that day; an' there was nae mony dry een mair than our ain, that saw the parting.

Isbol Gossip.—That may a' be true, —and what for no?—but if ever I spoke a word o' God's truth in a' my born days, I speak the verity when I tell you, that I saw Jamie Miller this morning, no ten minutes byegane, and he tauld me that he had just forgathered wi' the captain's wife, wha had informed him that——

Marion Stedfast.—Hout, woman, ha'e done wi' yere lang round-about palaver. Is Colin Stedfast alive, and weel, and down in the bay there?

Isbol Gossip.—There canna be a dou't o't.

Marion Stedfast.—(Meditating a little, as if incapable of coming all at once to any fixed resolution, then breaks out at last in the above abrupt and most expressive manner:)

> "*But* are ye sure the news is true?—
> And are ye sure he's weel?"

His coming home to her at all, under almost any circumstances, however unfavourable, would, at the first blush of the intelligence, have been comparatively good news; but his coming home,—his returning to his native shore, and his own fireside, in health, (weel,) is enough to drive the good woman distracted; and accordingly her first distinct reflection respects his health.

Having ascertained, partly by direct colloquy, and partly by the language of signs, by the respondency of eyes, and nods, and gestures, that "Colin Stedfast" is alive, and well, and in the very act of landing, Marion's attention is instantly and instinctively directed to the objects immediately under her eye. Her eldest daughter, who has been sitting all this while employed in spinning, strikes her *now* with something approaching to abhorrence. At any season less intoxicating than this, Marion would have viewed her daughter's industry with complacency and approbation; but to sit still, and birr birr, and bob bob, and tug tug at a "bunch o' tow," as if nothing extraordinary had taken place, was quite intollerable. It was a kind of high treason in the court of affection,—a rebelling against the kindlier and more interesting sympathies of our nature. And accordingly, the mother, feeling, rather than seeing the incongruity of her daughter's present industrious attitude, lets slip the vengeance of harsh words; and instead of "my dear Nancy," or "my sweet lassie," at once assails her with the second most opprobrious female epithet with which the language could supply her—

> "*Ye jade* (says she) fling by your wheel."

Allan Ramsay has something manifestly in the same spirit with this, when he makes the arrival of "guid Sir William" an occasion of such joy, that the "tow is to be burnt," and even the "muckle peat-stack" at the end of the house to be "set in a lowe."

Upon the whole, then, this abrupt and striking exordium may serve as a key to all those instances of Greek ode, or song in particular, where *γαϱ καιγαϱ*, or even *μεν* and *δε*, are used at the very outset of the subject; there being a constant reference on all such occasions to something that is not expressed, but that is understood to have taken place previous to the opening of the song. Were verbal critics a little better acquainted with those idiomatic usages which originate in, and are established upon the mental habits, they would come nearer the truth than in general they are found to do.

The chorus of this song is admirable,—and as all chorusses, as well as tunes, should be,—in perfect unison with the burden or tenor of the song itself:

> "There's nae luck about the house,
> There's little luck ava;
> There's nae luck about the house
> Whan 'our gudeman's' awa'."

Where is there a Scotch man, woman, or child, that does not apprehend the full force and meaning of the phrase "our gudeman?" "Our John," "our Thomas," "our Will," or "our Colin,"—et omnia similia—are phrases calculated to convey an idea of the most firm reliance upon, the most perfect confidence in, and the most complete appropriation, as it were, of the individual referred to. "*My* gudeman" would not convey the same *couthy* notion of family, and guidwifish comfort and authority; besides, *my* gudeman is never used unless by way of emphatical reference to some other "wife's man;" whereas "*our* gudeman" stands out in distinguished importance above, and independent of all other "gudemen" whatever.

> "Quoth 'our gudeman' to 'our gudewife,'
> Get up and bar the door."

These words are used by the neighbourhood, and not by any member of the family over which "our gudeman" and "our gudewife" preside.

> "There's nae *luck* about the house."

The Romans built I don't know how many temples to the goddess Fortune, under I don't know how many and how various designations; and "luck," or "good fortune," is the common divinity of almost all classes and professions amongst men. The soldier, in parting with his sweetheart, and when he is on the eve of some perilous expedition, informs her, with the view of yielding her comfort and consolation, that if he has "luck," she shall see him again, and shall want for nothing. The merchant speaks of "*luck*" every day of his life, in reference to his ships and adventures; and I have dined in a company of farmers, where no other toast was given during the whole evening, but, "Come, here's luck!" The sailor, in particular, regards himself as at the mercy of Fortune; and there is not a wind that blows, or an hour that passes, in which the presence of good or bad "luck" is not recognised and acknowledged. Well, therefore, and most appropriately, does the mariner's wife, in the expression of her feelings upon this occasion of high excitement, talk of "luck," in reference to herself and family, in the absence of her husband;—and surely, if there is any truth or *verisimilitude* (which is, in fact, the only immutable and certain truth) in poetry, the presence of a beloved object is calculated to throw, as it were, a kind of interesting, and prepossessing, and fortunate expression, over all present events and all associated objects.

"The desert were a paradise,
An thou wert there, an thou wert there."

Of this truth, Theocritus, Virgil, Ovid, Catullus, Propertius, Ramsay, Burns, and Anacreon More, have borne ample testimony.

"There's *nae* luck about the house,
There's *little* luck ava."

At first view, this mode of expressing the negative, first by a "nae," and latterly by a "little," may seem to imply a receding, as it were, upon recollection, from the position which the honest woman has laid down, and to which, in fact, she, in the third line, pertinaciously adheres. Had she expressed herself, in the first place, by the limited word "little," and in the second line by the unlimited negative "nae," then we should have been led to conceive her to be advancing in the climax, as she became more and more impressed and warmed with her subject. But there is more meant *here* than meets the ear; and the full import of this mode of expression can only be felt by those who are intimately acquainted with the Scottish idiom. If you hear a man say, "there's *little* doubt of that," you may safely swear, that, in his opinion, the matter is quite certain, and settled. "Death," said my uncle Thomas, "will find us all out at last—*there's little doubt of that*." By fixing upon a limited extent, or degree of doubt, he means to signify that the doubt is nothing. "Point de tout," "*not* at all," means, on the same principle, in the literal sense, a *point* in all, a mere nothing, a *nonentity*.

"Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak, I'll down the quay,
And see him come a-shore."

This is manifestly a continuance of the address to her eldest daughter, who had been employed in spinning; and whilst the mother enforces her orders to throw aside the wheel, she accompanies this injunction by an affirmation, which is, in fact, untrue, that

"Colin's at the door."

Colin had not yet, even according to the good woman's own finding and apprehension, *landed;* for she expects, after having put on her cloak, and travelled to the quay, to see him *come a-shore;*—but her averment of Colin's being at the door is made with the view of arousing her daughter to a more distinct perception of the necessity of immediate dispatch. We use similar licences, and for the like purposes, every day of our lives. "How can you sit here and debate, when the enemy is at *the door?*" or, as the Romans expressed it, "within your jaws," "in faucibus?" "My father is just at hand," may mean, that he is within a few miles of the place where the intimation is given. These, and similar phrases, are all understood as conveying an intimation in an arresting manner.

"Rax me my cloak."

"Rise up, gudeman, save Cromie's life,
And tak' yere auld cloak about ye."

"My cloak was ance a guid grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear,
But now it's scarcely worth a groat,
For I ha'e worn't this thretty year."

This reference to the cloak manifestly shews the antiquity of the song, as cloaks of the description alluded to have not been in fashion for many years past. The "cloak," or hooded plaid, was a kind of surtout always at hand, which hung upon a peg or pin, at the foot of the bed, and was ever in readiness to cover all deficiences, on any sudden or unforeseen movement. The propriety in the keeping of this song, is, therefore, most strikingly illustrated in this circumstance. Marion had not time nor inclination to dress *herself*, for she was determined to go instantly to the quay to meet her husband; so she calls for "her cloak," which could be put *on* in an instant, whilst she gives the necessary orders about those preparations to which time was required.

"Rise up and make a clean fire-side,
Put on the muckle pat;
Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat;
Gae mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockings white as snaw,
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
He likes to see them braw."

The former commissions and orders would be executed, in all probability, without rising. But in "making a clean fire-side, and in putting on the muckle pat," it was absolutely necessary that the daughter should bestir herself; so this part of the orders is introduced by a "rise up." The making o' a clean fire-side can only be fully understood where peat-fires are used on a hearth, without grate or fender. The ashes which proceed from the consumed peats are ever and anon spreading themselves over the surrounding floor, and demand all the attention of the housewife, in keeping them within proper bounds, and in preventing the gudeman from "sitting hurkling in the ase."

"A bleezing ingle and a clean hearth-stane,"

is one of the comforts which Peggy, in the "Gentle Shepherd," holds out to her lover as an inducement towards marriage; and the clean fire-side which is here spoken of must undoubtedly have been accompanied by a bleezing ingle, otherwise the muckle pat would have been put on to little purpose. When the Prodigal Son returned, the fatted calf was killed; and, amidst the virtuous and industrious peasantry of our happy country, the return of a relation, the arrival of a friend, is usually hailed and celebrated by some little fête of indulgence. They who live at "hack and manger," whose "muckle pat" is *on* every day, and who know no respite from full living or feasting, cannot conceive the enjoyment which the poorer classes have, when, on some "Saturnalia," such as the one of which I am speaking, exertions are made to procure good cheer, and the affectionate feelings of the heart are warmed and cherished into full expansion, by such fare as

"Partans and buckies,
Speldings and haddocks, enew,
Singed sheep-heads and a haggis,
And scad-lips to sup till yere fou."

But to proceed with our criticism.

"Gae mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockings white as snaw."

It is not easy for us to conceive in what way the *stockings* were to assume the whiteness of snaw in so short a period as is here manifestly fixed for the accomplishment of the process. Not even the agency of acids and alkalis would have done the thing in time for Colin's arrival. What then are we to understand by "making their stockings white as snaw?" This likewise carries us back to an early period of society, and to customs materially different from those which obtain in our own times. By "Sir David Lindsay of the Mount," that founder of Scottish poetry, and Scottish feeling and independence, we find mention made of the

"Hosen white as clay could mak' them clear,
For Sacrament and ither Sabbath wear."

And in the works of Gawin Douglas, there is an allusion made to those who "paint their legs as well as their faces," which in all probability has a reference to the same process. The "cretata ambitio" of the Romans, their "toga candida," with all the process of whitening by means of fuller's-earth, such as our dragoons clear their leather-breeches with, are too well known to require any illustration here. From all these instances, taken in connection with the one before us, we are entitled to infer that "Marion's daughter" was required to apply the *whitening-stone*, as it was called, instantly, to the stockings in question, so that they might shine out, for Colin, in all their artificial and borrowed purity.

"He likes to see them braw."

And what father of a family does not like to see his children, if not braw, in the extreme sense of the term, at least neat, clean, and what we call tidy?—"Simplex munditiis" is the phrase in Horace; "mundus et feliciter ornatus" is the expression somewhere else. A mother must, of necessity, see and feel her children in a vast variety of forbidding and uncomfortable situations. "Every day braw, mak's Sunday a daw!" but it will ever be her aim, if she wishes to retain her husband's heart and affections, to prevent him from seeing his children when covered with mud and ashes, or when flying and fluttering in rags. Next to cleanliness and sweetness in her own person and temper, every mother would act wisely in reference to the gudeman, in endeavouring to promote these objects in respect of the minds and the bodies of their children.

"There are twa hens into the crib,
  Ha'e fed this month and mair;
Make haste and thraw their necks about,
  That Colin weel may fare."

"Twa hens *into* the crib."

This Scotch, and somewhat common use of the word *into*, where *in* might have been expected, has often struck me as somewhat analogous to the present use which we find in the Roman writers, of the accusative governed by the preposition *in*, where the ablative might have appeared preferable. "Veluti in speculum; in amicitiam esse; in dotem esse; in quos sumus," &c., are examples of the class referred to. But so near does the idea expressed by the words *in* and *into* sometimes coincide in English, that I still hesitate betwixt the phrase, "I dashed a stone *into*, and I dashed it *in* the water;" both are found in the very best authors. Let these observations, therefore, suffice it to shew that the idiom here adopted is by no means uncommon, or limited to the Scotch language exclusively. "Into the crib." It is necessary here to observe, that Marion is a townswoman; she lives in a seaport; for we hear, by-and-by, of the Bailie's wife, a personage who is only to be found in burghs; consequently her hens must have been cribbed or confined; they could not enjoy the glorious privilege of roaming at large; they must have been purchased, as the English dealers buy the Irish bullocks, in a lean state, to be fattened by feeding, afterwards. "A month and mair" was not, indeed, a long season of fattening, but then every thing must yield to the occasion, every sacrifice must be made, "that Colin weel may fare."

"Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his
  tongue,
  His breath's like cauler air—
His very fit has music in't,
  As he comes up the stair."

The good, affectionate, but garrulous woman, reverts alternately from the objects around her, and the provision to be made to her beloved husband; and thinking of him, she cannot fail to recollect him in the most favourable and engaging attitude; she thinks of him probably as she first knew him, when, in the softness and smoothness of a lover's insinuating manner, he presumed to solicit the favour of her hand. The fact is, that a woman never forgets the impression which is made upon her, during the delightful and intoxicating period of courtship;—she reverts to *this* amidst all her after troubles and disappointments; and when at times, as in the present instance, her husband returns upon her under peculiarly pleasing circumstances, she sees in him only the lover of her youth,—she can talk of nothing but the "sweet voice" and the "smooth tongue" which won her from her mammy, and made her the mistress of a household.

> "His breath is sweeter than new hay,"

says Peggy of her Pate; and assuredly our Marion Stedfast was equally well entitled to speak favourably of the breath of her own seventeen-years-wedded husband. In these days, tobacco, that most noxious and abominable of all weeds, which owes its use entirely to the caprice of later times, had not come into fashion,—smoking, snuffing, and chewing, were then unknown; and, consequently, a fine, fodgel, cleanly, canny lass, might come within the breath of her lover, without running any risk of contamination, or of downright suffocation.

> "His very fit has music in't."

This is indeed the very truth of passion. Alison explains all this to a *t.* Association, agreeable, delightful association, will convert even the jerking and creeking of shoes into the most delightful musical notes;—and how quick are love and affection in discovering the true character and individuality of various steps, even previous to the appearance of the person by whose tread the sound is occasioned! Marion not only recollects the particular tread of her husband, but she conceives it to be melodious. "It has music in't"—admirable!

> "And will I see his face again?
> And will I hear him speak?
> I'm downright dizzy with the joy,
> In troth I'm like to greet."

Is there any individual who requires to be reminded, that, as there were periods of his life when he was stunned or stupified, as it were, with sorrow, so there were other occasions again, when, from an intensity of delight, he could scarcely believe his happiness real. This latter case is Marion's here. She wishes to know, as it were, what she already knows,—to hear over and over again the delightful intelligence,—she cannot have enough of it. "To see his face again" were indeed extacy; but to hear him speak,—to listen to all his endearing words,—to have the narrative of his voyages and adventures from his own dear lips,—this is indeed insupportable;—I feel my brain give way,—I shall undoubtedly sink under the tidings,—I am dizzy,—and my ears sing, and my brain burns,—nothing but tears can give me safety and relief,—thank God, they are coming at last—

> "In troth I'm like to greet."

Now, I ask all the readers of classical poetry, and of lyrical poetry in particular, to mention a parallel to this sweet and delightful old song. Not the "Jactare basia" of Catullus, not the "Amaryllis" of Virgil, not the "Lalage" of Horace, not the "Wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonny" of Roy's Wife, not the "John o' Badynyon" of Skinner, *scarcely* "Auld acquaintance," and *only* "The Land o' the Liel," can match with this. Here is a married couple who have a numerous family of children, and who have, consequently, been married many years, and have all the usual chances against them, in respect of domestic happiness, under so long a trial; and yet every reader envies their happiness. There is no love-sick girl, or dying swain, who would not willingly exchange situations with Marion and Colin Stedfast, the happy married pair. And what is the key to all this? How comes the mariner's wife to enjoy so much more happiness than the tailor's, the shoemaker's, or the shopkeeper's? The reason is obvious, the mariner *is a stranger at home.* "Oh, for Godsake," said an honest woman to her husband, in my hearing, "trouble yourself less wi' the house affairs;—ye're aye sae muckle about hame, that a body has nae room to turn themsel', for ye're aye girn, girning, and fash, fashing, and spier, spiering, and gnatter, gnattering,—I wish in my heart ye had been a sailor." There, on the other hand, they sit, the truly happy pair, with nothing on earth to separate them from each other's company, were it only for a single instant, "amandus he, amanda she," fixed irrevocably in the sacred and indissoluble bands of matrimony,—he endeared, she endearing, —he ever ready to anticipate every wish, and she ever wishing for his happiness,—he only living for her, and she a whole world of variety,—

a mind highly cultivated and well informed,—a countenance expressive of a whole gamut of amiable and fascinating sentiments and feelings. How is it possible that *either*, even for an instant, can experience tedium or weariness? That covering of the mouth with the hand could not possibly be meant to conceal a yawn! That restless outlooking at the window, and turning over and over of a ten-days-old newspaper, cannot indicate any thing short of exstacy! Those long pauses, filled up with *active** manifestation of affection, are assuredly expressive of genuine and inexpressible delight! That counting of the hours, and wishing for the time of dinner, and of retiring to rest, can only indicate how swiftly the day flies, when urged on by *wishing!* And this is a happy pair! What says experience? No. —What says reason? No.—What says Mr and Mrs Loveall, the three weeks married pair? No, no, no.

A SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE LATE ANNIVERSARY OF THE POET BURNS; BY THE PRESIDENT OF AN OBSCURE CLUB, IN THE TOWN OF SHADOW, IN UTOPIA, COMPASSIONATELY PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF FUTURE BRAIN-BEATING PRESIDENTS.

"GENTLEMEN,

"COULD I justly affirm, that my confidence were at all equal to the deep sense I entertain of the honour done me, I should not perhaps despair of discharging, in some feeble, though inadequate manner, the pleasing duty which my situation prescribes. But the elevation on which your partiality has set me, while it fills me with delight, I fear, in the feelings it engenders, renders even my weak inability the greater. The name of the distinguished person, however, whom we have met to celebrate, in the power and the charm which it bears with it, shall make my poor endeavours forgot. Its very sound, however feebly uttered, shall be like the whispers, which are sufficient to arouse the swell and loud rolling of a mighty echo. It shall be enough for me, if my feeble hand, in that name we revere, shall touch the notes of that chord, which shall acquire a growing richness, and more harmonious power, in the hallowed and cherished recollections of you all.

"Gentlemen, perhaps of all public assemblages, those of the present nature are the most satisfying and delightful. Here we meet to express our approbation of no transient public benefit, and we escape from the influence of those political opinions, which, in the zeal and fervour with which they are proclaimed, often sow the seeds of inveterate dissension, and deepen the line of separation between our different parties in the state. The cause of our meeting is yet more powerful and lasting in its attraction. We assemble to do honour to the memory of our great National Poet, who, by his magical power, has so often either thrilled us with transport, or steeped us in sadness.

"It would, Gentlemen, be idle in me to touch upon those incidents of his life, or those features of his character, with which all of you are familiar. There are those present who can yet well remember the vigour with which, like a meteor, he shot forth from the gloom of an obscure condition, and the power and fervid inspiration with which he touched the long-neglected strings of his native lyre. The poets who had preceded him in our native tongue, and who had caught the affections of the people, at once lost their general estimation, and the warmth of universal admiration was yielded to one who displayed the energies of a more capacious and seducing power. Let me not deeply awaken your regrets, in touching upon his errors or his misfortunes. If by these he has added one more to the mournful and crowded catalogue of unfortunate genius, let us at least, in this late tribute, resemble the poor bondman of Pompey, on the shores of Egypt, honouring the memory of his mighty master; or that obscure woman, who entombed the hallowed remains of the exiled Phocion, even beneath her own hearth;—let us (so to speak) carefully gather the ashes of this gifted poet of Nature, who has so often wielded, with power, our affections; and, in the fervour of our veneration, shew the depth of our regrets.

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* The parish priest of reverend famer,
In active courtship with the Damer.—*Monk and Miller's Wife.*

"What poet, may we not ask, is there, who has acquired a more enviable fame? The verses of the Italian bards, Tasso and Ariosto, are yet, after the lapse of ages, breathed in their sweetness, in the musical accents of the Gondaliers, along the calm bosom of the Adriatic. The strains of our poet possess the same publicity, and have descended to every variety of condition. They are heard cheering the labours of rustic life,—they have stamped unfading durability and celebrity upon acts of national patriotism, or individual enterprise. They have imparted interest and attraction to traditions, and given name, and a classical dignity, to our streams, our mountains, and our vallies. He has imparted to our national airs, (whose rich excellencies, contrasted with the supposed remote and rude period of their production, have proved an insurmountable problem to the antiquary,) as it were, a more direct voice and intelligence. He has heightened what was comic, and added to the force of what was tender or pathetic. There are found in his productions what adapts itself, as a powerful and salutary medicine, to every diversity of condition, to every peculiarity of situation, and to every change and combination of human character. His rich poetic power resembles a stream, which, by its varying murmurs, and the graceful sweep, and often abrupt intricacies of its windings, may be said to infuse animation and a soul into every majestic, every rugged, and every soft variety of scene through which it passes.

"Our venerated poet has built no stately rhyme which can elicit only a cold, reluctant admiration. He makes no vain parade of the mechanical part of his art. Like the unrivalled Shakespeare, he speaks at once to our affections; and while he associates near each other the sublime, the pathetic, and the ludicrous, he impresses us deeply with the universality of his power, in which he has only one prototype, and one superior. His fame daily grows and increases. Like a river flowing in a deep valley, and drawing to it every rivulet which descends from the encircling mountains, he attracts to himself, by the abundance of his poetic power, the willing tribute of the strong and varied emotions of the human heart.

"But how superfluous may you well deem it, and, I fear, how presumptuous in me, to attempt the eulogium of a poet, whose fame lives in every cottage,—whose songs "*welcome the morning, and amuse the evening,*"—whose verses not only kindle and inflame, and touch those who live amidst the scenes he has celebrated, but which are the constant companions of our countrymen in distant lands,—which soothe them amidst the toils and hardships they endure,—which cherish and preserve in vigour their national attachments,—which, by their crowd of images, melt them with early and loved recollection,—and which, in the ardour they inspire, lead them, even amidst all the diversities of a foreign scene, to picture forth some features of resemblance to the stream which murmured past the cottage of their infancy, or to those towering and fantastically-shaped mountains, which bounded in their early prospect.

"In giving permanency and durability to our native tongue, our poet has stamped and secured his own immortality; and if we, who live so near his time, feel so enthusiastically his power, we can with difficulty appreciate those hallowed emotions, which his productions shall beget in a distant posterity. They shall be like a venerable pile o'erspread with ivy, over which hoar Time seems only to shed a more picturesque and impressive beauty. They shall possess over the souls of our remote descendants somewhat of that magical and indescribable power, which, after the lapse of hundreds of years, *Dante* exercises over the minds of the Italians; somewhat of that direct and subduing voice with which the mighty Shakespeare, even now, touches irresistibly the chords of our passions and our affections.

MARCUS."

NOTICE OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF RHIGAS, ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL AUTHORS OF THE REVOLUTION, WHICH HAS FOR ITS OBJECT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF GREECE.

RHIGAS, the principal mover of the first insurrection, which has prepared the way for the Revolution and the war of independence in Greece, was born about the year 1753, at Velestini, a small town of Thessaly. He studied in the best seminaries which his country afforded, and early distinguished himself by great quickness of perception, and extraordinary activity. As his fortune was not sufficiently large to enable him to pursue, in a free and honourable manner, the arduous career of letters, he betook himself to commerce, as promising the most ready and effectual means of rendering him independent. With this view, and while yet a very young man, he repaired to Bucharest, where he remained till the epoch of the French Revolution in 1789 and 1790, dividing his time between commercial operations and his favourite studies. Bucharest, at the period in question, was filled with men of merit, of different nations, and rich in choice works in the different departments of literature and the sciences; and it was here, accordingly, that Rhigas, always eager for instruction, acquired his extensive acquaintance with several branches of learning. The ancient literature of Greece fired his imagination; he was familiar with the Latin, French, Italian, and German languages; he wrote with equal facility and correctness in Greek and in French; and he became at once a poet and a musician:—but his favourite pursuit was what may be called Comparative Geography. To all these acquirements, he united a profound and passionate attachment for his fine and unhappy country, then groaning under the intolerable yoke of Turkish thraldom, and the deliverance of which formed the object of his most ardent desires. This concentrated passion, by which his intellectual faculties were animated and exalted, inspired him with the bold and remarkable idea of organizing a great secret society, for the purpose of raising the whole of Greece in arms against the Porte, and rescuing his unfortunate countrymen from the odious yoke of the Barbarians. Full of energy and activity,—possessing, in a high degree, the talent for persuasion,—and already enjoying great consideration among the most distinguished men of his nation, he lost no time in forming the patriotic society to which we have just alluded, and of which bishops, archons, rich merchants, men of letters, officers both in the land and sea-service—in a word, the élite of the Greek nation, and several foreigners of distinction, became members. Nay, what would appear incredible in Europe, did we not know the natural sentiment of aversion inspired by all absolute Governments under which the most elevated ranks of society are generally the least secure, Rhigas succeeded, nobody knows how, in adding to his association several powerful Turks, and, amongst others, the celebrated Passwan Oglou, who so long defied the whole force of the Turkish empire.

After the formation of the society, Rhigas went to establish himself in Vienna, where he found a great number of rich Greek merchants, and several men of letters, emigrants of the same nation. From this capital he maintained a secret correspondence with his principal associates, scattered over different parts of Greece and Europe; and at the same time continued to cultivate letters with much success. He published a Greek Journal for the instruction of his countrymen. He translated the *Voyage of the young Anacharsis*, of which several volumes appeared. He composed and published a *Treatise on Military Tactics*, and an *Elementary Treatise of Physics*, for the use of persons engaged in business. He translated, into modern Greek, and published the French work, entitled, *Ecole des Amans Délicats*, in which he successfully imitated the style of the Archons of Constantinople, otherwise called *Phanariotes*, and which was extremely successful. He likewise published an excellent translation of Marmontel's

Shepherdess of the Alps: but what raised his popularity to the highest pitch throughout the whole of Greece, was his patriotic poetry, written in a style somewhat rude, but admirably adapted to inflame the imagination of the Grecian youth, and to inspire them with the most ardent love of their country, and with the strongest hatred of Moslemin tyranny and domination. His imitation of the celebrated Marseillais Hymn, (*Allons, enfans de la Patrie, &c.*) which the heroes and patriots of Greece still chant when marching to combat their oppressors, and his fine Highland song, Ὡς πότε παληκάρια νὰ ζοῦμε ’ςτὰ βουνά, (*Heroes! how long shall we dwell on the mountains?*) are, of all his poetical effusions, those which have excited the most enthusiasm, and produced the most powerful effect upon the spirit of the Grecian youth, naturally ardent, impetuous, and penetrated with a deep admiration of the splendid achievements which adorn the pages of their ancient history. Rhigas also published a map of Greece, in twelve sheets, engraved at Vienna at the expence of his associates, in which he marked, not only by their present, but also by their ancient names, all those places celebrated in the annals of Greece. This map, which, besides other ornaments, contains facsimiles of a great number of medals, laid the foundation of Rhigas' reputation among the literati of Europe; and though by no means free from faults and inaccuracies, is altogether a production worthy of its justly-celebrated author.

But this indefatigable and extraordinary man, who, by the force of his genius alone, laid the foundation of the Greek Revolution, or rather was its principal author, terminated his career in a tragical manner, the victim of the most detestable treachery and baseness. An execrable ruffian, who had been admitted to his confidence, thinking to make his fortune by sacrificing his honour, denounced the unfortunate Rhigas, and eight of his friends, as conspirators against the Austrian Government; in consequence of which, the Emperor had them arrested, and, with the exception of three, who were naturalized Austrians, delivered over to the Turkish authorities. All the Journals of Europe were filled with execrations against the atrocious cruelty of delivering up, to certain death, upon the testimony of an informer, men who were convicted of no crime, and who had, in fact, lived in the most rigid observance of the laws of the country which had afforded them an asylum. Of this abominable act, the *Moniteur* (year VI., 1798, No. 271,) speaks in the following terms, under the rubric of Semlin: "Nous avons vu passer par cette ville les huit Grecs qui avaient été arrêtés à Vienne, comme auteurs d'écrits seditieux, et livrés à la Porte, comme sujets du Grand Seigneur. Ils été liés deux à deux, et escortés par vingt-quatre soldats, deux caporaux, un officier superieur, et un commissaire. L'âme du parti auquel ces Grecs appartenaient, etait *Rhigas,* riche negociant, natif de Thessalie, passioné jusqu'au délire pour la delivrance de sa malheureuse patrie, jàdis habitée par des hommes libres. Quelque tems avant que la police de Vienne eût donné des ordres pour l'arrêter, Rhigas, averti par quelque pressentiment, s'éloigna de cette ville; mais il fut pris à Trieste, où il se donna un coup de poignard. Son bras trahit sa volonté: le coup ne fut pas mortel. Il est au nombre des huit Grecs arrêtés, dont cinq seront livrés à la Porte, les trois autres, en qualité de sujets de l'empereur, ayant été condamnés à un bannissment perpétuel. Rhigas n'etait pas seul à la tête du parti qu'il avait formé; il était puissamment secondé par Mavroyeni, neveu du fameux Hospodar de ce nom; mais Mavroyeni, qui partit l'an passé est tranquille à Paris, tandis que l'infortuné Rhigas marche au supplice."

Rhigas, and his companions in misfortune, vainly requested, as a special favour, that they might not be delivered up to the ferocious agents of the Government of Constantinople, but suffer death, surrounded by their families and their friends: their entreaties were disregarded. Happily, however, their conductors, dreading that Passwan Oglou might succeed in rescuing these honourable victims, threw them into the Danube, and thus spared them the horrible torments that awaited their arrival in the capital. This catastrophe, which deeply affected all Greece, and caused a considerable sensation throughout Europe, took place about the middle of the month of May 1798, Rhigas being then in the forty-fifth year of his age. After this fatal event, Anthime, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and Dean of the Greek Prelates,—a personage held in great veneration, and enjoying powerful influence,—published, by order of the Porte, a *Paternal Circular, addressed to all the Greeks,* and printed at Constantinople, (See *Decade Philosophique.* VII^e année, 4^e trim. p. 218.) In this production, dictated by Selim III., then Grand Signior, the Patriarch counselled all those who professed the Greek faith, to remain faithful to the Sublime Porte, to consider the Grand Signior as their legitimate Sovereign, &c. &c.

This Circular was completely refuted, and exposed, by a friend of Rhigas, in a publication entitled FRATERNAL CIRCULAR *to all the Greeks, subjects of the Ottoman Empire, in reply to the* PATERNAL CIRCULAR *published at Constantinople, under the supposed name of the Venerable Patriarch of Jerusalem.* In his preface, the author calls upon the Greeks to declare to the whole world, in refutation of the absurd circular above alluded to, that hatred of the ferocious Moslemins was deeply rooted in their hearts; and that, if they had not yet cast off the yoke which oppressed them, it was from no want of courage and determination, but because *the jealousy of several of the powers of Europe had hitherto retarded the hour of liberty.* He then deplores, in very pathetic terms, the fate of Rhigas and his unfortunate companions. "Methinks," says he, "I behold angels descending from Heaven, holding in their hands immortal palms to crown these martyrs in the glorious cause of religion and liberty." And he concludes his preface in these impassioned words: "Oh, my beloved country, and ye, my beloved countrymen, descendants of the ancient Greeks, deign to receive kindly this *fraternal* circular, very different indeed from that which bears the false title of *paternal.* Let neither the sword nor the fire destroy in your hearts the ardent love of your country, and an irreconcileable hatred of its oppressors. Have always present to your minds the evils of every kind which the ferocious nation of the Turks causes you every day to suffer. Recall the sublime expressions of our ancestors, for the purpose of animating one another against the Persians: '*Sons of the Greeks, arise, deliver your country, deliver your children, your wives, the gods of your fathers, the tombs of your ancestors. To-day we must combat for these sacred objects of our regard.*' (*Æschyl. Pers.* v. 202, 4.) These are the words which I address to all the Greeks without distinction," &c. &c.

The death of Rhigas gave occasion to several small works written in modern Greek, of which the most remarkable is that which bears the title of *Nomocratia,* and is dedicated TO THE MANES OF RHIGAS,—of that unfortunate, but extraordinary man, who has left a name consecrated to immortality in the annals of modern Greece.

ON THE SHERIFF COURTS OF SCOTLAND.

No. II.

IN a former article on this subject, we stated that there were three things which especially required a change:—The salaries of the Substitutes ought to be augmented,—their situations to be held during life or good behaviour,—and their time to be exclusively devoted to their duties, and to no other business.

Previous to the 9th of October 1787, Sheriff-Substitutes had no salaries from the public, but were paid by the Deputes, as they could agree. Of the date above-mentioned, however, a Treasury-warrant was issued, by which they were put on the establishment of the civil officers of Scotland, at certain salaries therein mentioned; and by another warrant, on 19th of January 1803, a slight augmentation was made to them. It will scarcely be credited, that, even by the last-mentioned augmentation, a great many of those Judges in Scotland were paid at the rate of only £.50, £.60, and £.80 per annum,—

seven per cent of a deduction being also retained out of those miserable allowances! Some amounted to the prodigious sum of £.100, and not one exceeded that sum except the salaries of the Substitutes in Edinburgh and Glasgow, the former being £.150 and the latter £.130, subject to the percentage of deduction. That men of education, or character and talent, should have been found, even in a country where all those qualities abound, who were willing to accept of such offices, is marvellous; and it redounds to the honour of the national character, that, in a great many instances, the duties were ably and honourably discharged,—yet these duties were generally subservient to other purposes, and were regarded by the possessors as secondary to their several and separate professional pursuits. It was not until 1811 that a further augmentation was made, £.240 being now the highest, and others still standing so low as £.50 and £.60. The average of the whole may be about £.140 per annum; and it was only the other day that the deduction of seven per cent was discontinued. During the time of the Income-tax, these salaries, beggarly as they are, were diminished seventeen per cent!

It needs no ghost to tell that this is a very inadequate provision for the provincial *officiating* Judges of a civilized country, rising in every department of national industry and wealth, and teeming, in consequence, with subjects of judicial investigation, proportioned, in some measure, to the multiplicity of its transactions. It is indeed utterly inadequate. The sum total of the salaries to about half a hundred Judges, who administer justice to the great body of the people of Scotland, does not amount to £.8000 per annum! The expence of the *Popish College* in Ireland alone is £.9500 a-year. This is *liberality*. But there is an old maxim, that we ought to be just before we be generous. There cannot be a doubt that a very considerable increase ought to be made to the salaries of the Sheriffs-Substitute, and that their situations ought to be made not only comfortable, but, in the fullest sense, *independent*. It were an easy task to point out, and to illustrate by examples, the pernicious and degrading consequences which have arisen from this beggarly mode of paying public officers. But every one knows enough of human nature to know, that poverty tends to chill and to crush the spirit of man, and to place him in situations that are unseemly, and extremely prejudicial to that pure and inflexible frame of mind which peculiarly adorns the judgment-seat, however humble that seat may be. There are, indeed, individuals, who, maugre all the temptations and influences which "poperty with empty hands" communicates to the human heart, are no respecters of persons, and no trucklers to pride and pretension; there are many such, we know, in the situation of Sheriffs-Substitute in Scotland. But this is not the average portion of human nature; and it is not to be calculated upon by any wise statesman, who rests his estimates on the general case, and not on the exceptions. Even although individuals were incorruptible and firm, beyond the reach of bias, from the contingencies connected with narrow circumstances, there is, in the meanness of pecuniary remuneration, a quality, which, in the common estimation of society, places its receiver in a scale of respectability, according to its amount. Perhaps this ought not to be the case; but we must take mankind as we find them. Perhaps, too, the nature of the office or employment, independently of its payment, may, with some, give a dignity to its functions, which may tend to counteract the depressing principle. But this is too slender a theory to hold by; and we may be assured, that, on this subject, there is a vulgar in all classes of society, who will always regard the respectability of an office, as indicated chiefly by the amount of the pecuniary recompence which its functionaries enjoy. If, therefore, the respectability, and consequent usefulness, of our inferior Judges, be an object worth attending to, a handsome—a *decent* salary, at least, is indispensably requisite for the attainment of that end.

But there is another amendment, on the existing state of things, which is not less called for than an increase of salary,—that this situation of

Sheriff-Substitute should be rendered permanent and sure—*ad vitam aut culpam.* At present, the case is very different. A Sheriff-Substitute is appointed by the Depute,—and this is a most fair and reasonable exercise of patronage, on which there is no occasion for any change. But he can remove the Substitute *at his pleasure.* He can remove him without any complaint, and any cause. He may remove him even on account of his good qualities. He may remove him to gratify a political faction, or a malignant individual. He may remove him to curry favour, or to avert hostility to himself. He may "turn him off," to shew that he has the power of doing so,—and he may do all this without deigning to say why or wherefore! On the appointment of a Substitute, he must be approved of by two out of three of the presiding Judges in the Supreme Courts. This is required by the Treasury-warrant of March 1811. But there is no mode of trial prescribed or known for Sheriffs-Substitute; and they may be removed by the *fiat* of the Depute, without seeing any accusation, or without any reason being assigned for their deprivation. In a word, a Sheriff-Substitute is perhaps the greatest slave in Scotland: he is the only British Judge who is put beyond the pale and protection of the law, and who may, by an arbitrary dash of his superior's pen, be turned adrift in an instant, on the wide world, without any reason, or any specified fault. This is an hideous evil.

We have often inquired upon what principle this arrangement rests. We have never, however, got any satisfactory reason, or any thing resembling a reason. Such a precarious and degrading tenure of office is indeed an evil, in which not the Sheriffs-Substitute only, but *the public* have a most material interest. To the former it is a very serious thing that they are exposed to distress, if not to ruin, without any known and recognised form of trial. If a Sheriff-Depute commit an official fault, there are certain modes of procedure pointed out by the Jurisdiction Act, and known to the common law, by which he may be proceeded against. But the Substitute has not the benefit of this law and this procedure; he is liable to be condemned unheard, and the humble bread of his children torn from their lips, at the instigation, perhaps, of some skulking coward, who dares not meet the injured man in the face of day. It is said, indeed, that Sheriff-Deputies are *responsible* for their Substitutes. But this is a mere shadow. To what effect are they responsible? Have they ever been sued for the official errors of their Substitutes? How many cases have occurred since the Jurisdiction Act was passed? There is no occasion for such nominal responsibility—for it is only nominal. Let every man answer for his own misdeeds.

It may be said that a Substitute accepts of his commission with this qualification on its face. Undoubtedly he does; in many cases he may be willing to encounter it; and therefore, in such cases, he can have no right to complain. But there is another view of the matter. A Substitute may be exceedingly happy to take a commission from a Deputy, whom he knows to be a man of honour, and a lover of justice: he has perfect reliance on that individual. But that individual may have a successor of a very opposite description. Death, resignation, or changes of various kinds, may remove the original Depute, and place another in his stead. Circumstances are then altered. The Substitute may now be advanced in life,—he may have abandoned all other pursuits, and spent twenty years of the prime of his days in an irreproachable discharge of public duties,—he may be re-appointed by the new Depute, and honoured with his smiles and his applause;—but a cloud may come: some trifle, which a man of sense would smile at and despise, may be magnified and discoloured,—and, consulting temporary expediency more than justice, the Depute may say to his Substitute, "Pray walk off, Sir; you are a very honest and zealous judge; therefore walk off, Sir." Ought such things to be?

But if this be a distressing state of matters for the Substitutes themselves, it is altogether pernicious, as far as the public are concerned. A

Judge who is liable to be removed in this despotic manner, may be a very fit tool for the jobs of faction, and may even go decently through his roll of causes, when there is no party in the field whose influence or friendship are of importance to the Depute. But who shall set limits to the injustice and the wrongs which may be perpetrated by the trembling and subservient Substitute, who holds his office only by the favour of some lord, or laird, or club, in his county, whose nod, or whose whisper, or whose wish, shall be sufficient to make the Depute say "*Begone?*" What reliance can the community place on the firmness and integrity of a Judge in such circumstances? It is impossible that they can have any; and really it is slander on the Inquisition to say it is worse, except, perhaps, in degree, than courts which it is the *tendency* of such principles to corrupt.

It has often been held out as the most glorious act, perhaps, in the reign of King George III., that the Judges of the Superior Courts were declared not liable to be removed on the demise of the Crown, as was formerly the case; and that thus they were placed above all temptations to subserviency and party intriguing. The principle of that act should be extended to every Judge in the British dominions; and no one should be liable to deprivation, but for some specific official misdemeanour or personal misconduct, *openly* stated, *openly* tried, and *openly* punished by known legal Judges. What, therefore, we suggest as an indispensable improvement on the Sheriff-Courts, is an enactment in any law which may be in preparation, that Sheriff-Substitutes shall only be removable from office, on regular public complaints to be made to the Deputes in the first instance, but subject to the review of the superior Judicatories of the empire, like any other process betwixt man and man. To this there can be no solid objection; and without such a shield for innocence and probity in the class of Judges referred to, it is impossible they can ever hold that rank or security which shall ensure their personal happiness, or their public usefulness and respectability.

The last amendment which we suggest, is the absolute exclusion of Sheriffs-Substitute from every other professional employment,—from any employment, in fact, which is incompatible with their public duties. At present, there is a seeming restriction on them as to *factories*. But this is altogether nugatory. In truth, some Sheriffs-Substitute not only hold factories to a great extent, but are actually concerned *covertly* in the business of procurators before their own courts! An abuse so gross and enormous ought to be effectually corrected; for which there can be no difficulty in finding means. This is indeed a malversation for which the Deputes should be rendered responsible, not in name only, but in serious earnest. And though objections may be made by some Substitutes, they should be prevented even from acting as Conveyancers or Notaries, for such business unavoidably brings them into close connection with, and gives them a private knowledge of, the debatable affairs of individuals, of which they ought, as Judges, to be in utter ignorance. Some Sheriffs engage in extensive agricultural, manufacturing, and trading concerns; and it is not very long since a Substitute was detected in a very extensive smuggling transaction, not the first one either, and yet he holds his situation! These are enormities which naturally spring out of the inadequate provision made for the Substitutes, who are driven to seek the means of decent subsistence from other sources; and while the salaries are so scanty, these consequences are to be looked for as natural results. But if the salaries be made adequate to the duties and respectability of the offices,—if the Substitutes be rendered independent for life, or during good behaviour,—and if they are rigorously confined to the duties which belong to their station, the Sheriff-Courts would prove of unspeakable value to this country, and would soon put an end to a great deal of the outcry which we hear about the enormous accumulation of business in the higher Courts, into which no cause would be carried, which was not of the greatest importance.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Jennings, who recently published Dr Meyrick's splendid volumes on Ancient Armour, has in the press a new work, on European Scenery, by Capt. Batty, of the Grenadier Guards. It will comprise a selection of sixty of the most picturesque views on the Rhine and Maine, in Belgium and in Holland, and will be published uniformly with his French and German scenery. The first artists of the metropolis have been engaged to engrave the plates.

Travels among the Arab Tribes inhabiting the Countries east of Syria and Palestine, by James Buckingham, Esq. author of "Travels in Palestine," &c. in quarto, with illustrations, are announced.

An Introduction to Practical Astronomy, containing tables, recently computed, for facilitating the reduction of celestial observations, and a popular explanation of their construction and use, by the Rev. W. Pearson, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. treasurer to the Astronomical Society of London, two volumes, royal quarto, is in the press.

Early in April will be published, a splendid national work, dedicated to the King, called British Galleries of Art, now first arranged in one volume, by C. Westmacott, author of the "Annual Critical Catalogue to the Academy." This work will contain a critical and descriptive catalogue to each collection, with a history of the choicest treasures of the Fine Arts, ancient and modern, in the possession of his Majesty and other noble and distinguished persons; including the Dulwich Gallery and British Museum.

The Life of Shakspeare, with Essays on the originality of his Dramatic Plots and Characters, and on the Ancient Theatres and Theatrical Usages, by A. Skottowe, in octavo, is in the press. The author's primary object is to compare the dramas of Shakspeare with their sources. The work is likewise intended to contain all the scattered information which the general reader can require beyond the common glossorial index and notes affixed to the common editions.

The sixth volume is expected immediately of the Personal Narrative of M. de Humboldt's Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent, during the years 1799—1804, translated by H. M. Williams, under the immediate inspection of the author.

Mr Cochrane, whose extraordinary pedestrian exploits in Asia and Russia have excited so much wonder, is printing his Travels.

A volume is about to be published for the benefit of the Artist's Benevolent Fund, entitled Testimonies to the Genius and Memory of Richard Wilson, R.A., together with some account of his life, and remarks upon the style of his landscapes, and upon landscape painting in general: in which are exhibited the pleasures and advantages to be derived from the study of Nature and the Fine Arts; the whole collected and arranged by T. Wright, Esq.

The Second Part of Pathological Researches in Medicine, by J. R. Farre, M.D. is preparing for the press.

Queen Hynde, an epic poem, is announced, by James Hogg, author of the "Queen's Wake."

An interesting work will be published next month by the Rev. C. Swan, late of Catherine-hall, Cambridge, under the title *Gesta Romanorum*, or Entertaining Moral Stories, invented by the Monks, as a fireside recreation, and commonly applied in their discourses from the pulpit, from whence the most celebrated of our own poets, and others from the earliest times, have extracted their plots; translated from the Latin, and illustrated with original notes by the translator, with the preliminary observations of Warton and Douce.

Aaron Smith's Narrative of the horrid and unprecedented Sufferings he underwent during his captivity among the Pirates in the Island of Cuba, will soon be published.

Mr Ackermann has in considerable forwardness, a Translation of those parts of the Arabian Nights which have not yet appeared in an English dress, from a complete copy of the original, which that eminent oriental scholar, Mr Von Hammer of Vienna, was fortunate enough to meet with during his diplomatic mission at Constantinople. It was well known, that Galland's French translation of the collection of "Thousand and One Nights," from which the versions into other European languages have been made, contained only the smaller number of those celebrated Tales.

In the course of April will appear, Practical Observations on Fire and Life Insurance; being a guide to persons effecting insurances, and a caution to intended shareholders, with a comparative view of the plans and merits of the different offices; by J. Mitchell, LL.D. F.A.S.E.

late Actuary to the Star Life Assurance Company.

Sir G. F. Hampson is preparing a Short Treatise, endeavouring to point out the conduct by which trustees will be exposed to liability.

Dr John Jones announces the History and Antiquities of Wales, containing memoirs on the civil and military History, Laws, Druids, Triads, and Kalendar, of the ancient Britons or Welsh; on the history of Christianity in Britain, antiquities and monumental inscriptions, and on the present civil divisions of Wales into hundreds and commots.

A Letter to Sir John Newport, on the subject of the Fees payable in the Courts of Justice, and the Stamp Duties on Law Proceedings, by J. Glassford, Esq. is in the press.

Miss Benger is engaged on a new biographical work, of which Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia is the subject.

Dr G. Smith will shortly put to press, a Practical Work on Poisons, forming a comprehensive manual of Toxicology.

The Diary of Henry Teonge, from 1675 to 1679, containing a Narrative of the Expedition against Tripoli in 1675, and the most curious Details of the Economy and Discipline of the Navy in the Time of Charles II. is preparing, from the original manuscript.

In this season will be completed, the volume of Chronological and Historical Illustrations of the Ancient Architecture of Great Britain, to consist of eighty prints, with ample letter-press. It will be published in ten numbers, nine of which have already appeared.

Mr Bowdler is preparing Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, adapted for families and young persons, by the omission of objectionable passages.

The Introduction to Entomology, or Elements of the Natural History of Insects, by W. Kirby, M.A. F.R.S. and L.S., and W. Spence, Esq. F.L.S., is about to be completed by the publication of the third and fourth volumes.

The Witch Finder, a romance, by the Author of "the Lollards," "Monks of Leadenhall," &c. is announced, in three volumes.

Shakspeare's Plays, with notes original and selected, by G. F. Joseph, Esq. A.R.A. embellished with engravings by the most eminent artists, from paintings by Mr Joseph, are in the course of publication, in monthly parts.

The Miscellaneous Writings of the celebrated John Evelyn are in the press.

Mr J. H. Wiffen's Translation of Tasso is in the press, and in a state of great forwardness. The first volume will be issued to subscribers the latter end of April, embellished with ten fine engravings on wood, from designs by Mr Corbould, and a portrait of Tasso.

The Memoirs of a late celebrated English Countess, the intimate friend of an illustrious personage, written by herself, will appear in the course of the present month.

Shortly will be published, in octavo, a System of General Anatomy, by W. Wallace, M.R.I.A. lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery, including all that is valuable in the "Anatomie Generale" of Bichat, and in the additions to the same work by Beclard.

Capt. Sir H. Heathcote, R.N. is about to publish a Treatise on Stay-sails, for the purpose of intercepting wind between the square-sails of ships and other square-sailed vessels, illustrated by suitable diagrams and plates.

Speedily will be published, the Cross and the Crescent, an heroic metrical romance, partially founded on "Mathilde," by the Rev. J. Beresford, M.A. rector of Kibworth.

Our Village, or Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery, by M. R. Mitford, author of "Julian, a tragedy," &c. will soon be published.

The Odes of Anacreon of Teos, in English verse, with notes, biographical, critical, and elucidatory, are announced by W. Richardson, Esq.

Conversations on Geography and Astronomy, illustrated with plates, woodcuts, &c. are preparing, by the Author of "Conversations on Botany."

Mr F. Parkes is about to publish a volume entitled Domestic Duties, containing instructions to young married ladies on the management of their household, and the regulation of their conduct in the various relations and duties of married life.

Observations on the Religious Peculiarities of the Society of Friends, are preparing, by Joseph J. Gurney.

Biographia Poetica, or Lives of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Cowper, in four volumes octavo, including every poet in the collections of Chalmers, Campbell, &c. and those of the early biographers, is about to appear.

The Old English Drama, a selection of plays from the early English dramatists, is printing. It will include the whole of Dodsley's Collection, and every play of any excellence.

A Selection of the Geological Memoirs contained in the *Annales des Mines*, together with a Synoptical Table of Equivalent Formations, and M. Brogniart's

Table of the Classification of Mixed Rocks, by Mr De la Beche, will soon be published.

Sir William Chambers's Treatise on Civil Architecture, much extended, by J. Gwilt, architect, is printing.

An Apology for Don Juan, Cantos 1. and 2. is in the press.

Mr G. Cruikshank is preparing several designs for a humorous Exposition of the Tread-mill.

The third and last Number of the History, &c. of Wells Cathedral, is about to be published. The volume will be illustrated by sixteen engravings by J. Le Keux, &c. from drawings by G. Cattermole.

Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland, by a gentleman of Glasgow, are printing.

The Rev. M. Jackson, minister of St. Paul's, Leeds, has a new edition of his Sermons in the press, in two volumes, 12mo. in which will be included many new ones.

The second edition is nearly ready of the History of Roman Literature, from its earliest period to the Augustan Age, by J. Dunlop, Esq. Author of "the History of Fiction," in two volumes, 8vo.

Mr Loudon is getting ready a second edition of his Encyclopædia of Gardening, comprising the theory and practice of horticulture, floriculture, arboriculture, and landscape gardening; including all the latest improvements, a general history of gardening in all countries, and a statistical view of its present state, with suggestions for its future progress in the British isles.

A History of the County of Devon has been undertaken, and considerable progress is made in it, by a gentleman of professional character.

The seventh volume is printing of Sketches of Sermons, furnished by their respective authors.

Views of the Principal Cities and Towns in Scotland, from drawings by Mr J. Clark, will soon appear.

A second edition of Toller's Sermons, with Memoirs of the Author, by R. Hall, are printing.

The whole Works of Bishop Reynolds, now first collected, in six volumes, 8vo. with a Life by A. Chalmers, Esq. are about to appear.

The Author of "Palæoromaica" has in the press a Supplement to that work, with remarks on the strictures made by the Bishop of St. David's, by the Rev. J. I. Conybere, A.M. prebendary of York, likewise by the Rev. W.G. Broughton, A.M. and by Dr Falconer.

The Botanical Cabinet, consisting of coloured delineations of plants from all countries, with a short account of each, directions for management, &c. by Conrad Loddiges and Sons, continues to be published in monthly Parts; each Part contains ten plates, and ten Parts form a volume; eighty-one Parts have been published.

Poetical Vigils, by B. Barton, are printing.

Mr Hunter has in the press the third edition of his Captivity among the Indians of North America, from Childhood to the Age of Nineteen, with anecdotes descriptive of their manners and customs, and some account of the soil, climate, and vegetable productions of the territory westward of the Mississippi.

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EDINBURGH.

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A second edition of Capt. Hall's interesting work on South America has been put to press within eight days after the publication of the first edition.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

France.—The French Chambers were opened on the 23d March, by a speech from the King, which is, in its tone, pacific. Nothing explicit is said with regard to the affairs of South America; but the late invasion of Spain, and the overthrow of all her free institutions, is alluded to in terms extremely offensive. It is called "the most generous as well as the most just of enterprises." Happily, however, the same generosity and justice cannot be extended to South America. In the late elections, the Royalist party have obtained an immense majority in the Chambers, and it is said the Ministry will have much to do to keep down the ultra spirit of their new allies. The Chamber of Deputies was for several days engaged in verifying the return of the Deputies. On the 26th and 27th they were almost wholly employed on the return of M. Benjamin Constant, one of the sixteen liberals who have been elected. M Dudon contended, contrary to the decision of the bureau, that M. Constant was inadmissible, because he had not received letters of naturalization; and as his ancestor had been compelled to quite France in 1605, for the crime of high treason, he did not come within the operation of the law of 1799, which declared, that any person born in a foreign land, related in whatsoever degree to exiles banished on account of religion, should be considered as naturalized Frenchmen. It is well known that M. Constant is a native of Geneva, to which his ancestors retired from France in 1605. On some former occasion, during the revolutionary times, he had claimed the right of French citizenship, which had been denied. On that occasion, he stated in his petition, "that he was descended from an ancestor who had been banished from France for a cause of which he could not but approve, inasmuch as he was implicated in a project formed by the Protestants, tending to establish a republic in France." This document, which was unknown to the bureau, M. Dudon had sought out, and contended in the Chamber, that it proved the family to have left France for high treason, and not on account of religious persecution. M. Dudon concluded a long speech, by telling M. Constant that he was not a Frenchman, and could not sit in the Chamber. M. Constant defended himself and his family very ably. The question was referred back to the bureau for re-consideration. In the course of the debate, some of the liberals ascended the tribune several times, and fairly pleaded in apology, that their party was now so small in number, that they were obliged to make up the deficiency by double and triple speeches!

On the 5th instant, in the Chamber of Peers, the War Minister presented a project of law, declaring that the peace-establishment of the army, which has an accession of 40,000 annually by recruiting, should in future be increased by 60,000 recruits annually, and that the duration of the military service should be eight years instead of six; this arrangement will increase the peace-establishment of the French army to 350,000 men. In the Chamber of Deputies, the Minister of Finance communicated the project of law for reducing the interest of the National Debt from five to three per cent. The project of law, for rendering the Chamber of Deputies septennial, and another project for recruiting the army, were also presented to the Peers on Monday, by the Minister of the Interior, and that of War. The Chambers, it appears, are to be called upon to vote supplies for the service of two years. The sum asked for 1824 is 895,852,656 francs, or £.37,327,252 sterling. That for 1825 is a little more, 898,933,580 francs, or £.37,455,565 sterling. No additional taxes are to be imposed for the service of those years. The following facts appear in the income and expenditure of 1823: The expenses of the campaign in Spain amounted to £.6,831,560, including 22 millions of francs paid for the support of the Spanish troops: 11,877,731 francs had also been applied to the Spanish Government during the campaign.—Ferdinand has entered into a convention for repaying those sums. The whole of the supplies for the year 1823 amounted to about £.45,800,000 sterling. The produce of the taxes exceeded the estimates by 18,380,585 francs; but all the receipts, ordinary and extraordinary, fell short of the expenditure by the sum of 32,618,988 francs.

SPAIN.—The last letters from Madrid and Cadiz state, that the Spanish Government is about to remove the prohibition that has hitherto existed on the importation of cottons, and other goods, into Spain, and that the duties on imports generally are to undergo a material diminution. If some of the old Spanish prejudices respecting prohibitions are thus made to give way, it will be among the most remarkable proofs of the straits the Court is reduced to by the want of money.

PORTUGAL.—By recent advices from Portugal, it appears that apprehensions are entertained of some new convulsions in that country, against the constitutionalists. Printed proclamations had been found in the morning on the corners of the streets, inviting the people to rebel in favour of the queen, and against the king. The fact of these proclamations being printed, and that in a country where the freedom of the press does not exist, and where the means of printing are, besides, very confined, had created a great sensation, which was not lessened by the murder of the Marquis de Loule, one of the king's chamberlains, and his confidential friend. The king had gone to Salvatierra to pass the Shrovetide with his daughters, when festivities were to take place. The dead body of the Marquis was found lying in the open air, in a part of the palace that was some time ago burnt, and not rebuilt. He was in his full uniform, with all his insignia. There were two great contusions on his head, and a sharp instrument had entered his mouth, and come out at the top of his head. He was found in the morning of the 1st, and as it had rained heavily during the night, and the clothes he had on were dry, it was concluded that he had been conveyed to this unfrequented spot after the completion of the murder. The general voice seemed to implicate the Infante Don Miguel as a party.

TURKEY AND GREECE.—The Algemeine Zeitung of the 22d ult. contains the gratifying intelligence of the taking of Coron and the outworks of Lepanto by the Greeks, on which latter occasion the English Officers of Engineers, who are gone to the assistance of the Greeks particularly distinguished themselves. Lord Byron had returned from Tripolizza to Missolonghi, and had been everywhere received with great honour. The Odessa accounts of the 4th ult. also confirm the news of the Pacha of Egypt having declared himself independent of the Porte. It was long known in Constantinople that he meditated great things, and the Porte therefore tried to weaken him, by ordering him to furnish 10,000 men to combat the Greeks. Mohamed, instead of complying, resolved to declare himself independent. This news had caused great consternation in the Divan, as the declaration was attributed to the intrigues of Russia. A large Turkish army has been ordered to assemble at Sophia, the usual point of preparation when war is dreaded with Russia.

AFRICA.

Algiers.—Official intelligence has been received from the British squadron off Algiers. Admiral H. B. Neale was off that port in the Revenge, with five frigates; the Dey had refused to treat, and was making preparations to sustain a bombardment. For this purpose he had dismantled the vessels of war which were in the Bay, and had drawn them up under the Mole. He had also commanded an immense number of troops from the interior, to man the fortresses. This news was brought to Gibraltar on the 19th ult. by the Phaeton frigate, which had been dispatched by the Admiral. The British force consists, according to an article in the *Journal des Debats*, of seven frigates, five of which blockade Algiers, and two Bora.

ASIA.

East Indies.—By the arrival of the Ogle Castle from Bengal, letters and papers have been received from thence to the 2d November. The Hurkara of the 29th September contains very distressing details of the mortality occasioned by the cholera morbus, which appears to have continued its ravages for an unusual length of time. At Bocranypore, in the middle of October, the widow of a wealthy native immolated herself on the funeral pile of her husband. A notification from the Prince of Wales Islands, issued by the Governor, states, that all duties levied on the exportation of goods, the produce or manfacture of Great Britain and Ireland, America, China, and British India, shall be suspended until further notice. His Excellency had also adopted a general modification of the port charges.

Mexico.—Mr Ward, one of the commissioners sent to inquire into the political state of Mexico, has returned in the Thetis man-of-war. It is said that the British commissioners had entered into favourable agreements with the Mexican Government. A commotion took place at Mexico on the 23d January. General Lobato, formerly a shoemaker, was at the head of it. Its object appears to have been to procure the payment of his troops, and the expulsion of the old Spaniards from places of trust. The Congress and executive power resisted the attempt, and are said to have prevailed, and secured twenty-two of the ringleaders, one of whom had been shot. An amnesty had been granted to many of the mutineers. The city was for two or three days threatened with pillage, but it was preserved. M. Hurtado has arrived from Columbia to arrange M. Zea's loan.

Brazils.—Accounts to the 10th January have been received from Rio Janeiro. The Brazils appear to be generally tranquil. Addresses from various cities have been sent, highly approving of the liberal Constitution proposed by his Majesty, and requesting that it may be proclaimed as the law, without waiting for the decision of a future assembly.

A proclamation has been issued by the Senate, declaring its approbation of the Constitution which had been offered for its acceptance by the Emperor; and to avoid the delay which would ensue from the convening of any new assembly, it was resolved that the citizens should have an opportunity of writing their approbation to the new Constitution in two books, which were to be prepared for the purpose. There is another and a subsequent proclamation from the Senate, announcing that it had ascertained beyond a doubt that the new Constitution was agreeable to the people, and requesting his Majesty to fix a day when it should be sworn to as the fundamental law of the empire. Various orders were also given from the War-Office, for the purpose of obtaining a precise knowledge of the state of the arsenals, of the navy, and, in short, of all the means of defence possessed by the empire; also for the assembling and marching of troops, &c. &c. The Emperor has ordered all Portuguese who have not taken the oath of fidelity to the cause of Brazil, and of fidelity to the Emperor, to be expelled from the Brazils.

Peru.—The following news from Lima is of very late date: as was anticipated, the success of the Royalists, or old Spanish party, has been very short-lived. Bolivar, in conjunction with the Chilian force under General Sucre, has taken Riva Aguero and his principal officers prisoners.

Lima, *Nov.* 18.—You would learn by mine of the 21st of October, the dispersion of the Patriot force in the Intermedios. Bolivar, instead of marching against the Spaniards, has been obliged to embark his troops, consisting of Sucre's army from the Intermedios, and those that were in this city, amounting in all to about 6000 men, for Truxillo, to bring Riva Aguero to terms.

Dec. 4.—Since writing you, as per duplicate annexed, accounts have arrived of Bolivar having taken Riva Aguero and his principal officers prisoners at Truxillo. This was facilitated, it seems, by his cavalry having revolted. One impediment has thus been removed in the way of concluding the war; and should the Spanish Commissioners (who left Buenos for Cusco, for the purpose of communicating with the Vice-King and the Spanish General, upon the propriety of an accommodation) not succeed in bringing about a peace, Bolivar will at least have a fair chance of trying what the strength of his arms can do against those of the Royalists. The forces under his command are, in well-tried troops, 15,000. Transports had sailed from Guayaquil to Panama for 3000 Colombian veterans, who were ready to embark at an hour's notice; and their Commander-in-Chief had sent off orders for 3000 more, to be got ready for service in Peru without delay. Gen. Miller is appointed to command the Peruvian army, and supersede Santa Cruz. To carry on the campaign another loan was required from the people and merchants in Lima, which was immediately raised.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

House of Lords.—*March* 9.—Lords Calthorp and Holland complained of the new regulation with respect to the hearing of Appeals: it tended to lower the House in the estimation of the public. Lord Liverpool said, that the regulation alluded to had been adopted on the suggestion of an impartial and intelligent committee, and that it was not intended to be permanent. Some observations were made from the opposition benches, upon the reduced importance of the House as a branch of the legislature; scarcely any bills were now originated there; of the public business, they had too little at the beginning of the Session, and too much at the end; so that they could do little more than register or reject, on a very partial examination, the enactments of the Commons. To these remarks no answer was given.

15.—The Marquis of Lansdown moved an address to the Throne, recommending the immediate recognition of the South American States, and enforced his motion by arguments drawn from the strength and stability of the States in question, the utter impossibility of their being ever re-conquered by Spain, and the wisdom and justice of Great Britain's forming the most intimate connexion with the free governments of the New World, as a support and counterpoise against the conspiracy of despots on the Continent of Europe. The Earl of Liverpool avowed his cordial concurrence in all the general propositions and principles advanced by the Noble Marquis, but defended the deliberation of Ministers in acknowledging the independence of the South-American States, by a reference to the history of Spain and her colonies during the period which had elapsed from the first manifestation of a desire of independence on the part of the latter. Through the early part of this period, he said, we were in the closest alliance with Spain, and could not therefore interfere to aid her revolted colonies; and, subsequently, the weak and distracted state of that kingdom would have rendered any unkind interference on our part in the highest degree dishonourable. He maintained, however, that though under the circumstances the British Government has abstained from a formal recognition, it had, by its injunction against foreign interference, and by the abjuration of such interference which it extorted from France, rendered services to the South Americans worth a thousand recognitions. He concluded by proposing an amendment expressive of the confidence of the House in the measures of Government.—Lords Calthorpe and Roseberry supported the amendment, and Lord Ellenborough opposed it. On a division, the Amendment was carried by a majority of 95 to 24.

30.—Earl Bathurst moved the third reading of the Slave Trade Piracy Bill; and in order that the measure might be carried into a law in time to be conveyed to America before the separation of the Congress, he proposed that the usual form of referring it to a committee might be dispensed with. Earl Grosvenor expressed his concurrence in the wish that this measure should not be unnecessarily retarded; and animadverted with some severity upon the intemperate conduct of the Colonial legislative assemblies. The Marquis of Lansdown gave his hearty commendation to the measure, and, the committee being negatived, the bill was read a third time, and unanimously passed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—*Feb.* 20.—In a Committee of Supply, Lord Palmerston moved, "that 73,341 men, together with 3454 men for the battalions in Ireland, be maintained for the service of the year 1824, exclusive of the forces in India, and the non-commissioned officers." From the details of the estimates, as given by the Secretary at War, it appears that six new regiments are to be added to the force of last year, and 200 men added to each of the veteran battalions, making an augmentation of 4,560 men, officers included. This would give rise to an attendant increase of charge of £.158,000, or rather of £.103,464, for it appears, that since the estimates were laid upon the table of the House, a small blunder, to the amount of nearly £.55,000, has been discovered in them. Lord P. stated, that the sole reason of this augmentation of force was the present condition of the West-India Colonies; and that it was in no respect owing to any hostile appearances on the continent of Europe or elsewhere. The House was assured that the new arrangements had been formed upon a plan of the strictest economy. Mr Hume contended that the proposed vote was in the highest degree extravagant. Sixty-nine thousand men had been voted, last year, expressly on the ground of the disturbed state of Europe; and now, when the King's Speech breathed nothing but congratulation upon the state of the empire, both in her foreign and domestic relations, Parliament was called upon, not to reduce the extraordinary estimate of last Session, but to augment it by an allowance of nearly 5,000 men. On an average of ten years after the American war, our army did not amount to more than 33,000 men; and now, in a period of profound peace, and, according to Ministers, of perfect security, it was to be 73,000. When it was considered, that, in addition to this number, there were 19,000 men in the artillery, veterans, and marines,—77,000 militia enrolled for Great Britain and Ireland,—and a yeomanry amounting to 74,000—he could not but think our army would be somewhat too large for times of such happiness and safety. And, with respect to the principles of economy on which the proposed increase was to be made, why did not the Noble Lord, in place of raising new regiments, with their expensive staffs, add so many men to each company of the existing regiments, so that an augmentation, if necessary at all, might be made at a comparatively trifling expense? He concluded by moving as an amendment to the original motion, that the number of 73,341 men proposed by Lord Palmerston should be reduced to 63,000. General Gascoigne and Mr Wodehouse lamented that Ministers should have reduced the army so much already: in fact, our standing force was too small. At the same time, it was matter of consolation that Ministers were beginning to open their eyes to the evils of small establishments, and, in some measure, to atone for their excessive and unjustifiable parsimony. "According to the present system," said the gallant General, "it is impossible to relieve our regiments abroad, as they ought to be. Some of them have been absent, on unhealthy stations, for many years. Therefore the numbers should be increased." "No," replies Mr Bernal, "your object may be attained in a different way: let Ministers abolish the system of favouritism which is at present manifested towards certain regiments, and let the labours of the service be divided more equally."—The views of Mr Hume were supported by Mr Hobhouse and Mr Bernal, while Mr Calcraft preferred the proposal of Ministers. On a division, Mr Hume's amendment was negatived by a large majority

A long conversation then took place upon the subject of the Navy Estimates, but all the Ministerial proposals were agreed to.

23.—*The Budget.*—The Chancellor of the Exchequer made a full exposition of his financial scheme for the present and two following years. He commenced with a concise statement of the public income and expenditure, and took the opportunity of congratulating the House of Commons upon the unequivocal proofs of progressive prosperity afforded by the flourishing condition of the Customs, and the other chief branches of the revenue. The whole amount of income, including one and a half million received from Austria, was £.57,385,000; the estimated expenditure was £.56,332,924; leaving a surplus of £.1,052,076. He entered at some length into the details of the Excise, in order to reconcile a falling off in the returns of that department with the general improvement; his explanations were candid and satisfactory. Having paid some handsome compliments to the Emperor of Austria for the modicum of his debt which he has condescended to discharge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proceeded to communicate the measures which he should propose for the arrangement and disposition of the Revenue. The

"God send" from Austria, he said, afforded, in the first place, an opportunity for fulfilling the declared intention of Parliament, by a further grant in favour of the interests of religion; he should therefore propose £.500,000 for the erection of churches. He should also propose to grant £.300,000, by two annual instalments, for the repairs of Windsor Castle, and other grants for the King's library, and for the purchase of Mr Angerstein's pictures, which were, he said, valued at £.57,000, and would lay a foundation for a national gallery of paintings worthy of the taste and wealth of England. These were all the contingent expenses, which, he observed, were more than provided for by the contingent revenue.

Taking the present state of the revenue as his term of computation, he calculated that, at the termination of three years, were not the present peace interrupted, we should have, upon the four years ending in 1827, a clear surplus of £.4,136,000. The whole of this surplus he would apply to the remission of taxes to the amount of a million annually, according to the following classification:—

A Reduction of the Rum duty 1s. 1½d. per gallon	£.150,000
A Remission of the London Coal duty of 3s. 4d. per chaldron, accompanied by a permission to introduce inland coal—nominal loss £.200,000. Actual loss	100,000
A Reduction of the Import and of the Export duties on wool, each to one penny per pound	350,000
A Reduction of the Silk duties as follows: Raw Silk from the East Indies from 4s. to 3d. per lb. —— China from 5s. 6d. to 3d. per lb. —— Brazil from 14s. to 7s. 6d. per lb. Manufactured Silk, now prohibited, to be admitted on paying, for plain goods 2s. per lb., for flowered 30s. and for all other 30s. per cent. ad valorem. The whole of Silk duties he would calculate at	462,000
	£.1,062,000

He intended also to repeal the remaining part of the Salt duty. In the earlier part of his exposition, the Chancellor of the Exchequer declared an intention of abolishing the whole system of bounties, beginning with the bounties on the whale and herring fisheries, and the bounties upon coarse linens (under 7d. a yard,) and proceeding by a gradual reduction of the bounties on other linens, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum. With respect to the liquidation of the 4 per cents. which was the immediate object of his motion, Mr Robinson observed, that the necessity of giving six months notice of payment, which existed in the case of the 4 per cents. rendered it impossible for him to follow exactly the course taken by his predecessor in dealing with the 5 per cents. with regard to which no notice was required. The necessity of notice compelled him to invite the assent of the Stockholders to a commutation, instead of challenging their dissent. He would therefore, he said, give notice to the holders of 5 per cent. stock, that if they did not accept stock at 3½ per cent. (£.100 for £.100) they should be paid off in October next; but that such as would accept the proposed commutation should be entitled to a guarantee that their 3½ per cent. should not be paid off for five years. The whole amount of 5 per cents. outstanding he rated at 75 millions, one-third of which he proposed to pay off or commute annually, until the whole should be liquidated.

24.—*Court of Chancery.*—Mr Williams, pursuant to notice, brought forward his motion for an inquiry into abuses existing in the Court of Chancery. The Learned Gentleman began by showing the importance of inquiry—the precedents afforded for such investigations by the earlier parts of our history—and the difficulties he had encountered in obtaining the requisite information, owing to the fact, that the Solicitors in Chancery were apprehensive of the consequence to themselves of giving such information. He then proceeded to enumerate several strong cases, illustrative of the delay and expence attendant upon Chancery proceedings. The first was a suit which commenced in the year 1784, and on which judgment was finally given in 1823. During the progress of that suit, the solicitor had died, and the unfortunate client had suffered most severely in health and constitution, from the anxiety to which he had been exposed. Another case was heard for the first time in January 1817. Papers, however, were lost; fresh counsel were to be retained, the original advocates having been removed either by death or promotion; judgment was promised time after time, and as often delayed; till, at length, the parties found themselves compelled to compromise the matter, neither venturing to proceed in a course in which each believed himself right. "If this," said Mr Williams, "was not a denial of justice, what was it but a failure of justice? All the expence that had been incurred on both sides was wasted, and the proceedings, so far as they had gone, were rendered of no effect, from the apparent impracticability of bringing them to a conclusion."—A third case was that of a gentleman who, in marrying his wife, had married a Chancery suit at the same time; and who was ultimately compelled to relinquish one half of her fortune, for the sake of preserving the other. A fourth case had originated in the year 1812, and, after having been forty times in the Chancellor's paper of causes appointed for judgment, no judgment had yet been given. A fifth was the case of an unfortunate wind-mill in the neighbourhood of Chichester, which had been thrown into Chancery in the year 1793, and which, in 1818, had perished, like many of the suitors in that Court, through mere decay, though the suit in equity which had been originally built upon it, was, even at the present day, undecided. These five cases the Learned Gentleman adduced as specimens of the delay imputable to Chancery proceedings. As for the ruinous expense, it might be presumed in each, but the Learned Gentleman actually produced the bill of costs in the last, which was of such a nature as to excite a very strong sensation throughout the House. Indeed the expenses attendant upon equity proceedings were described by Mr W. as existing in every stage of a suitor's progress, particularly in the cost of those documents which are familiarly known to persons in that unfortunate situation by the name of decrees and master's reports. These expenses arise, not only from an oppressive stamp-duty, but from a practice now become nearly inveterate, of inserting in those documents, at unwarrantable length, matters wholly immaterial to their object, and which serve only to increase the burdens of the suitor. Other abuses were pointed out by the Learned Gentleman, arising from the modern interference of the Chancellor in cases of bankruptcy—from the practice of appealing, first from the Vice-Chancellor to the Chancellor, then from the Chancellor in his own Court to the same judge in the House of Lords—and, above all, from the combination of the political with the judicial functions of that high office. Upon the whole, Mr Williams urged the necessity of instant, earnest, and effectual investigation, with the joint view of ascertaining the extent of the evil, and determining the remedy which it would be most prudent to apply. For this purpose, he moved, "That a select committee be appointed for the purpose of inquiring into the expense and delays in the Court of Chancery, and the causes thereof." Mr Peel fully admitted, that the proceedings of that Court form a fair and necessary subject for inquiry. The attention of Government had been for some time directed to the acknowledged evil, and it was their intention, on the suggestion of Lord Eldon himself, to appoint a Commission, with a view of investigating the whole matter. "To be sure," said the Right Honourable Gentleman, "that Commission will have no power to inquire into the policy of combining the political and judicial duties of the Chancellor; those duties have been so long united, that they are not now to be touched lightly or suddenly." He argued, that the delays complained of were not attributable to Lord Eldon, but to the great increase of business in his Court. Since the time of Lord Hardwicke, one department had been augmented in a five-fold proportion, and every department had experienced a very considerable increase. The proposed Commission was to consist of judges of the higher practitioners of the law, and of those who had retired from the judicial seat. Mr Abercromby considered the partial acquiescence of Ministers in the project of Mr Williams in no other light than as a capitulation at the opening of the second campaign. Mr Brougham expressed an apprehension that the promised Commission would be a mere mockery. The public would never be satisfied that Lord Eldon himself, as one of the Cabinet, should have a voice in the nomination of these Commissioners; out of doors, it would be universally believed, that one of the main objects of the Commission would be so to shape the inquiry, that the result should in no way affect the Chancellor. Mr Canning stated, that the inquiries of the Commissioners were to be directed to three points:—1. To lessen the time consumed in equity suits. 2. To lessen the expence of the proceedings. 3. To inquire whether any part of the business which is now thrown upon the Chancellor, may be transferred from him to any other, and to what other officer. Mr Williams then consented to withdraw his motion.

26.—A conversation took place upon the new ministerial project of taking off the bounties on the exportation of linens. Some members contended that the plan was so framed as to bear very unequally on different parts of the country: to Scotland, for example, and the West of Ireland, it would be a measure of great severity to remove (as Ministers propose) the whole bounty on the exportation of the coarser kinds of linen.

Representation of Edinburgh.— A motion was made, pursuant to notice, by Mr Abercromby, for leave to bring in a bill for amending the representation of Edinburgh. He described the present mode of election in the following manner: Edinburgh contains 100,000 inhabitants. Of this number, the elective franchise is vested nominally in 33, but particularly in a controlling majority of 19. The electors consist of the magistrates and town council; a body which is formed upon a principle of self-election. It is natural to suppose, argued the Hon. and Learned Gentleman, that a body like this will be, in no degree, under the influence of their fellow-citizens—that they will exercise their elective rights solely with a view to their own individual interests, and in no degree for those of the public; and this is not only the deduction of theory, but it is a fact determined by long experience. Whenever we hear of the body who possess the efficient representation of Edinburgh, it is only when they are at variance with the great majority of their fellow-citizens. The Corporation of Edinburgh always look out for a representative who has connections with the dispensers of patronage, and a ready access to the Treasury. Supposing London, or Westminster, or Bristol, to be in the hands of a small compact body of nineteen persons—a body possessing no claim to nomination either from property or intelligence—who would refuse to amend a representation so defective? Mr Steuart Wortley declared, that he could see no shadow of an argument for the proposed change. It behoved the House to take care, lest, by listening to a proposal for a particular reform, they should endanger the whole of the present system of representation. Unless an overt act of corruption could be established on the part of the Magistrates and Town Council of Edinburgh, there could be no pretext for interference with the present system. Indeed there would be another difficulty in the way of an alteration, even could the principle be conceded, arising from the fact that, at the time of the Union with Scotland, the integrity of the Burghs and Corporations appears to have been guaranteed. It was now proposed to destroy rights which the Constitution had imparted. No doubt, there were some modes of returning Members to Parliament which were irregular and anomalous; but, under the present system of representation, the country had risen to a state of unexampled prosperity. Similar assertions and arguments were used by Lord Binning. Lord John Russel ridiculed the notion of the inviolability of a Scotch Burgh. That Scotland could be supposed solemnly to stipulate at the Union, that 19 persons in Edinburgh should return a Representative to the House of Commons, in spite of, and sometimes in contradiction to, the immense body of inhabitants, was so complete an absurdity, that he could not believe it ever entered any heads, but such as were sometimes to be found in that House. The motion was lost by the small majority of 24. The number being 99 to 75.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

MARCH.

1.—HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY.—*Murder.*—This day, Robert Macleod, alias Charles M'Ewen, with three other aliases, was arraigned on the charge of murdering a poor woman, who went by the name of Elizabeth Money, or some other name to the prosecutor unknown. The prisoner represented himself, in his declarations, to be a journeyman coppersmith, to have learned his trade in Ireland, and to have since gained his livelihood as a travelling tinker, in which capacity he had for a number of years been in the habit of visiting the principal counties of Scotland, England, and Wales. The deceased was a poor pedlar woman, aged about 30, who travelled the country with a basket of tea-canisters, and small articles of hardware. From the evidence, it appears that she had, for several days prior to her death, travelled in company with the prisoner, and, according to the prisoner's own declarations, had during that time passed for his wife. Several witnesses proved the finding of the body of the pedlar woman at Firmouth, near the junction of the shires of Forfar and Aberdeen. The report of Drs Garie and Murray proved that the woman died from loss of blood, on account of wounds received on her head. A box of tools was found on the prisoner when he was seized, from which the two surgeons selected a small anvil of a peculiar construction, and the body was disinterred, to compare the instrument with the wounds. These were in the form of curves, and, in the opinion of Dr Garie, had been effected with the edge of the concave side of the anvil, or a similar instrument. There was a wound behind the ear, which corresponded with another before it, and both of which were of the exact dimensions and distance from each other, as the two ends of the concave side of the anvil. Dr Murray had, however, some doubts on the subject, and did not seem to think that the wounds could have been effected with the anvil, unless they had been subsequently jagged or lacerated by the corpse having been dragged on the ground. Three witnesses, who were present when Dr Garie compared the anvil with the wounds, proved, either that they corresponded exactly, or that they were as near alike as any one would expect or imagine. Many witnesses were then called to prove the prisoner's intimacy with the deceased at the period of the murder. One woman deposed that they had slept together in her master's barn on the night before the murder, and that they had set out together in the morning. Other witnesses described the conduct and appearance of the prisoner at the public house, where he quartered on the nights of Friday and Saturday after the murder. On his arrival at the first house, his trowsers were dripping with rain and blood, and there were marks below his knees as though he had knelt in blood! He was restless of nights, and frequently called for whisky. On the following day he was seen scrubbing his sleeve with a brush that he had dipped in water; and he also wetted his hat, for the purpose, as he said, of getting out the clures, or dimples. On the Saturday he asked his landlord if he had heard of the woman being killed on Firmouth; and on the witness's saying he did not believe it, the prisoner said it was certainly true, for he had seen her all over blood, and he was sure she had been murdered. A farmer had rode his "dark blue colt" over the Firmouth, and saw the woman lying on the ground, with her hand above her head, and blood upon it. She lay very still; he is not sure but she breathed once as he passed. A stout man lay with his head resting on her feet, and a mahogany box, such as that produced, lay near him; both their backs were turned towards him. Witness came suddenly in view of them, and was so frightened at what he saw, that he kept to the other side of the road and quickened his pace. Four "whisky men" had ascended the Firmouth in company with the prisoner and the women, and had baited them with a mouthful of whisky. On arriving at the extremity of Firmouth, the prisoner sat down to rest; and the woman, who had got some yards before him, returned and sat down beside him. In this situation they were left. The bloody clothes which he had worn were produced and identified. The Jury returned a verdict of Guilty. When the verdict was recorded, the prisoner addressed the court, and said that he should die innocent of the murder, and that the witnesses had perjured themselves. He was sentenced to be executed in Edinburgh on the 7th of April.

2.—*The Fife Cause.*—The petition of the Noble Pursuer to the Court of Session to apply the judgment of the House of Peers, was this day moved in the Second Division. It was remarked on the Bench, that the duty of the Court was in this case clearly defined:—A certain issue had been sent down by the House of Lords for trial, which their Lordships must remit to the Jury Court for determination, in strict conformity to the terms in which it is conceived in the judgment. The Court accordingly directed such issue to be prepared for its approval.

5.—*Bachelors' Ball and Supper.*—Last night an elegant ball and supper were given in the Assembly Rooms, George Street, Edinburgh, to the ladies, by a number of gentlemen bachelors. At nine o'clock the company began to arrive, and soon after ten dancing commenced. The first dance was led off by Lord Leven and Miss Campbell of Succoth, to the tune of the "Cameronians' Rant,"—"Clydeside Lasses,"—and "I'll gang nae mair to yon toun." At one, the company retired to supper, which was laid in the card-room and two side-rooms, and consisted of a profusion of delicacies of every kind, displayed with a taste that does the highest credit to Mrs Montgomery. The tables were richly ornamented with confectionaries, and also with groups of figures in alabaster, &c. The wines and fruits were of the choicest kinds, and in great variety. Supper being ended, the dance was resumed, and kept up with great spirit till past six in the morning, when the delighted company departed, happy to meet, sorry to part, and anxious to meet again. The number present amounted to between 500 and 600, including a great proportion of the rank, fashion, and beauty now in Edinburgh. The dresses of the ladies were remarkably elegant, and those of the gentlemen of the Army and Navy were very splendid, as were many of the Yeomanry. There was, besides, a great variety of costume—the Caledonian Hunt, Royal Archers, and Celts; there were many in Court-dresses, some in Spanish and other foreign habits, a Greek, a Turk, and several in the Windsor uniform, the whole forming one of the most imposing combinations of brilliancy imaginable. This Ball is, we believe, the second given by the Bachelors of Edinburgh, and the first on this magnificent scale. It is proposed to continue it annually.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

March 5.—Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Adam, K.C.B. to be Lord High Commissioner in and to the United States of the Ionian Islands.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

March 11.—The Rev. James Allan was ordained and admitted Minister of the Parish of Newmills, vacant by the death of the Rev. George Allan.

— His Grace the Duke of Argyle has granted a presentation to the Rev. Angus Maclaine, preacher of the Gospel, as Assistant and Successor to the Rev. Dr Paul Fraser, one of the Ministers of Inverary.—His Grace has at the same time appointed Mr John Macleod, Preacher of the Gospel, Assistant and Successor to his father, the Rev. Norman Macleod, minister of Morvern.

29.—The United Associate Congregation of Burgh-head have given an unanimous call to Mr David Carmichael, preacher.

III. MILITARY.

Brevet	Capt. Lyster, 3 Royal Vet. Bn. Maj. in the Army	4 June 1814.
	—— Kerr, do. do.	12 Aug. 1819.
	Forrest, E. I C. Ser. (Insp. of Mil. Stores) Maj. in the East Indies only	11 July 1823.
Life Gds.	Cornet and Sub.-Lieut. Millard, Lieut. by purch. vice Locke, prom.	27 Feb. 1824
	Ensign Capel, from 43 F. Cornet and Sub. Lieut. by purch.	do.
7 Dr. Gds.	W. Payne, Cornet by purch. vice Greenland, 8 Dr.	4 March
8 Dr.	Cor. Greenland, from 7 Dr. Gds. Lieut. by purch. vice Westenra, ret.	25 Feb.
	Lieut. Glanville, from h. p. 19 Dr. Adj. and Lieut. vice Westenra, res.	do.
10	Lieut. Col. Wyndham, from h. p. 19 Dr. Lieut.-Col. vice Sir G. A. Quentin, exch. rec. diff. between full-pay of Cav. and Inf. only	18 March 1824.
12	Bt. Maj. Barton, Maj. by purch. vice Erskine, ret.	19 Feb.
	Lieut. Reed, Capt. by purch.	do.
	Cornet Morris, Lieut. by purch.	do.
	G. Marryat, Cornet by purch.	do.
1 F.	Ens. Graham, Lieut. by purch. vice M'Beath, ret.	4 March
	J. B. Kerr, Ens. by purch.	do.
	Lieut. Rafter, from h. p. 84 F. Lieut. vice M'Conchy, 48 F.	26 do.
2	Ens. Littlejohn, Adj. vice Jones, 96 F.	29 Jan.
	Ens. Cooper, from h. p. 78 F. Ens.	25 March
4	Ens. Lonsdale, Lieut. vice Cotton, dead	4 do.
	H. J. Warde, Ens.	do.
	Lieut. Lonsdale, Adj. vice Gregg, res. Adj. only	11 do.
10	Ensign Adams, Lieut. by purch. vice Lane, ret.	do.
	G. J. Crosbie, Ensign by purch.	do.
13	Lieut. Bain, from h. p. 38 F. Lieut. vice Campbell, 99 F.	25 do.
14	Maj. Gardiner, from h. p. 60 F. Maj. vice Johnstone, exch.	18 do.
16	P. Bernard, Ens. by purch. vice Colquhoun, prom.	29 Jan.
17	Ass. Surg. Martindale, from h. p. 67 F. Assist. Surg. vice Foote, exch.	18 March.
18	Assist. Surg. Lindsay, from 36 F. Surg. vice Burns, dead	4 do.
	Lieut. Macpherson, from h. p. 35 F. Lieut. vice Lord Wallscourt, 98 F:	25 do.
20	—— Ovens, from h. p. 27 F. Lieut. vice Darroch, 24 F.	do.
	—— Warren, from h. p. 30 F. Lieut. vice Armstrong, 99 F.	do.
23	Surg. Weld, from h. p. 67 F. Surg. vice Dunn, h. p.	18 do.
24 F.	Lieut. Darroch, from 20 F. Lieut. vice Stuart, 98 F.	do.
	Capt. Hon. C. T. Monckton, from Cape Corps, Capt. vice Gill, h. p. 27 F.	do.
25	—— Cary, from 89 F. Lieut. vice Scott, 97 F.	do.
27	Lieut. Ridge, from 47 F. Lieut. vice Beauclerk, 99 F.	25 do.
29	Ens. Douglas, Lieut. by purch. vice Browne, ret.	19 Feb.
	G. Browne, Ens. by purch.	do.
30	Lieut. Tresidder, from h. p. 60 F. Lieut. vice Ramus, 98 F.	25 March
31	Capt. Skinner, from h. p. 16 F. Capt. vice Shaw, 97 F.	do.
	Lieut. Beckham, from h. p. 79 F. Lieut. vice Plumbe, 98 F.	do.
34	Ensign Montgomerie, Lieut. vice Shaw, dead	11 do.
	—— Hadwin, do. by purch. vice Crawford, ret.	18 do.
	E. Brodrick, Ensign vice Montgomerie,	11 do.
36	Hosp. Assist. Scott, Assist. Surg. vice Lindsay, prom.	do.
40	Major Kirkwood, from h. p. New Brunswick Fencibles, Maj. vice Chamberlain, canc.	do.
43	M. Lushington, Ens. by purch. vice Capel, 1 Life Gds.	do.
	Lieut. Cooke, Capt. vice Rylance, dead	31 Dec. 1823.
	Ens. Freer, from 60 F. Ens.	19 Feb. 1824.
44	Bt. Col. Dunkin, from h. p. 34 F. Lieut. Col. vice Hardinge, 99 F.	25 March
47	Lieut. Kyffin, from h. p. 22 F. Lieut. vice Ridge, 27 F.	do.
48	Lieut. Campbell, from h. p. Lieut.	26 Feb.
	Bt. Lieut. Col. Cimitiere, Lieut. Col.	25 March
	Bt. Maj. Bell, Maj.	do.
	Lieut. Cuthbertson, Capt.	do.
	—— Duke, Capt.	do.
	Capt. Willats, from h. p. Roy. African Corps, Capt. vice Bell	do.
	Ensign Lewis, Capt.	do.
	—— Roberts, Capt.	do.
	—— King, Capt.	do.
	—— Codd, Capt.	do.
	Lieut. Woodhouse, from h. p. 83 F. Capt.	26 do.
	—— Williamson, from 89 F. Capt.	do.
	—— Mounsteven, from h. p. 49 F. Capt.	do.
	—— Innes, from h. p. 14 F. Capt.	do
	—— Morphet, from 87 F. Capt.	do.
	—— Lillie, from h. p. 23 F. Capt.	do..
	—— M'Conchy, from 1 F. Capt.	do.
	—— Atkinson, from h. p. 73 F. Capt.	do.
	—— Boultbee, from 69 F. Capt. vice Cuthbertson	do.
	Ensign Andrews, from 60 F. Capt. vice Duke	27 do.
	—— Kellett, from 77 F. Ens.	25 do.
	—— Ward, from h. p. 59 F. Ens.	do.
	—— Fothergill, from h. p. 12 F. Ens. vice Lewis	do.
	Gent. Cadet W. A. M'Cleverty, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Roberts	26 do.
	W. Bell, Ens. vice King	27 do.
	J. J. Grant, Ens. vice Codd	28 do.
49	Capt. Bartley, Major by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Hill, ret.	5 Feb.
	Lieut. Sewell, Capt. by purch.	do.
53	Bt. Maj. M'Caskill, Maj. by purch. vice Ingleby, ret.	11 March
	Lieut. Silver, Capt. by purch.	do.
	Ensign Little, Lieut. by purch.	do.
	P. Hill, Ens. by purch.	do.

54 F. Lieut. Hawkins, from h. p. 3 W. I. R. Lieut. vice Mitchell, 97 F. 25 March
57 Capt. Lewis, from h. p. 58 F. Capt. vice Chambers, 99 F. do.
60 Ens. Binstead, from h. p. 26 F. Ens. vice Caldwell, 99 F. do.
Ensign Nesbitt, Ens. vice Andrews, 48 F. 27 do.
63 Capt. Knight, from h. p. Capt. vice Marshall, exch. 18 do.
65 Bt. Col. Visc. Forbes, from h. p. Meuron's R. Capt. vice Hinde, exch. 11 do
67 Lieut. Campbell, from h. p. 34 F. Lieut. vice Mailleue, 99 F. 25 do.
—— Munro, from h. p. 42 F. Lieut. vice Halcott, 87 F. do.
74 Capt. Crawley, from h. p. 17 F. Capt. Pattison, 97 F. do.
75 Lieut. M'Queen, from h. p. 60 F. Lieut. vice Taylor, exch. rec. diff. 18 do.
77 —— N. Wilson, from 2 W. I. R. Capt. vice J. Wilson, 98 F. 25 do.
Ensign Castle, late of Meuron's Reg. Ensign vice Kellett, 48 F. do.
83 Serj. Maj. Stubbs, Quart. Mast. vice Hall, dead 8 Sept. 1823.
84 Capt. Maberly, from h. p. 100 F. Capt. Lynch, exch. rec. diff. 11 Mar. 1824.
87 Lieut. Halcott, from 67 F. Lieut. vice Reade, 97 F. 25 do.
—— Heard, from h. p. 71 F. Lieut. vice Morphett, 48 F. 26 do.
89 —— Keith, from h. p. 23 F. Lieut. vice Cary, 25 F. 25 do.
—— Harding, from h. p. 18 F. Lieut. vice Williamson, 48 F. 26 do.
93 —— Freestun, from h. p. 5 F. Lieut. vice Hamilton, 99 F. do.
96 Surg. Callow, from h. p. 20 Dr. Surg. 19 Feb.
Assist. Surg. M'Andrew, from h. p. 62 F. Assist. Surg. do.
97 M. Gen. Sir J. Lyon, K.C.B. & G.C.H. Colonel 25 March
Lieut. Col. Hamilton, from h. p. Lieut. Col. do.
Bt. Lieut. Col. Austin, from h. p. Maj. do.
Major Bamford, from h. p. 7 W. I. R. Maj. do.
Bt. Major Morris, from h. p. Newfoundland Fencibles, Capt. do.
—— Haddock, from h. p. Newfoundland Fencibles, Capt. do.
Capt. Darrah, from h. p. 79 F. Capt. do.
—— Shaw, from 31 F. Capt. do.
—— Peddie, from h. p. 38 F. Capt. do.
—— Smith, from h. p. Capt. do.
—— Innes, from h. p. 2 Dr. Capt. do.
—— Pattison, from 74 F. Capt. do.
Bt. Capt. Mitchell, from 54 F. Lieut. do.
Lieut. Reynolds, from 73 F. Lieut. do.
—— Cannon, from h. p. 94 F. Lieut. do.
—— O'Neill, from h. p. 84 F. Lieut. do.
—— Kelson, from h. p. 103 F. Lieut. do.
—— Austin, from h. p. 52 F. Lieut. do.
—— Scott, from 25 F. Lieut. do.
—— Carmichael, from h. p. 1 Line Ger. Leg. Lieut. do.
—— Courtney, from h. p. 79 F. Lieut. do.
—— Reade, from 87 F. Lieut. do.
—— Prior, from h. 53 F. (temporary rank) Ensign do.
Ensign Leslie, from h. p. 95 F. Ensign do.
—— Harvest, from h. p. 98 F. Ens. do.
—— Vincent, from h. p. 82 F. Ens. do.
—— Burlton, from h. p. 22 F. Ensign do.
—— Cheney, from h. p. 19 F. Ensign do.
98 F. Serj. Maj. Cartray, from R. Staff Corps, Quart. Mast. 25 March
Major Gen. Conrad, Col. do.
Lieut. Col. M. Fane, from h. p. Lieut. Col. do.
Bt. Lieut. Col. Dunn, from h. p. 88 F. Major do.
Major Bayly, from h. p. 1 Garrison Bn. Major do.
Bt. Major Croasdaile, from h. p. 97 F. Capt. do.
Capt. Daniell, from h. p. 73 F. Capt. do.
—— Neame, from h. p. 8 F. Capt. do.
—— Vaughan, from h. p. R. African Corps, Capt. do.
—— Baron, from h. p. 34 F. Capt. do.
—— Fox, from h. p. 97 F. Capt. do.
—— J. Wilson, from 77 F. Capt. do.
—— M'Iver, from h. p. 78 F. Capt. do.
Lieut. Stuart, from 24 F. Lieut. do.
—— Logan, from h. p. 55 F. Lieut. do.
—— Douglas, from h. p. 73 F. Lieut. do.
—— Davidson, from h. p. 89 F. Lieut. do.
—— Drummond, from h. p. 82 F. Lieut. do.
—— Fielding, from 1 Vet. Bn. Lieut. do.
—— Ramus, from 30 F. Lieut. do.
—— Lord Wallscourt, from 18 F. Lieut. do.
—— Macquarrie, from h. p. 48 F. Lieut. do.
—— Plumbe, from 31 F. Lieut. do.
Ensign Dutton, from 1 Vet. Bn. Ensign do.
—— Roberts, from h. p. 104 F. Ens. do.
—— Whyte, from h. p. 8 F. Ens. do.
—— Graham, from 1 Vet. Bn. Ens. do.
—— Nicolls, from h. p. 72 F. Ens. do.
—— Gregory, from h. p. 71 F. Ens. do.
99 Major Gen. G. J. Hall, Colonel do.
Lieut. Col. Hardinge, from 44 F. Lieut. Col. do.
Bt. Lieut. Col. Balvaird, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Major do.
Major Patrickson, from h. p. 67 F. do. do.
Bt. Major Johnstone, from h. p. Capt. do.
Capt. Crooke, from h. p. 1 Gar. Bn. Capt. do.
—— Jackson, from h. p. 43 F. Capt. do.
—— Macpherson, from h. p. 11 F. Capt. do.
—— Cooper, from h. p. 3 Ceylon R. Capt. do.
—— Colthurst, from h. p. Capt. do.
—— Shervinton, from h. p. Capt. do.
—— Chambers, from 57 F. Capt. do.
Lieut. Burke, from h. p. 44 F. Adj. and Lieut. do.
—— Rickards, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lieut. do.
—— Hamilton, from 93 F. Lieut. do.
—— Gaynor, from h. p. York Chass. Lieut. do.
—— Mailleue, from 67 F. Lieut. do.
—— A. Campbell, from 13 F. Lieut. do.
—— O'Leary, from h. p. 91 F. Lieut. do.
—— Warton, from h. p. York Chass Lieut. do.
—— Mackenzie, from 3 Vet. Bn. Lieut. do.
—— Armstrong, from 20 F. Lieut. do.
—— Beauclerk, from 27 F. Lieut. do.
Ensign Last, from 2 Vet. Bn. Ens. do.
—— Patison, from h. p. 90 F. Ens. do.
—— Caldwell, from 60 F. Ens. do.
—— Smith, from h. p. 57 F. Ens. do.

99 F. Cornet Phibbs, from h. p. 19 Dr. Ens. 25 March
Ens. Lord Elphinstone, from h. p. 69 F. Ens. do.
A. Forbes, late Colour Serj. in 1st Bn. R. Art. Quart. Mast. do.
Rifle Brig. Capt. Holden, from h. p. 10 F. Paymast. vice Mackenzie, h. p. 26 Feb.
1 W. I. R. Lieut. Col. Brown, from h. p. 6 W.I.R. Lieut. Col. vice Cassidy, Cape C. do.
F. De Daubrawa, Ens. vice Mills, dead 29 Jan.
2 Capt. Welman, from h. p. 3 Gar. Bn. Capt. vice Wilson, 77 F. 25 March
Cape C. Lieut. Col. Cassidy, from 1 W. I. R. Lieut. Col. vice Ross, h. p. 6 W. I. R. 26 Feb.
Assist. Surg. Turnbull, from h. p. African Corps, Assist. Surg. vice Clarke, prom. do.
Cape Cor. Infantry. } Capt. Batty, from h. p. 27 F. Capt. vice Monckton, 24 F. 18 March
Royal Af. Col. C. } Lieut. Swanzy, (temp. rank) Lieut. with perm. rank 16 Feb.
Lieut. Jackson, do. do. 17 do.
——— Mollan, do. do. 18 do.
——— Mends, do. do. 19 do.
1 Vet. Bn. Capt. Ramsay, from h. p. 4 F. Capt. vice de Barrallier, 95 F. 25 March
Lieut. Butler, from h. p. 97 F. Lieut. vice Fielding, 98 F. do.
Ensign Phibbs, from h. p. 100 F. Ens. vice Bickerton, 94 F. do.
——— M'Kay, from h. p. 60 F. Ens. vice Dutton, 98 F. do.
——— Ritchie, from h. p. 67 F. Ens. vice Sired, ret. list. do.
2 ——— Elliott, from h. p. 72 F. Ens. vice Last, 99 F. do.
3 Capt. Vandeleur, from h. p. 84 F. Capt. vice Turner, ret. list. 17 Jan.
Lieut. M'Causland, from h. p. 60 F. Lieut. vice M'Caul, ret. list 25 March
——— Sweeney, from h. p. 53 F. Lieut. vice Mackenzie, 99 F. do.
——— Dewson, from h. p. 3 F. Lieut. vice Rickards, 99 F. do.

Hospital Staff.

Assist. Surg. Hill, Surg. vice Burmester, dead 19 Feb. 1824.
————— Williamson, Apothecary, vice Burrowes, dead do.
————— Fogarty, from h. p. 19 Dr. Assist. Surg. 4 March
————— Palmer, from h. p. 30 F. Assist. Surg. vice Macabe, res. 10 do.
Hosp. Assist. Warren, Assist. Surg. 19 Feb.
————— Perkins, do. do.
J. M. Drysdale, Hosp. Assist. do.
G. Tower, do. do.

The undermentioned Officers of the Hospital Staff of Ireland, to be Commissioned for General Service.

Dep. Inspector Comins.
Staff Surg. Stringer.
———— Purdon.
———— Ormsby.
———— Eagle.
Apothecary O'Brien.
Dep. Purv. Power.

Ordnance Department.—Royal Artillery.

1st Lieut. Stokes, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Dalzell, h. p. 17 Jan 1824.

Royal Engineers.

1st Lieut. Heath, from h. p. 1st Lieut. 2 March 1824.

Exchanges.

Bt. Lieut. Col. Stretton, from 40 F. with Major Chamberlain, h. p. 84 F.
————— Berkeley, from 2 W. I. R. with Major Joly, h. p. 6 W. I. R.
Major Leake, from 63 F. rec. diff. with Major Arbuthnot, h. p. Unatt.
Capt. Brett, from 4 Dr. with Capt. Burrowes, 8 Dr.
——— Maitland, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Calvert, h. p. 52 F.
——— J. G. Cowell, from 1 F. with Capt. Harvey, h. p. 56 F.
——— Crawford, from 41 F. with Capt. Vanspall, 86 F.
Capt. Barker, from 3 F. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Robinson, h. p.
——— Reardon, from 49 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Rundle, h. p. 57 F.
——— Kennedy, from 51 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Timson, h. p.
Lieut. & Adj. Taylor, from 45 F. with Capt. Potts, h. p. 17 Dr.
Cornet Battier, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. with Ensign Macdonell, h. p. 35 F.
——— Buckley, from 24 F. with Ensign Cunynghame, 82 F.
Ensign Daly, from 3 Vet. Bn. with Ens. Raynes, h. p. 57 F.
Inspect. Calvert, from h. p. with Inspect. Neale.
Surg. Bolton, from 6 Dr. with Surg. Allan, h. p. 7 W. I. R.
Assist. Surg. Goodison, from 75 F. with Assist. Surg. Barry, h. p. 25 Dr.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Hill, 49 F.
Major Erskine, 12 Dr.
Lieut. Westenra, 8 Dr.
——— M'Beath, 1 F.
——— Browne, 29 F.
Assist. Surg. Macabee, Medical Staff.

Appointments cancelled.

Lieut. Col. Cassidy, Cape Corps.
——— Brown, 1 W. I. R.
Major Creagh, 40 F.
——— Chamberlain, 86 F.

Reinstated.

Lieut. Lane, 10 F.

Medical Department.

Hosp. Assist. Brydon, Assist. Surg. to the Forces, vice Johnson, dead 18 March 1824.
A. Esson, Hosp. Assist. vice Brydon do.
J. Hennen, M.D. do. vice James, dead do.

Deaths.

Gen. Vansittart.
Lieut. Gen. Elwes, Stoke College, near Clare 29 Feb. 1824.
Maj. Gen. Dacres, Edinburgh 25 do.
Col. Molle, 46 F. Belgaum, Madras 9 Sept. 1823.
Capt. Sidaway, h. p. Wagg. Train 11 Jan. 1824.
——— Majendie, h. p. 6 F. 7 Feb.
——— Bury, h. p. 104 F. 28 Nov. 1823.
Lieut. M'Beath, 1 F. Clonmel 24 Feb. 1824.
——— Nixon, 44 F. on the River Ganges at Monghyr 13 Sept. 1823.
——— Holt, 54 F. Neelgherry Hills, Madras 9 Aug.
——— Clarke, 92 F. Jamaica 24 Jan. 1824.
——— Sandham, Royal Engineers, Cheltenham 12 March
——— Watson, h. p. 20 F. 1 May 1823.
——— Matthews, h. p. 23 F. Paymast. of Merioneth Militia, Dolgelly 29 Jan. 1824.
——— Carrol, h. p. 65 F. Dublin
——— Campbell, h. p. 73 F. Bath 5 do.
——— Crohan, h. p. 84 F. Lambeth Road 28 Feb.
——— Gibson, h. p. Rifle Brig. Preston 3 Nov. 1823.
——— Shaw, 34 F. Portsmouth 7 March 1824.
Ensign Gilbert, 44 F. Dinapore, Bengal 22 Sept. 1823.
——— Foote, of late 2 Vet. Bn. Blandford 9 March 1824.
Quart. Mast. Hall, 83 F. Ceylon 13 Sept. 1823.
————— Norman, h. p. Lister's Dr. 3 Oct.
————— Stuart, h, p. Prince of Wales's Fenc. Cav. 25 Feb. 1824.
Vet. Surg. Feron, h. p. 15 Dr. 6 do.

Commissariat Department.

Assist. Com. Gen. Bruce, Sierra Leone 27 Dec. 1823.
Dep. do. Lawrie, Cape Coast Castle 11 Oct.

Medical Department.

Dep. Inspect. D. M'Niel, Jersey 24 Feb. 1824
————— Somers, h. p. Lisbon
Assist. Inspect. Wilson, h. p. 19 March
Surg. Farries, 60 F. Kingston, Canada 9 Dec. 1823.
——— Morse, h. p. Madeira 8 Feb. 1824.
——— Hall, h. p. Chelsea March
Assist. Surg. Daniell, Ordnance Medical Department 28 Jan.
Hosp. Assist. James, St. Lucie 3 do.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1824.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p.peck	1824.	Oatmeal.		B.& P.Mea	
	Bls.	Prices.	Av.pr.							Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.			s. d.		s. d.
Mar. 17	647	24 0 41 0	33 2	28 0 33 0	20 0 30 0	20 0 25 0	11	10	Mar. 16	362	1 6	72	1 3
24	276	30 0 39 0	33 3	25 6 32 0	18 0 28 0	20 0 25 0	11	10	23	424	1 6	86	1 3
31	387	27 6 38 6	33 8	27 0 32 0	18 0 28 0	20 0 25 0	11	10	30	420	1 6	79	1 3
April 7	567	21 4 38 0	33 1	27 0 33 0	18 0 26 0	20 0 24 0	11	10	April 6	388	1 6	97	1 3
14	441	22 0 36 6	32 6	28 0 33 0	18 0 26 0	20 0 24 0	11	10	13	398	1 6	69	1 3

Glasgow.

1824.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 264 lbs.		Barley, 320 lbs.		Bns. & Pse.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	Dantzic.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.	Stirl. Meas.		
	s. s.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s. d.
Mar. 18	— —	— —	30 0 40 0	20 0 24 0	21 0 27 6	35 0 35 6	30 0 32 6	26 0 29 0	21 0 24 0	57 60 0
25	— —	— —	30 0 39 0	20 0 24 0	21 0 29 0	33 0 35 0	30 0 31 0	24 0 27 0	20 0 22 6	57 60 0
April 1	— —	— —	30 0 39 0	19 0 23 9	21 0 29 0	31 6 32 6	28 0 29 0	24 0 27 0	20 0 22 6	53 55 0
8	— —	— —	30 0 39 0	18 6 23 9	21 0 29 0	31 0 32 0	27 0 29 0	24 0 26 0	20 0 22 6	53 55 0
15	— —	— —	30 0 38 0	18 6 23 6	21 0 29 0	31 0 32 0	27 0 29 0	23 0 26 0	20 0 22 6	53 55 0

Haddington.

1824.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.				
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.
Mar. 19	634	25 0 37 0	32 4	24 0 31 6	22 0 30 0	20 24 0	21 0 25 6
26	471	25 0 37 0	30 9	26 0 34 0	22 0 29 0	19 23 0	20 0 24 0
April 2	567	24 0 37 0	31 8	25 0 33 0	20 0 24 0	19 23 0	20 0 24 0
9	768	24 0 37 0	31 7	26 0 34 0	20 0 24 0	18 22 0	19 0 23 0
16	801	24 0 37 0	32 1	26 0 33 6	20 0 24 0	17 21 0	18 0 22 0

Dalkeith.

1824.	Oatmeal.	
	Per Boll.	Pr. Peck
	s. d. s. d.	s. d.
Mar. 15	20 0 21 9	1 5
22	20 0 21 6	1 5
29	20 0 21 6	1 5
April 5	19 0 22 0	1 5
12	20 0 21 6	1 5

London.

1824.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
Mar. 15	46 80	38 42	32 40	19 27	22 30	41 48	36 42	42 44	37 40	60 65	50 62	— 11
22	44 78	38 42	30 38	18 26	21 28	41 48	36 42	40 42	36 39	55 60	56 55	— 10
29	44 78	38 42	30 39	18 27	21 32	41 48	36 42	40 42	36 39	55 60	56 55	— 10
April 5	44 78	38 42	30 40	18 27	21 32	41 49	36 43	40 42	36 39	55 60	56 55	— 10
12	44 80	38 42	30 44	18 27	21 32	41 49	36 43	40 42	36 39	60 65	55 60	— 11

Liverpool.

1824.	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb.	Barley. 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatm. 240 lb.	
							Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Eng.	Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Mar. 16	6 0 11 3	3 7 3 11	4 6 6 0	40 45	44 50	40 54	52 57	50 57	30 32	30 36	27 30
23	5 10 11 0	3 6 3 9	4 5 5 10	40 45	42 48	40 54	50 55	50 57	30 32	30 36	27 30
30	5 9 11 3	3 6 3 10	4 5 6 3	40 45	42 48	40 52	50 55	45 53	27 30	30 34	25 28
April 13	5 9 10 9	3 8 3 11	4 6 6 3	40 46	42 50	38 54	48 50	46 53	27 30	30 36	32 34

England & Wales.

1824.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Mar. 6	65 7	44 5	36 9	25 5	40 11	39 11	—
13	65 7	44 0	36 10	25 8	41 3	39 4	—
20	65 11	42 4	36 10	25 5	40 7	38 6	—
27	64 9	42 7	36 0	24 7	39 6	39 1	—
April 8	64 5	47 7	34 5	24 2	38 5	37 3	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1824.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1824.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
Mar. 1	M.28½ A. 33	29.448 .448	M.38 A. 35	N.	Morn.sh.hail fair rest day.	Mar. 17	M.33 A. 43	29.848 .776	M.47 A. 48	W.	Fair & mild, rather dull.
2	M.23½ A. 26	.425 .101	M.32 A. 31	N.	Day frost, night shs. hl.	18	M.42 A. 47	.855 .996	M.49 A. 49	SW.	Foren. dull, h. rain after.
3	M.21 A. 31	28.676 .999	M.34 A. 32	N.	Frost, hail, and snow.	19	M.36 A. 48	.996 .850	M.49 A. 49	Cble.	Fair, mild, with sunsh.
4	M.23½ A. 30	29.450 .449	M.32 A. 33	SW.	Morn. frost, aftern. fresh,	20	M.36 A. 49	.750 .750	M.50 A. 49	SW.	Foren. fair, dull aftern.
5	M.31 A. 37	.898 .296	M.37 A. 39	SW.	Fair, but cold	21	M.38 A. 44	.553 .416	M.48 A. 51	SW.	Morn. rain, day fair.
6	M.30 A. 41	.198 28.945	M.41 A. 47	NW.	Shs. hail and rain.	22	M.29 A. 35	.380 .550	M.43 A. 44	SW.	Frost. morn. h. sleet aft.
7	M.36 A. 40	.126 29.104	M.47 A. 42	NW.	Mor. shs.hail aftern. rain.	23	M.25 A. 35	.815 .961	M.44 A. 43	Cble.	Frost morn. day cold.
8	M.29 A. 32	28.490 .541	M.38 A. 38	Cble.	Hail, snow and sleet.	24	M.34 A. 39	.998 .999	M.41 A. 41	E.	Rain morn. fair day.
9	M.26 A. 35	29.155 .308	M.40 A. 38	SW.	Mor. sn., hail day fair.	25	M.35 A. 40	.997 .997	M.42 A. 43	E.	Fair, but dull and cold.
10	M.26 A. 34	.511 .717	M.38 A. 39	Cble.	Frost morn. sunsh., cold.	26	M.33 A. 37	.950 .828	M.42 A. 43	NE.	Fore. sunsh., aftern. cold.
11	M.30 A. 39	.184 .164	M.40 A. 38	Cble.	Frost morn. sh. rain, hl.	27	M.32 A. 37	.803 .803	M.41 A. 40	NE.	Fair, sunsh., night snow.
12	M.29 A. 36	28.968 .894	M.40 A. 37	NW.	Foren.h. hail aftern. snow.	28	M.28 A. 34	.817 .709	M.40 A. 40	W.	Fair, sunsh., but cold.
13	M.25 A. 32	29.311 .635	M.37 A. 38	NW.	Keen frost for day.	29	M.30½ A. 37	.621 .504	M.41 A. 44	Cble.	Fore. sunsh. aftern. cold.
14	M.28 A. 35	.598 .385	M.39 A. 39	SW.	Frost morn., day fair, cold	30	M.31 A. 37	.404 .464	M.45 A. 38	N.	Morn .snow, aftern. hail.
15	M.33 A. 39	.385 .377	M.40 A. 42	Cble.	Foren. hail, cold, fair aft.	31	M.24 A. 32	.504 .504	M.38 A. 37	N.	Morn. frost, day fair, cold
16	M.40 A. 49	.482 .760	M.47 A. 45	SW.	Morn. fair, mild aftern.						

Average of rain 1.061.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE temperature continues low for the season. The Mercury in the thermometer often falls below the freezing point, and seldom reaches 50° at noon, with clear sunshine. The mean temperature for the two last weeks in March was 42°; of what is past in the present month, only 41°. The highland hills are still partially covered with snow, but, with the exception of some passing showers of hail, there has been no fall of rain since our last. Vegetation, under so low a temperature, has made no visible progress since our last; and though, about the end of February, it was much farther advanced than usual, yet, at this period, such trees as usually expand their foliage about the 5th of April have still a naked, leafless appearance. In the fields, the progress of vegetation has been equally slow, and young wheat, on shallow soils, has a yellow and unfavourable appearance. The operations of seed-time have, in consequence of the dry state of the soil, been conducted with celerity. In the lower districts, sowing of beans was over by the 20th March, and of oats by the end of that month. On higher grounds, the oat-seed has not been all as yet got in. The frequent frosts pulverized the surface of stubborn soils, and a fine mould has been easily obtained. Some barley has been already sown, and the ground is in preparation for potatoes. The corn-markets have been dull since our last, but of late they begin to revive. Sheep and cattle bring higher prices than last year. Grass-parks let for the season have gained little or no advance in rent over last year. Potatoes begin to get scarce; many were pitted in an improper state at the end of the season, and are either sprouted or rotten. The general wages for day-labourers is from 1s. 5d. to 1s. 8d. per day of ten hours. Price of oat-meal from 1s. 4d. to 1s. 6d. per peck.

Perthshire, 15*th April* 1824.

Course of Exchange, London, April 13.——Amsterdam, 12 : 1. Ditto at sight, 11 : 18. Rotterdam, 12 : 2. Antwerp, 12 : 5. Hamburgh, 37 : 6. Altona, 37 : 7. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 60. Bourdeaux, 25 : 80. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 156. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35¼. Gibraltar, 30¼. Leghorn, 46¾. Genoa, 43½. Naples, 38½. Lisbon, 50¾. Oporto, 51. Rio Janeiro, 49. Dublin, 9¼ ⅌ cent. Cork, 9½ ⅌ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ⅌ oz.—Portugal Gold in bars, £.0„0„0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £.3„17„6.—New Doubloons, £.3„14„0.—New Dollars, £.0„4„9½.—Silver in bars, Standard, £.0„4„11¾.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 15s. *a* 9s.—Cork or Dublin, 15s. *a* 9s.—Belfast, 15s. *a* 9s.—Hambro', 10s. 6d. *a* 15s.—Madeira, 20s.—Jamaica, 30s. *a* 35s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. *a* 8 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from March 17, *to April* 14, 1824.

	March 17.	March 24.	March 31.	April 7.	April 14.
Bank Stock	—	—	—	244¾	245½
3 ⅌ cent. reduced	—	—	—	94⅞	95½
3 ⅌ cent. consols	93½	94⅛	94⅝	95⅝	96⅜
3½ ⅌ cent. do.	—	—	—	101¾	102⅜
4 ⅌ cent. do.	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto New do.	106¾	106⅝	107⅞	107⅞	108½
India Stock	—	—	—	—	—
—— Bonds	78	81	82	91	80
Exchequer bills, (£.1000)	49	51	57	47	46
Consols for account	93⅝	94½	94⅝	95½	96¾
French 5 ⅌ cents	100 fr. —	100 f. 50c.	103 fr. —	100 fr. —	103 fr. —

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of February and the 20th of March 1824: extracted from the London Gazette.

Abrahams, J. Harrow-alley, Petticoat-lane, furrier.
Aspinall, T. Hipperholme, Yorkshire, store-merchant.
Barrow, J. Allensmore, Herefordshire, farmer.
Boswell, T. Surrey-street, Strand, tailor.
Brettell, T. Summer-hill, Staffordshire, scrivener.
Chadwick. J. Holborn-hill, watchmaker.
Clarke, W. Manchester, victualler.
Colbert, W. R. Maidstone, brewer.
Compton, P. A. Beckenham, Kent, farmer.
Cooper, H. Commercial-place, City-road, carpenter.
Corrie, W. C. Wellingborough, dealer in lace.
Crossfield, E. M. Liverpool, timber-merchant.
Daffern, W. Reading, coach-master.
Daubney, T. Portsea, grocer.
Davies, L. and J. T. Dorlin, Liverpool, timber-merchants,
Dorrington, W. Cornhill, broker.
Douglas, D. and M. Judd-street, Brunswick-square, linen-drapers.
Eldershaw, J. Hampton, Middlesex, linen-draper.
Ellis, W. Liverpool, draper.
Elverston, E. E. Ilford, linen-draper.
Evani, G. Hastings, jeweller.
Fox, F. and J. D. Brodribb, Bristol, tallow-chandlers.
George, J. M. Horsham, Sussex, druggist.
Gillibrand, W. Bolton-le-Moors, plumber.
Glover, T. J. Oakden, R. Lomas, J. Dethick, and J. Green, Derby, flax-dressers.
Green, T. Lockerby, Hants, miller.
Hancock, J. Westbury, Somersetshire, shopkeeper.
Hassell, G. Albany Chambers, horse-dealer.
Hawkins, J. and S. Claypole-mill, Lincolnshire, millers.
Higgins, J. Gloucester, horse-dealer.
Hilder, S. Brick-lane, Whitechapel, tea-dealer.
Hitchcock, G. Leicester, hosier.
Holmes, J. Liverpool, merchant.
Hood, W. Hardley, and T. Hood, Lodden, Norfolk, merchants.
Hulton, W. sen. Bolton, money-scrivener.
Humphreys, W. Nunney, Somersetshire, innholder.
Jackson, A. Hillgrove-street, Gloucestershire, baker.
Jay, J. Regent-street, linen-draper.
Jeffreys, W. Quadrant-street, painter.
Johnson, T. Heanor, Derbyshire, victualler.
Keele, J. Waterloo-road, Surrey, stationer.
Levy, H. (otherwise Levett) and L. Levy, Basing-lane, warehouseman.
Lockington, C. Commercial-place, City-road, oilman.
M'Adam, W. Leicester, dealer.
M'Kenzie, P. and W. Sheffield, upholsterers.
Mallyon, J. Goodhurst, Kent, victualler.
Matson, W. and C. Water-lane, wine-merchants.
Messenger, C. Oxford, cabinet-maker.
Milne, J. Liverpool, plumber.
Moon, F. Mirfield, Yorkshire, woollen-merchant.
Morgan, J. J. York-street, Commercial-road, carpenter.
Murray, J. Manchester, joiner.
Needham, E. Macclesfield, ironmonger.
Newman, W. Mincing-lane, merchant.
Nunn, R. and T. Fisher, Grub-street, timber-merchants.
Oakley, T. Poole, coal-merchant.
Peterkin, T. Gill-street, Limehouse, baker.
Pickworth, H. Cursitor-street, coal-merchant.
Pool, W. Honduras-wharf, Southwark, coal-merchant.
Preen, J. Worcester, silk-mercer.
Price, S. Trowbridge, grocer.
Pritchard, R. Regent-circus, Oxford-street, dressing-case manufacturer.
Riley, W. Birchwood, Derbyshire, coal-merchant.
Rooker, F. Manchester, and J. Watt, Preston, cotton-manufacturers.
Skidmore, J. Sheffield, scissor-manufacturer.
Smith, T. Pickhurst-green, Kent, cattle-dealer.
Southworth, W. Sharples, Lancashire, whister.
Stewart, W. Mitre-court, Cheapside, merchant.

Stokes, T. sen. Welchpool, Montgomeryshire, flannel-manufacturer.
Timbrel, W. T. Bermondsey-square, worsted-manufacturer.
Trevent, W. Pembroke, draper.
Twitty, W. Manchester, shopkeeper.
Underwood, J. Bloxwich, Staffordshire, maltster.
Waistell, M. Conduit-street, Bond-street, milliner.
Wakeman, T. Fleet-market, stationer.
Walker, W. Charles-street, Middlesex-hospital, haberdasher.
Webb, R. F. Wapping-street, grocer.
Weetman, J. Liverpool, merchant.
West, H. Worthing, linen-draper.
Wilson, J. Borough-road, Southwark, builder.
Wolff, A. M. King's Arms yard, merchant.
Yeoman, B. and T. Cooke, Frome Selwood, clothiers.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced March 1824; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Aitken, William, grazier and cattle-dealer at Hartington, Lanarkshire
Fyfe, Alexander, coppersmith, plumber, &c. in Leith
Hunt, Wm. Alex. merchant in Dunfermline
Hutton, William, & Co. merchants in Glasgow
Jamieson, Alexander, baker and grain-dealer, Wallacetown, Ayr
Johnstone, William, draper in Biggar
Johnstone, Joseph, cattle-dealer at Muirhouse-head, parish of Applegarth
Law, David, innkeeper, &c. at Kinross Green
Lochmaben, the Burgh of
Macrae, Daniel, merchant in Nairn
Milngavie Printfield Company, the
Reid, Richard, writer, merchant, and ship-owner in Irvine
Robertson, George, horse-dealer in Edinburgh
White & Co. brewers in Perth
Williamson, James, merchant in Leith.

DIVIDENDS.

Brown, William, grain-dealer, Broomage Mains, near Falkirk; by J. Russell, writer in Falkirk
Drysdale, Stodart, late mail-coach contractor in Edinburgh; by J. A. Campbell, W. S.
Gibson, John, residing at Halbeath; by John Stuart, accountant in Edinburgh
Lamb, Kerr, & Co. Glasgow; by the trustee there
Lindsay, David, & Co. late general agents in Edinburgh; by John Macdonald, ironmonger there
M'Ewan, James, ropemaker in Perth; by Lawrence Robertson, junior, accountant there
Stephen, John, junior, upholsterer, &c. in Dundee; by William Kirkland there
Stewart, John, junior, grocer in Inverness; by Alexander Shepherd, solicitor there
Swan, John, tanner in Edinburgh; by John Learmonth, merchant there.

Obituary.

THE LATE ANDREW FYFE, ESQ.

The death of Mr Fyfe, announced this month, will be felt as a matter of sincere regret, not only by his more immediate relatives and friends, by whom he was deservedly esteemed and beloved, but also by the medical profession, and the public at large, to whom his merits as an Anatomist, an attentive and useful practitioner, and an amiable man, were well known and appreciated.

Mr Fyfe brought himself early into notice by an assiduous attention to anatomical pursuits, which soon exhibited the proficiency he had acquired in that important department of medical science.—The discriminating mind of the late Dr Monro,—a man whose name sheds lustre on the Anatomical School of Edinburgh, and whose fame will long pervade the Universities of Europe,—let medicine and science attain whatever higher order it may,—soon led him to appreciate the talents of Mr Fyfe, and with fostering care and encouragement, appointed him to the office of his Assistant,—a situation so congenial to his habits, embracing so ample a routine of his favourite pursuits, that Mr Fyfe felt no after-stirrings of ambition towards any prospect of change or advancement, but continued to hold that situation under the illustrious Professor and his son, for a period of no less than forty-five years. Thus, while the fame of the Edinburgh Anatomical School, with that of its able Professor, was widely diffused, the fame of his Assistant went along with it, in the warm sentiments of personal affection, esteem, and respect, conveyed by each successive group of retiring pupils, now clothed in Academic medical honours, to all quarters of the Globe.

Mr Fyfe was no less conspicuous for an innate modesty which characterised his deportment, than for that eminence of his professional talent as a demonstrator. His useful Compendium of Anatomy, together with his volumes of Anatomical Plates, begun at the desire of his patron, and by him used as the text-book for his class, has been the closet-companion and assistant to thousands, who, availing themselves of its important and useful treasures, have inwardly blessed the precious manual. Mr Fyfe began the laborious undertaking of his three volumes of Anatomical Plates under peculiarly discouraging circumstances, and which, at that time, necessitated him, in the want of other means, to execute the whole of the engravings himself, for which purpose he had first to qualify himself as an artist. This his indefatigable labours accomplished, and soon enabled him to send forth, to the admiration of all the medical profession, that splendid work, in all its departments, the performance of one man. Of this work, with that of his Compendium of Anatomy, Mr Fyfe might well have said, in the words of Horace,

> Exegi monumentum aere perennius, &c.

It is a remarkable fact, while it instances the readiness of Mr Fyfe's professional talent, that he attended only one course of Anatomical lectures before commencing lecturer and demonstrator himself. We close this brief sketch due to his memory by stating, that during a long and active life, Mr F. enjoyed an uninterrupted state of good health until within a very few months of his death, and even then his friends were not prepared to anticipate so early a fatal result. His remains are deposited in a piece of ground purchased some years ago, in the Calton New Burying-place,—the first cemetery erected there, and where also lies his son, whose premature death, some years ago, it was the painful lot of his family to lament. The funeral of Mr Fyfe was accompanied by large deputations from the Medical and Royal Physical Societies,—a tribute of respect these Bodies were anxious to pay to the remains of him who had so long filled, with honour to himself, the office of Treasurer to these institutions, and whose memory they hold in such high and deserved estimation.

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BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1823. Sept. 27. On board the Minerva East-Indiaman, the Lady of Major John Craigie, a son.

Nov. 29. At Tabreez, in Persia, the wife of John M'Neill, Esq. M.D. a daughter.

1824. Feb. 23. At Kelly, the Lady of the Hon. Colonel Ramsay, a son.

24. At Albury, Surrey, the Lady of Colonel Sir James Douglas, K.C.B. a son.

27. At Aberdeen, the Lady of Dr Macpherson, of King's College, a son.

29. At Dolben, county of Denbigh, the Lady Charlotte Murray MacGregor, a daughter.

March 1. In Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, the Duchess de Coigny, a daughter.

— In Dundas-Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of William Currie, Esq. of Linthill, a son.

3. At Erskine, Lady Blantyre, a son.

4. At Kilmardinny, the Lady of William Rose Robinson, Esq. Sheriff-depute of Lanarkshire, a son.

5. At Great King-Street, Edinburgh, Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere, a son.

6. At Springfield, Leith Walk, Mrs James Cheyne, a daughter.

8. Mrs Dundas of Arniston, a daughter.

— At 114, George Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Menzies, a son.

9. At Queen Street, Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs Wardlaw, a son.

10. At Seaton House, Lady James Hay, a daughter.

— At Perth, the Lady of Captain Jas. Stewart, of Crossmount, a son.

11. At Hermitage Place, Leith, Mrs Mackenzie, a daughter.

13. At Uffington House, Lincolnshire, the Countess of Lindsay, a daughter.

— At Argyll House, the Countess of Aberdeen, a son.

14. Mrs Old, the celebrated actress at Salisbury theatre, was safely delivered of three boys—one still born. The other two, with the mother, are likely to do well.

15. At Heriot Row, Edinburgh, the Lady of D. Horne, Esq. a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Alexander Stevenson, Great King-Street, a daughter.

— At Williamfield, Leith Fort, the Lady of Capt. Chalmer, R. A. a daughter.

16. At Cairnhill, the Hon. Mrs Hamilton, a daughter.

18. At Fasque, the Lady of Sir Alexander Ramsay, of Balmain, Bart. M. P. a son.

— At Barcaldine, the Lady of Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Barcaldine, a son.

21. At Hitchin, Herts, the Lady of Capt. Frederick Adam, a daughter.

— At Heriot-Row, Edinburgh, Mrs Murray of Murrayshall, a son.

23. At Edinburgh, Lady Scott Douglas, of Springwood Park, a daughter.

— Mrs Mackie, of Bargaly, a son.

26. At Edinburgh, Mrs George Wauchope, a son.

MARRIAGES.

1824. Feb. 11. At Cross Canoby, the Rev. Walter Fairlie, minister of the Scotch Church, Whitehaven, to Sarah, third daughter of Adam Bittleston, Esq. Maryport, Cumberland.

16. At Hannah's Rest estate, St Croix, (West Indies,) William Ruan, Esq. M.D. to Christina, second daughter of Mr William Dumbreck, South Coates, Edinburgh.

22. At Glasgow, Walter Miller, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Catherine, daughter of Mr John Ferguson, merchant, there.

23. At Somerton, Somersetshire, John Nichol, Esq. of London, to Emma, youngest daughter of J. Beard, Esq.

— At Forres, Capt. Falconer, of the Bombay army, to Eliza, second daughter of the Rev. John Macdonell.

24. At Musselburgh, Mr George Rentoul, merchant, Perth, to Isabella Jemima, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Shirreff, Tranent.

Feb. 24. At St Mary's Church, Dublin, John Learmonth, Esq. of Edinburgh, to Margaret, second daughter of James Cleghorn, Esq. M. D. state physician.

25. At Duloe, Lieut.-Colonel James Drummond Buller Elphinstone, 3d guards, son of the Hon. H. Buller Elphinstone, to Anna Maria, only child of Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Buller, Bart. of Trenant Park, in the county of Cornwall.

27. At Milnathort, James Hodge, of Southfield, Esq. to Miss Margaret Reid, youngest daughter of the late Robert Reid, Esq. of Tullery.

28. At Monreith, Hugh Hathorn, of Castlewigg, Esq. to Catherine, eldest daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, Bart.

March 1. At Wangford, Spencer Horsey Kilderbee, Esq. of Glemham, to the Lady Rous, youngest daughter of the Earl of Stradbroke.

— In St Mary's Church, Dublin, by the Rev. Charles Bardin, Hamilton Haire, of Glassdrummond, Esq. to Anne, second daughter of Mr Chittick, Enniskillen, county Farmagh.

— At Drumlemble, the Rev. William M'Dougall, Campbelton, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of Mr James Hogg, Drumlemble.

2. At Ormiston, Mr James Laing, Tarbat, Ross-shire, factor to the Hon. Mrs Hay Mackenzie of Cromarty, to Miss Isabella Thomson, second daughter of the deceased John Thomson, Esq. of Prior-Lethem.

— The Rev. Lord John Thynne, to Anne Constantia, third daughter of the Rev. C. C. Beresford.

— At Tritonville, Dublin, Colonel James Maitland, of the 84th regiment, to Isabella Ann, eldest daughter of Thomas Manners, Esq. clerk to the signet.

4. At Barnton House, Sir Thomas Woollaston White, of Wallingwells, in the county of Nottingham, Bart. to Miss Georgina Ramsay, youngest daughter of the late George Ramsay of Barnton, Esq.

— At Lurdenlaw, John Castell Hopkins, Esq. to Agnes, daughter of Charles Robson, Esq. of Samiestown.

8. At Meadow Place, Edinburgh, William Wallace, Esq. W. S. to Zelica Cheshire, relict of the deceased Lieut. Donald Grant.

— At Katerline, Lewis Chalmers, Esq. to Miss Kelman, daughter of the late William Kelman, Esq. of Frasersburgh.

9. At Roberton, Mr Samuel Easton, merchant, Glasgow, to Janet, only daughter of Jas. Hunter, Esq. of Roberton.

— At Anderston brewery, Glasgow, Wm. Cunningham, Esq. merchant there, to Miss Isabella Arthur.

11. At Drayton Basset, the Hon. Henley Eden, eldest son of Lord Henley, to Harriet, youngest daughter of Sir Robert Peel, Bart.

13. At Oak Bank, near Glasgow, Arthur John Robertson, Esq. of Inches, in the county of Inverness, to Marianne, eldest daughter of the late Richard Pattinson, Esq. of Upper Canada.

15. William Henry Street, Esq. of St John, New Brunswick, to Mary, daughter of the late James Bruce, Esq. naval officer, Leith.

— At Howard Place, George Dickson, Esq. late of Calcutta, to Jane, only daughter of Major Colin Campbell.

16. In Portman Square, London, the Rev. William John Brodrick, son of the late Archbishop of Cashel, to the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Anne Perceval, daughter of the Earl of Cardigan.

17. At the house of the Earl of Cassillis, in Whitehall, London, Lady Alice Jane Kennedy, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cassillis, to Captain Peel, of the grenadier guards, son of Sir Robert Peel, and brother to Mr Secretary Peel.

19. At Prestonfield House, Major Duncan M'Gregor, 31st regiment, to Elizabeth Douglas Trotter, youngest daughter of the late Sir William Dick, of Prestonfield, Bart.

March 20. At Edinburgh, Dr Richard Dobson, R. N., and physician extraordinary to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, to Miss Rosina Purves, third daughter of the late Sir Alexander Purves of Purves, Baronet.

23. At Skipperton Lodge, William Murray, Esq. of Banknock, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Bentley M'Leod, Esq. Skipperton.

25. At Trinity Cottage, Francis Sievwright, Esq. 59th regiment, to Mary, daughter of Wm. Henderson, Esq.

26. At Edinburgh, Charles Craigie Halkett, Esq. of Hallhill, in the county of Fife, to Susan, youngest daughter of Sir John Marjoribanks of Lees, Bart. M. P. Berwickshire.

Lately. At London, Charles Rowland, Esq. of Great Prescott-Street, to Janet, eldest daughter of the late Duncan Maclaurin, Esq. of Walthamstow.

DEATHS.

1823. July 10. At Dinapore, Bengal, in the 26th year of his age, James M'Gregor, M. D. Assistant Surgeon in the Honourable East-India Company's service.

Aug. 19. At Lucknow, Bengal, of cholera morbus, John G. Gibson, Esq. surgeon in the Hon. East-India Company's service, and physician to his Majesty the King of Oude, only surviving son of the late James Gibson, Esq. surgeon in Edinburgh; and, a few hours after, Mrs Anne Baillie, his wife—both universally esteemed and regretted.

Sept. 9. At Belgaum, in the East Indies, Colonel George Molle, of the 46th regiment, commanding the division of the army in that province.—No officer was more respected and lamented, and the 46th regiment, of which he had been Lieutenant-Colonel for some years, have given a strong proof of their esteem and affection, by subscribing a day's pay to erect a monument over his remains.

22. Off Falta, on his way to Fort William, where he was proceeding for the benefit of his health, Captain James Rodger, of the Hon. East-India Company's 9th regiment of native infantry, eldest son of George Rodger, Esq. of Bridgelands.

26. At Mirzapore, East Indies, Mr Henry Mercer, second son of James Mercer, Esq. one of the Depute Clerks to the Bills, Edinburgh.

Oct. 19. On board his Majesty's ship Liffey, Colonel Colebridge, C. B. of the Madras cavalry.

Dec. 25. At Fonthill estate, St Thomas in the East, Jamaica, at the early age of 21 years, Mr James M'Indoe, son of Mr Robert M'Indoe, merchant, Glasgow.

1824. Jan. 10. While employed in surveying the river Gambia, Mr Bowdich, the African traveller.

Feb. 7. At Turnault, Argyllshire, Lieutenant Archibald Campbell, 59th regiment.

8. The Rev. Peter Macnee, minister of the Scotch Church, Barington, Northumberland.

10. The Rev. Hugh M'Allister, Presbyterian minister of Loughbrickland, Ireland.

14. At her house at Berrywell, near Dunse, Mrs Margaret M'Queen, relict of the late Alexander Murray, of Gordonbank, Esq. in the 77th year of her age.

— At Portpatrick, Mrs Susan M'Culloch, spouse to Mr John Lewthwaite, Comptroller of the Customs.

17. At Dumfries, Captain William M'Guffog, aged 74. Captain M'Guffog was a thorough-bred seaman, and spent nearly 60 years of his long life at sea.

18. At Clune, Captain Andrew Macpherson, aged 84.

19. At Grove Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Catharine Eddington, aged 75.

— At Maxwelltown, Lieut. Anthony Jaques, R. N.

— At London, in the 73d year of his age, Sir John Orde, Bart. Admiral of the Red.

21. At Munich, Eugene Beauharnois, Prince of Eichstadt, formerly Viceroy of Italy under Bonaparte.

— At her house, at Seafield, the Hon. Mrs Campbell, of Lochnell, daughter of the late George Lord Saltoun.

— At Edinburgh, Capt. Edward Hibbert, R. N., third son of George Hibbert, Esq. of Portland Place, London.

Feb. 22. At Stanhope, Mr Arch. Oliver Davidson, surgeon, aged 26, who, had he lived, would have been an ornament to his profession.

— At his seat, Stoketon House, near Saltash, the Hon. Michael De Courcey, Admiral of the Blue.

— At Bewdley, Jonathan Skey, Esq. in his 98th year.

— Colin Mackenzie, Esq. of Mountgerald, in the 61st year of his age.

— In May's Buildings, St Martin's Lane, London, Mr John Davy, aged 59 years. His talents, as a musical composer, will long be remembered for their combination of sound, science, and simple English melody. "Just like Love," "May we ne'er want a Friend," "The Death of the Smuggler," and "The Bay of Biscay," will remain lasting testimonials of his genius.

23. At Rhyd, John Wingate, Esq. of Rhynd .

— At Donnington Priory, Berks, Admiral Sir A. Bertie, Bart. K.C.B. aged 70.

— At Edinburgh, Richard Hotchkis, Esq. of Templehall, W. S.

24. At Ayr, Ebenezer Shaw, Esq. of Drumrash, for many years Town Treasurer there.

— At Dundee, John Jobson, Esq. of Rosemount, aged 71.

— At Airdrie House, Miss Margaret Aitchison, of Rochsolloch and Airdrie, aged about 85 years, much and justly lamented by all her relations, and those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. At the same place, on the 27th, Miss Penelope Chrichton Sydserff, aged about 46 years, who had for 30 years been the friend and companion of Miss Aitchison. It is a singular and remarkable fact, that Miss S. had, on different occasions, when in health, expressed a desire that she might not live longer than Miss Aitchison.

25. The Rev. John Russel, Kirkintilloch, in the 36th year of his age, and fifth of his ministry.

— At Edinburgh, Major-General Wm. George Dacres, of Devonshire.

26. At Tighchunairt, Fortingall, Peter Macgregor, piper to Francis Garden Campbell, Esq. of Troup and Glenlyon, in the 76th year of his age. He was nearly unequalled as a performer on the great Highland bagpipe, and was the first who gained a prize pipe in Scotland. He afterwards became piper to the Highland Society of London, and had repeatedly the honour of performing before their late Majesties.

— At Edinburgh, in the 72d year of her age, Mrs Margaret Macalister, relict of William Handyside, Esq. of Kirklands.

27. At Bilbow, in the parish of Troqueer, John Barker, Esq. formerly Provost of Dumfries.

— William Tod, Esq. of Birkwood, Provost of Lanark, in the 79th year of his age.

29. At Edinburgh, suddenly, Mr Hutchison Dunbar, late merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Edgerstone, Ann Alice, daughter of the late Patrick Lindesay, of Wormiston, Esq.

March 1. At Maryfield, Strathpeffer, Mrs Elizabeth Stewart, widow of the deceased Lieutenant Stewart, R. N.

— At Dalmellington, Mr Wm. Smith, merchant and postmaster.

— At Newton-upon-Ayr, Capt. David Wilson.

— In Clifford-Street, London, Lieut. General Sir George Wood, K.C.B. of the Hon. East-India Company's Bengal army.

2. At Avochie, Mrs Gordon of Avochie, widow of the late Peter Gordon, Esq. of Avochie, and eldest daughter of John Burnett, Esq. of Ulrick, in her 84th year.

3. At Edinburgh, Mrs Dun, widow of the Rev. William Dun.

— At London, in the 69th year of his age, Mr Viotti, the celebrated performer on the violin.

— At London, Alexander Hewat, D.D. late of the Scotch Church, Charlestown.

4. At Glasgow, Roderick Gray, M. D.

April 2. At Edinburgh, Andrew Fife, Esq. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Assistant to the late Dr Monro, and Author of the System and Compendium of Anatomy.

Ruthven & Son, Printers.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

MAY 1824.

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EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

Days. June 1824.	*Morn.* H.	M.	*Even.* H.	M.	*Days.* June 1824.	*Morn.* H.	M.	*Even.* H.	M.
Tu. 1	4	50	5	13	W. 16	5	0	5	18
W. 2	5	40	6	6	Th. 17	5	36	5	54
Th. 3	6	30	6	58	Fr. 18	6	14	6	36
Fr. 4	7	26	7	57	Sa. 19	6	59	7	22
Sa. 5	8	28	9	2	Su. 20	7	49	8	18
Su. 6	9	37	10	13	M. 21	8	50	9	26
M. 7	10	46	11	19	Tu. 22	10	0	10	36
Tu. 8	11	51	—	—	W. 23	11	9	11	40
W. 9	0	20	0	47	Th. 24	—	—	0	10
Th. 10	1	13	1	35	Fr. 25	0	39	1	6
Fr. 11	1	57	2	17	Sa. 26	1	32	1	57
Sa. 12	2	36	2	55	Su. 27	2	22	2	48
Su. 13	3	15	3	32	M. 28	3	11	3	35
M. 14	3	50	4	8	Tu. 29	3	56	4	20
Tu. 15	4	25	4	41	W: 30	4	42	5	5

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

	D.	M.	H.
First Quart,...Fr.	4.	54 past	8 morn.
Full Moon,....Fr.	11.	24 —	2 aftern.
Last Quart.....Sa.	19.	9 —	5 aftern.
New Moon,...Sa.	26.	28 —	11 aftern.

TERMS, &c.

June.

21. Longest Day.

*** The Correspondents of the Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany are respectfully requested to transmit their Communications for the Editor to Archibald Constable & Company, Edinburgh, or to Hurst, Robinson, & Company, London; to whom also orders for the Work should be addressed.

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THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

MAY 1824.

MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROCK.

From time immemorial, the state of Ireland has been such as to excite in this country a mingled feeling of pain and alarm; and, instead of being an addition to the strength of Britain, it has always been the greatest drawback on her peace, and the darkest speck in the general picture of the public prosperity. Instead of receiving from that quarter the cheering intelligence of peace, harmony, and increasing wealth, we are shocked and alarmed by riots, seditions, insurrections, and murders. What, we ask ourselves, is the reason of this? Is it that a worse specimen of human nature is produced in Ireland than any where else? Do the Irish differ from their species? Are they not of like passions with ourselves? or are they more prone to evil than others? We see no proof of this, neither in the case before us, nor in our experience of the Irish generally. They have, we observe, the same feelings as other men, and are excited to revenge by ill treatment, just as they are conciliated by an opposite line of conduct. There is nothing in the Irish nature that contradicts the general course of human action, nor do we at all see, from the history of Ireland, that hatred and gratitude spring from any other sources than elsewhere. What, then, is the cause of the universal dissension which always prevails there? This problem it is the object of the present extraordinary work to solve; and, according to the author's account of the matter, the causes do not lie very deep. The Irish are ill treated, and therefore they are angry. Treat them better, and they will be better pleased. This is our author's simple receipt for pacifying Ireland. Sweep away at once all the wretched machinery of jealousy for keeping Ireland at peace, but which truly keeps her at war, and throw yourselves, with love and confidence, on the gratitude and affections of the Irish, and you will have love and confidence in return. This is the advice given by the writer before us; and not at random either; for it is the conclusion which he draws from a most patient investigation of facts, and a long and detailed view of Irish history. His book is an epitome of the history of Ireland since its first connection with England; and, from a long unbroken train of historical evidence, his political views on the state of Ireland are deduced. But let not the reader for a moment suppose that the work, because it displays great research, and an admirable acquaintance with the subject, in all its minute parts, is therefore a mere dry detail of facts. Far from it. The great talents and genius of the writer is here chiefly displayed in rendering a work of such historical detail one, also, of the most brilliant fancy. He knew well that a common-place book on Irish politics would not be read; and he has therefore contrived to give a fanciful form to his narrative, by putting it into the mouth of Captain Rock, an ideal personage, the genius of insurrection, who is soothed or excited, according as Ireland receives good or bad treatment. Far from being in any respect dry or repulsive, the subject is arrayed in all the brilliant colours of the imagination. The author seems to have been perfectly aware that it would by no means have answered to have written a mere ordinary history of Ireland. He seems thoroughly to have understood the nature and difficulties of the subject, and to have calculated aright as to his resources for overcoming them. The powers, accordingly, which he has brought to the execution of his task, are of the highest order. His work exhibits a copious display both of wit and imagery. There is no end of his illustrations, all of them appropriate and beautiful, and set off with infinite grace and spirit. His eye ranges everywhere for embellishments to his subject. He ransacks the stores of literature and history, ancient as well as modern, laying all under contribution to the sovereign ascendancy of his genius; and while he draws his images from so wide a range of knowledge, one great merit of them is, that they are all singularly appropriate, and conduce no less to the illustration than the embellishment of his subject. He throws a splendour on every thing he touches; and there is in his ordinary style a force, richness, and epigrammatic point, which has all the character of wit. In short, this work seems to be written in the happiest vein of genius; it is calculated for universal currency, and will therefore, we have no doubt, bring home the case of Ireland to the whole of our reading classes. It is thus that a body of public opinion will be at last formed, which, like the Roman battering-ram, will not at once, but by repeated and well-directed shocks, bring down, and level with the ground, the last strong-holds of intolerance. The great bane of Ireland has always been, that the few trample down the many; and, without adverting to this fact, many simple persons are astonished that those who are kept down should not be contented;—they marvel that they should ever utter a complaint. Now, it is certain that we may, by the effect of power, hold down mankind, and exclude them from what they justly demand. But nothing can make them contented in such a situation. Contentment is not the natural fruit of injustice, which never yet produced it, nor ever will. The object of the present writer, then, is to demonstrate, from a strict research into the history of Ireland, from the earliest periods, that this has always been the spirit of our policy;—that the great body of the Irish have always been kept without the pale of the British Constitution; and not having been protected by it, they have never shewn any proper allegiance to it, nor any proper submission to laws directed against themselves, but have rather trusted for security to their own exertions, which has led to all sorts of violences, kept the land in a constant broil, and prevented the manners of the Irish from being softened down by that spirit of modern refinement which has taken root, and spread in all other countries. The Irish were originally conquered by the English; and it would not have been wonderful if the immediate union of the two countries had been somewhat obstructed by the violence and insurrections of the conquered people. This might have been looked for. But that the coalition of the two nations should not have been perfected in the course of centuries, is certainly strange. "It has been the usual policy of conquerors and colonists," says the author of this work, "to blend as much as possible among the people among whom they establish themselves,—to share with them the advantage of their own institutions,—to remove all invidious distinctions that might recall the memory of their original invasion or intrusion; in short, to sow, in their new neighbourhood, the seeds of future shelter and ornament, instead of perversely applying themselves to the culture of poison, and sitting down, like witches, with a plantation of night-shade around them." It was owing to the English pursuing an opposite course of policy that they converted Ireland into such a scene of discord; and the writer shews, from the testimony of all our early historians, that this was the universal complaint among them, "that," as Sir J. Davies says, "for the space of 350 years after the English conquest, the English laws were not communicated to the Irish people, nor any protections allowed them; for," he observes, "as long as they are out of the protection of the laws, so as every Englishman may oppress, spoil, and kill them without controul, how is it possible they should be other than outlaws, and enemies to the crown of England?" This, then, in the earlier periods of Irish history, was the nature of the evils under which the people suffered. In the reign of Edward I., a petition was presented by the people, to be admitted under the protection of the English laws; and the King was favourably disposed to it. But the proud barons, or, as our author calls them, the Orange Ascendancy of that day, thwarted these just and beneficent intentions of the Prince, under such shallow pretences as that it was not possible in the *present state* of things, that the kingdom was in too great a ferment and commotion, &c. In consequence of the rejection of this just petition, the ferment and violence continued, and many of the English lords profited by the forfeitures consequent thereon.

Our author traces the history of Ireland through various reigns, down to that of the Catholic Mary, pointing to the conclusions thence arising, with his usual force and liveliness. Ireland, during that bloody and persecuting reign in England, presented a picture of comparative tranquillity, on which Captain Rock wittily observes:

> According to the usual rule of contrariety between the two countries, the reign of Mary, which was attended with such horrors in England, is almost the only interval of peace and quietness that the annals of my ancestors exhibit in Ireland. Some local fighting, it is true, took place among my relatives the O'Briens, O'Neals, &c., but little more than was absolutely necessary to keep their hands in practice against a change of administration.
>
> The last Lord C——n, upon being found one day by a friend, practising with his sword against the wainscoat, before dinner, and being asked the reason of his assiduity at this exercise, answered, "I have some company to-day that I expect to quarrel with;"—and pretty much in the same manner the members of my family are obliged, occasionally, to rehearse, even in their moments of tranquillity, for the reception of any new guests that may be sent them, in the shape of governors, from England.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth is described, by this writer, as one continued series of enormities against the Irish, during which they were persecuted both by famine and the sword, and provoked to rebel, by those who reaped the harvest of these violences, in the rich forfeitures which ensued. It is related of one of the Jameses, that, when travelling through the Carse of Gowrie, he observed, that Graham, the proprietor of the rich and fertile lands through which they were travelling, would "mak' a bonnie traitor;" a stroke of satire, no doubt; but it touches too truly on the policy of the treason-laws, as they were administered in Ireland. An English proprietor stepping in when an Irish proprietor was turned out, the treason-laws thus became a most convenient engine of wealth; and the cupidity of the English was the measure of Irish discontent. So long as there were Irish estates to forfeit, so long as there remained "bonnie-traitors," there would be no want of treason; and accordingly the Irish, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, were almost literally exterminated by the unmerciful sword, and their lands taken possession of by their English oppressors. We have no regular history of Ireland during this or any other reign, but such incidental facts and notices as serve to illustrate the character of the English annals. "I am not writing a history of the English power in Ireland, (says the writer, in his own style,) but merely tracking its course by hasty glimpses, and pointing out a few foot-marks of the Hercules of Despotism, from which the rest of his colossal proportions may be estimated."

Pursuing the gloomy course of Irish history through the reigns of James and Charles, we have tyranny, Proteus-like, changing its aspect, and attacking the Irish through the medium of the law. It is well known, that, under Lord Strafford, the most extensive questions were stirred as to the existing titles of Irish property, and that whole provinces were, in this manner, swept away from their rightful owners. These oppressions exasperated the country, and gave rise to the dreadful rebellion of 1642. He sums up his account of Lord Strafford with the following beautiful reflection:

> The splendid talents of Lord Strafford, and the imposing dignity of his death, may well justify a feeling of sympathy in his fate; but there would be no living in this world if there were not such examples, to hang up in the halls where Power holds his revel, and, like those awful mementos in the banqueting-rooms of the Egyptians, chasten his pride and check the exuberance of his riot.

By the rebellion of 1642 the forfeitures in Ireland were immense; the country was reduced under the vigorous arm of Cromwell, who parcelled out the forfeited lands among his soldiers; and at the accession of Charles II. this cruel injustice was confirmed by the Act of Settlement, 7,800,000 acres being, as Lord Clare observed, set out to a motley crew of English adventurers, civil and military, nearly to the total exclusion of the old inhabitants of the island. Thus, what Cromwell's soldiers gained by their rebellion, the Irish lost by their loyalty. The following reign, of King William, which brought light and liberty to Britain, but darkness and chains to Ireland, is vigorously sketched; as also that of Queen Anne, when the degradation of the Catholics was completed. The system now adopted in Ireland proceeded on the principle of considering every Catholic an enemy, and of binding him hand and foot, lest he should do mischief; so that the writer of this work observes, "if Pope had been born a Munster-Papist, instead of a London one, by the Act of William and Mary, and of Anne, he would have been voted an irreclaimable brute, and hunted into the mountains."

Captain Rock goes on with his memoirs, through the reigns of George I. and II., in the same lively and sarcastic strain, and with various stores of learning and wit. He mentions many grievances; and states, that the Church amply supplied the Irish with the "raw material of discontent, which they manufactured afterwards to their own taste." The plan of exempting the pasture-lands, which mostly belonged to the rich, from the payment of tithes, he states as furnishing abundant means of keeping up the spirit of riot and insurrection. In consequence of this exemption of the lands of the rich, the whole burden of supporting the Protestant Church fell on the poor cotters; and, as they were more and more oppressed, they grew more and more discontented. This measure, therefore, or, as it is called, the abolition of the agistment tithe, was a master-stroke in the policy of the English rulers of Ireland. The turning out the poor cottagers, which was resorted to about this time, served to recruit the ranks of the discontented, as also a regulation in the Anti-Catholic Code, by which Papists were not only debarred from possessing any property in land, but by which any of the sons of a Catholic proprietor, on becoming Protestants, were not only cheerfully received, but, on giving information as to any property possessed by their fathers, were put in possession of it; the renegado, as a sort of qualification for the pure communion of the *Reformed* Church, thus enriching himself, and beggaring his whole family.

Captain Rock, we are told, was born in 1763, and as he was the tenth child, he was, according to his own account, devoted by his father to the cause. He was determined to this, it appears, by the following prophecy, which includes, in a few lines, the whole principle of the English Government of Ireland:

> As long as Ireland shall pretend,
>   Like sugar-loaf, turn'd upside down,
> To stand upon its smaller end,
>   So long shall live old Rock's renown.
> As long as Popish spade and scythe
> Shall dig and cut the Sassanagh's tithe,
> And Popish purses pay the tolls,
> On heaven's road, for Sassanagh souls—
> As long as Millions shall kneel down
> To ask of Thousands for their own,
> While Thousands proudly turn away,
> And to the Millions answer "nay"—
> So long the merry reign shall be
> Of Captain Rock and his family.

We have a very brief and conclusive sketch of the state of the institutions for education, shewing their defective state,—the erroneous principle on which they are founded, partaking, originally, with all the other establishments in Ireland, of the deadly taint of animosity to the Catholics, and having also fallen into a complete state of dilapidation, from the want of funds. He proceeds to describe the Charter Schools, and Schools of Royal Foundation; and he gives the following *piquant* account of the Charter Schools:

These Charter Schools, under the general name of the Incorporated Society, were founded under George II., in the year 1733, for the professed object of "teaching the children of the Popish and other natives;"—and had they suffered us youth of the Roman faith to drink at the same spring of instruction with our little Protestant fellow-countrymen, without insulting or interfering with the religion we brought from home with us, there is no saying to what an alarming degree of amity the two religions might have been brought in time. Nay, there was even an opportunity for trying the experiment, whether a Catholic could be turned into a Protestant without the employment of actual force.

But our Irish rulers have always proceeded in proselytism, on the principle of a wedge with its wrong side foremost. It was soon found by the Catholic parents, who had entrusted their children to these Protestant institutions, that hatred to their religion was the chief actuating motive of its directors; and that, like Vathek, when he seduced the fifty little ones to the brink of the chasm, in order to hurl them in as a sacrifice to the Giaour, the Incorporated Society but took possession of those children, for the purpose of plunging them headlong into Protestantism—a creed, unknown to them but by the Spirit of persecution that dwelt in it, and by the voracity for fresh victims with which that Spirit, like the Giaour, had always cried out from the chasm, "more, more!"

It may easily be imagined with what horror this design was regarded by a people who looked upon their faith as the only treasure and consolation left them, and whose tenacity in that faith had been tried by sword, famine, and fire, for centuries. Too indigent, however, to procure instruction in any other way, and the laws forbidding persons of their own persuasion to teach, some wretched parents, anxious at all risks to educate their children, continued to let them drink at this dangerous source—with the same trembling apprehension with which the people of the East visit those fountains supposed to be the haunt and ambush of banditti, and on some of which are inscribed the warning words "Drink and away!"

In proportion to their fears, their hatred, of course, increased — while the children, compelled to act the part of converts while at school, took revenge for this forced hypocrisy of their youth, by a life of open bigotry and disaffection ever after.

Still, however, the association with Protestant play-fellows gave a chance of future friendships and connections, which, if they did not end in conversion, at least would lead to tolerance; and encouraged, at a time of life when the heart is most impressible, that familiar collision by which asperities are smoothed away, and the exclusiveness of the sectarian is lost in the fellowship of the man.

But even this chance, which let in a gleam of light too strong for the eyes of the Incorporated Society to bear, was shut out by a Resolution of that body in the year 1775, declaring that none but the children of Papists should be admitted to the schools—and how delicately they accommodated themselves to the prejudices of these chosen and exclusive pupils, will appear by the following extracts from a Catechism, which they continued to use to as late a period as 1811, when the recommendation of the Board of Education induced them to relinquish it:

"*Q.* Is the Church of Rome a sound and uncorrupt church? *A.* No; it is extremely corrupt in doctrine, worship, and practice."

"*Q.* What do you think of the frequent crossings, upon which the Papists lay so great a stress? *A.* They are vain and superstitious. The worship of the crucifix is idolatrous."

The courteous address of Launcelot to the young Jewess, "Be of good cheer, for truly I think thou art damned," seems to have been the model upon which the Protestant Church has founded all its conciliatory advances towards the Catholics.

Respecting the other schools, namely, the Schools of Royal Foundation, he shews that they are endowed with estates to the extent of 13,627 acres; but that the funds, thus set apart for their support, have been dilapidated among men of influence in the country, and the interests of education in a great measure neglected. Inquiries have been made into these dilapidations, some of which, our author admits, have proved useful. But from the report of last year, on the state of these schools, they appear to be rather schools of litigation than of learning, "as their returns relate almost wholly to the progress of their law-suits with their tenants, which seem as numerous and successful as those of Sir Condy Rack-rent, who 'lost every one of his suits but seventeen.'" We have next an account of the share which the Church has taken in these institutions for instructing the Irish; and it appears, though every Diocese in Ireland is bound to support a school, yet that it is impossible to make the contributions forthcoming from the Clergy; their purses remaining, as our author wittily observes, impenetrably closed, even to the "Open, Sesamé" of the law. In addition to Diocesan Schools, the law also ordains every incumbent in Ireland either to teach, or cause to be taught, within his vicarage or rectory, one school, as the law requires; and oaths are imposed to render this provision efficient. But it is all to no purpose, as the Church of Ireland, though potent to exact, seems to possess no power of returning any thing to the country, in the shape of morality or instruction; and accordingly the universal return, in this case, to the Parliamentary inquiries is, "No school—no scholars." Our author concludes this point of his subject, with ridiculing the various societies which have started up, under the various designations of the Kildare-Street Society, the London Hibernian Society," &c.; and which, professing to instruct the Irish, are utterly destroyed by their alloy of proselytism.

We have an inquiry into the origin of tithes, conducted on the principle suggested by the Roman poet,

> Ridentem dicere verum
> Quid vetat?

The writer, indeed, possesses the rare faculty of clothing reason in the garb of pleasantry, and in the finest vein of irony; and while he appears to be amusing himself, and to be disporting, as it were, in the summer skies of his own imagination, the clouds of his indignation begin to roll, and his enemies are crushed, before they are aware, by the thunderbolt of his reason. The question, as to the divine origin of tithes, he soon settles in a powerful strain of sarcastic argument; and the next point he comes to is the civil right of the Clergy to these tithes, which he discusses in the following terms:

> The most antient law concerning this right in England was made by Offa, King of Mercia, who, having murdered under his own roof, Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, who had come to sue for his daughter in marriage, invested the Church, by way of atoning for this bloody violation of hospitality, with a legal property and inheritance in Tithes.
>
> Such is the origin to which the Clergy themselves refer for the first establishment of Tithes as a Civil right in England; and it is thought by them, at this day, a sufficient reason for taking a fifth or fourth of the rental of all England, that King Offa, in the year 753, could not sleep easy in his bed, without making a present of the tenth part of his domains to the Clergy.
>
> He was followed by another pious patron of the Church, King Ethelwolf, who, being alarmed by threats of fresh invasion from the Danes, consulted his Clergy as to the most efficacious mode of propitiating Heaven, and averting the calamity. The Clergy recommended Tithes, as a specific in all such cases; and King Ethelwolf, improving on the piety of Offa, who had given them but a tenth of his own domains, made over to them that proportion of the produce of the whole kingdom—by the blessing of which donation, as well as of three hundred marks annually to the Pope, for the purchase of oil for the lamps at St. Peter's and St. Paul's, he got rid of his royal panic about the Danes, found Tithes, as he says in his Charter, "beneficial to the health of his soul," and, like Swift's generous country-gentleman, who,
>
> out of his great bounty,
> Built a bridge at the expence of the county,
>
> saddled posterity with the payment of his "soul's health" for ever.
>
> "Thus," says the Reverend Mr Cove, triumphantly, "were the Saxon Clergy endowed with a legal, hereditary, and permanent right and property in Tithes, by which their successors have ever since holden them, and by which they are as fully entitled to and possessed of their tenth parts, as all proprietors of lands are of the other nine." That is to say, King Ethelwolf gave to the Church—*not* the tenth part of any actual estates or possessions, for here lies the fallacy under which Tithes are represented as property—but the tenth part of what King Ethelwolf did not then possess, and therefore could

not grant away; namely, all future profits and increase upon lands, arising from the labour and skill of husbandmen yet unborn—or, in other words, a mortgage, without equity of redemption, upon the industry of all future English farmers for ever. This, too, because King Ethelwolf was in a fright about the Danes, and thought the only chance of safety, for either his soul or his body, lay in filling the pockets of the Priests of England with money, and the lamps of St. Peter's, at Rome, with oil.

In fact, till the time of Henry VIII., there was no effective statute law, to enforce the payment of Tithes in England. The Church had, it is true, for centuries before, brought into play the whole battery of decrees, canons, and curses, for the purpose of establishing a right to these dues; but the people had never, either by themselves or their representatives, consented to such an encroachment on their property. The exaction of Tithes, therefore, under the authority of Papal decrees, was in no respect different from the rest of those pious robberies, which his Holiness, the Pope, was in the habit of committing on all the high-ways of Europe.

We have a most lively sketch of the gradual progress of public opinion in Ireland,—of the emancipation of Parliament from its direct subjection to the English ministry, who held it in such bondage, that it could not originate any measure of importance,—of the arts played off by the court, to counteract the patriotic spirit rising in Ireland,—and, finally, we come to the period when the Penal Laws against the Catholics began to be relaxed. The various scenes to which those changes gave rise, and their effects on the prospects of the Rock family, in other words, on the spirit of discontent, are described with our author's usual force and liveliness. The first relaxations of the Penal Laws were not very material, and were merely negative in their effects. The most important concession was the repeal of that barbarous law by which the Roman Catholics were prevented from inheriting property; and on this conciliatory spirit appearing, the writer, Captain Rock, describes himself as alarmed, lest his calling should be at an end; but comforting himself, however, in this case, that if the English Government steadily pursued courses of peace and of conciliation, the land would be a scene of comfort and happiness. His father, however, he represents as taking quite different, and, as he says, in his ironical style, far more consolatory views of the matter; and he delivers his opinions on the subject in a strain of such just and powerful reflection, that we cannot forbear giving our readers this specimen of our author's style:

I grant you, that if the Government were likely to follow up, with a willing spirit, this first step of liberality towards Ireland, and to remove cordially, and at once, every link of her irritating chains from her, the future history of the Rocks would be a dreary and inglorious blank.

But there is no fear, my children, of such a deviation from the usual course of nature, as a wise and liberal administration of the government of Ireland would exhibit; and even did the Protestant Church condescend to work miracles, this is the very last she would willingly have a hand in. No, no—it may possibly happen again, in some moment of embarrassment and weakness like the present, that a few further concessions may be wrung from the fears of our rulers: but the very circumstances under which such boons are extorted, leave the giver without gratitude; and the old system of exclusion and oppression under which our family have so long prospered, will, instead of suffering any material interruption by these momentary aberrations into justice, rather return to its iniquities with a refreshed spirit, and take revenge for the loss of those few instruments of mischief which it surrenders, by a doubly vigorous use of the many that will still remain in its hands.

So far, indeed, (continued my father,) from foreseeing any mischief to the Rock cause, in these partial measures of enfranchisement which our rulers so reluctantly grant, it is the very mode of proceeding which, had I the means of influencing their councils, I would myself suggest for the perpetuation of that discord which is so dear to us. Give the Catholic (I would say) just enough of liberty and power to inspire him with pride, and make him feel his own strength; while, at the same time, you withhold all that could gratify this pride, and employ the strength which you have bestowed upon him *against*, instead of *for*, you. In short, loosen his chains no more than will enable him to be pugnacious with effect, and leave him nothing to be grateful for, but the power of doing you mischief.

This, my dear children, is the very plan I would myself recommend, for keeping the flame of discord as lively among us, as the inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget at Kildare. Under the Penal Laws, we were benighted and hopeless,—complete enfranchisement would make us enlightened and satisfied;—it is only in the twilight state between, that those false lights and spectral appearances are abroad, by which men's optics are deceived, and their imaginations led astray;—it is only after having tasted the cup of liberty, without being suffered to allay our awakened thirst, that that feverish and almost maddened excitement comes on, which is so favourable to the views of our ancient family, and which the Government—take the word of old Captain Rock for it—will long cherish and keep alive for our advancement and honour.

These, accordingly, we are assued, were just views of the effects that would spring from the incongruous system now pursued in Ireland. These concessions were forced reluctantly from the predominant party in Ireland. They were never hearty in the cause of conciliation; and therefore they never gave effect to the laws which were made in favour of the Catholics; so that, in many cases, they remained a dead letter, while the laws against them were brought into constant and active play. They were weapons that never were allowed to rust for want of use; and it happened, unfortunately, that just at the time that some concessions were made to the Catholics, other arbitrary laws were put in force, for the avowed purpose of putting down riot and discontent, but which really had the effect of increasing it. This is described by our author in one of his spirited and characteristic illustrations. He observes:

Just at the time when the long-enjoyed sport of hunting Catholics, with Penal statutes, was given up, a new pack of laws was put into training, of the very same blood-hound breed of legislation, which, under names as various as those of Actæon's kennel in Ovid, (Whiteboy Acts, Riot Acts, &c. &c.,) have kept the same game full in view ever since,—thus contriving, with a care equal to that of the Game Laws in England, to preserve to our Orange country-gentlemen their right of a Catholic *chasse*, uninterruptedly, though under different forms, down to the present day.

We may observe that Burke, in one of those noble orations by which he endeavoured to turn this nation from the madness of the first American war, expresses himself strongly on the same subject, namely, the folly of attempting to mix conciliation with terror and threats. The passage is in a strain of the highest sublimity; it is reason seated on its throne, and not, as we have it from the merry Captain Rock, clothed in the garb of wit. Mr Burke is speaking of some conciliatory proposal, which he says he would wish to go out to America without the attendance of certain Penal Bills. "Alone," he observes, "I could answer for its success. I cannot be certain of its reception in the bad company it may keep. In such heterogeneous assortments, the most innocent person will lose the effect of his innocency. Though you send out this angel of peace, you are sending out a destroying angel too; and what would be the effect of the conflict of these two adverse spirits, or which would predominate in the end, is what I dare not say; whether the lenient measures would cause American passion to subside, or the severe would increase its fury. All this is in the hand of Providence; yet now, even now, I should confide in the prevailing virtue, and efficacious operation of lenity; though working in darkness and in chaos, in the midst of all this unnatural and turbid combination, I should hope it might produce order and beauty in the end."

One great grievance under which Ireland labours is the enormous taxes paid by its Catholic inhabitants for the support of the Protestant establishment; and the nature of this oppression is set forth with equal brevity and force by this writer. The use of an establishment, it is obvious, is to teach the people their religious duties; and to answer this purpose, it must of necessity be agreeable to the people, for otherwise the people will not be taught by them. On this principle, accordingly, we have an Episcopal establishment in England, and a Presbyterian establishment in Scotland, those different forms of wor ship being agreeable to the majority of the people. In Ireland, however, though the majority of the people are Catholics, they have a Protestant establishment, not moderately supported, as it ought to be, but drawing immense wealth from a people whom it does not teach, who do not like its form of worship, and who, therefore, in addition to their religious instructors paid for not teaching them, have to pay others, whom they like better, for doing this duty. The Irish are chiefly Catholics, the Protestants not amounting to 500,000, among a population of 7,000,000; and this disproportion is daily increasing in favour of the Catholics. Hence it happens, that in many parishes there is no Protestant congregation,—no church,—no parsonage-house; but still the Catholic inhabitants are heavily taxed to pay for this nonentity of a Protestant church. Our author shews, by indisputable facts, how rapidly the scale is preponderating in favour of the Catholic population. In the south of Ireland there were formerly in the town of Belfast not more than 300 Catholics; there are now 3500. In the Diocese of Derry, also, in the north of Ireland, the population is rated at 85 Protestants, 60 Dissenters, and 4650 Catholics. In the south they are increasing still more rapidly. In Kerry, according to a return in 1733, by the collectors of hearth-money, the two rates were as 12 to 1; in 1808, Mr Wakefield was informed they were 100 to 1. In other parishes, there were, in 1797, 3750 Catholics to 51 Protestants; and in 1811, 4120 to 15 Protestants; and every where it appears that the Protestants are falling away; so that, according to our author's beautiful illustration, "the waters, on which the ark of the establishment is riding, are ebbing from beneath it with a degree of rapidity which threatens, ere long, to leave it dry and motionless."

The evil here is, *First*, The great disproportion of Catholics and Protestants, owing to which we are likely to have a Church without a congregation: *Secondly*, The enormous and overgrown wealth of that Church drawn from a people to whom it can be of no use; and, *Thirdly*, The oppressive mode in which its revenues are collected from the poorest classes.

The Church of Ireland posesses, it is estimated, in addition to its claim of tithes, two millions of acres of landed property. The Church property in the diocese of Derry cannot be worth much less than three millions sterling. Three archbishops, who have died since the Union, and who originally were worth nothing, are known to have died worth £.800,000. Now, when it is considered that this Church cannot be useful but to a small proportion of the people, it appears a just cause of complaint, that so much money should be uselessly lavished on it. Our author calls this one of the "monstrous anomalies of which Ireland is the victim,—that of a Clergy better paid for *not* teaching six-sevenths of the population, than the Clergy of any other country in Europe are for instructing the whole of theirs."

The mode of collection is also singularly oppressive and vexatious, inasmuch as it has to be wrung from the poorest class of the population. The dues of the Church, payable to support the splendour of Archbishops and Bishops, are farmed out to collectors and sub-collectors, who must extort them often from a miserable peasantry, by the hardest means, by seizing on the cow, the only dependence of the wretched family for support, and driving it away amid the lamentations of helpless children, and the execrations of the people. Such spectacles as those, for the support of religion, cannot but be regarded as a strange inconsistency, and the people cannot be much disposed to hear religious instruction from the mouth of their oppressors. Our author, in his characteristic language, says, he cannot well understand "by what process, even of Irish exaction, an establishment so preposterously, so insultingly rich, can have been spun out of the entrails of the very poorest people in Europe. Indeed, (he continues,) the old notion of extracting sun-beams from cucumbers seems rivalled by the art with which this church has contrived to extort splendour and magnificence out of a population of paupers."

The Church, too, it will be observed, advances its claims for a tenth of all that increase which the capital and skill of an improving age shall draw from the soil, so that there is no end of its demands. While its duties are gradually decreasing through the decrease of its powers, its demands are increasing; its wealth increases, while its duties are diminishing; and thus it is fast becoming one great ecclesiastical sinecure, a mere useless drain on the resources of the community, and a dead weight on its industry. Our author having thus shewn the maxims of the Church, in the receiving of her own dues, proceeds to shew how she acts in paying the dues of others. There are certain claims fixed on the Church by Acts of Parliament, such as the First Fruits, which it is well known are the first year's income of every Ecclesiastical dignity or benefice, and were paid to the Crown, from the time of the Reformation till the reign of Queen Ann, when they were given up as a fund for the increase of small livings, and the purchase of glebes. Now, although there is a statute of Henry VIII., made for revising the value of their livings, so as that they shall always pay a tenth, yet the old rate is invariably continued, notwithstanding the great rise which has taken place in the value of Church property. The consequence of this is, that this fund, which in England may be estimated at £.12,000 per annum, is found altogether inadequate to its purposes; and it is computed, to use our author's words, always characteristic, that unless the Bishops and rich pluralists are compelled to pay real First Fruits and Tenths, such as they exact from others, "some hundreds of years must elapse before the operation of Queen Ann's Fund alone shall have raised the value of the smaller livings, even a single degree above the starving temperature." In Ireland, however, the case is, as usual, tenfold worse; and the Fund of First Fruits, from the richest Church in the world, does not average more than £.370 a-year. This Fund, if fairly levied, might go to the repair of churches, &c., or to defray the expence of other casualties; instead of which, however, the Catholics are further taxed, for the repairs of Protestant Churches, by vestries in which they have no vote; and scarcely a shilling is spent on ornamenting a Protestant Church, which is not wrung by parochial assessment from the Catholic occupants of the district. Church-rates are even levied on the famishing peasantry, by rich Protestant Ministers, for the purchase of Communion Elements. The following is part of a parley that Captain Rock is supposed to have with the Church on this subject:

> It appears that, since the Union, 47 Episcopal appointments have been made, the First Fruits of which, if assessed and levied according to their "just and true value," would have amounted to at least £.300,000,—without taking into account the immense sum which the dues payable from the inferior Clergy would have produced in the same time.
>
> How much misery, tears, and bloodshed, might have been spared to the wretched people, if these sums had been applied to the purposes for which the law intended them, and thus rendered unnecessary a few of those most odious taxes, by which a starving peasantry is compelled to make up for the deficiencies of a rich but wilfully insolvent Church,—how much odium, ill-blood, and discord, might have been avoided, if such a Fund had even been employed towards the remission of those disgraceful Rates, by which the pig-stye of the poor Catholic is made tributary to the ornamental spire of the Protestant: and wretches, who are all but starving themselves, are taxed to provide the Church with Sacramental bread and wine—how far such salutary effects might have been produced, by a little more obedience, on the part of the Church, to the laws, not only of the land, but of humanity and religion, it is not for Captain Rock to insist upon at present, in an instrument which is intended to be neither retrospective nor criminatory.
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> But the Captain hereby engages for himself and his people, that if the Church, as the most considerable and wholesale aggressor, will but take the first step in a return to the paths of honesty and justice, by discharging in future those dues which the law requires from her,—he will be most happy, without delay, to meet her on the grand question of tithes, and on all other matters at issue between them, in such a conciliatory spirit as shall not only facilitate discussion, but lead at length to a complete and final arrangement of all their differences.
>
> In the meantime, Captain Rock begs of the Church to accept the assurances of his high consideration, &c. &c. &c. &c.

The author proceeds to contrast the tithe system of England with that of Ireland, and to point out the disadvantageous condition of the tithe-payers in the latter country, the summary methods of exaction to which they are exposed, and the enormous charges with which the law proceedings load the smallest sums. A charge of six shillings, if it is not immediately paid, and has to be levied by distress, will, according to a calculation given, be swelled up to the amount of above £.6.; and by these enormous exactions, the peasantry are ground down to the earth. Their whole crop is sold to satisfy the tithes, and the miserable occupier turned out, with his wife and children, to beg or steal, or to starve. The whole of this system, with all its cruel details, are clearly set forth in this ingenious work, and are well calculated to make an impression, and to cause those who are without the sphere of this oppression to reflect seriously on the whole system. The grievance is obvious; its effects in the continual heart-burnings, discontents, seditions, murders, and fire-raisings, are equally so. And we may ask, Is there no remedy for all this complication of misery? Is it absolutely necessary that the whole land should be filled with discontent and wretchedness, in order to furnish forth the splendid trappings of the Protestant Church? Could not this Church abate somewhat of its claims? Could not spiritual instruction be procured to the Protestants at less expence? These are questions that must occur to every one; and they are questions that must be answered, for this evil cannot go on for ever increasing. Some check must be given to it ere long; some inquiries must be made into this case of Irish oppression, and some remedy applied; that the harrassed land may at last have a chance of peace, and some respite from its long-continued woes.

The transactions which took place in Ireland, from the time when the Parliament acquired its independence, till the Union, are sketched in the most lively colours of wit and fancy, and in a tone of reprobation that seems sufficiently strong. The writer lays bare the gangrened parts of Ireland's policy, with all the severe calmness of a practised operator. He does not halve matters. There is nothing conciliatory to opponents. His language is, throughout, that of firm and fearless hostility, and the seasoning of wit only renders the whole more cutting and piquant. It gives no relief to the gloomy colouring of the picture. He dwells strongly on the corruptions by which, after the evil of the American war, Ireland was governed, and of which he draws the following lively picture:

> The British Minister, no longer able to govern us by his Attorney-General, was driven to the more circuitous and expensive mode of ruling us by our own Parliament; and a course of corruption was now boldly entered into—a sort of frank, Lothario spirit, was adopted by the Government, which seemed to say, "Think'st thou I mean the shame should be concealed?" and which soon succeeded in making political profligacy fashionable.
>
> Had it been a regular trade-wind of Corruption, blowing steadily from the usual Tory quarter, servility would have been at least consistent, and might have even pretended to honesty, on the ground of having but one paymaster. But, just about this time, those Titans, the Whigs, had succeeded more than once in scaling the Olympus of office, and, though speedily hurled down again, they remained long enough, each time, to puzzle both patriots and courtiers considerably, and to produce such a confusion in their votes and opinions, as made it no easy matter to distinguish one party from the other.
>
> At length, however, Toryism and Corruption resumed their full and undisturbed empire. A regular market was opened at the Castle, and the price of every service, down to single votes on particular questions, was ascertained and *tariffed* with the most tradesmanlike accuracy. So little decency did the Government observe in these transactions, that the Attorney-General (afterwards Lord Clare) did not hesitate, on one occasion, when some of the train-bands of the Court had joined the Opposition, to hint broadly at the expense that would be incurred in buying them back again.

He afterwards comes to the year 1793, when Lord Fitzwilliam was sent over to Ireland to grant emancipation to the Catholics,—when Mr Grattan, and all his friends, were

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seen in the van of administration,—when suddenly the scene was overcast,—when Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled,—when the Protestant ascendency, from some unexplained cause, revived in full power,—when Mr Pitt was baffled in his schemes with regard to Ireland,—and when the fatal rebellion in 1798 broke out, which paved the way for the Union, an event on which he dwells with no satisfaction.

The work concludes with a short summary of the present state of the Catholics, and of the practical effects that have followed from the relaxation of the penal laws; and on this subject there is, in his remarks, a tone of moderation and good sense which well deserves the attention of the Legislature. The privileges conceded to the Catholics in 1793 were the freedom of the elective franchise, the freedom of corporations, their eligibility to be grand jurors, to act as barristers, &c. With regard to the elective franchise, he shews that it was a hasty and injudicious concession, and that it was too much extended. The more enlightened Catholics did not wish the right of election to be extended so low as the forty-shilling freeholders. They wished a higher qualification, in order to exclude the mere Catholic mob, uneducated and ignorant, and incapable of any rational exercise of their political rights. This concession, therefore, our author considers injudicious, more especially when the enlightened Catholic was still excluded from Parliament. With regard to the other privileges of corporation, &c. the Catholics, he informs us, are as effectually excluded as ever from all these offices which the letter of the law opens to them, by the exclusive spirit still prevailing among their Protestant Lords, who can, at their pleasure, either open or shut the gates of political power. No law, to be sure, now excludes them from corporations; but it requires a special grant from the Protestant Members to make them free of these corporations; and this, in the true exclusive spirit which has so long been the bane of Ireland, they withhold from them; so that the concession by the Legislature is illusory;—it really confers nothing, the law being defeated in its practical application to society. The stream of freedom, which spreads fertility over the land, is choaked up in its course, and never reaches the Catholic grounds, which remain still a barren waste amid the smiling landscape around. The same evil principle poisons most of the other concessions. A Catholic may be chosen to sit in grand and petty juries, but the fact is, that he is not so chosen. The power lies with the Sheriff, who, being a Protestant, conceives it proper still to exclude the Catholic; and in some countries no Roman Catholic has ever been on a jury when one of his own religion was to be tried. It is a great mistake, then, to suppose that Catholic emancipation, as it is called, only applies to the higher Catholics. The restrictive laws, still in force, exclude them, not merely from being Members of Parliament, Lord Chancellors, Judges, Attorneys-General, King's Counsel, Masters in the Chancery, &c., and from the higher offices in the army, but they operate in the daily detail of domestic life; the exclusion from all corporate offices, amounting to about 5000, through all Ireland, is not only a serious evil, but it is a degradation, a real practical degradation, on which basis of law there has been reared up in the manners a large superstructure of Protestant insolence. These exclusions diminish the importance of the Catholics in society; they lead to an extensive detail of practical oppression, which is summed up by this writer in the following striking observations, with which we shall conclude the account of his work:

> The same evil principle of Orangeism and Intolerance pervades all the Corporate Towns in Ireland,—which may be reckoned, if I recollect right, at 115 in number; and when to this general operation of the *spirit* of the law ,against its *letter* we add the actual enactments which exclude the Catholic from all Corporate Offices,—from any share whatever in those municipal privileges and immunities, which, unjust, partial, and exclusive, as they are in their nature, become aggravated, in their very worst features, by being thus narrowed to a small favoured Sect,—we may have some idea of the extent to which the penal spirit spreads itself through Ireland, and how univer-

sally it "comes home to men's business and bosoms," in the most familiar, daily, and interesting concerns of their life.

Imagine one of these towns, where a small Orange oligarchy, combining all the petty jealousies of the Corporation spirit with the arrogant prejudices of a dominant and long-privileged sect, engrosses to itself the sole management of all municipal affairs,—the imposition of various tolls and duties, from which themselves are exempt,—the monopoly of trades and arts by the system of legal apprenticeships,—the appointment to the numerous lucrative situations, dependant upon the Corporate Offices,—in short, all those branches of civic and parochial patronage, which go to make the consequence and influence of such small municipal governments.

What must be the lot of a Catholic farmer, merchant, or tradesman, under the vexatious control of this little knot of bigotted burgesses? Oppressed by partial levies,—by excessive market-tolls,—by invidious preferences, which, while they obstruct Catholic industry, encourage and pamper up Protestant insolence,—by all that grinding machinery of exaction and injustice, which has been laid open during the late inquiry into the abuses of the Corporation of Limerick,—is it wonderful that the victim should hate and curse a system, which thus meets him, at every turning of life, with its odious scowl of exclusion; which, like the branding-iron, inflicts at once both suffering and disgrace, and which insults him by the very confidence with which it presumes on his patience!—Is it wonderful that Captain Rock should count upon a long and successful reign, among a people thus taught to feel that the law is only powerful to oppress,—that the slightest infusion of justice or liberality into it paralyses its strength,—and that, like Mithridates, from long habit, the only food upon which it thrives is poison!

HIGH SCHOOL: NEW ACADEMY OF EDINBURGH.

In our Number for January last, we gave a brief account of the New Academy, which has recently been established here, derived chiefly from a Statement by the Directors. To the particulars then mentioned, on that respectable authority, we subjoined some remarks, which suggested themselves to our minds, in the course of a "somewhat *hasty* perusal of that Statement." A more leisurely examination, however, of the subject, and more exact information than we possessed at that time, have satisfied us, that some of our observations were indeed hasty; and that, in several points, our estimate of the scheme was not sufficiently considered. We are bound, in common candour, to acknowledge this; and, in justice to the public, we think it incumbent on us, once more, to direct the attention of our readers to this interesting subject *.

It is observed, with perfect truth, in the Statement, that the extent and population of Edinburgh have increased very much since the present High School was built, in the year 1778, and it is admitted, on all hands, that the situation of it is inconvenient for many of the boys in the New Town. But we are not prepared to acquiesce in the proposition, that this increased extent and population "has long called for the establishment of *another* great Public School." The chief objection being the great distance and position of the High School, the legitimate inference is, that it ought to be removed to a more central situation, so as to afford accommodation to the inhabitants of both Old and New Town; and it is of the nature of a *non sequitur* to maintain that the mere situation of the School furnishes a reason for rearing *another*, and perhaps a *hostile* institution. There is, indeed, another consideration coupled with the one just mentioned, namely, "that the High School is *now so crowded, as to interfere materially with the right education of the boys.*" This is a position which conveys much meaning; and it implies, very speciously, no doubt, as "the opinion of many persons," what, we are satisfied, is not borne out by the fact,—that the boys at the High School are not now rightly educated. The impression which this assertion is so well calculated to make on the public is farther strengthened by many particulars in the course of the Statement; such as, that the system which has been promulgated by the Directors of the Academy is to be an improvement on that already employed in the High School, where the Directors consider it to be "*defective.*" There is nothing, as far as we can see, in the whole Statement, which can have the effect of removing this evident implication to the prejudice of the old seminary, (an explanation which, we think, would have been no more than fair to the Masters,) and, in as far as we have been the medium of circulating this unfounded supposition, we retract what we said formerly in coincidence with this Statement of the Directors. This we do, not merely without reluctance, but with great pleasure. On particular inquiry, we find that the same system which, for the last ten years, has been the subject of frequent and high commendation by many of the Academy Subscribers themselves, is *now* acted upon with some amendments, and with equal success. In fact, the High School of Edinburgh was never better taught than it now is; and there are as brilliant scholars among the boys *now*, as ever appeared under the tuition of its present Masters, or any of their predecessors.

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* It may be proper to state, that, although this article be written by one of our contributors, he did not write the former article on the same subject, which will account for the difference in the opinions expressed; for there is no real inconsistency, when the change of circumstances is considered.

When on this part of the subject, we may remark, that although the expediency of establishing the new seminary is rested chiefly upon the supposed excess in the numbers attending the High School, yet the Scheme, now exhibited by the Directors, actually contemplates, and is calculated on the supposition, that there will be a *greater number* of boys under the same number of Masters in the New Academy, than there are under the High School Masters at present. This looks a little inconsistent. "The crowded state of many of the Classes in the High School, (*See Statement*, p. 21,) having been one of the causes which led to the establishment of the Academy, we have thought proper to fix a limit to the admission of scholars. We propose that the number in each of the four junior Classes shall not exceed 110, and that the Rector's Class shall not exceed 160, making the total number at the School 600; unless, when, by the union of the boys of the 6th year with those coming to the Rector from the 4th Class, his Class shall exceed 160. If, by that union, his Class amounts to 160, he is not to be permitted to increase it by boys entering at the School for the first time from other seminaries."

It happens, rather unexpectedly to us, we confess, that the arrangement thus projected allows to each of the Masters in the junior Classes 110 pupils; while, at present, the average number of boys in the four lower Classes of the High School is only 105; so that the new system does not, by any means, get quit of the most formidable-looking objection which the Directors ascribe to the High School. Indeed, the Academicians *cannot* adopt any scheme for improving on the plan of the High School, which is not equally within the reach of the latter; and it was proposed by the Magistrates, we have been told, to supply additional Teachers, whenever the numbers in attendance at the High School should be such as to render that an expedient measure. It is quite plain, therefore, that, as regards the limitation of numbers, the Directors of the Academy have not realized any improvement, and that, if excessive numbers be an evil in the High School, that evil *may* be aggravated in the Academy, upon the plan of its system exhibited in their Statement.

The next point to which our attention is naturally drawn, is the distribution of time, and the hours allotted to the different branches of education; and here, we humbly think, the projected system for the Academy is exceedingly vulnerable, and any thing but an improvement. In considering these two seminaries as contrasted with each other, and in canvassing the claims of the Academy to *improvements* on the plan of education at the High School, we must always keep in mind that the latter is *strictly* and *exclusively* a Classical Establishment; and that it does not form, and has never been, any part of its system, to combine with its operations tuition in English, Arithmetic, Mathematics, &c. *It is avowedly Classical;* and although it be surrounded with all sorts of Private Schools, in which these other branches are well taught, the High School, according to its present plan, does not, *and we hope never will*, admit any *mixture* of these with its proper objects. In comparing the Scheme of the Academy, therefore, with the system of the High School, we must keep the Classical department in view, as the only part which is fairly susceptible of comparison, and as the model on which improvements have been made.

In the First Class, and year, of the Academy, there are to be only 2 hours a-day devoted to Latin, which, for five days in the week, (Saturday being thrown out,) makes ten hours in the week.

In the Second Class there are 2 hours at one meeting for Latin, and at another, 1¼ for Latin and Geography; so that, deducting the quarter for Geography, there will be only 3 hours a-day for Latin, being 15 hours per week.

In the Third Class, for *Latin, Greek*, and *Geography*, three days a-week, 2½ hours are allowed. Two days in the week, 1 hour and three quarters, making, in whole, 19¾ hours per week; so that, supposing the half of that time occupied in Greek and Geography, there will be 10 hours per week for Latin.

The fourth year, 3½ hours every day are to be devoted to Latin, Greek, and Geography, or 22½ hours per week, from which, if one half be taken for the two latter branches, 11¼ hours will remain for Latin.

The fifth and sixth years, and Classes, are somewhat mystified; but, if we understand the arrangement, there are to be 2¼ hours every day for *Latin* and *Greek*, being 11¼ hours per week for both; and as three days are to be devoted to Greek, the hours for Latin, during the two last years of attendance, will be limited to 8¼ hours a-week.

Such is the proposed distribution of time for Classical Studies at the New Academy. In the High School, it is at once more simple, and less liable to exception. Even in the shortest winter day, and stating only the *minimum*, the time devoted by the Master in each class, to teaching, is four hours a-day, at two meetings —or *twenty-two* hours in the week; so that, unless the Teachers of the New Academy are to be endowed with some charm, by which they can convey more knowledge to their pupils in ten, and fifteen, and eleven hours, than the High School Masters can communicate in *twenty-two* hours per week, devoted to the same studies, the projected change furnishes a strong presumption against the innovation. Supposing, in courtesy, that the Masters of the New Academy shall be equal in their professional qualifications to the Masters in the Old School,—and there is no reason to assume that they are superior, —and supposing the numbers and capacities of the boys to be equal, there is a preponderance of chances in favour of the Classes where the greatest portion of time is bestowed on what is professed to be the great and leading object of both Schools, viz. instruction in Latin, with such an addition of Greek as the tender years of the boys fit them for acquiring, while in attendance at either of the seminaries. The first three years at the High School are devoted to Latin *exclusively;* and the fourth, fifth, and sixth years, a portion of the long hours of teaching there is appropriated to Greek; but as the division of time for Greek, and for Latin, in the New Academy, has not yet been announced, it is needless to compare the two plans, where they cannot be minutely contrasted. One thing, however, is quite certain, that a greater portion of time is allowed in the High School for Greek and Latin, than the prospectus of the Academy plan holds out to expectation. And from all we have learnt, either in our own experience, or by information from practical Masters, it is better to defer the commencement of Greek until the fourth year, when a boy may have surmounted the difficulties of his elementary studies in the Latin language, than to involve him, while yet struggling with those difficulties, in a premature task of contending with the rudiments of two languages at the same time. At present, Geography, in as far as it is connected with the studies of the boys, and necessary for the elucidation of the subjects under their notice, is already taught; and for years past, *long before the Academy was spoken of*, Greek formed a part of the study of the High School boys, during the last three years of their attendance, before going to the University. But of this, more hereafter.

The next branch of the New Scheme which presents itself to view is the pecuniary,—not a very trivial one, when the great mass of society is interested. There are some delusions propagated, unintentionally no doubt, by the Directors of the Academy, in their statement, which do not strike the reader at the first glance. In estimating any supposed improvements in the New, upon the system of the Old School, it is of course necessary to limit the comparison in this and other respects to those points in which they fairly admit of comparison; and, therefore, in stating the fees, we shall confine ourselves to the classical department, throwing out of view entirely the writing, arithmetic, &c., which form no part of the regular High School course, but which the Academy Directors have blended with the Classical branch in their Scheme. The fees will then stand thus in the Edinburgh Academy:

1*st* Class and year—October quarter £.3, 2s.; January £.1.; April and July quarters £.2; total £.6, 2s. per annum.

2*d* Class and year—October quarter £.4, 3s.; other three quarters £.3.; total £.7, 3s. per annum.

3*d* Class and year—October quarter £.4, 6s. 6d.; January quarter £.1, 3s. 6d.; April and July quarters £.2, 7s.; total £.7, 17s. per annum.

4*th* Year and Class—the same as the third, £.7, 17s.

5*th*, Or Rector's Junior Class—October quarter £.4, 9s.; January quarter £.1, 6s.; April and July quarters £.2, 12s.; total £.8, 7s.

6*th* Year and Class—The same as the fifth, £.8, 7s.

In the High School, the sum-total, per annum, paid by a boy, *for learning the same branches of education*, amounts exactly to £.3, 5s., payable at five different times. We make no comment on this; it is plain matter-of-fact. The Academy fees may suit a wealthy aristocracy, but they are not adapted to the purses of the greater part of our citizens. The burden of such fees is too heavy to be borne by many who must give their children a Classical education; for if a man should have three sons at the Fourth Class, he will pay, for Greek and Latin, £.23, 11s. a-year of fees,—exclusive of those for other branches; whereas, in the High School, he would pay only £.9, 15s.

Having thus taken a view of some of the more prominent features of the Scheme of the Academy, and compared then with those of the High School, on which, it is said, they are an improvement, we have room, at this time, only for a very few additional remarks.

Before proceeding farther, we must state, explicitly, that we have no sort of objection to the Academy, as a private, or even a chartered institution, starting fairly into competition with the High School, and other Schools. There is abundant room in Edinburgh, we are satisfied, for all the Teachers who may be in both establishments; and the public must always benefit by competition, in every department of human exertion. We do not, however, see that it is a legitimate sort of competition, when the proprietors of the New School rest their claims to public confidence upon alleged defects in the High School, when no such defects appear; and upon promised extensions and improvements, which are neither the one nor the other. The first *alteration* upon the present system of instruction in the High School, (say the Directors,) is "a *more extended instruction in Greek, by all the Masters;*" and the plan has been commended, in this respect, as the "commencement of a new era" in the Greek Literature of Scotland. It is said, that "our youth, when they enter College, are generally ignorant of the Elements of Greek, many of them do not even know the letters," &c. Now, although no deliberate intention to mislead is imputed, yet it is unequivocally implied, in all this, that there is no Greek taught in the High School, or at least that it is taught in so limited a degree as to leave a reproach of deficiency, in this respect, on the country in general. We beg to state how the fact really stands. Twenty years ago, just about the time when the Directors of the Academy left the High School, little attention, perhaps, was bestowed on Greek at that Seminary; but it is perfectly well known, that, for twenty years past, the study of Greek has been extended, and has, in succession, been taught by all the Masters without any fee, although an additional hour is devoted to that purpose. Professor Pillans taught Greek when he was Rector; and Mr Gray taught it with a zeal and ability, which, we will venture to say, cannot be surpassed by many Masters in the New Academy, from whatever quarter of the world they may come. It is at present taught in the Fourth Class, and in the Rector's Class for two years; and the best way of rebutting the implication, (to call it nothing more,) that boys go to the University, from the High School, ignorant of the Elements of Greek, and even of the letters, is just to state the readings in Greek, at the Rector's Class, for the last two, and the current year.

During the Session ending August 1822, the Lowest Class, besides going through Moore's Grammar, read the Collectanea Minora; Extracts from the New Testament; the Odes of Anacreon; and part of the *Cyropædia*. In the Second Class, they read Dunbar's Exercises; Lucian's Dialogues; and nearly 400 lines of the 18th Book of the Iliad;—and in the Highest Class, besides the business of the Second Class, the third Book of the Iliad, the Alcestis of Euripides, and Extracts from Herodotus. The Second and Highest Classes read also the whole of St. Mathew's Gospel; and there were seven boys in the Class who professed to read the whole Iliad.

During the Session ended last August, the Lowest Greek Class (besides their grammatical repetitions) read portions of the New Testament; the Odes of Anacreon; Xenophon's Cyropædia; Extracts from the 1st, 5th, 6th, and 7th Books of the Iliad; and the 18th Book, from line 356, to the end. Besides all the work of the Lower Class, those in the Higher read seven Extracts from Herodotus; part of Xenophon's Anabasis; and above 1000 lines of the Philoctetes of Sophocles. Almost all the boys read the Gospel of St. Mark, and two Chapters of Luke; and the Iliad in various proportions. Four boys professed the whole Iliad, and one boy the whole Odyssey.

And during the present Session, the Highest Greek Class has read, as ordinary lessons, the Prometheus Vinctus of Æschylus, and nearly all the First Book of the Anabasis of Xenophon. The Lower Class is engaged in the Analecta Minora. Some boys have read the last Twelve Books of the Iliad, and the whole Odyssey; and, since October last, they are also engaged in reading Xenophon's Works, and Luke's Gospel.

This has been the course of Greek Study in the Rector's Classes *alone*, for the last three years; and the fact can be ascertained by inquiring at any school-boy in his Classes. If the Academy Masters shall be able to make any extension on this Course of Greek Study, they must work miracles; for the Rector of the High School devotes six hours every day to his Classes;—and, divide their time as they will, and vary their studies as they please, they have not time for doing much more than is already done in the Old School. As to English, Writing, and Arithmetic, it will be found, on a strict examination, that, although these branches seem to be taught at a cheaper rate at the Academy than they are near the High School, yet this is more apparent than real; for it is *only* by diminishing the time usually devoted to those branches that the teaching is made cheaper. During the first three years' attendance at the Academy, there is to be no Arithmetic taught—which seems to be as great an omission as Algebra and Geometry are premature in the system. We are quite satisfied, that, with respect to those branches which are not classical, the advantages are not on the side of the Academy; for the boys are tied down to attend these whether the Masters be good or bad, and are denied the benefit of that competition which it is professedly one of the objects of the Institution to furnish. A very unfounded insinuation has been made about Candlemas' Fees, as if they were still to be considered a voluntary boon; whereas the sum now exacted was constituted a regular charge upwards of twenty years ago; and, at this moment, there are not half-a-dozen boys at the High School who pay the Masters one farthing more than the regulated charges.

There are many other remarks which present themselves to us—but we must be brief; yet we cannot omit to remark, that corporal punishment has long been all but banished from the High School. We have no inclination, and no motive to puff it. But it has long held a fair reputation, of which we see no reason to bereave it, merely because some respectable gentlemen have chosen to establish *another* seminary. We wish *them* all possible success. Yet, we must say, it is sufficiently aspiring in several respects. It does appear somewhat anomalous that a School, which assumes the highest station in Scotland, should have an *Episcopalian* Clergyman at its head; and that Englishmen and Welshmen should have been selected to teach Latin and Greek, according to the *Scotch* mode of pronunciation.

A Sketch.

Oh! who would deem a land so lone and rude,
Which slumbers in its seagirt solitude—
So sever'd from the world—should yet contain
Dwellers to human nature such a stain!
Vile earth-worms, grovelling through life's lowest course,
Offspring well worthy of their dunghill source!
From sinks of meanness rising more and more,
As proud-flesh shoots above an ulcerous sore!
Who cringe to rich men, like the veriest slaves,
No matter whether fools or whether knaves,—
Who, while with smiles they greet, can tales devise,
Withering as bleak November's evening sighs,—
Whose breath of scandal, like the poison'd gale
That wanders o'er the marshes of the vale,
Comes, with the taints collected on its way,
A pestilence that wasteth at noonday!
Who with such rapture can its ruins mark,
As on their rocks they hail the stranded bark,—
Hatch'd on whose hearts, the seeds of hate and strife,
Like dunghill offals, fester into life,—
Nurs'd by the steams that rancour can supply,
Upon the hot-beds of malignity,—
Of bile and bitterness as black as Hell,
And rotten as the *Borough* where they dwell!

RELICS OF A WANDERER.

Chapter II.

"The sun shone bright, the morning after, to every eye in the village," excepting Captain Macfergus. At an early hour, his handmaid, Nicky, was observed to run across the street with an empty choppin bottle, to the house of Mrs Mason. "Our master is in an awfu' state," said Nicky to the landlady, "wi' his last night's *bowse*." In assuming that Mrs Mason was in the knowledge of the *bowse*, Nicky was perfectly correct, for the whole particulars had been communicated by Nicky herself, on the previous evening, before either of them had retired to rest. "I'm sure he looks awfully *disjasked?*" inquired the compassionate landlady. "Troth does he," replied the communicative handmaid; "he's lying yonder, husking like a mad dog, and spitting sixpences; and he says nought will revive his drooping spirits but a bottle o' sma' beer." The bottle was procured, and its contents were administered to the Captain in a wooden bicker by the faithful Nicky, after which he desired the shutters of his bed-room window to be closed.

At an early hour I awoke; and feeling impatient to have a survey of the Burgh, I sallied out to the street, while Mr Heaviland was performing his ablutions, and Mrs Jardine was commencing preparations for breakfast. And here it may not be amiss to introduce a description of the place, drawn from the observations which I made during a pretty long residence.

The name of Dubslacks, I presume, is familiar to the readers of Scottish history and antiquities. Like many other Royal Burghs, it has suffered sad reverses, and been reduced, at length, to hopeless and irredeemable obscurity. Its name may be discovered in an itinerary, or detected in a map; but to the generality of the British public, it is as little known, and not so much talked of, as the Royal Burgh of Tombuctoo. Situated upon "a blasted heath," the approach to it announces the most wretched penury, the feeling of which is confirmed in the breast of the traveller, by the lugubrious aspect of the Burgh itself. There is nothing about the Burgh, in short, to distinguish it from any Scottish village, excepting the utter want of every appearance of comfort,—a cross, where no market is ever held,—and a small square building, which comprehends a jail and a court-room, and is surmounted by a dwarfish whitewashed spire, which, at a distance, may be mistaken for a dovecot. This spire marks the centre of the Burgh; and receding from it is the main street, distinguishable by two or three slated houses, placed at straggling distances, kail-yards, cottages, and pig-styes. On this street recline at their ease the dogs of the Burgh, whose hostility to vehicles of every description, above the rank of a peat-cart, has been long proverbial. If ever it is your hap, gentle reader, to travel through Dubslacks in a chaise, you will observe your driver, as you approach the town, if he be a man of prudence, and accustomed to the road, adjust the lash of his whip, and exercise his wrist as if preparing for a most laborious duty. Ere this, the whole curs of the Burgh have congregated. The yell which is raised as you enter is truly astounding. The gaunt and emaciated carcasses of the pack are proof against the tempest of blows which descends from the seat of the driver; but he, like a man deeply skilled in their anatomy, plies at their mouths, as they tear and gnaw at the wheels of the carriage with the most rabid impatience. The spectacle is sublime. Ensconced within your machine, you despise the storm which *howls* below, while hens, chickens, and pigs, fly and scamper about in all directions, as if a tornado raged within the Burgh. By this canine escort you are attended through the Burgh, and beyond its boundaries, where, exhausted with fatigue, they drop off singly, in a paroxysm of rage and hunger. This striking peculiarity of character in the dog of Dubslacks I have never been able to account for upon any satisfactory principle. An hypothesis, indeed, has been started upon the subject by my worthy friend Mr Heaviland. He supposes the spokes of a carriage-wheel are believed, by the aforesaid dogs, to be the ribs of oxen, or other animals; and that the wheel appears, to their imaginations, distempered by famine and putrid food, to be a machine devised for the express purpose of tantalizing and insulting them. Be this as it may, one thing is certain, that before Dubslacks can ever become a great thoroughfare, as has been often devoutly wished by some of its more patriotic inhabitants, some method must be taken to subdue this indecent propensity on the part of its dogs. But a truce with description. The most correct idea of the place will be obtained by attending to the circumstances which I shall have occasion to record.

In the course of my morning's walk, I observed upon the street a grave old man, of tall stature, but remarkably slender, wrapped up to the chin in a threadbare blue greatcoat, and carrying upright a polished staff of ashwood, approaching nearly to his own height. The meagre aspect of the man, and the sagacity which seemed seated in his countenance, combined with his figure and equipments, fully realized the idea which we are apt to form of a wizard; and, as he stalked along, he commanded, from both old and young, the most profound respect. On returning to Mrs Jardine's, I observed this person standing opposite to her door, in the centre of a little group, with his staff firmly planted in the ground, and one hand uplifted, appearing sometimes to be propounding grave maxims, at other times pursuing the Socratic mode of reasoning with his auditors, whose pride stood effectually rebuked in his presence. I lingered about the door until the termination of the colloquy, when I observed his disciples, for such I took them to be, walk away gloomy and thoughtful, as if some hidden truths had been revealed to them which perplexed their understandings. Mrs Jardine, at the time, happening to come to the door, I made some inquiries at her respecting this dignified individual. "Is it auld John Herbertson ye mean, Sir? O! that's ane o' the langest-headed men in a' our parashin, or in a' the toons roun' about. I'm sure I dinna ken what to ca' him, unless it be that he's ane o' the birliemen o' our Burgh; but when folks are in a burble, they're aye a' sure to rin to John Herbertson. The body has been plowtering in law-books a' the days o' his life; and when he speaks, nought 'll gang down wi' him but *Erskine—Erskine*. There's no a pley that's started, here or hereabouts, but John has a finger in't on the ae side or the other, though I think it's a' the winning side, for fient a pley e'er gangs wrang wi' John, he's sae fu' o' quirks and contrivances. But it's baith meat and drink to him, puir auld man! and I'm sure a penny's better wared on his advice, than givin't awa' to ony o' thae young skilts o' writers about Drumdrouth, that gang galloping through our toon, hunting after pleys, as if a horse and a bunch o' papers sticking out o' their pouch made up for the want o' baith lear and experience. I'm sure I've often leugh at my ain gudeman telling a story o' ane Mungo Carruthers, wha practised in the toon of Kettlestane,—a braw, gash-chield i' thae days, but whae died sair down i' the world, puir man! Weel, Mungo's coming through Dubslacks ae day frae a Shirra-court they had been ha'ding in Drumdrouth, and nought would ser' him but he wad step in and ha'e a gill at Thomas Kirkpatrick's. Sae he left his fine bluid mare, that he bought out o' the Laird o' Castledyke's siller, standing at the door till he took aff his dram. Weel, the mare's brought out again, and Mungo, wi' meikle ado, gets up to the louping-on-stane, and wi' a great brange, he jumps fairly o'er the back o' the beast, and comes flap down on his face in Jenny Jamieson's midden. Then there was sic a hurra raised by the folks, as if the man had performed some clever mountebank trick, they were a' sae spited at the pride o' the Kettlestane lawyer. This same John Herbertson said a gey bitter thing to Mungo, just as he was sprawling out o' the dubs. It sae happened, that there was a pley at the very time about this midden-stead, and Mungo had been fighting about it a' that day in the Shirra-court; and John and he were on opposite sides. So, says John, 'I suppose ye're here as Procurator for Mrs Frood, to take infeftment of the midden-stead; I'm sure there's nae want o' symbols about ye; and I dare say Jenny 'll no grudge you taking pouchfu's o' them hame wi' ye.' But about this same John Herbertson; ye see, there has been nae lawyer in this town entitled to open his mouth i' the Shirra-court since John Crawford died, though Jeskir Wilson, our Town-Clerk, is a kind o' *half-bred;* but the silly doited thing has made himsel' useless wi' snuff and whisky. So John has just the management, in a manner, o' ilka dispute that tak's place among us, and pits into the Drumdrouth writers' heads what they're to say; and thae chaps, ye may be sure, are a' glad to court the acquaintance o' John. I've heard that Willie Fleck, at the townhead, has gat hold o' some law-buiks, and set himsel' up in opposition to John; but though Willie has got eneugh to say, he's no that sicker, but just flighty awee; and they say that his word disna' gang sae far as John's wi' our Bailies, nor yet wi' the Shirra."

After some chit-chat with Mrs Jardine, of no manner of consequence to the reader, I proceeded up stairs, when I found Mr Heaviland striding impatiently across the room, in expectation of my return to breakfast. His eyes were a little bloodshot, but, in all other respects, he appeared bold and vigorous as a lion; and his performance at breakfast satisfied me that his health was in noways impaired by his indulgence of the preceding evening. Indeed, I much doubt whether two individuals ever engaged a more substantial breakfast than we did that morning; for, in addition to the usual items, we had kipper, and ham, and honey, and marmalade, of the last of which Mr Heaviland ate most abundantly. In addition to that stomachic, he indulged himself with a glass of mountain dew, poured into his last cup, and prevailed upon me to follow his example. This libation, he explained to me, was for the purpose of fortifying his constitution against the miasma of the surrounding country, as well as to indulge a habit he had early acquired when abroad.

In conversing together, I communicated to Mr Heaviland some of the few remarks which I had made in the course of my morning's ramble. He listened attentively, and observed, that there was one subject of inquiry connected with Dubslacks, which I had not had time to investigate; namely, the character of its inhabitants. "It may appear strange to you," continued he, "that I should make choice of this secluded Burgh as my place of residence. The truth is, that I have come to imbibe a partiality for Scotland; and though Dubslacks presents not the most perfect sample of Scottish scenery, nor of Scottish manners, there are, to a person of my habits, certain attractions about it which render it less disagreeable; besides, I have higher motives for residing here, which I may explain to you hereafter. Here have I been these eight months; and you may believe that by this time I have acquired some little knowledge of the natives. They are, (as you will have observed,) in outward show, a grave, meditative, lantern-jawed set of people. In the imperturbable listlessness of their manner, they seem as if abstracted from all sublunary concerns; and from their spare bodies, which one would suppose to be macerated by the most painful vigils and obstinate fasts, they look altogether not unlike a college of religious ascetics. But there is that in their gait which proclaims their consciousness of being the denizens of one of the most ancient Burghs of Scotland,—the seat of a fortress, once the greatest stronghold upon the southern march, and the descendants of the feudal retainers of the illustrious Bruce, whose patrimonial possessions lay in the immediate neighbourhood. Their pride, which, under other circumstances, would be noble, is positively ridiculous when allied with the most squalid poverty. It is supported partly by ancient recollections, and partly by the fact, that almost every man of the least consideration in the Burgh has been a participator of civic honours. Hence it often happens, that the blacksmith who shoes your horse, or the publican who serves you with a dram, or the weaver whom you may observe seated at his monotonous toil, in the midst of filth, with a *cutty* in his mouth, carries about with him the honourable *agnomen* of Bailie. The most flourishing corporation in the kingdom is not more prolific of honours, nor are they any where more impartially distributed, which arises from their being scarcely any perceptible distinction of rank among the people. For example, a wight who practises as a Sheriff's officer, struts about Procutor Fiscal of the Burgh. It happened at the time when the revolutionary frenzy was at its height, that a bluff English traveller was driving his gig into the town, when he encountered, about the outskirts, an obstruction in the shape of a peat cart, which was drawn across the road *in invidiam* of all other vehicles. After remonstrating in vain with its owner, a venerable-looking person, habited in a coarse light-blue duffle, and his legs well cased with that thick viscous mud, which is emphatically called *glaur*, he threatened to complain of his conduct to the Mayor of the place. The man, who happened to be Sir Provost himself, undauntedly replied, in a tone not unlike the expiring notes of a bagpipe, 'Ye may gang and tell the *Mair* to kiss my ——,' clapping his hand, at the same time, upon the only fleshy part of his person. The Englishman, in whose imagination a Lord Mayor was the greatest of earthly potentates, was shocked beyond measure by the irreverent expression; and mistaking the honest man's *pirnie-cap* for a *bonnet rouge*, persuaded himself that Jacobinism was actually triumphant within the walls of the Burgh; in which belief he turned about his machine, and made a rapid *detour* to the place of his destination.

"It is not to be supposed that the inhabitants of Dubslacks have escaped the pernicious influence of Burgh politics. In truth, and sorry I am to say it, Dubslacks is preeminently rotten,—so much so, that the viciousness of the system has corroded away the entire *stamina* of the moral constitution of its inhabitants. But for the baneful privilege which they possess, secluded as they are, geographically, from the great world, they might be a virtuous, industrious, and respectable community. But their privilege is the great chain which connects them with that world, and in a way which periodically affords them an opportunity of the most sensual indulgence, and of practising, with advantage, every species of craft, dissimulation, and low jugglery, which have thus become with them fixed and indelible habits. The inhabitant of the parched banks of the Nile does not wait with more impatience for the rise of that mighty river, than do the Dubslacks burgesses the summoning of a new parliament. Then commences the whole degrading routine of electioneering manœuvres, junketing, caballing, promise-making and promise-breaking, &c., in all which every man or woman in the Burgh is more or less participant. It is the custom for a candidate, besides having a professional *chargé-d'affaires* upon the spot, to delegate some veteran toper to drag his voters into, and maintain them in a state of passive insensibility. It is only on such occasions that the good people of Dubslacks enjoy bacchanalian luxuries in their highest perfection. Like the *Boa Constrictor*, when the eating fit is upon him, they gorge themselves with a load which is to serve them for a long and indefinite period; they become red in the gills, pursy and plump; and from their brows drops of sweat, resembling beads of amber, are exuded the same as from a Moffat haggis. But, in a few days, they begin to droop; and, ere a month is past, they are resolved into their primitive ghastly and attenuated forms. The high excitement which they have undergone is succeeded by hallucination, or stupor; in which state they dose away their days in an atmosphere compounded of tobacco smoke and the fumes of the coarsest and most deleterious whisky. Time rolls unconsciously over their heads; and it is uncertain whether any of them, during this period, could assign to a particular day its precise station in the calendar. It happened once, upon a *third* of June, that the two bells of the Burgh were set a-ringing by the worthy beadle, who happened at that time to be just so far recovered from the effects of "some sweet oblivious antidote" as to have an indistinct recollection of the important duties confided to him. As nothing less than a concert was intended by this high functionary for the entertainment of his constituents, he found it necessary to call in the aid of a trusty crony, who happened to be the Esculapius of the Burgh—Dr Black, a gentleman who is distinguished from his patients by a formidable queue, which descends to his rump. A merry peal was soon struck up, to the inexpressible delight of the citizens, who exulted in the proud thought that they had actually a plurality of bells. It was announced to them, that that was the natal day of his majesty, and the dulcet sounds from the steeple were held by all to be demonstrative of the fact. The beadle and the doctor pulled; the boys shouted; the dogs, from natural dispathy, yelled. But, in the midst of this portentous din, the truth was unexpectedly revealed to them by some "good-natured" stranger, that they were a day too early in their demonstrations of loyalty. The beadle and his colleague, to drown their chagrin, had again recourse to the oblivious antidote, and next day passed off *sub silentio*.

"The gravity of the people, in short, is the outward sign of the most consummate hypocrisy; they are lazy, because, instead of trusting to honest industry for a decent support, they become the dependents of some little great man, whose favours, which come "few and far between," are as selfishly bestowed as they are paltry and pitiful; and they are profligate, because they are lazy. Their moral condition realizes to the fullest extent what your Lord Kaimes, in one of his excellent tracts, has predicated of the people of your small Royal Burghs, whom he represents as depraved and brutified in the extreme, by their wretched system of government. An optimist, however, would say with Mr Wyndham, that these are the strains through which the representation of the people in Parliament is "well refined," even to etherial purity; and being myself an optimist in wishes, if not in principle, I am willing to believe that the member for Dubslacks has left behind him all that was earthly and feculent about him with his worthy constituents."

The reader will recognise, in this description by Mr Heaviland, a cynical turn of thinking; which certainly was one of that gentleman's characteristics, heightened in many instances, I am inclined to suppose, by some Trans-Atlantic prejudices which he had imbibed in his travels. The reader will therefore regard his description as, in some measure, a caricature, which I here exhibit merely as a specimen of the extraordinary mind of the artist.

Mr Heaviland and I spent the forenoon in loitering about, and conversing on a diversity of topics. After dinner, we were visited by Captain Macfergus, who looked woefully bleached, and had enough to do in maintaining the habitual simper of complacency upon his countenance. When pressed to "take a hair of the dog that bit him," he complied, after a faint shew of reluctance, and afterwards chaunted the song of

> "Why, soldiers, why—
> Why should we be melancholy ?"

in a style which would have driven Melancholy from any one of her strongest citadels. When he came to the words, "a bottle and kind landlady," he leered most knowingly at Mr Heaviland, who pulled down his brows, as if to rebuke such familiarity. This circumstance opened up to me a secret, which, in due time, shall be divulged to my readers; and certainly gave, at the time, great annoyance to my friend, whose behaviour to the Captain became so changed, that the latter deemed it prudent to invent an excuse for absenting himself. He hinted that he had an engagement that afternoon with a most charming girl, whom he could not think of disappointing. Finding that no inquiries were made by either of us after this charmer, he continued, "Gad! she is an angel; and so romantically attached. There's really no accounting for the caprices of women. What does Burns say?

> She has nae faut, if sic we ca't,
> Except her love for me."

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After waiting in vain for some congratulation upon the great happiness which was in wait for him, the Captain took his leave, expressing by his countenance the sentiment which was so honestly uttered by Falstaff, "you see how we men of merit are sought after."

Chapter III.

The sun blazed with a scorching brightness as, one morning, I awoke from my slumbers, and a thick mist was exhaled from the breast of the loch, and lazily rested upon it in huge undulations. Above, the air was of crystalline purity, save where, from the cottage-chimney, a small volume of smoke arose, which slowly expanded and flickered before it disappeared in the lustre of the firmament. The grasshopper chirped with more than common animation, and the rays of the sun shot with such intensity as to produce the phenomenon of the *mirage* upon the east side of the long stone dykes which intersected the country. These certain presages of good weather determined me to make an excursion to the ancient castle of Dubslacks, the more especially as Mr Heaviland that day was bent upon a fishing excursion, in which I did not chuse to accompany him. So, strolling down the loch, at its farther extremity I reached the remains of the castle, which is now little more than a tumulus of stones, surrounded by trees of a most venerable growth. After fatiguing myself with laborious attempts to trace, amidst the massive ruins, the original architecture of the building, I seated myself upon a stone, and commenced ruminating upon its ancient grandeur as contrasted with the melancholy desolation which now reigned within its precincts. While thus engaged, the figure of John Herbertson suddenly emerged from behind a clump of trees, slowly directing his steps along a rude footpath which conducted through the ruins. A stranger might have supposed him to be the Genius of the place, so well did his time-worn, but dignified serenity of appearance, harmonize with it. For myself, understanding John to be a solitary animal, who never roamed abroad but upon "enterprizes of great pith and moment," I was at first startled upon seeing him; but, resolved not to let the precious opportunity escape, I contrived to cross his path as he advanced upon me, and, affecting an extreme ignorance, "Pray," I said, in a tone of humility, "can you inform me of the precise date of this ancient building?" John condescended to halt, and, after a keen and rather suspicious survey of my person, replied, "Sae far as ever I heard, there are nae writs or evidents extant to throw any light upon that subject. But ancient history informs us, that it was the residence of the Bruce family, wha acquired a' the lands about, by ane o' them marrying Agnes Annand, the only daughter and heiress of the umquhile laird. Agnes's gudeman was an Englishman, and a graceless loon he was, for he fought after that against the kintra that *fan' him in* (*Scoticè*, provided him with) baith a wife and an estate. And the family continued English for a generation or twa; but I trow there was Scottish bluid eneugh in their veins when Robert succeeded to his rights. It was in this castle that Robert first drew the breath o' life, and whar' he first rested his foot when he escaped frae the court o' the English tyrant; though I've often wondered how he fand his way here in the dead o' winter, and the green covered wi' snaw,—for I'm sure, wi' a' the money that's been wared upon the roads here about, there's nae travelling noo at that dreary season, for either beast or body."

"King Robert," I remarked, "must have had a strong partiality for Dubslacks, as it lay upon the very borders of his patrimonial possessions." "On the borders, do ye say?" replied John; "aye, in the very heart o' them. It was he wha first erected it into a Burgh, and made grants to the burgesses of meikle land round about; there was nae a better-endowed Burgh in a' Scotland than Dubslacks at ae time; but a bonny hand they ha'e made o't. King Robert, I trow, if he had a thousand fau'ts, (and I never heard that he was wyted for aught, excepting, by some pernickety folks, for slaying that ne'er-do-weel *Cummin*, as he held by the horns of the altar,) was open-handed eneugh. He settled a' the lands to the south there, that thae clauchins are biggit on, upon some o' his best sodgers; and their descendants haud them to this day by a very odd sort of tenure, whilk is known in nae ither part of Scotland. Their rights are na feudal; and it is for that reason they dinna require sasine; but when ane succeeds to anither, either as heir, or by a conveyance, a' that he has to do is to get his name entered in the buiks o' Lord Stormyhill, wha has the *dominium directum* of the lands, and, in certain respects, may be ca'd the laird o' them,—for ye maun understand they're only tenants; but as they pay just ane elusory duty, and there's nae ish in their tacks, they're kent in law-buiks by the name o' 'friendly tenants.'"

I was much delighted with the excessive communicativeness of the old man, and ventured to insinuate a compliment upon the extensiveness of his knowledge; the only return he made to which was, to set himself on a stone directly opposite to my old seat, which I again resumed. "The folks o' thae clauchins," continued John, "ha'e mony a queer custom amang them; indeed, if I may use scripture language on sic an unworthy subject, they are a *peculiar people*. Whether they ha'e ony o' the right fighting spirit o' their forebears amang them, I'll no tak' it upon me to say, but weel I wat they're aye bickering amang themselves about their bit grundsteads. They're never happy when out o' the law; and a' the siller they can claut together finds its way o'er Errick-stane to nurse their *pleys*, whilk ha'e lang been a bye-word to the Lords of Session."

I could not help smiling at this sage reproof of a propensity which John himself was so instrumental in cherishing; and observed, that, in former times, people would have taken a more expeditious way of ending their disputes. "Atweel that's true," John replied; "and bonnie times they war', when the law neither afforded a man a living, nor wa'd maintain him in ane, against the oppressions o' ithers. Folks did a' by the strong hand i' thae days,—there was nought than but stouthrief and killing amang them; and what did the 'pit and gallows' privilege o' the Barons signify in keeping the peace, unless it was to hang up honest men wha cam' on the lands o' thae haughty lords, to reclaim their ain? Ae year the Maxwells were burning the Laird o' Johnston's house about his lady's lugs;—then the Maxwells and the Crichtons had a bruilzie on the sands o' Drumdrouth, when no ane o' the Sanquhar folks, that was there, escaped wi' his life;—the Crichtons and the Johnstons had a turn-out, and a' about a horse;—and then the Maxwells and the Johnstons wad try their strength on Dryfe Sands, whar' Lord Maxwell lost his life;—after that, young Lord Maxwell wa'd lay in wait and slay the Laird o' Johnston, and for that was obliged to tak' refuge in Ireland. Thae were wearifu' times, as I've aften said, whan the Johnstons and the Jardines ruled the roast in this part o' the kintra. What kind o' folks they war' ye may judge frae the auld bracard that has come doon to us—'The Johnstons and the Jardines, great rogues a'.' Bonnie times, indeed, when the King had to tak' out lawburrows against the Laird o' Johnston and the Laird o' Applegarth, just as, in thae peaceable times, ae scolding wife gangs before a Bailie, and swears the peace against anither! What wa'd the like o' thae great men ha'e said, had they seen Charlie Hood, or any other sic devil's gyte, coming to their door wi' a charge o' horning? My certy! the wand o' peace wa'd ha'e been a puir protection against pit and gallows. But noo the maist rampageous amang them maun knuckle to the arm o' the law. There was Sir John Irving,—wha sae proud and overbearing as he? Yet the maist he could do, whan a messenger cam' to his door, was to fill him fou, to keep him frae poinding his hirsel. Sir John was ane o' thae stubborn loons that wa'd never pay debt without ha'ing the King's express command for it; and e'en managed to mak' a boast o' his misfortunes. Every charge o' horning that he got he stack up in ane o' the best rooms o' his house, until at last the wa's war' fairly covered wi' them; and then the menseless body wa'd shaw a' his visitors into the room, and swear it was the dearest-papered ane in a' Christendom."

"Surely," said I, "the manners of the people of this country must have undergone important changes within your own recollection?" John fastidiously pursed up his mouth, and, after the pause of a minute, replied in an under tone, "Indeed I aften think the change is maistly upon the surface, and that the border bluid is just as predominant as ever. Nae doubt, the natural genius of the folks is sair kept down; and there's nane o' thae forays or deadly feuds that there used to be in ancient times. But weel I wat there's nae want o' bluidwits yet, mair particularly at fairs; and cock-fighting, and horse-couping, and breaking the Shirra's interdicts, and sic like, ha'e just come i' the place o' raids and forays. In my young days, noo, I weel remember there wasna an officer durst execute a poinding, or collect the King's taxes, unless he had a party o' sodgers to back him; and down on the Borders, a deforcement, at this day, is a thing no sae very uncommon. But open stouthrief has been fairly put down since the days o' Jock Johnston, whase very name lang held the kintra in terror. He was the maist stalwart man on a' the Borders, and was the captain of ane band of moss-troopers, wha pricked about in a' directions, sae that it was marvellous if any traveller escaped their clutches. But Jock had some good points about him too, and was weel liked by the hail commonality, wha were pleased to see him keeping up the auld kintra fashion sae manfully. If Jock had met ony ane upon the road wha had ever done him or his a kindness, he was sure to behave like a gentleman, and gied him a pass-word that carried him safely through a' his troopers. When Jock was laying in Drumdrouth Jail, he was waited on, ae market-day, by an honest man, ane Robin M'Kitterick, in Drumholm, wha had often fund him in quarters. Weel, Robin complains to Jock, that he had been robbed o' his pocket-buik in the throng o' the market, and did na doubt it was by some ane o' his confederates. 'Like enough,' says Jock; and, without ony bidding, he begins to fissle amang the straw o' his bed, and turns up mony a guid pocket-buik, no ane of which happened to be Robin's. I ought to ha'e premeesed, it was the custom at that time for prisoners to hang a pock out o' the jail window, for receiving the donations of the charitable; and to the string there was usually tied ane bell, that rung incontinently as aught was dropped into the pock. Jock had ane o' thae pocks, but it was for nae awmes, but just for receiving the booty o' sic o' his ain gang as was stravaigin' about. Weel, as Jock had finished his search, the bell rings; up comes Robin's pocket-buik wi' a' its contents;—and the same were handed o'er by Jock to the auld man, every plack and farthing. But Jock, after a', was a graceless reprobate, and as void o' a' religion as he was o' fear. After he was condemned to die, he was ta'en up to the kirk, according to auld custom, ilk Sunday, just as the minister's bell rung-in,—ironed, and guarded by a strong party o' the town's officers. A' ran to see Jock on thae occasions, sae great was his fame; and as the rabble were pressing about to get the best look, Jock wad yerk them about the shins wi' his shackles; and then took a guid hearty laugh to himsel' at the confusion he had created among them. But the scene which took place at his execution bang'd every thing. When Jock was brought out to the scaffold, he was naewise daunted, but terrible dour at seeing nae hope o' a rescue; and it was wi' meikle ado they got the service concluded wi' ony sort o' decency, for his glunchin' and gloomin'. When a' was in readiness, the hangman tak's haud o' Jock to wyle him on to the ladder; but though his arms was tied behind, he lent him sic a clink, as sent him heels o'er head amang the Provost and Bailies, wha could scarcely keep their stance on the scaffold. The Provost than consulted wi' the minister a bit; and *he* wad try to convince Jock o' the unreasonableness o' his conduct. Sae the minister claps Jock on the shouder; and, says he, 'Jockie, my man, why wad ye rebel against the will o' Providence? Gang ye're ways up like a man, and mak' nae mair moos about it. The folk, ye see, ha'e been kept a lang time waiting, and want to get hame; and yonder's a cloud, too, that's wearying to get a loot aff its stamach. Why, my man, wad ye be sae obstinate?' Jock cast sic a look at the body, that folk really thought he wad ha'e struck him. He was nae sae menseless as a' that, however; but, making use o' a terrible aith, 'Damn ye,' he said, 'how wad ye like to be hanged yoursel'?' The decent auld man just turned about, and wrung his hands wi' sorrow at Jock's obdurate wickedness. There was then nought left but for a namesake o' Jock's ain, ane Patrick Johnston, the stoutest man in a Drumdrouth, who was employed by the town as smith on the occasion, to tak' a big fore-hammer, and break Jock's right arm fairly through wi't. When he found that he could nae langer gi'e bat for bat, to be sure, he mounted the ladder; but just as he was thrown o'er, the devilish spirit o' him gat the upper hand again; sae he made a glaum at the ladder, but missed the grip, and kicked and spurtled maist awsomely, as he was hanging. It was believed by a' that he gaed out o' the warld cursing the Provost and Bailies, and a' that war' about him."

John now rose to depart, and as I learnt that his way was towards the town, I proposed to accompany him. As we journeyed along, I endeavoured to engage him insensibly in a conversation respecting the past and present condition of his native Burgh. "It appears to me," I observed, "that the state of Dubslacks, at one time, must have been prosperous and flourishing, as the town itself is unquestionably ancient, and there must have been some overwhelming cause to reduce it to its present obscurity." "There is nae cause that I ken o'," said John, "excepting that the kintra has got mair peaceable and settled; and anither, whilk I'll speak to hereafter. The castle was ane place o' great strength, and afforded a protection to the Burgh, whilk thus became a city o' refuge to a' wha suffered under oppression. It was there, too, that our Borderers brought maist o' their plunder, whilk they carried awa' frae the English; and, besides being protected, it wad be in some measure supported, nae doubt, by the sogers wha garishioned the castle. An' o'er an' aboon a' this, as there war' few shops, or *publics*, kept in thae days, in landwart toons, the Burgh wad be the only place whar people could safely traffic in. We read in ancient buiks o' fairs at Dubslacks; and o' ane in particular, whar that haliket devil, George Douglas, wha was then outlawed, set upon the chapmen and sweety-wives wi' a party o' English; but the Scots that war' there soon rallied, and chased the rievers across the Border wi' great slaughter.

"But the greatest misfortune," continued John, "that ever befel Dubslacks, was the withdrawing frae it the Itinerant Courts. In my younger days, and till within these thretty years or so, the Shirra, for the convenience o' the lieges, used to hald his Court here at stated periods. It was really a pleasure, in a simmer's morning, to see the procutors frae Drumdrouth, and a' the towns about, riding into the toon in threes and fours; and after that, ha'ding consultations in the main-street wi' their different clients; an' then the bell was rung, and the Court fenced wi' mair solemnity than I ha'e even seen at ony o' our Justiciary Circuits. I wad rather ha'e fasted ony day than missed auld John Dickson, the bar-officer, in the King's name and authority, and in name and authority of the Sheriff-Depute and his Substitute, (gi'in' them a' their titles at full length,) prohibiting and discharging a' his Majesty's lieges, and others, whom it effeired, from troubling or molesting the Court, or taking speech upon them, one for another, without leave asked and given, under the pains o' law. Ye canna imagine what an effect thae words had upon the bye-standers;—it was really wonderfu'! and mony a weel-conducted debate, too, ha'e I listened to within the Shirra-Court at Dubslacks. There was a pley that I mysel' had a hand in, about a right o' feal an' divot, in whilk I had retained Peter Douglas as procutor for the defender. So ae day, the diet upon Peter was called for him to produce his witnesses. But sae was the case," (observed John, with a sly sardonic grin,) "that time hadna been allowed for *preparing* our witnesses. What we should do sadly perplexed baith o' us for a wee. Howsomever, we determined to set our hearts stoutly to a stey brae; and whan the opposite doer (wha was na'e ither than Tam Charteris) was roaring out for protestation and circumduction, Peter gat on his legs, and averred, that Tam had extrajudicially agreed, the night before, to continue the diet for another fortnight. Tam was confounded at the assertion—as weel he might—and gaped and glowr'd about him like a man i' the dead-thraws. After collecting his wits about him, he assured the Shirra that 'the statement made frae the ither side was false *in toto*,—that, *de facto*, it had no foundation,—that it was a pitiful manœuvre,—a mere stave-off,—a contemptible subterfuge,—a base attempt at procrastination,—he denied it, *mordicus*,—and, for his part, he wondered how any person, having the pretensions of a gentleman, could set up his face in a Court, and maintain such an abominable whid.' I thought at ae time that Peter was to be fairly put down wi' sic a brattle o' words, every ane as hard as a whinstane. But faith he was mettled eneuch, and made a reply whilk Charteris, I'm sure, didna forget in a hurry. 'My Lord,' he said, 'the foul and scurrilous language which I have just heard is too disgusting to merit a serious answer. It is enough to make a dog disgorge' (thae were his very words.) 'But,' said he, 'when drink's in wit's out, which is the only apology I can imagine for Mr Charteris' extraordinary discourse; and though it is plain that he has brought his temper along with him to the Court, he has certainly left his conscience behind him, in the keeping of Mrs Jalep.' Ye maun ken this was ane o' Tam's cummers. Had ye but seen how the Shirra nickered and leuch, and clawed his elbuc at this oration o' Peter's! However, a' wadna do, since we had nae evidence o' the alleged paction; and sae circumduction passed against us. But we put a' to right again in a day or twa, by stapping in a reclaiming petition, by whilk time we had routh o' witnesses forthcomin'.

"There was ane curious circumstance about that same petition. As it had to be signed by our client himsel', it was drawn up in Dubslacks, here, by a lawyer we had at that time o' the name o' John Crawford. John, to shaw aff his education, wad refer to the authority o' Erskine; and as his copy o' the buik was but the abridgement, the mislear'd creature set down, in the margin o' his paper, the words '*Vide wee Mr Erskine.*' When the process cam' again to be advised, the Shirra-Substitute, wha was na'e ither than John Warsh, asked him what Mr Erskine he meant?—he cou'dna mean the Professor, for he could assure him that that Mr Erskine was a bigger man than either o' themsel's;—there was sic a laugh raised against lawyer John, by the hail Court, (even the lookers-on, though the Court had been fenced, cou'dna contain their mirth,) that if he had haen either mense or fye-for-shame about him, as he never had in his lifetime, he wa'd never again ha'e held up his head. But, faith, after that, the chield was obliged to haud up his head before the Heigh Court of Justiciary, for the forcible abduction o' Bailie Waters, (whase vote was very precarious,) at a general election; for whilk offence he had to dree six month's penance (if living on the best o't, at the expence o' his employers, could be ca'd penance to a man like Jock) in the Tolbooth o' the Canongate. But that story wa'd tak' a simmer's day in the telling o't.

"This Shirra Warsh I was speaking o' was a clever man, and a guid lawyer. But, oh, he liked mischief and fun in his heart! After ha'ding his court at Dubslacks, he used to tak' the road o'er the hills, sax miles out o' his gate, to the Clauchin o' Dabton—a' the procutors following him like a string o' wild-geese. In the Clauchin there was ane famous ale-house, i' thae days, kept by ane widow Kellock, whar' a' the Members o' Court used to dine in a body—the bar-officers serving on them as waiters;—and as soon as the drink had flown to their heads, they took to the floor and danced bull-reels—*coram judice*, as they used to express it—while the Shirra himsel' kept them at it by playing the fiddle. Nae doubt sic conduct was very disparaging to a Judge; and as little doubt but it led to meikle mischief, for, after thae ploys, it was days before ony o' them could be said to be in *liege pourtie* again."

As we proceeded along the margin of the loch, John began to exhibit some symptoms of uneasiness; and upon his approaching a dike which intercepted our course, he drew the tails of his coat leisurely aside, and, without saying a word, seated himself upon a verdant knoll, by an aged thorn, which threw its shrivelled and moss-covered branches towards the loch, as if avidous of moisture. This movement, on the part of Mr John, I construed into an invitation to follow his example; and accordingly seated myself at such a distance as evinced both a moderate degree of respect, and a consciousness of some claim to his farther acquaintance. "This loch," said John, "is of marvellous depth; and I've often thought it was ane daft saying o' auld Sir James Grierson, when it was proposed by the heritors to drain it, that the cheapest way o' accomplishing that wad' be to coup a cargo o' Jamaica rum into it *. He meant it, nae doubt, as a skit upon the Dubslacks folks, wha were never famous for their sobriety. But little did he ken the depth o' the loch whan he spoke sae racklessly. There's a pool yonder, wast o' the kirk, whilk has never yet been fathomed by man, and whilk, in recent times, was the scene o' ane most horrible tragedy. Ane Jamie Wood, in our town, whase wife was come o' maist respectable folks, and in her young days was reckoned the lo'esomest lass in a' the kintra side;—this Jamie Wood, casting aff a' fear, baith o' God and man, took up wi' a Mrs French, who, by a' accounts, had driven her ain guidman to a rash and untimely end. She was a clean-shanked, strapping hissey;—but, oh! her face had an expression sae devilish, that any man in his right senses wad' ha'e shunned her as a fiend incarnate. But she managed, for a', to throw her cantrips o'er Jamie, wha was sae bewitched, that he wad' ha'e sacraficed baith soul and body at her bidding. His puir wife, i' the meantime, dreed meikle dool an' sorrow wi' his barbarous usage, but she never compleened, though every ane could see that grief was wasting the unhappy woman doon to a shadow. The approaches o' death, however, war' o'er slaw for the impatience o' Jamie and his harlot, wha conspired to bereave the meek innocent creature o' her wretched life.

On a Wednesday night, Jamie returned late frae a Drumdrouth market, where he and Mrs French had met and concerted their measures. The bairnies war' a' put to bed,—a guid ingle bleezed on the hearth,—and before it the douce woman had spread out a comfortable supper, whilk she had scraped together, wi' the intent, nae doubt, o' driving awa' the wrath o' her husband, wha' never spared her when drink and Lucky French together ran in his head. When he had finished his supper, he bade her pu' aff his boots; and as she was doing his bidding, wi' mair than becoming humility, he gaed her a drive wi' his foot on the breast, that sent her backwards upon the floor wi' a terrible brange; and as she raised her eyes upwards, as if imploring his mercy, the base inhuman villain struck her sic a blow on the temple, wi' the shaft o' his whip, (whilk was mounted wi' brass,) as set her a-sprawling. The sight that was now before him might ha'e melted the heart o' a savage: the wife o' his bosom weltering in gore at his feet, whose voice was never raised to reproach him,—wha had bore him a family o' comely bairns, and even now, in the jaws o' death, wadna cry out, frae a dread o' exposing him. There was nae saying but even Jamie might ha'e relented at the sad spectacle; but as he was swithering what he should do, he heard the loun voice o' a woman, through the window, crying on him to complete the murderous work. His uplifted weapon again lighted upon the head o' his senseless victim, and after repeated strokes, she drew up her legs and surrendered her saul, without a groan, into the hands o' her Maker. Whan the colour o' death had o'erspread her once comely countenance, an eldritch laugh at the window bespoke the joy of the depraved harlot, wha had encouraged the murder; but Jamie, without turning his een in that direction, made nae other reply but by pouring down his hause the hale whisky that had been left in the bottle. His next care was how to dispose o' the corpse, whilk he stript o' every thing but the sark and the mutch, and coost it o'er his back, like a lading o' meal. By this time it was twa in the morning, and the moon and the starns were shining clearly; sae when he got to the door, he looked about him, to see that naething was stirring, but heard only the swattering o' teals in the loch, and the cry of howlets frae the auld kirk steeple. But just as he was aboot to step aff wi' his burden, a man turned the corner and passed close in front o' the door. This was Wattie Scott o' the Cowshaw, wha was coming through the toon that soon i' the morning, on his way to the mill; and as he afterwards told the Fiscal, saw something white looking o'er Jamie's shoulder like the head o' a woman. But as he was confused at the time, he only wished Jamie a guid-morning, and passed on. After this, Jamie made a race across the street, and through the kirk-yard, whar' he had to stap o'er the graves o' his murdered wife's forbears, and o' twa fine boys she had bore him in wedlock,—a circumstance that might ha'e quelled the stoutest heart; but graves, or ghaists, or howlets' cries, or the flapping o' the aul' scutheon at the south end o' the kirk, had nae terrors for Jamie. It was man alone that he feared, as if to man alone he had been accountable. God sain us a'! but if I had been him, I wad ha'e thought every starn i' the lift the sleepless e'e o' ane o' the heavenly host watching the murderer's footsteps, and every breath o' wind as announcing the approach o' some minister o' divine justice. But as soon as Jamie had got to the edge o' the loch, he threw his fearfu' burden into the coal black pool, and the waters closed o'er that body (that had just parted frae an immortal saul) wi' as little remorse as if it had been a sackfu' o' rubbish; and the waves kept plashing against the shore, and sticks and straws kept drifting about in the pool in the clear light o' the moon, just as if naething had happened. But the e'e neither o' God nor o' man was closed upon the unnatural doing. Wattie Scott, after he had passed the door o' Jamie's house, thought a' wasna right, and the mair sae, as he felt his hale flesh beginning to creep; sae taking a turn southward, he heard a splash in the water, and in a minute after, saw Jamie Wood rinning up the loaning that leads frae the loch to the end o' the toon, like a man demented. The same morning, about day-break, the body, whilk had risen frae the bottom to the tap o' the pool, was found by ane honest woman ca'd Becky Mitchell, wha was there for a rake o' water; and whan examined by Dr Black, deep marks o' the whup-shaft war' visible on her forehead.

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* This plan of draining a loch, it would appear, does not exclusively belong to Mr Magnus Troil.—*Ed.*

"Weel, ane wad ha'e thought here was proof sufficient to convict the murderer; but sae it was, that he escaped scart-free at the hands o' the law, though, it is said, he afterwards died a miserable death in England, where he was obliged to flee frae the wrath o' his neighbours. It's true he was tried at Drumdrouth circuit; but sic a mismanaged business was never heard tell o'! In the first place, the King's Advocate-Depute was but a green-horn, and had a voice like a penny trumpet, whilk banished a' sense o' respect frae the audience. The first question that he put to the first witness was, 'Do you know Dubslacks?' as if that ancient Burgh had been some obscure onsteading. This raised a universal laugh, (and nane joined in't mair heartily than Jamie himself;) and put the jurors out o' that solemn deliberate frame o' mind whilk befitted the occasion. In the second place, Wattie Scott contrived to forget a' that he had revealed to the Fiscal. Ye maun ken we're puir bodies about here, and the only way that ane can help another, is to gi'e a bit twist to a story in delivering a testimony. And thirdly and lastly, our Dr Black havered terribly about *peericranies* and *os frontises*, and thereby destroyed a' the credit that might ha'e been due to his evidence. The Judge, wha was a red-wud body, up every noo and then like a tap o' tow, suspecting the doctor's deficiencies, wad cross-interrogate him upon some o' the kittly points o' his airt; and among other questions, he asked him, 'where is the peericrany of a woman situated?' The Doctor, imagining that the Judge really stood in need o' information upon that particular point, was as kir as a fighting cock; and at once replied, 'My Lord, according to the best authorities, it lays about her kidnies.' Losh me! I thought the Judge wad ha'e sprung aff his seat, and ta'en the Doctor by the tappin; but he contented himsel' wi' gi'eing him a most awfu' rebuke. 'Go out of my sight, (and the foam came running frae the wicks o' his mouth,) go, you illiterate brute! You're a disgrace to the profession, and I doubt not have been guilty of more murders than the unhappy wretch at the bar,—Macer, turn him out!' But the honest man was saved the trouble, for the Doctor by this time had fled as if he had been chased by the devil; and when he fand his feet ance mair on the causeway, weel I wat he might ha'e said as the auld wife said when she was whipped through the town o' Drumdrouth, and just as *hangy* had left her, 'My certy, this is a bonnie taisle!'"

The Old Castle.

WHAT solemn silence, venerable pile!
Prevails throughout thy once-resounding halls!
Thy vaulted roofs re-echo back no more
The voice of mirth. No more the warrior stern,
Stript of his armour, o'er these ample floors
Treads the light measures of the mazy dance.
The tragic story and the boist'rous song,
That used to meet with kind attention here,
Alike are finish'd—all are silent now;
The bard's long legend and the minstrel's strain
Have long, long ceas'd to meet the list'ning ear.
The wakeful warder on the lofty wall
Has dropt asleep into the arms of Death,
And, no successor of his line appearing,
The staring owl has hopp'd into his place;
And where the warder's bugle could arouse
A mail-clad legion, at the darkest hour
Of dreary midnight, to repel the foe,
His feather'd substitutes' most hideous note
Wakes but a slumbering echo. Human voice
Is never heard among these dismal vaults,
Nor earthly sound, except, at intervals,
The lonely popping of a falling stone.
These thick and strong built-walls erewhile that bade
Defiance to the rude assailing foe,
Crumble with every blast, and moulder down
When merely batter'd by the winds of heav'n.
And when the iron hand of cruel war
Entrance in vain essay'd, the noisy daw,
With ease and seeming exultation, digs
A home commodious for her callow-brood;
She seems to strain her little throat to tell
How she can lightly scatter on the winds
These hoary relics of baronial pride!
O *Grandeur!* hither bend thy lofty look!
Here, O *Ambition!* moralize and learn!
See yonder half-decay'd and moss-grown stone,
That lumbers now unheeded in the path!
Proudly pre-eminent that stone has been!
High in the castle's warlike front it stood,
And shew'd the armorial bearing; now no trace
Remains of what, to awe-struck vassals, show'd
Their lord's high lineage, and the sculptor's skill.
The hand of Time, like that of wary thief,
Hath raz'd the owner's mark, and placed his own.
Where are the trappings of the vanquish'd now,
That, glittering, hung around the festive hall
In ostentatious pomp, to which, with pride,
The aged warrior pointed, as he told
What ruin dire his youthful arm had spread
Among the legions of the hostile foe?
Those warlike trophies are by rust consum'd,
This hall is roofless, and the warrior gone!
Although, with ruffian grasp, he rudely seiz'd
The book of Fame, and with his faulchion's point

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Traced deep, in blood, his designation there.
'Twas all in vain; his history and his name
Have, ages since, been swallow'd by the moth!
Where are the youth, that, while the war-worn chief
Detail'd the history of each grizly gash
That mark'd his aged limbs, felt all their hearts
Beat high for war, and burn for deeds of arms?
Those heroes bold, those patriots that stood
Their country's bulwarks in the hour of peril,—
Whose well-strung arms so powerfully could stem
The battle's tide, and turn it on the foe!
Those who surviv'd the carnage of the field,
Time's rapid overwhelming flood hath caught,
And hid for ever in its gulph profound.
The high-born chieftain, and the vassal poor,
Alike forgot, are moulder'd into dust,
And that same dust is moulder'd and decay'd!
Through these embrazures wide, from whence, of yore,
On fatal errand, and with mortal aim,
The whizzing arrow flew, the evening breeze
Blows soft and harmless. Hark! what sound was that?
A corner of the battlement has fallen,
And in its ruins crush'd a little brood,
The unfledg'd offspring of the bird of night.
Alas! when first these massy walls arose,
Revengeful feuds cemented them with blood,
And still their latest fragments cannot fall
Innocuous to ruin. Fearful times
These must have been, when safety could be found
No where, except in battlemented tow'rs;
Through Time's dark vista, we, with fear, survey
The face of things in these disastrous days;
When o'er these lands Rebellion stalk'd at large,
And in her train foul Murder and Revenge
Uprear'd their horrid heads. Pale Terror reign'd.
The very sov'reign trembled on his throne,
Which shook beneath him with the bursts of treason;
The powerful chieftain, too, whose high command
Could muster trembling thousands for the field,
Found all his safety in the naked sword,
That glanced beside him on his midnight pillow.
The lowly trav'ller on the highway eyed,
With looks aghast, each little trembling leaf
That dropt beside his path, for ev'ry bush
O'erhung a ruffian, and each lonely dell
Conceal'd a lurking murd'rer. Yes, we view
The page of hist'ry, and, abhorrent, shrink
From such a fearful, melancholy tale.
And as around us, now, we cast our eyes,
And see no more the grizly form of war,
And that no more, upon their peaceful plains,
The hostile banner waves on Albion's breeze,
We feel as waken'd from a fearful dream,
When we perceive that what we shudder'd at
Was but a phantom of the years gone by.

Extempore,

To a Lady who told me that her cat was full of Electricity.

NATURE's ways are strange; art and simplicity
Alternate reign; where Jove once proudly sat,
High in the thunder-cloud, red electricity
Flashes and sparkles round,—
Whilst man has also found
The same bright fire hid in a tabby cat!
But farther yet philosophers will go;—
Their art's but in its childhood; they'll unlock
Far deeper secrets, and in time they'll know,
As I do, Chloe, what a dreadful shock
Of strong electric fire a single kiss
Of thy soft lips can give—a shock, but yet a bliss!

H. G. B.

PHRENOLOGICAL CRITICISM ON BALLADS OF THE OLDEN-TIME.

An auld spring on a new fiddle.—*Scots Proverb.*

That the present age is distinguished beyond all its predecessors, not only for patient and accurate research, but also for new and surprising discoveries, is a fact so obvious, that it may be pronounced a truism. But the consequences which must result from this are not yet anticipated; for our philosophers will, at no distant date, find themselves placed like the son of Jupiter Ammon, when he sat down and cried because there were no more worlds to conquer. It may perhaps be said, that the properties of the elements, and the different combinations of matter, are infinite and inexhaustible; but we would beg those who reason thus, only to reflect on the numbers now employed in the research. Till within these few years, philosophy, both speculative and experimental, was, with few exceptions, confined to Royal Societies and Universities. How different now! What with Schools of Arts, Philosophical Journals, Chemical Catechisms, Mechanics' Magazines, and other publications, "in numbers numberless," Nature will be like a hapless victim in the fangs of the Holy Inquisition and, stretched upon the rack, her inmost secrets will be extorted; although it is probable, that, like the sufferer in our simile, she may, on some occasions, in her agonies, or with the hope of obtaining a release from pain, deceive her tormentors with specious falsehoods.

But what will accelerate the diffusion of knowledge infinitely more than all these put together, is Phrenology—a system of Metaphysics, which, although it still excites the risibility of some, and the ridicule of others, will, ere long, astonish and delight the world. This truly sublime system buries, in total eclipse, all that has hitherto been done for the improvement of the human race, and will render all future attempts quite unnecessary. It is yet but a few years since Jenner, for the discovery of Vaccine Innoculation, was pronounced the benefactor of mankind; but it requires not the gift of prophecy, only a glance forward in the vista of time, to affirm, that, comparing the brightest blaze of Jenner's fame with that which awaits Spurzheim, the one was like the puny bonfire we lately beheld on the summit of Arthur's-Seat, compared with the burning of Moscow, or an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Jenner, it must be granted, has taught us to save human life, and thereby increase pauperism, poor-rates, and human misery, by an overstocked population; and although his discovery may improve the beauty of "the human face divine," and render Blind Asylums less necessary, yet, according to the doctrine of Malthus, which is now the general standard with political economists, these trivial advantages are more than neutralised by the evils already mentioned. Not such the system of Phrenology, the tendency of which is to produce incomparably greater blessings to mankind, without any attendant evil; and in so far as the beauty of the mind excels that of the external countenance, and in as much as clearness of intellectual perception is preferable to bodily eyesight, in the same proportions must Phrenology be estimated beyond Vaccine Innoculation,—for the system of Spurzheim must bring both physical and intellectual faculties rapidly to perfection.

There will be then no blundering in sending men to the pulpit, who should have been kept at the plough-tail, cravens to the camp, and blockheads to the senate and the bench. The poet tells us,

> One science only will one genius fit;

and although there may be some so highly favoured by Nature, as that their heads may bear a strong resemblance to Switzerland, or the Highlands of Scotland, in exhibiting a continued series of bumps, each indicative of genius, yet there will still be some one towering proudly pre-eminent above the rest, as Ben-nevis or Mount Blanc rise sublime amidst their surrounding mountains.

Hence, it will be an easy matter to direct the education of youth; and every one will be sent to pursue that study for which nature has peculiarly adapted him; and of course we shall then have no *mediocre* professors or practitioners in any science; and those whose heads, like the swampy fens of Holland, present nothing but a dull, undiversified level, being easily distinguished, no expence will be thrown away on

> Skulls that cannot teach, and will not
> learn;

they will be considered as helots, and serfs of the soil, set apart as "hewers of wood, and drawers of water," and, by Act of Parliament, prohibited from propagating their kind. For accelerating the advent of this glorious era, there will also probably be established, by the same authority, a Board, something like that of our Trustees for Fisheries and Manufactures, with a fund at their disposal, to be distributed as premiums for encouraging the breed of children of genius, the glory of their country; this, like other bounties, will be soon and gradually withdrawn; for, as the marriage of dolts will be prohibited, the race will soon become extinct; and although we shall not live to see its full consummation, like the immortal Washington, many of the present generation may rejoice in the progressive prosperity of their country, which, before the centenary return of the period at which we write, will be in a state of perfection. All our rulers and judges, supreme and subordinate, will be Solomons and Daniels; our philosophers Newtons; our preachers Chalmerses and Irvings; our poets renovated Byrons; our musicians and singers Mozarts, Catalanis, and Rossinis; and every metaphysician a Spurzheim.

It may be presumed, as a fair conclusion, that this anticipation of the glorious return of the golden age has been the sole cause of the philanthropic Owen's scheme, for the same benevolent purpose, meeting so little encouragement. But why should the public be at the expence of paralellograms, and producing the disorganization of society, when the same end can be obtained as speedily, and with more certainty, by far simpler means? With what enraptured feelings must the Phrenologist contemplate the period when his system shall be universally promulgated and believed, when every baneful passion shall be annihilated, knowledge pervading every brain, and human happiness perfect! This brings us to the position with which we started; that, soon after this, there will be no mysteries in nature to develope, and neither discoveries nor improvements to promulgate.

As it is evident from Spurzheim's writings, that, amidst all the other cerebral organs, No. 10 is fully developed, we should not be surprised, if his disciples here, with more zeal than discretion, have wounded the feelings of their leader. As the name of Columbus must live till the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans overwhelm the new world, which he discovered, so Spurzheim, doubtless, expected that his name and fame should "flourish in immortal youth," while Phrenology existed, or, in other words, while the human cranium contained any brains. This was a rational hope, and if not a laudable, at least a very excusable vanity. But his proselytes in this quarter, anxious, we presume, to do away the charge of novelty from their system, have, by some elaborate critisisms on the dramas of Shakespeare, attempted to prove that he was a Phrenologist; and thereby, in proportion as they raised the fame of the system, they depressed that of him who introduced it here, by destroying his claim to the merit of the original discoverer, leaving him only that of having restored what had been forgotten,—the ill-natured will say, exploded. They likewise forget, that, granting Shakespeare to have been a Phrenologist, great as his knowledge was, it is no proof of the truth of the system; for its enemies will tell them, that "glorious John Dryden" believed in judicial astrology,—the sapient King James, and sagacious Matthew Hale, in the existence of witches; and that, by the same rule, some centuries hence, the theorists of that day may attempt to establish the fable of the second sight, by quoting the authority of Dr Johnson, that great luminary of the eighteenth century.

Such are the specious objections which logical sophistry may employ in destroying this buttress, to which we think it was unnecessary to have recourse; however, they have proved what they wished to establish; and we are now as firmly convinced that Shakespeare was a Phrenologist, as that Solomon was a free and accepted Mason. We had some thoughts of shewing that Phrenology was of much higher antiquity, and had commenced the introduction to an essay, the object of which was, to establish that the prophet of Mecca was a Phrenologist, when we recollected that our copy of Sale's Koran was lent to a gentleman, who is writing a treatise on the miracles of Prince Hohenlohe. However, still wishing to display at least our good-will, we persevered in our determination to write, when our previous plan was anticipated by a learned and elaborate essay in the Edinburgh Magazine, proving Phrenology as old as the Creation. This was in some degree mortifying; but a little reflection convinced us, that this writer, like the orator of Hatton-Garden, had written only for the imaginative and learned; we therefore resolved upon saying something suited to those of less scholarship, and which might be plain to the meanest capacity, and, sitting down *con amore*, struck off the following effusion:

It appears to us, that much time, thought, and labour, have been expended to little purpose, in proving that Shakespeare understood Phrenology. To suppose that Nature's favourite son, who

Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new,

should have been ignorant of this sublime system, is so preposterous, that any attempts to prove the contrary is like gilding gold, improving the tints of a rose, or sprinkling artificial perfume on the violet.

But if it can be proved that this system, science, or whatever we may chuse to term it, was familiar to those authors, whose names have perished, although their works remain, this were doing honour to Phrenology, and a service to the public, besides rendering justice to our ancestors, in shewing that they were not so ignorant as we, their ostentatious descendants, are apt to imagine. Now, to establish the fact, we have only to look at a few of our ballads of the olden-time, which are still popular, although the names of the authors, if ever known, have long been buried in the gulf of oblivion.

We shall begin our illustrations by a short criticism (on Phrenological principles) on that fine old ballad of Chevy Chase, which was deemed worthy of investigation by that chaste and elaborate critic to whom Britain is deeply indebted for his extended criticism on Paradise Lost. It appears from internal evidence, that the ballad of Chevy Chase was written by one contemporary, or nearly so, with the event which he celebrates, although the language has decidedly been modernized; and if so, then the author has precedence of Shakespeare by more than a century.

Whoever this nameless writer was, he deserved to live in fame, not only for his poetic talents, but for his piety. How finely is this expressed in the first lines of his poem, and before he begins his narrative! Instead of invoking the Muses, he piously prays,

"God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all."

Again, near the conclusion, when King Henry is informed of Percy's death, he makes the monarch utter a short prayer for the dead hero, quite consistent with the religious tenets of those days:

"Now God be with him! cried our King."

And the author closes the whole, in a strain similar to that in which he began:

"God save the King, and bless the land
With plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!"

From these quotations, it must be obvious to every one in the slightest degree acquainted with the system of Phrenology, that the anonymous author had the organs of veneration and benevolence fully developed. His devoted loyalty is also deserving of attention from some in the present day; the first and last stanzas of his poem are each a prayer for the King and his people without distinction. It were easy to extend our observations on this subject; but having no desire either to abuse or flatter Whigs or Tories, we content ourselves with bestowing our meed of approbation on the authors; at the same time, expressing a hope, that either Dr Spurzheim, or some of his indefatigable disciples, will soon discover a distinct organ for loyalty, or veneration for kings; if all the cranium is already parcelled out, they must just do as the Papists did with the decalogue—split one cell in two, and run a slight partition through some department, such as they find in general but slightly occupied.

In the concluding line of the very next stanza, with what strength and brevity is the benevolence of the unknown author again displayed! He has just commenced his narrative, when we are to suppose his mind teeming with his subject; yet he cannot suppress the tender emotions of his heart.

"To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day!"

How beautifully simple, and yet how natural the reflection which thus breaks in upon his narrative! Here, we may observe, by the bye, is a strong conjectural proof that the ballad was written immediately after the battle, as the author says,

"The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day."

Hence we are warranted in believing he alludes to the embryo, which was, in a few months, to become the orphan child of a widowed mother—the father and husband being slain in the battle:

"The stout Earl of Northumberland
A solemn vow did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take;
The choicest harts in Chevy Chase
To kill and bear away."—

Here we have a character of this branch of the Hotspur family, most perfectly accordant with history, and agreeable to what the great master of English poetry at a subsequent period delineated. Percy is described here as having the organ of destructiveness most protuberant. He resorts to the Scottish woods for the purpose of killing "the choicest harts," and after he has accomplished this work of destruction, the author informs us, that

"Earl Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deer."

Nothing can be more descriptive of a man delighting in blood and carnage; after his destructive appetite has been sated by the dexterity of his huntsmen, he hastens to the spot where the prey is collected, to feast his eyes and glut his savage nature, by gazing on his murdered victims. We have here an almost irrefragable proof of the solid basis on which Phrenology is established; the organs of combativeness and destructiveness are, to use a homely phrase, next-door-neighbours, and we see in the character under consideration, how, when the first is strongly developed, it is apt to influence the second; the one kept within due bounds is not only a virtue, but, according to the Roman language, courage and virtue were synonymous terms; the other, under every modification, is a vice, and when indulged to excess, degrades man into a monster: thus we see, that as combativeness is apt to degenerate into destructiveness, the extreme of some virtues becomes a vice. That Percy had true courage is subsequently shewn; but it is clear he had also a love for fighting; for he says,

"Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here;
But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay!"

This is the language of weariness and disappointment; but on being told that his antagonist is approaching, he addresses his train in a tone of animated, cheerful ease, and requests them to prepare for battle. We cannot help feeling a particular interest in Douglas, who is the injured party, and also our countryman: his character is well delineated; he has the organs of courage and firmness, but not that of ferocity; that of benevolence is strongly marked, for while determined to oppose the daring intruder, he proposes single combat, from motives of humanity.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were
And great offence to kill

Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill."

The author next exhibits a hero of another character,—Witherington; with real courage, he seems to have the organs of conscientiousness fully developed; also a very considerable portion of self-esteem and love of approbation, which, as was already observed of combativeness and destructiveness, are near neighbours, and, therefore, so likely to assimilate, that they are generally found in each others company. Witherington not only proposes to fight, but keeps the field, when a hero might have left it without blighting his laurels. The poet then proceeds to relate the progress of the action, which he does in a style of fine feeling and poetic beauty; but this has already been duly lauded by Addison, and to notice particulars here, would be to incur the charge of plagiarism. We may, however, observe, that the author being an Englishman, as is evident from the line

"Our English archers bent their bows,"

does that justice to the Scottish character which proves that he had the organ of conscientiousness largely developed. So, in his enumeration and description of those who fell in the action, he also displays the influence which the organs of individuality and order had in his cranium.

It would be an easy, and also a pleasant task, to expatiate, to much greater length, on the display of Phrenological principles exhibited in this ancient poem; but enough has been said to establish our assertion, and also to convince those who do not wilfully shut their eyes against the light.

We shall now, for a very short space, request the reader's attention to one of our national ballads of a very different character,—the "Wife of Auchtermuchtie," which, although of a local nature, is still popular in many quarters of the country. It is to be found in the Bannatyne Manuscript; but there is a copy in the Advocates' Library more complete, and believed to be of an older date, which would make it prior to Shakespeare. Whoever was the author, he was, beyond doubt, a Phrenologist; and, with all due deference to Spurzheim, seems to have been acquainted with some corners, or cavities, in the cranium, which have hitherto eluded the Doctor's observation. This will be more clearly understood, by quoting the first stanza:—

"In Auchtermuchtie thair wond ane man,
A rach husband, as I hard tauld,
Quha weill could tippill out a cann,
And naithir luvit hungir nor cauld."

From the third and fourth lines, it is obvious that this man was a sensualist, and, if not a Tam o' Shanter, one who considered eating and drinking as constituting an essential part of human happiness. As we believe this to be a very general opinion, and, farther, that as Nature has universally bestowed the propensity without a single exception, she could not neglect providing a chamber for the organs which stimulate these appetites,—should Spurzheim, or any of his disciples, rashly affirm that there are no such organs, and were this to gain credit, it would prove fatal to the system, which, as it is worthy of support, must be maintained at all hazards; we would therefore recommend a stricter investigation, and think it probable the discovery will be made in the vicinity of No. 1.; although, from the influence which the pleasures of the table have on the eyes, it is probable they may be found more in front. It has this moment occurred to us to recommend those who wish to discover these still unknown cells, to eat a hearty hot supper, and swallow Glenlivet whisky *ad libitum*, before retiring for the night; and if the dose has been taken in sufficient quantity, they will, to a certainty, find them seated in the forehead next morning.

Begging the reader's pardon for this digression, we proceed with our criticism. To such as are unacquainted with the ballad, it may be necessary to say, that the Wife of Auchtermuchtie's husband is a farmer, who, fatigued at the plough, in a stormy day, and imagining his spouse led a life of idleness and ease at home, orders her to the plough next day, while he supplied her place in the kitchen. This man's skull would exhibit few of the qualities which dignify our nature; some of the most useful organs seem to have had no place, and others were very deficient; in particular, that of order appears to have been totally wanting; while, if he possessed any beyond those which belong to the inferior animals, it seems to have been self-esteem. He comes home in very bad humour, and after a number of captious questions, says,

"Dame, ye maun to the pleugh the morn,
I sall be hussy, gif I may."
"Gudeman," quoth scho, "content am I
To take the pleugh my day about,
Sa ye will reull baith calvis and ky,
And all the house baith in and out.

"Bot sen that ye will hussyskep ken,
First ye maun sift and syne maun kned;
And ay as ye gang but and ben,
Luk that the bairins fyle not the bed;
And ay as ye gang furth and in,
Keip weill the gaizlines fra the gled;
And lay ane saft wysp to the kill;
We haif ane deir ferme on our heid."

The wyfe scho sat up late at evin',
(I pray God gif hir evill to fare,)
Scho kirn'd the kirne, and skum'd it clene,
And left the gudeman but the bledoch baire:
Than in the morning up scho gat,
And on hir hairt laid hir disjune,
And preind als meikle in her lap
Micht serve thrie honest men at nune.

Says, "Jok, will thou be maister of wark,
And thou sall haud, and I sall kall;
I'se promise thee ane gude new sark,
Outhir of round claith or of small."
Scho lowsit the oxin, aucht or nine,
And hynt ane gad-staff in her hand:
Up the gudeman raise aftir syne,
And saw the wyf had done command.

Here, it will be obvious, that the good, or rather the cunning dame, had the organ of secretiveness so full, that it led her to all the duplicity and finesse necessary for accomplishing her purpose: and although the poet has said nothing of her personal attractions, it is clear that she had address to obtain the servant-man as a confederate, and that she might have been a Circé, a Calypso, or a Catharine of Russia, had she been placed in situations for the display of her qualifications. She appears also to have had the bumps of order, number, and causalty, all prominent, as is proved by the regularity with which she proceeded to direct her husband's management, and her anticipations in tracing effect from cause. Between a pair so unequally matched, it is easy to see who would obtain the victory. To give a proper account of the husband's mismanagement, would be to quote the whole poem, which proceeds with a portion of the *vis comica*, sufficient to move the risible muscles of the most phlegmatic reader.

He caw'd the gaizlines furth to feid,
Thair wes bot sevensum of them aw';
And by thair cumis the greedie gled,
And cleikit up fyve, left him bot twa:
Than out he ran in all his mane,
Since as he hard the gaizles cry;
Bot than, or he came in againe,
The calfes brak louse and soukit the ky.

The calfes and ky met in the lone,
The man ran with ane rung to red;
Than thair comes ane ill-willie kow
And brodit his buttock quhile that it bled.
Than up he tuik ane rok of tow,
And he satt down to sey the spinning;
I trow he loutit ow're neir the lowe:
Quo' he, this wark hes an ill beginning.

He was equally reckless and unfortunate in every other part of his domestic economy,—burnt the kiln with the corn, lost or destroyed every thing left under his charge, and falling in the fire, raised a bump on his skull, which Spurzheim has not described.

Than up he gat on ane know-head
On the gudewyfe to cry and schout;
Scho hard him as scho hard him nocht,
Bot stoutlie steir'd the stottis about;
Scho draif the day unto the nicht,
Scho lowsit the pleugh, and syne cam hame;
Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt,
I trow the man thocht richt grit schame.

He acknowledges his errors of opinion, and also his misconduct; but she insists that he shall continue in his new situation; and on his refusal, she threatens him with a cudgel. This might be imagined as indicating that she possessed the organ of combativeness; but we are rather inclined to consider it a *ruse*, proceeding from her cunning, although it certainly implied courage.

When we attempt to investigate the character of the unknown poet, to whom we are indebted for this humorous ebullition, we find him possessed of the requisites for a genuine child of the Muses; he has ideality, or imagination, individuality, comparison, causalty, and wit; the organs of all which seem to be ample. Of his individuality, or faculty of observing, we cannot omit what appears a most felicitous instance. In describing the sow eating up the contents of the kirn, the poet says,

"And ay scho winkit, and ay scho drank."

Those who have ever contemplated this animal at her breakfast, will at once acknowledge the happiness of the expression "*winkit*," and the graphic fidelity of the description. If Mr Thomson thought that the line in Duncan Gray, where the despairing lover

"Spak' o' louping o'er a linn,"

ought to make Burns's name immortal, although he had never written another, we do think, the line last quoted from the Wife of Auchtermuchtie ought at least to have rescued the author's name from oblivion, and yet it has failed of this effect. Poor encouragement for the sons of song!

Either Allan Ramsay, or his correspondent, Hamilton of Gilbertfield, we have forgot which, has said, that "thrice of a' thing's aye thought sonsy;" and we have a national proverb of nearly similar import: under the sanction of these authorities, we shall take the liberty of introducing a third popular ballad, by a nameless author, to the notice of our readers.

"Tak' your auld cloak about ye,"

is among the finest rural songs of the olden-time; and whoever was the author, we find it quoted by Shakespeare in his Othello, as popular at that period; hence there is reason for believing it considerably anterior to his era. This ballad is worthy of criticism, merely as a literary composition; but, for the sake of brevity, and in conformity with our plan, we shall consider it only as illustrative of Phrenological principles. As in our former subject of criticism, the wife is here also the heroine and conqueror, but there is a decided difference between the two characters. The Wife of Auchtermuchtie wrought by stratagem and deceit; but Bell "is open, bold, and brave;" there is (if we may be allowed the expression, without the accusation of making a bull) a frank manliness of character about her, which commands our respect. After what has been already said, we shall, in general, trust to the reader for the application of our observations, except where we happen to illustrate some Phrenological organ, not yet mentioned in this lucubration. Bell was not, like some wives of our acquaintance, influenced by caprice; she had good reasons for the request, or rather command, which gives title to, and forms the burden of the song. It was winter, and

"The rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill;
And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
Was threatening a' our kye to kill:
Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
She said to me right hastily,
'Rise up, gudeman, save Cromie's life,—
And tak' your auld cloak about ye.'"

In this stanza, the poet artfully developes part of both husband's and wife's character. She appears to be one who speaks and acts with promptitude; for she addresses her husband in haste: "Rise up, gudeman!" Few who have lived in a house where the grey mare was the better horse, as was obviously the case here, but can fancy they hear the tone in which this was uttered; yet the urgency of the case was a sufficient apology for Bell; and the gudeman, although living under petticoat government, conscientiously acknowledges that she bore her honours meekly, and that she "lo'ed nae strife."

This voluntary testimony to her pacific disposition does much credit to both. "Because it is," or, "because I will," are often given sarcastically as a woman's reasons; Bell has far better, and such as do honour to her, as a sensible woman and thrifty housewife,

"My Cromie is a usefu' cow,
And she is come of a good kind;
Aft has she wat the bairns' mou',
And I am laith that she should tyne."

Here we may observe, that Bell's comprehensive mind readily, and in natural order, adduces the reasons for urging her request: first, the utility of the animal; next, her value, as being of a particular and choice breed. As there is no reason for supposing that Agricultural Societies were then instituted, and no premiums for prize-cattle, this is an incontrovertible proof that Bell was a Spurzheimite, in so far as the improvement of horned cattle was concerned, and Cromie was probably a cross-breed, produced by great care; at any rate, the assertion that she was "come of a good kind," proves, that Bell knew some of the species to be inferior to others, a degree of knowledge still very imperfectly understood. We have next her gratitude to the poor dumb animal:

"Aft has she wat the bairns' mou'."

She also studies domestic economy, and is anxious that no part of their property should be lost. She urges her husband by the powerful argument, that

"Sloth never made a gracious end."

Hence we see, that she was the virtuous woman described by the Eastern monarch, who "eats not the bread of idleness," and "looks well to her herds." The dialogue which now takes place between the couple is highly discriminative and characteristic:

"My cloak was ance a good gray cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year;
Let's spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To have a new cloak about me."

The husband here employs a good argument, but exceedingly ill-timed; when the cow's life was in danger, there was not time for providing him with a new cloak. But there is good reason for supposing that the subject of a new cloak had been previously discussed between the parties; and that, like the couple with the flitch of bacon, they had already "had a hundred words about it." His arguments are specious, rather than solid, and warrant us in supposing that the organs of self-esteem, love of approbation, and some others of evil tendency, were largely developed on his occiput; and we also find a quality which may be ignorantly considered as firmness, namely, obstinacy in adhering to his first resolve. To all which she replies:

"In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost but half a-crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and loon.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree;
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee."

Although a digression, we cannot here avoid remarking a curious fact, namely, the suspicious prejudices indulged against the knights of the thimble, and which it is evident had the sanction of royal example. It is not said whether the royal snip was accused of overcharge in the price, or of cabbaging the cloth; but at any rate, it proves, that, like most of the retainers of a court, the hero of the bodkin wished to appropriate candle-ends and cheese-parings. Returning to our subject, Bell still preserves the consistency of her character as an economist, and asserts that pride, by which she means vanity in gaudy, or costly apparel, is the ruin of the country. The husband's reply to this confirms what she had asserted; for he urges how his neighbours are "girded gallantly;" which shows that fashion had then an influence as baneful and unbounded as at the present day. Bell has prudently reserved her strongest argument for the last, and now touches a string, which vibrates in unison with her sentiments:

"Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa
Of lads and bonny lasses ten;
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be;
And if you'd prove a good husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye."

How much domestic happiness is here expressed in eight lines! It were worthy of Wilkie's pencil to picture this scene of connubial felicity; the persuasive smile on Bell's countenance, and the yielding complacency of her husband, as she artfully reminds him of "days gone by." It is a scene which fancy delights to contemplate. Those in wedded life, whose sun has passed the meridian, must feel an interest in it; and those who are yet basking in the beams of a honey-moon, must look forward with pleased anticipation to the period

> "When youth is all o'er,
> And they'll live in friendship when passion's no more."

We have here another display of this happy pair's propensities; the number of their family plainly indicates, that the faculty which Spurzheim has honoured, by placing it at the head of his list, was powerful, and long retained its influence over both; and also, that the next in order still continued to operate on their minds. Her allusions to days of yore, and her appeal to his present feelings, are not made in vain; she observes their effect, and follows up her master-stroke; she no longer seeks to command, but attempts to persuade; thereby affording an important lesson in wedded life: while she was imperious, he continued obstinate; but no sooner does she aim at touching his heart, rather than convincing his head, than he is all condescension, frankly acknowledging,

> "Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
> Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
> Then I'll leave aff where I began,
> And tak' my auld cloak about me."

From the skill which this unknown author has evinced in the management of the little incident on which his ballad is founded, it is obvious that he was intimately acquainted with the organs which inspire our passions and feelings; and that a comedy from his pen, upon the model of Allan Ramsay's, would have been of great value, both for its delineations of manners and illustrations of mind.

In turning over the volume of old ballads from which we have made these extracts, we observed several others, on very different subjects, all by anonymous authors, rich in Phrenological lore; such as "The Babes in the Wood," "Barbara Allan," and "Fy, let us a' to the Bridal." This last is a mine of sterling ore, which is worthy of attention, as it presents a variety of characters seldom to be found in the grouping of a single picture; and although many of them are delineated only by a slight stroke, it is the outline of a profile, which exhibits all the prominent features at a glance; and we warmly recommend it to all amateurs in Phrenological studies.

For our own part, if we have attempted to pluck a leaf from Spurzheim's laurels, in disproving his claim to originality, we trust he will candidly acknowledge it far more than counterbalanced, by the feathers which we have placed in the cap of his system, in our foregoing illustrations. The productions we have selected for analysis are all different, and in some degree resemble tragedy, comedy, and farce, exhibiting a tenant for nearly every department, in his plan of the human cranium, and some for which he has found no place, although they seem equally well entitled to a distinct apartment. But as not only the new world, but a large portion of the old, is still unexplored, we must not expect a complete topography of the brain in a first attempt; especially as all former charts are probably lost. Yet much may be hoped in this age, so prolific in discovery. Telescopes, and good eyes, have now discovered roads, towns, and streets, in the moon; and a philosopher has asserted, that an entrance may be made at the poles, by which we can approach the centre of gravity: we may therefore indulge the rational hope of news from the very interior of *terra firma*; and also of having a ground-plan of the man-of-the-moon's palace; and by that time we may also expect, that the Craniologists will have searched the human brain to the very "benmost bore;" and that proper chambers will be provided for those passions, propensities, and feelings, which have good reason for complaining of neglect under the present arrangement.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Having arrived safely in England, after an absence of fifteen years, on the first day of April one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six, I set out from London to visit the Fens of Lincolnshire, where I was born, and where I had, at that time, some relations still living. We supped at Buntingford, breakfasted at Stilton, dined at Spalding, and so on; at all which places we had short meals, long bills, and impudent waiters,—we had also drunken coachmen, sleepy guards, and all the other evils incident to stage-coach travellers. Among the inside passengers, we had a Cockney lady, posting away to Louth, to visit some of her husband's kindred; but she dreaded the Fens, the nasty Fens,—" Oh dear! how should she ever get out of those dismal places!" " At present, Madam," said I, " there is no danger; we are not yet *in* those dreadful Fens; it is great folly to anticipate misfortune; call up your courage, for, perhaps, the mischief may not be so great as you imagine." " Oh!" said she, " but thousands die there every year of the ague; the fogs are almost impenetrable; the croaking of the frogs is horrid; the earth totters under your step; the people have yellow bellies, wash their clothes in pig's dung, and burn turf: now all this is true, for I have been told it by scores of people who were born in that pestilential quagmire." "And yet," said I, " many persons live there." "Because," she replied, "they cannot help themselves; people must all live somewhere, and if they are born in such filthy places, they know no better, and are worthy of our commiseration, or ought to be pitied for their misfortunes." " I believe," said I, " that Louth, and the neighbourhood, are about as pleasant as any other part of England; however I am glad, Madam, that you had the good fortune to be born elsewhere." "I was born," said she, "in London. " And know very little about any part of the country, I presume," said a Quaker, who sat on her right; " but didst thou never hear any one talk about the *fogs*, and *filth*, and *fevers*, and the *plagues* of different kinds,—of the *robberies*, the *whoredoms*, and the *murders*,—of the dismal dark days, the gloomy nights, and the thousands of other nuisances to which *thy* native place is said to be subject?" " Such things I have heard," said she, " but I know that they are often, if not entirely false, at least most astonishingly exaggerated." " Thou art right," replied Aminadab; " and for thy comfort and encouragement, I can assure *thee*, that the accounts which thou hast heard about *my* native place, for I was born at Louth, are equally unfounded, and deserve to be treated only as the tittle-tattle of weak minds, prejudiced in favour of particular spots of earth, and as deserving of no credit as to their general veracity." Things were in this state when we arrived at Boston; at which place I took up my abode for a few weeks, and left the remainder of the party to proceed onward through the Fens, to the end of their journey. I hired, during my stay, a couple of rooms in Wormgate, of Mrs Bloomfield; you remember, I suppose, poor Mrs Bloomfield and her musical husband. I shall never forget their baby, their first born; poor baby, how unfortunate for its existence that it had such silly parents! How the mother used to gorge the little wretch with food! one bowlful of milk after another were duly adminstered every hour, till its body was like a barrel, and its eyes were ready to burst from their sockets,—poor thing, how it choaked and gasped! it was literally killed with too much kindness. The baby became sick, and they mourned over it,—it died, and they wept for it. The next morning, she entered my room—" Would you believe it?" said she, "my dear, little, sweet, pretty infant, expired in the night, without our knowing any thing about the matter, or when or how it happened! I discovered that it was a corpse, because I felt for it, and found it as cold as a lump of ice. I was frighted, and I screamed aloud; my husband awoke. ' What is the matter, Sally?' said he. ' Oh!"

said I, 'the baby is dead!' 'Dead!' said he. 'Yes,' said I. 'Are you sure?' said he. 'Sure!' said I; 'why, if you feel, Richard, its hand is as cold as clay!' 'Indeed it is,' said he. 'Yes,' said I. 'It is,' said he. 'Yes,' said I. 'Then put it next the wall,' said he. 'I will,' said I; and then we slept till morning; but, when we awoke, the baby was as black as my hat! and so ugly! and as dead as a stone;—poor thing, poor child, poor baby! it must be buried on Wednesday, at three o'-clock in the afternoon. But, Sir," she continued, "I have a very great favour to beg,—will you be so kind and so obliging as to lend my dear Mr Boomfield your best suit of black, to attend the funeral in?" I complied; and after thanking me, and having made about fifty curtsies, she left the room, wringing her hands, and sorely lamenting the loss of her sweet little baby. Five minutes afterwards I heard her laughing obstreperously at the tricks of a magpie; and shortly afterwards she was beating the servant-maid, because the tea-kettle had a hole in it, and had put out the kitchen fire. "What a changeable creature," exclaimed I, "is a woman!" but thou must know, gentle reader, that I am a bachelor of upwards of forty years, and begin to have some peculiarities.

I found the country all about Boston much improved during my absence; for what, twenty years back, was only a swamp, and where, in winter time, when a boy, I had often rowed a boat, was now firm, solid, arable land, or else rich pasture, covered with sheep and oxen, fattening for the London market. "These," said I, "are pleasing prospects; they pourtray, in lively colours, the industry of the inhabitants, and show the rising wealth and prosperity of the country." When I looked round Boston, I found its markets larger; the number of its inhabitants was much increased; its harbour was improved; its list of shipping much lengthened, and the mass of wealth much greater. But although there were more merchants than formerly, there was also a greater number of paupers, a greater number of distressed tradesmen, a greater number in the poor-house, and many in the jail. Then in what does more wealth and improvement consist? About this time the cottager and the day-labourer were driven, by the farmers, from the villages to the neighbouring market-towns, to live by their heads instead of their hands. Many also flocked to the manufacturing districts, and exchanged the plough for the spindle,—left the refreshing breeze for the stench of the loom—the sweet-scented herbage for the smell of wool and cotton.

In a day or two I began to think about my relations; my brother John resided at Frith-bank, a distance of two miles, and I arose rather early in the morning, to walk to his house. When I arrived, he was in his fields; his wife had heard her husband *mention* me, but *she* did not know me; her husband would be home soon, and I might wait, if I thought it proper to do so. Upon the whole, my reception was not very gratifying to my feelings. I sat down, and chatted with the children, till the breakfast was brought in, but I was not invited to the table; the tea and cakes, however, were soon dispatched by my worthy sister-in-law and her family, and about half an hour afterwards my brother came in. He was glad to see me, shook my hand, said I looked older, inquired what had brought me to Lincolnshire, and concluded by asking me to dine with him the next Sunday;—he was very busy, or else he would have invited me to dinner that day; hoped I would excuse him, and bade me a good-morning. I left them, and, on my return, I called at the Gowt-house, to ask after my old friend Mr Stevenson. I shall never forget how rejoiced he was to see me,—yes, and so was his wife. "Have you had breakfast?" "No." "Nor have we;" and she gave orders to the servant to bring in the coffee, told her to boil some eggs, and ever and anon they pressed my hand, bade me welcome, and urged me to eat; but for that there was no need, for my appetite was in excellent order, and I did ample justice to their good cheer. They both remarked how healthy I looked, begged I would spend the day with them, or *two* or *three* if I could spare the time: "But," said Mr Stevenson, "have you seen your brother John?" I informed him that I had, and that I could account for the cold reception I met with in no other way than the following, viz.: that as I was only in a plain dress, my appearance might possibly indicate, to these good people, that I might want to draw upon my brother's purse; however, I had certainly no such intentions, having accumulated as much money, during my residence in the West Indies, as any reasonble man could ever wish to possess. I concluded by informing them that I was invited to dine with my brother on the following Sunday; they smiled, and I could not avoid remarking, that the ties of friendship are sometimes stronger than the ties of blood; I thought, moreover, that there are people who have souls, and others who have no souls; and this, I am sure, is what any one may believe, without any manner of doubt or scruple. In the afternoon I strolled as far as Fishtoft, to see my sister Isabella; poor woman! she either was, or else pretended to be, glad to see me; but as she and her husband were both of them extremely vulgar, and in a state of excessive ignorance, I had some difficulty in unravelling their real sentiments. I soon perceived that their principal desire was to ascertain whether I had brought home any money with me; and they appeared to be somewhat embarrassed to know how to act. Her husband informed me that *he* was worth a thousand pounds, at least, and that he did not owe a single farthing in the world; "but," said he, "folks who travel, and wear fine clothes, like *yours*, brother, seldom save much. A rolling stone, as my poor grandmother used to say, never gathers any moss." This was a hard hit, but the *lout* missed his aim; I was an old bird, and was not to be caught with chaff. As to my circumstances, I begged they would make themselves easy on that score, as I could assure them that I had no intention of borrowing any money from *them;* and with respect to my supper and a bed, I supposed they might both be had for a moderate sum at the public house, the sign of the Bell, close by. "Oh! blood and 'ounds," said my brother, "ye maun stop all neet wi' us; I'm going to get some fish for your supper, and you can sleep wi' our servant lad i' the garret; it's a good flock-bed, and I dare say ye have slept on a much worse before now." I told him, that, from custom, I never ate any supper; and as for the bed, I could not accept it, because I made it a rule always to sleep alone; therefore, after tea, I should be greatly obliged if he would favour me with his company at the *Bell*, where I should bespeak a bed, and that I would, if he pleased, treat him to a mug of their strong beer. He was willing to accompany me—"But zounds! Bella," he exclaimed, "what a pity it is we have none o' the smuggled gin left, to gee thy brother a drop before we go to the ale-house! for Mrs Mulligrum's beer, thee knows, is only a kind of *rot-gut* sort o' stuff; I think he'll hardly like it, and especially if he's been used to drink wine, or grog, or the like o' these things." I persuaded my worthy relative to drink gin; and as it cost him nothing, he drank pretty freely; as freely, I suppose, as if it had been *smuggled*, as perhaps it was; and when he rose to leave me, at nine o'clock, his generosity was awakened to such a pitch, that he absolutely pulled out sixpence, and laid it on the table, to pay for my night's lodging; he also insisted that I should breakfast with them the next morning. The sixpence I immediately gave to some poor labourers, who were sitting on the long-settle, to drink our healths, which vexed him sorely. "I should not wonder, brother," said he, "if you were to die in a workhouse,—why, you regard a sixpence as a thing of no value; but let me tell you, that two sixpences make a shilling, and twenty shillings a pound, which is, do you mind me, the *seedling* of a hundred. Besides, I have drank ten three-penny glasses of gin myself, and you've had four; so that the reck'ning is three and sixpence, without the bed, for which Molly here will charge ye at least fourpence; but I'll send our lad i' the morning to clean your boots, and so, Molly, ye need not get John Megs, the sexton, to clean 'em, and that will save twopence, you know;—so good-neet; gee us your hand; good-neet, I say, and at seven o'clock i' th' morning we'll ha' the breakfast ready for you." On the breakfast-table was some tea and toast, and on a side-table, without a cloth, there was a large piece of fat bacon, a piece of hard cheese, and a very coarse loaf of bread. My male relation had just returned from the fields, and was cramming down large junks of the bacon, with enormous mouthfuls of the bread; and after about half an hour's hard exercise in this way, he turned to the tea-table, and finished his morning's meal by gulping down three or four large bowls-full of tea. I inquired for a new-laid egg; but my sister informed me that eggs were too expensive for them to eat—"for," said she, "they are *seven* for *sixpence*." However, she picked out two of the *least* she could find in the basket, and boiled them for her long-lost brother. "Of what use," said I to myself, "are riches to people who deny themselves almost the common necessaries of life? And for what purpose are those miserable, childless wretches, laying up such stores, except it be to keep themselves out of the poor-house, where they would be fed full as well as they are now fed out of it?" Before I left them, I made Isabella a present of a gold watch, which, as they had no clock, I thought would be useful to her. Oh! how delighted she appeared! her eyes glistened like diamonds;—she kissed me, looked at her husband, then at the watch, then at me, and then she laid it on the table. "It's a pretty thing, sure enough," said her husband; "and I'll warrant it cost a mort o' money;"—but I now left them admiring its curious face, wondering why it had three hands, and listening attentively to its *tick;* and I have little doubt but they were looking at it till dinner-time; and, moreover, I have no doubt that my sister went out in the afternoon, to show it to *all* her neighbours.

I now returned to my lodgings at Boston; it was the day after the funeral of Mrs Boomfield's baby, and nearly as soon as I arrived she came into my room and gave me back my best suit of black. I soon perceived that she was big with some wonderful event, and that she was ready to burst to relate it; so I desired her to take a seat, and she immediately complied with my request. After folding her long and brawny arms, and striking one with the other, now looking at the floor, then at the ceiling, and fidgetting about in her seat for a considerable time, she began: "Do you know, Sir, what a misfortune has happened to us this forenoon? The tea-kittle, you know—yes, the kittle was old and black, and it runs at the spout, and is very shabby,—so I begged Mr Boomfield to attend at Mr Cave's auction-sale to-day, to buy another kittle. 'Do, my dear,' said I. 'I will,' said he, and he did. You know," continued she, "Peter Wedd the butcher; yes, I'm sure you do; he is a very little man, and has a shop near the bridge, next door to Mr Bottomley the watch-maker, and just opposite to Mr Poppleton the tailor. Mr Poppleton is a very large, *fat* man, the biggest in all the town, perhaps in all the country; many persons think him quite a sight, and say they should make a show of him; but they have never done so, and perhaps his wife would not like it. Now, as my dear Richard Boomfield was returning from the sale with the kittle in his hand, who should he meet with but Peter Wedd the butcher? 'Why, you have bought Cave's tea-kittle,' said he. 'Yes,' said Richard, 'I have.' 'Did you buy it cheap?' said he. 'As cheap as dirt,' said Richard. 'I thought no body would bid for it,' said he. 'Why?' said Richard. 'Because it has got the plague,' said he. 'The plague!' said Richard. 'Yes,' said he, 'as sure as you are alive, Mr Boomfield.' So Richard put it down in the street, and ran home and left it; and when he arrived,—'Where is the kittle, my dear?' said I. 'I have left it,' said he. 'But where?' said I. 'In the street,' said he. 'Then I'll fetch it,' said I. 'Not for the world, said he. 'And why not?' said I. 'Why, Sally, my dear,' said he, 'it has got the plague.' 'The plague!' said I. 'Yes,' said he. 'But who told you so?' said I. 'Peter Wedd,' said he. And so you see, Sir, I have sent the old kittle to

Mr Tonge, the brazier, to mend, for we cannot live without a kittle. Why, the plaguey kittle,—I never before heard of a kittle having got the plague—did you, Sir?" "No," said I. "But it is true enough, or else, you know, Mr Wedd must have told a *fib*. Do you not think," she continued, "that Dr Snaith can cure it? I think he can, and I'll send my dear Richard to fetch it;" and off she went. In about ten minutes she returned. "Why, the kittle is gone! somebody has taken it away!" "Gone!" said I. "Yes," said she; "Richard went to fetch it, and it was gone; but I'll have a *new one*, and Mr Tonge shall make it, and we'll handsell it with some of Mrs Magnus's best Congou, as soon as it comes home; and I'll beg of your honour to favour us with your good company on that very self-same evening, and we'll be as merry as so many crickets, that we will."

The ensuing morning I wandered to Silsey, my native village, to pay a visit to my sister Martha, who resided there; she was married to a labourer, and had a large family of small children. I went in, and found her washing for hire. Not expecting to see me, she did not know me. I begged a little water to drink, sat down, and began to talk with the little ones. I never beheld finer-looking children, so I praised their beauty, and admired their curly locks, which pleased the poor mother, and rendered my intrusion more agreeable. Her husband, I found, was at work with one of the neighbouring farmers, and would not be at home till the evening. "You seem to be poor, Martha," said I; "have a large family, and have, I fear, only an indifferent prospect?" She sighed, and I could perceive tears glistening in her fine blue eyes. "Never mind," said I; "all will be well." The children were ragged, but very clean. It was near noon; the potatoes were boiling on the fire, so I knew they had not dined. "Thou art busy now, Martha," said I, "but I will call again in the afternoon, when thou wilt be at liberty, for I have some very good news to communicate—news, I think, that will please thee; for, if I mistake not, thou wilt not in future be under the necessity of washing for hire." She looked at me, and inquired, as I knew her name, whether I resided in the neighbourhood? I answered in the negative, when she appeared confounded; but she said no more. I now walked through the village, saw very few faces that I knew, and not one that knew me, though I saluted several by their names. My native place was strange to me. "Life," said I, "is but a dream, and a sleepy one too. What is become of my school-fellows, and my former play-mates? I do not see one of them—all are gone, and nothing remains but the streets, and the lanes, and the fields, where I once played, and, in the spring, gathered wild-flowers." After taking a slight repast at the Inn, I returned again to my sister, who was rather anxiously expecting me. I inquired if she had been lately at Frith-bank, or at Fishtoft? "No, Sir," said she; "I am poor, and they despise me, though I am not so poor as either my brother John or my sister Isabella, for they are wretched beyond any remedy;—but why do you inquire?" "Because," said I, "I have been at both these places lately, and they did not mention your name." "Then you know them?" "Yes, Martha, and you too; but *you* appear to have forgotten *me*." "I do remember to have seen you, Sir—but, oh! yes," said she, throwing her arms about my neck, "you are my very dear brother Henry, returned to bless me!" I placed her in a chair, gave her twenty guineas, wiped the falling tears from her cheeks, kissed all her children, gave them some sweet-cakes, and they jumped about for joy. She hastened to get the tea ready, and we were very comfortable. Her husband returned in the evening, and we were happy. "This," said I, "is a recompence for the toils I have suffered, and the sickness I have endured, in foreign climes; for there is certainly no pleasure so congenial to a feeling heart as that of relieving those who are dear to us from poverty and distress." The next day all the children had new frocks, new coats, and every thing that was deemed requisite to make them very smart; and poor Martha *eyed* them with a mother's pride and a mother's fondness. I had previously determined to invest the one-half of my property in the funds, and to purchase land with the other half; so that my sister was, in a short time, the wife of a *farmer*. I took up my abode with them, and as they had the farm at a low rent, their hearts glowed with gratitude and thankfulness, and we were all very merry and very happy. My brother John, and my sister Isabella, were at first vexed at my partiality for beggars, and wondered how I could *fool* my money away in such a *silly* manner; but, for a short time, we neither troubled them much nor they us;—and as I would suffer no one to carry tales between us, I shortly perceived that all was quiet; and we soon began to love each other with as much tenderness and affection as brothers and sisters generally show towards each other.

HOW TO MANUFACTURE A SMART REVIEW.

THE critic having lighted his candle, put on his slippers, and collected his writing materials, will look at the title-page of the book to be reviewed, (it is not necessary to read it,) and begin his attack by some severe remarks upon the variety of authors in general, and complaints respecting the quantity of *trash* with which we are inundated. Then, instead of a fair examination and discussion of the sentiments, arguments, and style of his author, he will sport his own smart sayings, sly jokes, and virulent remarks; in support of which, he will quote some of the very worst passages which he can cull from the book, declaring that they are specimens taken at random. Should the author differ from him in politics, he will belabour him with downright scolding and scurrility; in his rage, forgetting the book, he will attack the man, and, if possible, insinuate something against his private character, wilfully misunderstand his meaning, and even caricature his personal appearance, until a pimple on the nose shall be compelled to contribute a modicum of *humour* to his pages; and his self-congratulating and interminable chuckle becomes quite alarming. In order to obtain credit for exquisite taste, he will be particularly fastidious with regard to poetry. He will pronounce Campbell to be tame, Scott a mere painter, void of sentiment, and Moore's verses all sound and simile.

Respecting Byron, he will echo the general cry, that his delineations of character are altogether unnatural and imaginary; forgetting that human nature has many aspects,—that, as calm and sunny skies are not more a part of the material system than the earthquake and the tempest, so neither are the better feelings and kind affections more a part of our constitution than hatred, revenge, and remorse, and that black catalogue to which we are indebted for almost all the noble and splendid virtues, as well as for all the histories, tragedies, and romances, that ever were written. Mistaking what is rare for what is impossible, he will assert that there are no characters in Nature, with one or two virtues, and many crimes, in despite of the universal observation, that "the worst of men have some good qualities;" and not being aware that the only real monster is the being totally devoid of virtue or vice, such as Sir Charles Grandison, and Shakespeare's Richard III.

The reviewer having finally recapitulated and summed up the literary crimes of his author, will then gravely pronounce the awful sentence which consigns him to eternal oblivion—put off his slippers—put on his night-cap—and tumble into bed.

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ANONYMOUS LITERATURE.

No. IX.

MR EDITOR,

Rorie Murchan's shop-boy called at our house last night, with the residue of Citizen Doby's benefaction, just as Doctor Cooper and his medical staff sat down to a consultation on the present state of my nervous, mental, corporeal, and other systems; the which benefaction I had no sooner perused, enveloped, sealed, and directed to your Editorship, than these gentlemen, that is to say, Messrs Cooper, Daniel, Monro, Clutchplack, &c., and Co., of the Medical Board, Great Charlotte-Street, called me up for judgment. Fearful that their worships were about to inspect the interior of my cranium, in order to see if all was right therein, or, haply, perform an equally-to-be-dreaded operation on my scribbling hand, I approached the chamber door with caution, and surveyed the learned brotherhood with open eyes; but as neither scalping-knife, turniquet, nor trepanning instrument, lay on the table, I took courage and held up my head.

"Killigrew," quoth the chairman, "we have considered your case, my good fellow, and are clearly of opinion that you must retire from business altogether. The great brain drainage that necessarily occurred when collecting your Literary Legacy, and the intellectual tear and wear that ensued when pondering on the many anonymous benefactions transmitted by a generous public, to make good your Milennium loss, thoroughly convince us that your mental domains must be laid down in grass, without delay, because of their sterility, being altogether incapable of yielding so much as a ragweed crop. Perfectly well aware that it is a difficult matter to cure an old horse of the flinging illness, we permit you to scribble a little now and then by way of amusement, but handle politics as you would a hot cinder, and beware of metaphysical disquisition. We would recommend, by way of exercise, an Essay or Dissertation on that famous specific, the Cordial Balm of Rakasiri, prepared and sold by C. Jordan, M. D., Blackfriars-Road, that of Gilead being out of fashion; another on the manifold virtues of Doctor Sibby's re-animating Solar Tincture; and when the fit comes on with a violence that indicates inspiration, perhaps writing a few prophecies for Moore's Almanack may be advisable. But mental exercise of every denomination must be regulated, of course, by the tone of your pulse and the state of your tongue, which none but M. D.'s are capable of ascertaining. We therefore unanimously agree in confining your rambles within scientific bounds. Promenade in Long-Acre, where dwelleth *Doctor Gardiner*, the celebrated tape-worm manufacturer; Lounge in the lower Kent Road, where liveth that famous inspector of troubled waters, *Doctor Cameron;* Dean-street, Soho, may also be visited with safety, because *Doctor Eady* resides at No. 38; and St. George's Fields are admirably well adapted for a stroll, being so very contiguous to *Doctor Cooper's* family mansion. Any of these gentlemen, for the trifling fee of one pound one, will cheerfully declare whether prose or verse is most eligible for carrying off the morbid intellectual humours that may afflict your cranium for the time being.

"We add no more, being perfectly satisfied that enough hath been said, and you are therefore at liberty to depart, on paying the usual consultation fee."

I accordingly drew forth my cheque-book, and gave them a draft on our bankers, Messrs Piggs, Crockery and Co. for twenty and one sovereigns, with which they decamped.

Thus, Mr Editor, am I on the eve of retiring from the bustle of a literary life, possessed of wherewithal, thank God, to do my turn, and an approving conscience to cheer my solitude. That every contributor to the *Edinburgh* may be enabled to retire with the like portion of goods, chattels, and fair fame, is my heart's uppermost wish; and in the fond hope that your Miscellany, whose pages I am about to forsake, may go on, prospering and to prosper, I respectfully bid you farewell.

SAML. KILLIGREW.

London, 1824.

The Fuselier concluded.

London, though the capital of England, is not inhabited by Englishmen, that is to say, ill-bred gentry and uncircumcised boors; and, what is very extraordinary, the manners of all men who emigrate thereto, no matter from what point of the compass, speedily amalgamate with, and shortly become like unto, those of the free-born Cockney in a most surprising manner. There is a latent something or other peculiar to the air of this truly great metropolis, that gradually changeth the nature of every provincial native, whom choice, or chance, may induce to take up his abode within the bills of mortality, until he becomes a downright citizen, provided always that his inner man will admit of the metamorphosis; and few there are who feel not its influence more or less. In the course of a few years, these naturalized citizens, generally speaking, become so very civilized, that they call not to mind the puny distinctions of clime and country when saluting a stranger, and at the expiry of their apprenticeships, the genuine Cockney himself often possesseth not a good stock of urbanity. So effectually is the natural man weaned from his former ways, that ladies and gentlemen, of every complexion under the sun, feel themselves completely at home in London. The North Briton passeth along Cheapside, Cornhill, Lombard, and other public streets, in his philibeg, without being assailed with the smallest portion of scurrility. The newly-imported Hibernian slips into a haberdasher's shop, inquires his way to St. Giles's, and returns with the very best information that civility can afford—(a horse-laugh would have been his answer in a Lincolnshire village,)—and the Welshman promenades, on St. David's day, with a leek in his hat, neither man nor mother's son presuming to say "*Cae Taffy.*" In fine, the Israelite's beard might continue to grow until it swept the ground before a Cockney child would molest the silliest hair of it, because Jew and Gentile, Turk and Christian, herd together like brethren. But politeness, though a prominent feather in the citizen's cap, is not the one by which he is most distinguished. There is a kindliness in the humours of his disposition that gaineth him esteem, and a probity about his person that commands respect. The warp of his character is *honour*, and the weft thereof *liberality*.

But the young adventurer, when he alights in Lad-lane, or elsewhere, from the roof of a stage-coach, and haply knoweth not what hand to turn him to, will please to observe, that I am now speaking of a London merchant, born of Cockney parents, within the peal of Bow-bells, educated at Christ's, or St. Paul's, and brought up in his father's counting-house. I feel the more anxious to present him with this piece of information, because, though the naturalized citizen, candidly speaking, is really a civil, discreet kind of a fellow, and possesseth many good *acquired* qualities in common with the genuine Cockney, yet his *honour* is not always sufficiently stable to ride the water on. He is too apt to feed the ears of his unsuspecting dependants with well-seasoned promises never intended to be realized, in order to stimulate their exertions, and I would therefore advise all growing lads to be very careful with whom they engage.

It was my peculiar good fortune to fall in with a real Cockney-trader, in whose employ I enjoyed the most delicious moments of my life. Being advanced in years, and having accumulated wherewithal to retire upon, the old gentleman fitted up what we Londoners call a *country box*, purchased a single-horse chaise, and amused himself with a drive to the office now and then, merely to countenance us, because our management was such, that he felt completely at his ease. In the course of a few years, I became senior clerk, Messrs Wandle and Wilkins, our principal book-keepers having gone into business, backed by the worthy citizen, who always made a point of putting his *trust-worthies*, as he

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called them, in the way of well-doing, whenever an eligible opportunity presented itself; and being in my twenty-third year, with a fair prospect before me, an honourable man to deal with, and a liberal salary to *scare the wolf*, I visited my native country, as before stated, and Miss T—— became Mrs Doby. Then it was that I began to enjoy this life in reality. Our circumstances, though far from being affluent, were, nevertheless, sufficiently easy to admit of our laying by a few guineas every quarter, against the evil day, should it ever happen to dawn; and what remained, after paying house-rent, tradesmen's bills, &c., helped us, with a little scheming and boxing of Harry, to a snack of recreation now and then, such as our citizens of moderate income are in the habit of treating themselves to, the remembrance of which is nestled in Mrs D.'s bosom so very affectionately, that she often sayeth with a sigh, "Really, my dear, I know not what to think of it, but well do I remember when a *gipsy party* in Hornsey-wood, or an excursion to Richmond in Jamie Gaff's wherry, afforded more genial gratification to me than all the jaunts I have had to Margate, Brighton, Cheltenham, and Bath, twice told. Our means were then slender, and our enjoyments far from being easily attained; but the difficulties we encountered in plucking the Hesperian fruit rendered it the more delicious. I have felt my heart lighter in Jamie's boat,—I have enjoyed the good things of this life more exquisitely under a thorn, than ever I did in our own carriage, or in our own dining-room. A few slices of corned beef, a knuckle of cold ham, and a cup of pure limpid water from the Glade Well, around whose grassy brim we and our holiday friends wont to squat, allayed my appetite more congenially than the fairest venison, the goodliest turtle, and the choicest wines that have found their way to our dining-board, since we began to live in style. Much do I fear, Bob, that these cut-and-come-again days are no better than they are called. Would to Heaven we were poor again!"

I strongly suspect, that all of us are occasionally possessed by the spirit of Robinson Crusoe, and that the great pleasure we take in rambling amongst bushes, and losing ourselves in woods, and listening to the murmur of unfrequented streams, ariseth from the love of *natural* liberty cherished in our bosoms, whose glimmering light the hand of civilization hath not thoroughly extinguished.

Be that as it may, Mrs D. and I took great delight in rural recreation, and to such lengths did we go, that when our boy was breeched, and his little sister began to toddle about, we purchased a child's coach, capable of holding four inside, because our children had many little playmates whose parents were not in circumstances to indulge them with the like accommodation; and seeing a couple of favourite little ones happily nestled beside our own, enjoying and enjoyed, gave a zest to our felicity altogether indescribable. One of these gipsying expeditions, as we called them, terminated so very strangely, that I cannot refrain from detailing what befel us.

On arriving at the *Glade Well*, I thrust my black thorn walking-stick into the bank, as usual, filled our excursion-kettle, and hung it on, while Mrs D. and her friends busied themselves in procuring brushwood to make a fire withal; but notwithstanding their very best endeavours, it was a full hour before the vessel began to sing, and three-quarters of another before our Twanky water was deemed sufficiently hot, so that the patience of all concerned had a pretty severe trial. Our female expeditionists having wasted much of their wind in blowing the fire, railing at green fuel, and blaming the damp ground, rejoiced not a little when the kettle-lid began to dance; but their joy was blighted by the unluckiest mishap that ever befel a tea-party. Mrs Doby lifted the coach cushions, and brought forth her field-equipage, consisting of brown porringers, metal-pot, sugar-bag, tea ditto, nine spoons, and a cream-cruet;—the haberdasher's wife busied herself in cutting rolls, sliceing ham, and preparing sandwiches;—the poulterer's lady in sweetening our dishes;—and Widow Sampson, relict of the late Hector Sampson, citizen and pin-maker, proceeded to take off the kettle; but, just as evil luck would have it, the handle thereof was too hot for her fingers; she screamed a scream that made us all stare; down came the vessel open-mouth, and extinguished every individual ember. The silliest fellow that ever wore a beard might have bound us all with packthread. Widow Sampson stood like a molten image. Mrs Doby clasped her hands together most resignedly, and said, "Deary me, what a fingerless wife!" The haberdasher's lady held her sides,—the poulterer's ditto whistled "Bundle and go,"—and the elder children bawled out "Mammy, mammy, what's to be done now?"—while a peal of laughter every now and than plainly announced how very good-humouredly we pocketed our mishap.

At the close of one of these light-hearted peals, a gentleman, in military undress, came suddenly upon us, and perceiving at half a glance the cause of our merriment, felt himself called upon to greet the female gipsyers in this fashion: "Many a time, ladies, have I seen the downfall of a long-waited-upon camp-kettle, and the sour looks of brave fellows when a retreat was sounding, and the enemy's shot whizzing about their ears; but nothing of the kind is here perceptible, though the enemy of social recreation hath upset your kettle, and quenched your fire, and drowned all hopes of hot-water for an hour to come. Such being the case, allow an old campaigner to marshal your spirits once more, and give the word of command. Attention! Gather up your shawls, and bundle up your baggage, and follow me to the Fusilier. There isn't a pleasanter little tea-garden within fifty miles of it." "I have no partiality, Sir, for public gardens," quoth Mrs Doby, "because of the rude behaviour, and unseemly sayings, that too frequently meet the eye and ear in places of public resort; and as for hodge-podge company, I never could endure it." "Madam," quoth the soldier, with much sincerity, tinctured with a little warmth, "permit me to say, that nothing like unto rudeness, either in speech or behaviour, is countenanced at the Fusilier. All comers, it is true, are welcome; but there are many individuals of character, who mingle promiscuously with the visitors, and shame, by their demeanour, any tendency to break the fences of decorum that may happen to arise. As for accommodation, I believe it is not surpassed by that of any similar place of resort; and there is a highly-gratifying allurement, which I flatter myself will never be looked upon by an Englishwoman with indifference,—you will have the honour, Madam, of being personally waited upon by *a brave, forward soldier*."

Though our military friend spoke not amiss, there was more eloquence in his manner than in his language. We consulted each other's eyes a few moments, and proceeded forthwith to dispose of our luggage. Mrs Doby stowed away her field-crockery, and other gipsying requisites, in their proper places. The poulterer's wife handed two young ladies and a couple of gentlemen into the coach. Widow Sampson, having recovered the use of her mental and other faculties, gave our excursion-kettle a bit of a rub, hooked it on behind, and said unto me, "Now Mr *Nag*, all's ready." "Allow me, Sir," quoth the stranger, as he advanced, "to become a *steed* once more. Thirty years ago, when I was a father, no man on earth took greater delight in this sort of exercise. My three boys, and their little sister, when the weather was fine,—but they are not mine; now they live with a better parent, and dwell in a happier land." He passed his hand across his eyes, laid hold of the coach-pole, and leisurely walked away.

Of all the military men I ever had the honour of being personally acquainted with, *Serjeant Willoughby* ranks highest in my estimation, with the exception of one to whom the reader will be introduced by-and-by. He possesseth a fine, open, soldier-like countenance, a bright communicative eye, whose every glance is replete with intelligence, and an easy companionable address, that kindly permits the veriest dolt to feel himself at home in his company. Sorrows that would have crushed many men to the earth, made an impression on Serjeant Willoughby; but it was the impression left on standard

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gold by a mint die. His eldest son perished at Walcheren, his second boy fell before St. Sebastian, his youngest died in a French jail, and the sea bereaved him of his daughter; she and five more young wives were lost off Spithead when proceeding in a boat to the Jason frigate, then about to sail on a cruise, and, what is truly distressing to reflect upon, their brave husbands weighed anchor without knowing what had befallen them. These heavy visitations were successively met by Mr Willoughby, with the resignation of a Christian man, and the fortitude of a brave Christian soldier.

On our way through the wood, he amused us with many curious anecdotes, that one day may see the light in the shape of a neat little pocket-volume; and so taken were the ladies with his conversation, that one and all of them solicited the honour of Mr Willoughby's company during the afternoon; an invitation that was very politely accepted. We continued our march along the sinuous wood-path, or defile, as the serjeant called it, very much at our leisure, until an admirably-well-executed likeness of a soldier under arms at the garden gate—and a handsomer full-length portrait I never beheld—withdrew our attention from the bloomy miniature wilderness, whose bushy bosom we were about to leave. Willoughby assured us, that it was the likeness of a brave fellow, whose valour was proverbial in the regiment to which he belonged; and I saw no cause to question his veracity, because the countenance was that of a man who had seen service, and every feature seemed to say, "I dare,—" so truly had the painter delineated every tittle of outward appearance whereby a veteran is recognized. After passing a few well-merited encomiums on the artist whose pencil afforded us so much gratification, we entered the Fusilier tea-garden, a pretty little spot, where man hath done much, and nature a great deal more; but I abstain from describing it, because every grass-plot and green arbour therein is well known to the public at large, consequently a panoramic sketch would be superfluous, though it may not be amiss to observe, that the grounds were full of holiday folks, whose genteel appearance and courteous demeanour pleased us much. We sat down on a rusticated settee, or garden-chair, whose sturdy back was most shamefully maltreated, many foolish surnames being carved thereon, such as *Nibbs*, *Yallop*, *Taply*, and the like, some of them rudely enough, God knows. The children played before us on a little green,—Mrs D. & Co. proceeded to scrutinize female apparel,—the serjeant slipt away to order refreshments,—and I amused myself with humming a favourite song; so that all of us found something to do. Presently, a stout, well-built gentleman, of goodly stature, whose measured step and martial appearance plainly said that he was no stranger on the parade, approached us with an air of cheerfulness peculiarly agreeable, touched his hat *en militaire*, and thus accosted the women folk: "Excuse me, ladies, for one moment. You are strangers here, and unacquainted with the extent of our accommodation. I therefore beg leave to say, that we have a pleasant upper apartment overlooking the grounds, usually resorted to by select parties, in preference to the open garden." Mrs Doby, whose eyes were fastened on a jolly citizen, strolling about with his hat in one hand, his wig in the other, and a servant in livery defending his bare scull from the sun, by means of a huge silken canopy, that had more the appearance of an awning than an umbrella, turned her about, in order to say a few words on the propriety of withdrawing, and also to thank the informant for his polite attention; but no sooner were they face to face—reader, it is perfectly idle to go about the bush one moment longer—than *Willie Talbot and Helen T*—— recognised each other. Serjeant Willoughby hastened to partake of their mutual joy. Young Mrs Talbot, though incapable of expressing herself in English, being a native of Biscay, endeavoured, by other means equally intelligible, to make known how she felt; and her aged mother-in-law, whose kindness I acknowledged in a former communication, was not slow in furnishing her quota of gratulation; so that in a few minutes, it may be truly said, that we were old friends well met, and not a new face amongst us.

My good-natured reader will no doubt expect a few pickings of the conversation that ensued when we retired to Mr Talbot's private parlour, by way of remuneration for the great patience he hath exercised in perusing these presents, and as I feel no inclination to withhold whatever is right and reasonable, the following may be relied on as the cream of our discourse:

In the first place, old Squire Jumbo became a *lame duck*, which, in 'Change Alley, signifieth an insolvent speculator. He sold out stock to an immense amount, gathered in his stray cash from all quarters, and purchased every acre of land he could clap his thumb on. Corn and beans were not overlooked, and as for bacon and boiling-peas, no man on earth ever possessed one-half of the bags and flitches that he had gathered together; because Mr Jumbo reckoned on war without ceasing, and consequently burnt his fingers, like many more knowing-ones. The downfal of Napoleon startled these cool, calculating gentry, not a little, though they continued to hope for the best, being of opinion that France would go to pot, and her conquerors to loggerheads, when dividing the spoil; but when the nations deliberately beat their swords into ploughshares, and positively declined worrying each other, then did our men of blood faint in their easy-chairs, because farms became old songs, corn an unsaleable drug, and sides of bacon stock-fish. The Miss Jumbos retired to Lynn Regis with their trunks and band-boxes, and there opened what is called a Preparatory Boarding-school for young ladies. Their old dad gnawed his nether lip on a small farm bequeathed to Mrs Jumbo by her paternal uncle; Gaffer Hobbs and his minions, Lambert, Abershaw, & Co., dispersed themselves like unto banditti when their chief is cut off. As for Dame Margery, the old lady that dwelt in Widow Talbot's cottage when I visited Norfolk as aforesaid, she became so exceedingly irritable and cross-grained, that no human being dared to approach her. The very sturdy beggars passed without calling. But every dog hath his day. A tough-tongued Ronion from Bungay, hired, according to all accounts, by the dame's husband, fell upon her one day, at the smithy door, with such inconceivable volubility, that she fairly turned tail, hurried home like unto a woman possessed by evil spirits, and died through perfect spite. Her husband, a good-natured fellow, having consigned her dust unto dust, clothed himself in mourning, and sung *Te Deum*,—gave out that he had no further occasion for the widow's cottage, and would willingly part with it on reasonable terms; the which information no sooner reached the ears of young Talbot, than he set about mustering his military, and other friends, who wished him well; and, to the credit of all concerned be it spoken, a sufficient sum was made up to re-purchase Mrs T.'s life-interest in the paternal inheritance. My readers will, no doubt, rejoice to hear that every incumbrance was paid off on midsummer-day last past,—some fifty acres, or thereabouts, of freehold land added to the property,—and that the proprietor thereof may now be styled "William Talbot, Esq.," so very successful hath he been at the Fusilier.

"You greatly strengthen my belief in the dispensations of an all-wise Providence," said I, addressing myself to the elder Mrs Talbot, "because the downfal of an unworthy family, the exaltation of your brave son, the extraordinary manner in which you were happily brought together, and, above all, the prosperity that smiles so very propitiously on you and yours, all tend to show, that a Power, invisible to us, worketh secretly. But there is one character in the drama with whose fate I am still unacquainted." "You allude to Colonel Jumbo, I presume," quoth Mrs T.; "alas! Sir, his fate may be a warning to all men in embroidered suits, who wantonly maltreat their inferiors in coarse cloth, trimmed with coloured worsted." "Woe unto the spoiler of our peace," said I, looking earnestly in her face, "and childless be the man that sundered our affections! Well do I remember these words, my good mother, and well did I believe, when soothing a mother's grief, that they would be heard elsewhere. The Colonel, I suspect, was cut off ingloriously, and fell unlamented." "Never a drum-boy in the regiment, Sir, bewailed his fall," quoth Mr Talbot. "Colonel Jumbo, Sir, was a man that looked upon the brave fellows under his command as beings of an inferior species, and treated them accordingly. The mildest feature of martial law is harsh enough, God wot, but when overstrained by dishonourable men, to satiate a ruthless vindictive feeling, Heaven have mercy on the victim! Such was the natural cruelty of Jumbo's disposition, that when we marched from Exeter, to embark for the Peninsula, two of our companies were actually unable to muster a sufficiency of effective men to guard their baggage-waggons, so mercilessly had the lash been applied; but he, and a few more worthies, plucked the fruit of their wanton severity. The very first bout we had with the enemy severed Lieutenant-Col. Jumbo and his Norfolk cavaliers for ever and ever. Sir Arthur, now my Lord Duke, was marching on Talavera. Squadrons of cavalry, in advance, scoured the country, and our lads being full of ardour, and well mounted, took the lead of their comrades. The Colonel's company, to which I belonged, having disengaged itself from a straggling wood, pushed on at a smart rate, until the enemy's Lancers made their appearance in such numbers, that we deemed it advisable to slacken our pace, and commune with each other on the propriety of advancing against such formidable opponents, because their muster was far superior to ours, and the major part of us had never seen a sword drawn in anger. 'Fear them not,' quoth Willoughby, the only man amongst us that knew these cavaliers professionally. Give me a soldier's hand, serjeant; many a cold scraggy ration you and I picked together, and much grave-ground have we travelled over."

The two campaigners shook hands with a cordiality that was creditable to their feelings, and Willie Talbot continued his narrative: "'Fear them not,' quoth Serjeant Willoughby;—'spur your beasts, my boys, and do as I do.' Some ten or a dozen of our experienced swordsmen dashed forward, the green-horns followed with abundance of celerity, and our valiant Lieut.-Col. brought up the rear in person. Willoughby being ahead of us, all eyes were fastened upon him. The enemy, though indifferently mounted, came on with abundance of spirit, and his foremost Lancer, a stout, fierce-looking fellow, singled out our brave serjeant for utter destruction; but the instant he came to the well-judged distance, Willoughby sprung forward in his saddle, struck the pennoned spear aside with his bridle-hand, and plunged his sword in the Frenchman's bosom, shouting, as he drove the mortal thrust, 'Every Briton to his bird.' '*Mon Dieu!*' responded the Lancer, and tumbled from his horse. We pricked our steeds to their mettle, and acquitted ourselves so very manfully, that the redoubted warriors wheeled, and fled in the most tumultuous confusion I ever witnessed, spearing and overthrowing each other, in the disorderly, deathful race that ensued. Never was consternation more strongly depicted than in the faces of these poor runaways. Few of them escaped us. On gaining the high ground, for we fought up an acclivity of considerable rise, heavy columns of the *soi-disant* Imperialists were descried rapidly advancing to punish the *Leopard*, a new-fangled name given to the British, by his late Imperial Majesty, and drive him into the sea. We therefore deemed it imprudent to push our success any further, and retrograded accordingly. When marching over our late fighting-ground, literally strewed with the enemy's dead and dying, I espied poor Jumbo on the grass, and alighted, to afford him what little brief assistance lay in my power. But it was too late. The tide of life was ebbing fast, and the world about to close on him for ever. Five sabre wounds, and a bloodless sword—" "Sabre wounds!" said I; "did the flying Lancemen draw their sabres, and fight Parthian-like?" Willie Talbot shook his head, and replied in a semi-whisper, "We had men in the regiment, Mr Doby, with sabres in their hands, and vengeance in their hearts—men chafed by evil-treatment, to whom revenge was sweet. But the tale will not admit of being openly told, and I have said enough to show how he came by his end."

Not choosing to press the matter, I thanked Mr Talbot for his very interesting information, and shifted the discourse, by addressing his lady, in Spanish, to this effect: "So our brethren of the Peninsula, Madam, derided the fraternal hug of French regenerators, as they called themselves;—long may they continue so to do! Much blood was spilt, and great calamity brought on the land, by these merciless freebooters. But, notwithstanding the crying distress that abounded on every hand, it really would seem that Love was heart-whole, and played some comical antics. There's our friend Talbot, for instance," tapping his shoulder, "a gentleman whose tongue was never dipt in Spanish until he landed on the coast, and yet his Donship contrived to win the affections of a lady, whose knowledge of the English lingo was equally scanty. This is a puzzle, Madam, that fairly puts my pipe out, to use an every-day phrase." "The marvel will cease, Sir," quoth young Mrs T., with a smile, "when you call to mind, that love hath a language of its own. But there was an apparently inseparable barrier between us; notwithstanding, Don Talbo translated my looks, and I his Spanished English, with tolerable accuracy. The kindred, Mr Doby, that could boast of three Capuchins, five Monks, and a canonized Saint, was not to be tainted with heresy; consequently religion was the largest stumbling-block that lay in our way; but even that mighty rampart, the artful rogue, there where he sits, contrived to scramble over. 'Don Talbo,' said I, one day, 'this attachment of ours must and shall be broken off, because thy creed is not my creed, neither is the saint that guards my father's porch in thy calendar.' 'Donna,' quoth the gay gallant, 'we were made for each other. I have pressed the fair ones of Britain to my left side, in every city, burgh, town, and village, through which we passed, but not one of them would fit the void space left blank by the formation of our great-grandmother. In like manner did I strain the maids of Biscay to my imperfect side, and experienced the like disappointment, until thy shapely person came in my way, and well thou knowest how greatly poor lack rib rejoiced. Therefore shall the jarring of spiritual opinion not divide us. Thy faith shall be my faith, and thy saint shall be my saint.' No time was lost on my part to confirm his good resolve. 'Kneel down,' quoth I, 'Don Talbo; cross thy brow and bosom; and as thou makest the blessed sign, pray thus, *Bless me, holy Saint Jago*.' He flung up his hands like unto a man struck with astonishment, and solemnly said, 'Good gracious me, Donna, what a discovery! Thy religion and my religion are one and the same after all. Night and morning do I kneel down, cross myself above and below the breath, and pray thus: *Haversack, carabine, sabre, canteen;* which, in the English tongue, signifieth, Bless me, holy Saint Jago.' 'And is it really so,' quoth I, 'Don Talbo?' He assured me that such was the fact, and clenched his assertion with abundance of well-chosen words. So I told my father and my mother, and my uncles the Capuchins, and my cousins the Monks, and my revered aunt, Donna Melissa del Mendragon, the canonized saint, that Talbo was a good Catholic, at which they greatly rejoiced. A few days thereafter we were married, amidst the congratulations of my kindred, who caressed the Don without ceasing, when they came to know that he was one of the faithful. All of them learnt his prayer by heart, and all of them taught their children to pray in English, so that Talbo's petition, 'Haversack, carabine, sabre, canteen,' speedily superseded 'Bless me, holy Saint Jago;' and, for aught I know, is repeated by the villagers night and morning even unto this day."

I laughed most heartily at Mrs Talbot's comical courtship, and failed not to praise the Don's fertile genius, that helped him to a wife whose amiable disposition and engaging manners are appreciated by the whole neighbourhood. Talbot himself is also an excellent fellow, and admirably well cut out for the busi-

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ness in which he is engaged. The exemplary manner in which he conducted himself, when paymaster-serjeant, procured him many real friends, and his gentlemanly urbanity in the public line increases their number. The Fusilier is a draw-to where military men of distinction retrace their marches and countermarches over a bottle, and our bettermost citizens are daily dropping in to study politics and amend their connections; so that a fellow like myself, who thirsteth after knowledge and anecdote, will find himself at home in Mr Talbot's parlour.

Should any of my very respectable readers feel inclined to wet his tooth with a friend, I would advise him by all means to repair thither.

Song to Spain.

Dark and mournful is thy story,
Land of love and chivalry,
Late-won laurels, dear-bought glory,
Faded all away from thee.

It was not thus, in ages vanish'd,
When thy mighty warrior men
Vanquish'd foes, invaders banish'd,
Smote the Moor and Saracen.

O'er the Pyrenean pouring,
Armies warr'd with thee in vain,
Now, to crafty priesthood low'ring,
Thou must wear a dotard's chain.

Dragg'd from shrieking wives' embraces,
Victims of his demon will,
Warriors doom'd before their faces,
Bathe the block, the dungeons fill.

Seek thy sons the eagle's eyrie,
'Mid Sierra's lonely gloom,
Freedom gilds the desart dreary,
Slavery makes all earth a tomb.

Still to tyrants terror speaking,
See where Zaragoza lies,
E'en in desolation reeking,
Worth a thousand victories.

When o'er Freedom, deem'd departed,
Despot Vengeance seem'd to smile,
Phœnix-like, her spirit started
From the blazing funeral pile.

Yet awake from lion slumber,
Echo'd back thy shout shall be,
Till from every land we number,
Peals the knell of slavery.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

No. V.

Near Neighbours; a Tale of Bygane-Times.

Curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favoured youth astray.—*Shenstone.*

The last decade of the eighteenth century will constitute an important era in the history of Europe; the domestic annals of Great Britain will also afford a rich field for the philosophic historian. But the period is not yet arrived when this can be executed with impartiality; for all who were then actors were attached to party, and every man capable of thinking and reflecting was an actor, either in theory or practice; the nearest approximation that could be made to neutrality was to be silent, for not to think was impossible. Hence, he who should now attempt to record the scenes in which he bore a part, although reflection may have rectified many of his opinions, and cooled down his angry feelings, yet, when memory muses on the past, he will find his passions not totally extinguished, and that

> "Even in *their* ashes live *their* wonted fires."

The history of that period, when traced by some future classic pen, will have the probable advantage of being dispassionately recorded; the motives and conduct of the different actors will be weighed in a balance, which will have a fair chance of being impartially adjusted. But the future historian will write under one disadvantage; although anxious to confine his pen to the history of Britain, she had so great a share in the important events on the continent, that her domestic history will be eclipsed in their dazzling, but baleful lustre. Besides, the corroding hand of Time will have annihilated many events which were once important; as it destroys the most delicate touches on a statue, or the fine fret-work on a Gothic building. The skeleton will remain; but the varied fires that flashed in the eyes, the expressive and impassioned features, will have fled for ever.

It will doubtless be recorded, that the nation was divided in opinion about the French Revolution, and that parties ran high; but it is only those who are at sea in a storm who can truly describe the tempest. In some future generation, when the world is become much wiser, it will scarcely be believed with what violence both parties were influenced. The Goddess of Discord seemed to have an ubiquity, which enabled her to preside in almost every town, village, or hamlet, in the kingdom. On the one hand, all who ventured to disapprove of the French Revolution, to doubt of its salutary effects, or oppose the extravagant notions which were entertained about Reform, and remodelling our own Government, were branded as Ministerial hirelings, courtly sycophants, cringing for place and pension. These were denominated Aristocrats, a name understood to express every species of political corruption and oppression. On the other hand, every man who dared to express a doubt about the infallibility of statesmen, or who denied that the then administration was a model of perfection, was stigmatized as the enemy of his country, *alias* Reformer, *alias* Republican, the generic name being Democrat, which was considered as synonymous with Rebel; others were more moderate, but such were the extremes of the opposite opinions.

It will readily be conceived, that those who were fattening under the present system, and those who looked to it for promotion, would deprecate every change on the score of self-interest; but there were others who, placed at the bottom of Fortune's wheel, felt that every change gave them a chance of rising; and also some knaves, who wished to see their country in confusion, as wretches rejoice when fire breaks out in a crowded city, to afford them an opportunity of plundering. But there is good cause for believing, that the great mass of the people, however they might be mistaken, were sincere in the principles they professed, although both sides carried them to extremes, adhered to them with tenacious obstinacy, and exhibited more zeal than discretion, in promulgating their opinions,—appearing anxious to crush, rather than convince their opponents.

The American War had set the common people a thinking: in a few years after its termination, the commencement of the Revolution in France gave a sudden and strong impulse to their minds, which were farther stimulated by political pamphlets, in particular by the writings of Paine, which consisted of specious, although sophistical reasoning, in a style forcible, and suited to their capacities. From this writer many formed strange and extravagant ideas, and their rude theories were often expressed with a coarseness of language which gave alarm to the more cautious part of society.

In opposition to this, Ministers and their adherents, both in and out of Parliament, sometimes spoke of the people with acrimony and undisguised contempt, calculated to excite rather than allay the fermentation. Some of their expressions, which perhaps alluded only to particular cases, were considered of general application, were carefully remembered, and warmly resented by the populace. Of these, among many others, were the unfortunate expression of Burke's, " the swinish multitude;" that exclamation of a right reverend Prelate, " What have the people to do with the laws but to obey them?" and also that of a statesman, who recommended and urged " a vigour beyond the law." All these were unguarded expressions, which produced irritation against the ministry; and as the parties on either side would concede nothing, violently defending every act and sentiment of their party, intestine divisions and domestic strife set neighbours and friends together by the ears. It might then be said, in the language of Scripture, that a man's enemies were those of his own house, for the family-parlour often became the scene of political dispute; and it was not uncommon to find father and son, even husband and wife, opposed to each other. These discussions produced dislike in families, and wrath and hatred among neighbours. Dark suspicion took the place of social confidence,—caution rendered some silent,—and the violence of party deprived others of their ordinary prudence. Never did the Guelphs and Ghibelines of Italy distrust or fear each other more than the different parties in Britain, from the senate to the village ale-house. This has happily long subsided, and is now almost forgotten; yet it then

> "Blanch'd with moist sorrow many a
> beauteous face,
> And gave a grief that still perhaps re-
> mains."

Among many other infractions of domestic happiness, it produced the following; inflicting wounds, which the lenient hand of Time could not heal, and blighting early blossoms which gave fair promise of future felicity. As in the preceding exordium I have confined myself to exhibiting the state of society at that period, so I shall, in the following narrative, confine myself to a relation of facts only, for obvious reasons, assigning fictitious names to the persons and places mentioned in my tale.

The farm of Benty-brae was occupied by John Glen, who had been for many years resident there; his family consisted of his wife, one son, and several daughters. His nearest neighbour was James Smith, on the adjoining farm of Rashy-burn; they had both come into possession of their farms about the same time, and had continued to live, not only in good neighbourhood, but as intimate friends. In their excursions to the nearest borough, or the cattle-fairs, they always went and returned together; or if one was detained at home, the news and state of markets were communicated to him next day. In unloading a cargo of lime, or whatever agricultural operation required more than ordinary dispatch, the servants and horses of both were united. The one never saw the other in any difficulty without rendering him assistance; and this reciprocity of good offices produced mutual advantages; they were the counsellors and confidents of each other in every case of importance or emergency.

The farmer of Rashy-burn had only one daughter, and several sons. The children on both farms were nearly coeval, attended the same parish school, and the intimacy of the parents gave promise of extending to their posterity. When at school, to quarrel with one, was to provoke the vengeance of all present from either family. George Glen always carried home Ellen Smith's books, and lifted her over the stiles and puddles in their way; the same kind attention being as uniformly displayed by William Smith to Mary Glen. The farm of Benty-brae was nearest school, and they would often stop there on their return, sporting over the fields in summer, and playing at barley-brake in the barn-yard, during the fine moonlight evenings in winter. The parents were mutually pleased to see the intimacy between their children, and as it continued to grow after they had left school, the mothers, in their occasional visits, would fondly venture to peep under the veil of futurity, anticipating and congratulating each other on what might yet happen.

Time, that expands the green bud into a blushing flower, had now shed sweeter graces on the cheeks of Ellen and Mary, and given a softer, yet brighter lustre to their eyes; they were no longer the romping school-girls, but maidens blushing in virgin modesty, pleased with, yet shrinking from, the sportive frolics of their former companions, on whose countenances "man" appeared written in legible and pleasing characters. Exclusive of occasional visits, the families were in the practice of dining and spending the evening with each other about the daft-days; and as William Smith played the violin, a cheerful dance gave zest to their entertainment. At this season there were always prize-shootings in the parish, attended by many good marksmen. It happened at one of them that George Glen and William Smith carried off all the prizes, and the two sisters felt more pride and pleasure on the occasion than they themselves were aware of: a curling match then took place, and there they were again victors; but in returning home, George Glen slipped a foot, fell, and fractured his arm. Being of a robust constitution, he was never confined; but as home grew wearisome, he spent the long winter evenings at Rashy-burn, listening to Ellen singing; he recovered his strength, but lost his heart: however, it was in safe hands, and Ellen, after some demur, arising from maidenly modesty, gave her own in exchange. In the following summer, an epidemic fever prevailed in that quarter, and James Smith's family were all sick about the same time. Mary Glen, prompted both by duty and inclination, visited her sick friend Ellen, although she was perhaps not less interested about William, who was reckoned dangerously ill. Mary continued to give her friendly assistance to the mother, till all were in a fair way of recovery; William was able to be up several hours every day, and Mary saw with pleasure that he was recovering rapidly; but, in the language of Burns, "she grew sick as he grew well;" her cheek lost its bloom, and her eye became languid; perhaps it arose from being deprived of her evening walks; for after enjoying a few in the wood, escorted by William, health again glowed on her cheek, and sparkled in her eye.

This was in the summer of 1792, and neither Paine, nor the curse of party politics, had yet reached this sequestered parish; but in the autumn of that year, they began to break out, and before Christmas, political discussions were pretty frequent. Their clerical pastor was a good, honest man, but with an unbounded reverence for existing institutions, and a dread, approaching almost to horror, of innovation either in church or state: having heard of their disputings, he thought proper to address his congregation in a political sermon, by way of antidote; but this, like proclamations and prohibitions against political pamphlets, set curiosity on edge, and provoked inquiry, on the part of those who had never heard of, or cared nothing about the matter. The annual feast took place at Benty-brae on the Monday following that well-meant, but ill-timed discourse; it naturally became the subject of conversation, and, as was to be expected, called forth different opinions; still, however, none went beyond the limits of temperate discussion, although neither had been able to convince the other. They had brooded over the subject, and also heard it discussed in that country news-room, the village smithy, during the week. On the Monday following, the same party met at Rashy-burn; the subject was resumed, argued more warmly, their opinions being pertinaciously maintained, and obstinately defended. There is a certain stage in almost every argument, beyond which it is never protracted for eliciting truth, but for obtaining a victory; opposition increases obstinacy, as the bull-dog holds faster the more he is repelled, or as the race-horse strains the harder the more closely he is pressed by his rival. This was now the case at Rashy-burn: the arguments had been begun at Benty-brae, by John Glen asserting that the people had nothing to do with politics; this doctrine was controverted by James Smith; but at Rashy-burn they had gone much farther, for John Glen had termed all who were in any degree dissatisfied with the measures of Government, conceited and light-headed fools; and when James insisted that there were many exceptions, John sneeringly retorted, that he ought undoubtedly to have made a distinction between the fools and the knaves, but they must be either the one or the other. The social harmony of the evening was destroyed, the meeting broke up early, and the two farmers parted that night more out of temper with each other than they had been for twenty years past.

Had this been a temporary subject, which the public would have forgot in a week or two, the rising wrath of the farmers might have evaporated; but unfortunately for them, and the country at large, the effervescence was increasing every day; and the decapitation of the King of France, which happened soon after, inflamed the minds of both parties, and widened the breach between them. John Glen and James Smith had pondered over their late dispute, and ruminated on what they thought the rash assertions of each other: John believed that the opinions of his neighbour tended to produce anarchy and confusion, or at least their harbinger, disaffection to the Executive Government; while James Smith considered John as the advocate of blind submission, oppression, and arbitrary power. However, a friendship of twenty years growth might be considered as a tree deeply rooted in the soil, which the blast cannot overturn; so their amity was not rashly to be immolated at the altar of speculative opinion. They both still regarded and respected the integrity of each other; and under the influence of these feelings, John wrote a letter of apology to James, for the expressions he had used of "fools and knaves," requesting him to be assured he intended no personal application.

David Low was neighbour to James, on the other side of his farm, and was shrewd, sensible, and fluent of speech, but deeply tainted with the mania of the day. James had communicated to him the conversation he had with John Glen, lamenting the breach in their friendship. David had nursed his dislike of John, and also confirmed him in his own opinions, which, like trees in a genial soil, spread their branches, and struck their roots deeper every day. John's note of apology was shewn to David, and James expressed his intention of calling at Benty-brae that evening, when he hoped their friendship would be renewed, and he had already dispatched a messenger to inquire whether the farmer would be at home. Impatient to heal the breach, James went over in the twilight, and found John in his parlour, accompanied by Mr Clarke, tutor in the laird's family. This young gentleman had that happy facility of disposition which made his opinions always suit with his interest; the laird was a red-hot loyalist, and the tutor had reason to expect his influence in procuring him a living in the kirk; besides, he had long looked on Mary Glen with a fond and admiring eye, in consequence of which, he coincided with all her father's opinions, and felt a secret satisfaction in the difference which had taken place between the two farmers, as he looked on William Smith as his rival with Mary. David Low was also afraid that their present meeting might be the means of turning James back to the beaten path from which he had led him, and being acquainted at Benty-brae, he resolved on calling there that evening, as it were by accident, when he might prove an auxiliary to James, should he get involved in argument, or operate as a check, to prevent his making improper concessions. He arrived soon after the farmer of Rashy-burn, and was too full of the new doctrine not to take an early opportunity of introducing the subject; the tutor was also impatient to display his zeal and eloquence in the cause of loyalty and good order. John and James had both met with sincere intentions of renewing their friendship, and forgetting the past; but, for reasons already stated, their coadjutors had less honourable purposes in view. The combat was regularly begun, and for some time the two farmers were silent auditors; but the political gladiators, anxious to get them engaged, appealed to them in the course of their disputes, and insensibly led them on, till all were often talking at the same time. The tutor had the advantage in point of scholar-ship, a ready command of language, and a dignity in his tone of expression, which implied contempt for his antagonists: David Low had drunk so deeply of the new fountain, that he might be considered as intoxicated; he had caught the style and expressions of his leaders; and his arguments, if not profound, were often specious. James Smith had long obtained credit in the country as a man of good sense and information; his advice had often been courted by his neighbours, and what had long been his principal foible, now became a dangerous error, namely, his believing that, because he often thought right, his opinions could never be wrong: John Glen had read less, and perhaps thought more superficially than any of the others, on the subject now under discussion, but he believed it required no profound thinking to adhere firmly to King and Constitution, by which he always meant the then existing Government. Having grown rich under the present order of things, and being averse to theory, even in his own business, and too cautious to hazard experiments, he viewed every proposed change with apprehension and alarm.

Their dispute was protracted through a long winter evening, till all became much heated. The tutor treated the arguments of his opponents with contempt; telling them they were ignorant of the subject, and proudly quoting,

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

This produced the retort courteous from David Low, that, ignorant as he was, he also could quote poetry, and would ask, if the character which Goldsmith gave his Village Clergyman was to be considered as a stigma or a compliment?

> "Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
> By doctrines fashion'd to the varying
> hour."

In a word, both John and James went much farther than they intended, and had so warmly opposed each other, that they parted in great wrath, and, when turning on their sleepless pillows, both were convinced that the tutor and David Low had fomented the quarrel; but as each accused the other, in his own mind, of having engaged them for the purpose, this, instead of palliating, was deemed an aggravation of the offence. John knew himself to be the richer of the two,—James imagined himself the wiser, and both now began to entertain a contempt for each other, approximating to hatred; yet James still lamented their broken friendship, and, although adhering to his new opinions, could not help exclaiming, with a sigh,

> "If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise!"

Both sons were aware of the difference which had taken place between their fathers, but imagined it would prove no bar in their projected union with the daughters, as they had prudently resolved to avoid all political discussion in their visits. William was a reader, with some pretensions to literary taste, had a warm heart, and something of a poetical imagination; he had early attended to the dawning of the French Revolution, and, by associating with David Low and some others, was now a devoted disciple of the new school, contemplating, with delight, the new era, which, in his imagination, was dawning on mankind. In his interviews with Mary, this had sometimes been the subject of discourse. Mary loved too fondly to doubt for a moment of the truth of ought that William believed; she became a convert to his opinions, and had ventured to reason with her father on what she termed the narrowness and illiberality of his sentiments. In consequence of this, on William's first visit after the fathers had quarrelled, the farmer firmly, and even rudely, informed him, that he never again wished to see him at Benty-brae, and that he would rather spread a green turf o'er his daughter's grave, than see her united to a fellow who held such detestable opinions. George Glen had never introduced politics at Rashy-burn, nor in his conversations with Ellen, and her father's paternal affection prevented him from thwarting her inclinations, or prohibiting the visits of George, because he had quarrelled with his father.

But although George would have found no difference in his reception at Rashy-burn, he had been commanded by his father to renounce all thoughts of Ellen, and to have no intercourse with her family; Mary was also prohibited from seeing William, under pain of her father's high displeasure. In defiance of this rigid interdict, the lovers had contrived to meet, pledged a renewal of their troth, and agreed to wait with patient constancy for better times. Summer came, but it seemed very different from any by which it had been preceded; the streamlet, where they had paddled when returning from school, and whose murmurs had mingled with their softer whispers in later years, now seemed less clear; the wild-rose, blushing on its banks, was not so lovely, nor was the music of the woodlands so melodious. Even the fathers themselves felt a blank—a broken link in the chain of their enjoyments; they mutually regretted their unfortunate difference, but both were too proud to make any concession. Winter brought the Christmas holidays; and when the mutual annual feast did not take place, the young folks felt it the privation of a pleasure of which their memories could not trace the commencement. At Benty-brae, the farmer had invited the schoolmaster and his wife, Mr Clarke the tutor, and the family of a farmer lately come to that quarter. The entertainment was more than usually splendid, as if to banish unpleasant recollections;

> " But ill the banquet was supplied,
> By form, by gravity, and pride :"

The tutor endeavoured, indeed, to be gallant to Mary, but she was scarcely civil in return; for both to her and her brother there was a void which nothing could supply. Ellen was not there, and cards proved a wretched substitute for the soul-inspiring tones of William's violin. Even the farmer himself fell into fits of abstraction and melancholy musing, when he thought of a friendship of twenty years standing thus annihilated.

Time passed on, and with none of the party had the rancour of political feeling subsided, nor the fervour of love abated. The only change that had taken place was, that George Glen was now more outrageously loyal than his father: volunteer corps were now raising, and George was enrolled as an Ensign: their uniform was a blue coat, with a scarlet collar, of which George was so proud, that it became his holiday-dress on all occasions: he also imagined himself, not only the conservator of the public peace, but also the inquisitor of public opinion. The laird was Commander of the corps, and had applied to William Smith to enter, which he civilly declined; but, on being urged, used some expressions which made him be set down as a marked man. They assembled for drill, twice a-week, on the lawn in front of the laird's mansion. The weather was warm; many of them came from a distance; the laird was loyal, and generous hearted; for all which reasons, he often regaled them with porter, or strong-ale, from his cellar.

George Glen, and some others, had to pass through a village containing a tippling-house, where these new-fledged heroes sometimes " relaxed the brow of care" on their way home; here also William Smith, and a few *soi-disant* patriots, met occasionally, to talk over their favourite topics.

One warm evening, these last had met, and, being thirsty, had drunk freely of Whitbread's brown stout. George Glen and his companions came in some time after. As is very common in small ale-houses, they were introduced into the same room occupied by William Smith and his associates. The two parties, even at meeting, eyed each other with lowering and suspicious glances; George was at the head of the party, and, while he endeavoured to preserve the dignity of a gentleman, the smile of contempt curled up his lip. Some time elapsed before any conversation took place between the parties; but at length some jibes and jeers were played off, which produced retaliation in kind. The Ensign thought himself a wit, and William Smith believed he could say very severe things; neither respected the other; but Mary and Ellen, although not present, associated in their minds like guardian angels, and prevented any incivility from passing between them; but the wit, if not the ill-nature of both, was indulged freely at the expence of others present; this continued in growing asperity, till, at last, the latent dislike in their minds, roused into wrath, by foolish and irritating language, and further stimulated by potent liquor, burst forth in threats and open defiance. Both parties were liberal in abusive and contemptuous epithets; and one foul-mouthed fellow, in William's party, applied an expression to the Ensign which instantly deprived him of the little prudence he had left;—his sword was drawn, and he was rushing forward to take dreadful vengeance, when William, to prevent bloodshed, sprung between them;—the weapon, hitherto unstained with blood, pierced his side, his blood spouted on the bosom of his friend, and he fell, apparently lifeless, at his feet. Petrified with horror at his own act, George now stooped down over him, when the wounded man whispered, in a faint voice, "I am killed—fly—lose not a moment!" In the hurry and confusion this was not difficult, and, in a few moments, George was at a considerable distance; it was late, and afraid to go home, he ran to his Colonel, rushed into his presence half-frantic, and stained with blood. Few words explained the intrusion; he was supplied with a change of dress, money, and a letter to the commanding-officer of a regiment just about to depart for the continent. Before the sun arose, he was far distant, and, in less than a week, was enrolled as Ensign in a regiment of the line, and embarked for the Mediterranean.

A surgeon was procured for the wounded man as early as possible; the vitals were untouched, and, although the wound was dangerous, there was a rational hope of his recovery. It would not be easy to describe the distress and complicated feelings of the families of Benty-brae and Rashy-burn, on receipt of this fatal intelligence. William lay at the ale-house, attended by his sister and Mary Glen, who, in defiance of her father's prohibition, continued to watch over his fate, who, she now found, was dearer to her than all the world beside. Youth, a good constitution, skilful surgeon, and, last, although not least, the tender and endearing attentions of Mary, accelerated his convalescence, and before harvest he was completely recovered. This accident had no tendency to reconcile the fathers, who mutally blamed each other, as one felt his only son was exiled, and the other, that the life of his child had been placed in the most imminent danger. Ellen had witnessed, with tearful eye and anguished heart, the mutual affection of her brother and Mary, continuing to heave many a secret sigh over the fate of her banished lover, who, although he had endangered the life of her brother, was still dear to her heart. After William's recovery she sunk into a melancholy stupor, and her parents began to fear that both her health and intellects were impaired.

It was now the month of November, when, one morning, a little girl arrived at Rashy-burn, with a pencilled note for William, of the following tenor:

"I am a state prisoner—all my papers are seized, among which are several of your letters—all will be sent to Edinburgh—lose no time, but fly."

William had corresponded with a man as violent and less cautious than himself, who was now apprehended, but had contrived to send this notice to his friend. William saw his danger,—flight was his only resource,—but to fly without seeing Mary Glen was impossible. He contrived to convey a message to her, appointing an interview in the twilight. They met,—he imparted the fatal tidings,—they renewed their pledges of constant love,—mingled tears, and William was about to take a parting embrace, when she said she would see him again at the hour of his departure, which was midnight. Their rendezvous was appointed under the hawthorn in the glen, where they had spent happier hours. Afraid of making her wait, William had taken leave of all his friends, and was there before the time, leaning his back against the tree, with a staff in his hand, and a bundle containing some necessaries lying on a grey-rock at his feet; the hollow wind came up the glen in sudden gusts, whistling in the naked branches over his head, and whirling the withered leaves in fitful eddies, with a rustling noise, among the brambles and other wild shrubs around; dark clouds scudded over the sky, where, at intervals, the moon, pale and watery, shewed her waning crescent, reflected from the pool in the rivulet before him; he heard the bark of a house-dog—it was that of Benty-brae, and, in spite of himself, he heaved a sigh, and a tear stood trembling in his eye. Years of departed happiness crowded on his mind,—he attempted to look into the future, but all was impenetrable darkness, as the gloom which surrounded him. Although he had stood but a few minutes, they appeared to him a period of interminable length, when Mary approached, covered with a mantle, and a large bundle under her arm. He looked surprised, and said, "What means this, Mary?" "Did you imagine that I would suffer you to depart alone?—not such is my love,—I go with you." "Dear Mary, although it is to me agony worse than death to part, yet this cannot be,—you must not tear yourself from friends and home, to follow the fortunes of an outlaw, whom fate may doom to an ignominious death." Mary replied in the style, and nearly in the words of Ruth to Naomi, and concluded by saying, "I know your heart, and have already sworn, what I again call Heaven to witness, that nought but violence or death shall part you and me. Make me your wife—give me a legal claim to your protection, and then, come weel, come woe, we will share it together." William folded her in his arms, wept on her bosom, and again entreated her to leave him; but her love was invincible, and, like Adam and Eve, when expelled from Eden, "hand in hand they took their solitary way."

Wandering all night, they found means next day to get themselves legally and indissolubly united, and again pursued their journey. Their object was to seek some sequestered part of the country, where William, undiscovered, could find employment as a farm-servant, till perhaps the present political storm might blow over. After repeated unsuccessful applications, he at last engaged himself with a farmer in the vicinity of a small town, where he took lodgings for himself and Mary. His skill and activity gave satisfaction to his employer; he enjoyed good health, and, blessed in the tender affection of his Mary, was beginning to forget the past.

William's letters, which had been seized among his friend's papers, were considered of treasonable tendency; a warrant had been issued to apprehend him, and a reward was offered for the discovery of his retreat. The farmer of Benty-brae, now bereaved of a son and daughter, still indulged his resentment against James Smith as the primary cause of all that had happened; while James, equally inflamed with the spirit of party, deplored his son, a proscribed outlaw, and gazed on his only daughter in a state of bodily and mental imbecility; he blamed the rigour of Government for all this, and expressed his resentment openly, and in bitterness of heart. His lease was now nearly expired, and his landlord had intimated to him, that it would not be renewed on any terms, as he was determined to have no tenant of such principles. Summer had again come round, and Ellen was now so far unsettled in her mind, that she talked of going in quest of her dear George, whom his cruel father had sent away, to prevent their union. She had been watched for some time, but found an opportunity of eloping, and every search, for more than two weeks, had proved abortive.

Every day was adding to the felicity of William and Mary. He hoped soon to be a happy father; the sky of love was unclouded, and both their hearts as gay as the season that smiled around them. It is thus that a couple of linnets twitter on the flowery spray, each responding the note of its fellow, neither observing the hawk that hovers above their heads, marking them for its prey. William had been recognised by a fellow, who, for the sake of the reward, lodged information against him, and he was seized at the side of his Mary, handcuffed, and carried to prison. His faithful partner had sworn that death alone should part them, and now prepared to take up her abode with him in his dreary mansion, in spite of every entreaty of her husband not to leave her peaceful abode. He soon found the value of her company; for she read, and even sung to him, and smiling, said they were like two birds in a cage, each adding to the happiness of the other. Immediately on their entrance here, she had written to her sister Eliza an account of what had taken place, and now every day expected a reply.

The windows of their cell looked to the street, and one day there arose a hurra of vulgar merriment; all again was quiet, when they distinctly heard the following stanza, sung in a softly plaintive voice, but in an air wildly irregular:

"O waly, waly, down the bank,
O waly, waly, down the brae;
An' waly, waly, by yon burnside,
Where I and my love were wont to gae."

There was something in the tones of the singer that thrilled to Mary's heart; she rushed to the window; the crowd again set up a loud hurra; Mary looked for a moment, and uttering a wild scream, would have fallen on the floor, had she not been supported in her husband's arms. Unable to articulate, she pointed to the window in breathless alarm. William looked to the street, and right opposite, saw a crowd of idle and blackguard boys around a young woman most fantastically attired, and evidently a maniac; she was laughing and crying alternately, and that hapless girl was Ellen! She was now supplicating the crowd to let her pass, for she was in haste to meet her bridegroom; and when they, with unfeeling wantonness, closed around her, she threatened them with his vengeance, for she said he was a hero, and wore a sword. It would be impossible to describe the distress of the prisoners; their jailor was absent, and Mary fainted, when she saw the companion of her youth—the sister of her William, passing away, followed by her idle and wicked tormentors. Although there had been any person on the street to whom William could have applied, his attention was now wholly engrossed with the recovery of his Mary, and by the time that she was restored to life, his sister was not in view; but the shouts that echoed from a distance gave them the painful certainty that she was still surrounded by her persecutors.

When Eliza Glen received advice of her sister and brother's distress, she set off immediately to visit them, accompanied by William's father. They were entering the town just as Ellen was leaving it, still surrounded by a crowd of mischievous boys; although insane, she knew them perfectly, and it was not difficult to persuade her to return with them. After this sorrowful father had conducted his daughter to an inn, Eliza left them, and proceeded to the prison, where she arrived not long after the scene we have just related. Having passed some time in that abode of misery, she and Mary departed to meet James and Ellen, on whom the sight of Mary produced a hysterical paroxysm, during which, her sufferings, both bodily and mental, were dreadful. She was with difficulty conveyed to William's house, alas! no longer the abode of love and happiness. The excitement which Mary's frame had experienced, and the agitation of her mind, now induced premature parturition; after being long ill, she was delivered of a still-born child, and died in a few hours after. Although William's father and his master offered joint securities for him, he could not be permitted to see her, nor to pay the last tribute of affection to her remains; and he was for some time in a state little short of distraction. Ellen had fallen into a low fever, and lay sick, with her mind in torpid insensibility; she was attended by Eliza, while the hapless father wandered between the cell of his son and the couch of his daughter.

It was now reported that William was to be removed to Edinburgh, preparatory to his trial. He had been often visited by Eliza, since the untimely death of her sister, and she now disclosed to him the dying wish of his Mary, which she had sworn to fulfil; and this was, that she should change clothes with him, and thereby give him an opportunity of escaping from prison. It was several days before the joint entreaties of his father and this kind-hearted girl had any effect; his reply being, that the world had now lost every charm for him, he was tired of life, and indifferent about his fate. At last they prevailed with him to make the attempt. He had kept his bed several days after Mary's death, and now again did so for a day or two, during which he was visited by Eliza. One evening she called on him, dressed him in her clothes, and placed herself in his bed; the jailor was outwitted, and the bird escaped from the cage. The deception was not discovered till next morning, but by that time he was far distant, and, according to a plan previously arranged by Eliza, was secreted at Greenock, till a vessel was ready to sail for America. He landed in the United States, and soon contrived to make himself a denizen of that country, renouncing for ever his allegiance to Great Britain; only regretting that the dust of his Mary lay in a soil which he had sworn never more to tread. He continued to pursue the occupation of a farmer, and at last fell in defence of America, during the descent made by General Pakenham, near New Orleans, in 1814.

George Glen returned to Bentybrae, after having left a leg in Corsica, and being otherwise mutilated and disfigured. Although his figure was so much altered as scarcely to be recognised by his friends, yet Ellen Smith knew him the moment he appeared before her; she uttered a wild scream, whether of joy, sorrow, or alarm, was not known; for she rushed into his arms, and breathed her last in a few minutes.

John Glen and James Smith had not exchanged words for several years; but at Ellen's funeral, John came up, pressed James's hand, and looked wistfully in his face, unable to speak,—accompanied James to his own house, and at the threshold of his door, said, "We have both been to blame, and are both justly punished; although we cannot forget, are you willing to forgive?" James led him in, and they now live with their former friendship renewed, both bitterly deploring the past.

Let the Whigs and Tories, the Ultras and Radicals of the present day, read and learn from this Tale of Bygane Times.

Eve of Battle among the Pyrenees.

On the lone Pyreneans, when Eve was reposing,
And smil'd from the gates of the west a farewell,
O'er the regions below while the twilight was closing,
And masses of shade brooded deep o'er the dell,
I stood where, beneath me, two kingdoms were lying,
All was mute save the breeze o'er the solitude sighing,
Or shriek of the eagle in far echoes dying,
Where silence more deep and more desolate fell.

Adown to the sea Bidassoa was stealing,
Dividing the foes on its margin that lay,
Its calm, silent wave, like a mirror revealing
Of four banded nations the battle array;
And the crimson and gold of their garments were shining
With the last blaze of day in its glory declining,
The tall rocks, with light, like a rose-wreath entwining,
Ere it faded o'er earth and o'er ocean away.

And strains from each band of soft music ascended,
Such as wail for the brave when the battle is o'er,
Whose notes with the voice of the desart were blended,
The murmur of rills, and the torrent's far roar.
Thy song, Roncesvalles, all wildly was weeping,
Where the hills o'er thy slumbers their vigils are keeping,
On the field where thy mighty in silence are sleeping,
Whom the sound of the trumpet awakens no more.

To many an ear that hung over its numbers,
That song of the dead was the last lorn lay,
Young heroes that sigh'd o'er the place of their slumbers,
Next eve lay as cold and as silent as they:
They slept with their fame on a low grassy pillow,
Their requiem sung by the stream's little billow,
Where sighs, to the night-wind, the desolate willow,
That waves and that weeps o'er their mouldering clay.

Change.

Time that dims the brightest eye,
And Beauty's rose doth blight,
Will quench the stars in yonder sky,
And veil their orbs in night.

The same effacing, palsied hand,
That wastes the flower upon the wold,
O'er suns and systems shakes his sand,
Till worlds themselves grow old.

Then, for us, while seasons run
Their round of joy and pain,
Ere, for us, yon circling sun
Shall shed his beams in vain;—

Let us cull life's scatter'd flowers
To its summer which belong,
Ere we quit those blooming bowers
Where none may linger long.

THE HISTORY OF MATTHEW WALD.

There is no feature in which the novels of our age differ more from those of the last, than in the speculative and ideal cast which they have assumed. The bustling plots, crowded with incidents,—the characters developing themselves only in action,—the brief and meagre descriptions,—the system, which considered *subject* as every thing, and *execution* a matter of comparative insignificance, have been supplanted by more intellectual, and, we cannot help thinking, more interesting views. Plots have become simple even to poverty;—the province of action has been narrowed, to extend that of thought;—feeling has become the mainspring of interest, and its analyses and expression the test of talent;—descriptions of external nature have become more graphical and minute, and their connection with the business of the tale—as influencing, by their secret but sensible power, the feelings of the agents—is better understood, and rendered more effective and available. The first of these systems certainly indicates a want of refined feeling in the public. It was altogether of a meaner and more mechanical cast,—it addressed itself to a lower class of feelings, and might have been acted on by minds of no deep feeling, and even of scanty invention; for, though the process of creating an original story is one of no trifling effort, the task of combination or disjunction is not a difficult one, and a very slight acquaintance with the history of fiction enables us to see how frequently the composition of these novels of incident has been a work of alteration rather than invention. They had one advantage, however, in the very mediocrity of the principle on which they were constructed: they were seldom tiresome. If the reader perused them with little of that deep thrilling interest which he now feels, we have no doubt he yawned less also. If he wept less,—he laughed more: there were fewer chances of failure, for the effect of a sequence of ludicrous or striking incidents, admitted of little variation; and in the hands of an author of the greatest or the most slender talent, produced only a pleasure differing a little in degree. But the more ambitious system of modern novelists, while it renders the power of genius more visible, and vindicates more certainly its pre-eminence over mediocrity, makes the works of the lesser herd utterly wretched and intolerable; destitute of those humbler attractions of plot and incident which they might have attained, and filled with ludicrous and impotent strainings after those more magnificent qualities which it is hopeless for them to emulate or aspire to.

The present work has nothing to do, however, with these; it belongs to the higher class; and if we wished to prove the superiority of that principle of effect on which our modern tales are constructed, we know not where we should find a better example. With a plot of a grossly-defective kind—with few incidents—few characters of importance, and one, the most interesting of these, appearing only, and disappearing, as in a dream,—with little aid from humour, and less from the mere painting of external nature; in short, by the mere force and grandeur of individual scenes, and the general eloquence and beauty of the writing, this tale creates and maintains the deepest and most vivid interest; and we close it at last, with those feelings of dreariness and desolation, with which we peruse the remorse of Caleb Williams, or the settled gloom of St. Leon, after his final parting with his son. Often, in the course of the story, we feel the unsatisfactory nature of some of the incidents,—the want of connection—of explanation;—the unreasonable supineness of some of the characters at one time, and their fiery and needless impatience at others, with a multitude of *et cetera;* but still we are hurried along by the impetuosity of the narrative; and it is only when we have fairly finished, that we have time to think of all the author's offences against consistency, and to wonder how, with so many faults, obvious to every one, we should have so yielded to its influence. But the truth is, all this only shews how little such things weigh in the balance of excellence, and how easily the atoning power of genius can efface such errors. The author is evidently a man of great talent. His humour, to be sure, we do not much like; but his pathos, his scenes of passion, and his eloquence, are of the highest kind. His conception of character we estimate more highly from his Reginald Dalton than from the present work; yet even here there is a wonderful effect about his sketches. His females we have always thought particularly captivating. Athanasia was very good, and Helen Hesketh admirable. Of the heroine of this tale we see almost nothing;—she is remorselessly married in the beginning, and passes only once before our eyes until the conclusion;—and yet even this unsubstantial pageant has something about it that lingers in our memory. Another beautiful and quiet female is opposed to her; gentle, affectionate, and tinged with religious melancholy; and her character is touched with the same chaste and powerful pencil. Wald himself, we cannot help thinking disagreeable, and none of the subordinate agents of the story are particularly interesting. But we suppose the reader would rather form his own opinion; and though it is difficult to select any passage that can give a proper idea of the characteristic vigour of the book, we shall extract a few of the shortest, accompanying them only by such a notice as to render them intelligible.

The story is related, like those of Godwin, in the first person; an arrangement well suited to such tales as depend for their effect on the exposé of feeling, and particularly to those where the narrator possesses no extraordinary qualities, either of evil or good, and may therefore detail his feelings, without any great violation of modesty on the one hand, or of probability on the other. Matthew Wald is the descendant of a family of Norman extraction, which had settled in Scotland; and at the opening of the tale, we find him, after the death of his father, residing at the family mansion, under the care of his aunt, enjoying, with all the thoughtlessness of youth, the present hour; attending school rather reluctantly, and wandering with his cousin Katharine among the woods and glens of Blackford. The first interruption to his gaiety is occasioned by the marriage of his aunt with a Mr Mather, who had been tutor in the family, and who soon begins to curtail his amusements, and to treat him with harshness. An incident of this kind, which young Wald revenges with a ferocity above his years, leads to his removal to the University of St. Andrews, where he quietly spends two winters in pursuing his studies. A sudden resolution strikes him to revisit Blackford, and it is here that the real interest of the tale begins. His feelings, when, on his arrival, he finds a general appearance of restraint and coldness, and the attentions of his cousin and his aunt devoted to a fashionable inmate of the house,—the Honourable Mr Lascelyne,—the succession of little incidents, trifling in themselves, that work upon, and irritate his temper, are imagined and executed with great art and probability. The finishing stroke is given by a discovery which appears to him to confirm his suspicions of Katharine's attachment to Lascelyne; and with a promptitude which (by the way) forms an unnatural contrast to that unresisting, irresolute conduct, which he displays during this visit, he communicates to Mather his resolution to visit the Continent, and to continue his studies at Leyden. These are his parting feelings:

My plans, however, were discussed at some length during supper; and Lascelyne talked away very easily about packets, posts, bills of exchange, Amsterdam, Paris, "the Pyrenean, and the river Po." I was the last to go up stairs; and, although I trod as quickly as I could past my cousin's door, I could not shut my ears. There was profound silence in the house, and I heard one or two deep, choking sobs—some space between them. I paused for a moment, and sprung up to my old garret. I had strained the string to its uttermost stretch. My heart was full, and it would have broken had I not yielded. I flung myself, half undressed, upon my bed, and wept like a child. And why not?—I was a boy, a mere boy.

Never having once closed my eyes the whole night, I found when I rose (about five o'clock) that they were shockingly red and swollen; and the more I bathed them in my basin, the worse I thought did they look.—"Nay, nay," I said to my proud self, "this will never do. This part of the thing, at least, shall not be seen."

I put on my clothes, and crept down stairs as quietly as was possible, and found my way into the sitting-room, that I might write a note to Mr Mather. I wrote two or three, and tore them all into bits.—"It will do just as well," I said, "to write from the village—or the first town I stop at, better still. I can say I walked out, and, finding the morning fine, was tempted to go on. I can say I hated the thoughts of taking leave—that, at least, will be true enough."

I had opened one of the window-shutters, and I now thought it would be as well to close it again. As I was walking on tiptoe across the room, my eye fell on two little black profiles of Katharine and myself, that we had sat for to an itinerant limner when we were children, and which had ever since hung over the chimney-piece. I took Katharine's off the nail, and held it for a minute or two in my hand; but the folly of the thing flashed upon me in a moment, and I replaced it. Her work-table was by the window, and I was so idle as to open the drawer of it. A blue sash was the first thing I saw, and I stuffed it like a thief into my bosom. I then barred the window again, and hurried out of the house by the back way.

It was a beautiful, calm, grey morning,—not a sound but the birds about the trees. I walked once, just once, round the garden, which lay close to the house,—sat down for a moment in the arbour where my father died,—and then moved rapidly away from Blackford.

I could never describe the feelings with which I took my parting look of it from the bridge. The pride, the scorn, the burning scorn, that boiled above,—the cold, curdling anguish below,—the bruised, trampled heart——

I plucked the blue ribbon from my breast, kissed it once as I coiled it up, and flung it into the water below me. It fell into one of the pools among the rocks, where we had used to sail our boats. I watched it till it had got under the bridge, and moved on.

The project of visiting Holland is prevented, however, by an accidental meeting with an acquaintance, which leads to a very different result. The father of Wald, in whose possession both the estate of his brother and his own had centered, had in his will conveyed the former to Katharine, limiting his son to the possession of his own small property. This will, Wald, by the suggestion of a pretended friend, is induced to question,—conceiving that it was the intention of Mather and his wife to render Katharine's fortune the means of effecting a union, favourable to their own interest, between her and Lascelyne. He loses his case, however; and, during its dependence, has the mortification to learn, that the marriage had only been accelerated by the measure he had resorted to. After losing the greater part of his little fortune in the expenses of his law-suit, and the remainder (not so naturally) in an expedition with some surgical acquaintances for raising dead bodies, he is settled as tutor in the family of Sir Claud Barr of Barrmains. The family are uninteresting, with the exception of the eldest daughter, Joanne. Her peculiar situation at first awakens his curiosity, and he afterwards learns that she is the natural daughter of Sir Claud, by a Flemish lady, whose tragical story is related with great power and pathos by an old nurse. The quiet monotony of the hero's life at Barrmains is broken by an unexpected apparition:

Dinner was announced, and the party began to move towards the parlour. I stepped backwards, that all might pass,—and behold,—among the first, a lady, a young and graceful lady, arrayed in the deepest sables. The room was darkish; but the figure, the gait, the profile,—I saw them all distinctly. With slow and stately steps, Katharine Wald glided by me: she passed the door,—her long black train floated over the threshold. I was in a dream; yet my eyes perused every form that followed,—and at last I was alone, and I had seen no Lascelyne. I cannot say what my feelings were. I followed the last of the company, as if I had been dragged by a chain. I would have bounded up the staircase, but the servants were all arranged in the blazing hall; and I crept,—I stole into the dining-room. My eye glanced once, just once, round the room; and I began to breathe again, when I found that I had hedged myself in at the bottom of the table, on the same side towards the upper-end of which she had taken her seat.

But I was completely in a dream. The lights, the crowd, the buzz,—they found me, and they left me alone. If I ate and drank, I was no more aware of what I was doing than the silver or glass before me. There was a ringing in my ears,—a dizziness on my brain. I knew not whether I had lived an hour or a minute, when my neighbours rose, and I perceived that the ladies were about to withdraw.

Instinctively I kept my face to the table, and fixed my eyes on the opposite wall,—the side of the room along which she was *not* to pass. I was fixed,—I was a statue; and yet I trembled to the bone to think, that perhaps the skirt of her garment might be rubbing the back of my chair,—even of my coat. She had happened to take the other way: she appeared right before my eyes,—I had not power to avert them. On she came,—she caught my dead gaze full; and I saw a sudden tremour agitate every fibre in her glorious frame. She opened her lips, and instantly compressed them again, as if they had been frozen. It was the work of a moment,—less than a moment. She walked on: the door was closed upon the last of them. I had met those eyes once more,—who could ever read their hazel depths?—It was Katharine,—the same Katharine,—the same unapproachable, ineffable loveliness;—and yet how changed in aspect and in bearing! What cold sombre sorrow was this that had seated itself upon the world's throne of beauty? whence that vestal gloom,—that more than matron gravity,—that solemn, melancholy, dreary majesty? Had I seen her before she saw me, or only when she was seeing me?—had I seen, or had I fancied? And why that sable garb,—that attire of deepest mourning? Burn, dull, sleepy brain! throb, throb once more, thou crushed and trampled, but still living heart! Is Lascelyne dead,—is the traitor below the sod,—are the worms feeding upon his beauty,—is Katharine a widow, is she free? Out upon the thought! Fool! slave!—crawling slave! where is the dream of thy youth,—the holy virgin dream?

Had the poor tutor remained in the room after the ladies were gone, it might have excited some notice,—my immediate disappearance, of course, did not. I was gasping for breath, and I made my way at once to the open air. I stood, I daresay, for half an hour, propped against the wall, just beyond the door. It was a dark windy night, and the old trees about the house were groaning, and the leaves falling thick about me.

Suddenly, two horsemen came cantering close by me. The first reined his horse, and the light from the hall streamed full upon Lascelyne's face. He dismounted, and I could not but hear what he said to his groom. "Tell them," said he, "that your lady will require the carriage immediately after breakfast in the morning. My horses at the same time; for we have a longish stage to-morrow."

"Yes, my lord," said the man: and I saw the one enter the house, and the other take the way towards the stables.

I prowled about the woods a while, and then denned myself in my garret: and I need scarcely say, that I did not honour the distinguished company with my presence at their breakfast-table next morning. But how acute was my ear! How distinctly did I hear the carriage-steps slap, and the wheels begin to roll!

The death of Sir Claud breaks up the party. Wald commences surgeon in the county town in the neighbourhood, and Joanne retires to the residence of that old servant, who had related her story to Mathew Wald. The following is the picture of their retirement, and of one of the visits of Wald:

I deferred this visit, therefore, till the last evening of my stay; when I easily found my way to a lonely, and as lovely a retreat, certainly, as ever sheltered the infirmities of age, or the sorrows of youth. Fast by the green margin of the noble Ora, and embowered among the fading foliage of his birches, stood the little rustic shieling, for which that gentle child of misfortune had left the hall of her fathers. The hill rose precipitous behind, clothed to the loftiest crag with copsewood, from the midst of which, here and there, the red gigantic trunks of the native pine towered upwards with their broad sable canopies. The wide stream rolling in heavy murmurs close underneath the branches of the trees, its dark-brown waters gleaming with the gold of the sunset, appeared to cut off the wilderness it embellished from every intrusion of the world. A small skiff lay chained to the bank—and slowly did I urge it, with my single strength, against the deep and steady flow of the autumnal river.

From without, the appearance of the cottage itself was rude, and even desolate; but within, the habits of another life had already, in the course of but a few days, begun their triumph. I had to stoop ere I could pass the threshold; and I trod upon a floor of naked earth. But the exquisite cleanliness that had entered with the new inhabitants, had of itself robbed poverty of all its meanness. Every thing upon the walls shone bright in the blaze of the nicely-trimmed wood fire, and Mammy sat in her elbow-chair at the side of it, a perfect specimen of the majestic repose of extreme, but unbending age. It seemed to me that there was something far more grand about the whole appearance of the old woman, now that I saw her under her own paternal roof. The bluntness of address and expression, which had before been a sort of oddity to amuse a circle of tolerant superiors, was now the natural privilege of independence; though, indeed, I am not sure that the sense of home, and the instinct of hospitality, had not somewhat softened already the external manifestations of a temper, which no change of circumstances could have essentially altered. I was received with courtesy—even with grace; and when, a minute or two afterwards, Miss Joanne came into the room, and, modestly saluting me, drew her stool towards Mammy's knee, I really could not help thinking, that, in spite of all the young lady's native elegance of aspect and carriage, a stranger might easily have been deceived, and supposed himself to be contemplating a family group.

I, you will have no great difficulty in believing, could not contemplate it without some feelings of awkwardness, as well as of admiration. The situation in which I saw Joanne Barr was new; and her demeanour, I could not help thinking, was almost as greatly changed. We had been used to treat each other like friends—some spell seemed now to hover over us both. Our eyes seldom met, and neither addressed more than a few syllables to the other—she took her work, and I sat listening, or pretending to listen, to Mammy. At last, I contrived to make it be understood that I had come to take my farewell; that I was to leave the country the next morning. Mammy gave me her blessing very affectionately, and I bowed to Joanne. The poor girl said nothing, but (in a very low whisper it was) "I wish you well, Sir, wherever you go." She did not put out her hand, and I retired, stammering more good-byes.

I jumped into my little boat, and had pushed myself a few yards from the brink, when I heard my name called in Joanne's sweet voice, and perceived that she had followed me to the bank of the river, and was holding something towards me in her hand. I ran the skiff in again, and she stooped to give me my gloves, which I had left behind me. Our hands touched each other—and, in the deepening twilight, and in the midst of some confusion of my own, I could not be blind to the blush, the deep, grave, timid blush, and the troubled workings of that half-averted eye. How much may pass in a moment! My little boat was out in the stream again almost instantly, and yet the words *return* and *hope* had been whispered; and while, in rowing across the river, my eyes were fixed upon the lowly cabin, I perceived that a shadow was still lingering in the window—and a soft dream floated over my heart, that some day I should indeed return, and that the world, after all, might still retain some visions of hope—ay, of tenderness and soothing consolation, for me—even for me. No fiery pulse beat—no maddening ecstasy of passion fluttered in my brain:—these were strings which had been snapt; but a calm, pensive feeling, was deep upon me. I cannot explain it. No man loves twice, perhaps, in the same sense of the word. But, although the pine-tree will never sprout again after he has been levelled to the ground, what need hinder plants of humbler stature, yet of softer foliage, to spring from the soil beneath which his ponderous roots are mouldering?

Joanne and Wald are married—and great changes follow. Wald recovers evidence that the connection between Sir Claud and the mother of Joanne had been such as would, according to the law of Scotland, amount to a regular marriage, and that his wife was consequently the heiress of his estates;—and the family of Sir Claud are glad to compromise the matter, by ceding to him the property of Barrmains. His happiness is qualified, however, by a strong methodistical feeling, to which the gentle mind of Joanne had been, for some time, yielding; and to divert her attention from those gloomy imaginations which had been created by the preaching of some country fanatic, and fostered by solitude, he gets into Parliament, and prepares for a visit to London. We pass over a good deal of a comic cast, which is fairly executed, but exceedingly inferior to the deeper parts of the book, to which we now approach with rapidity. Wald receives the unexpected intelligence, that Katharine had been deserted by her husband, and had disappeared; and, by one of those strange accidents, which never occur anywhere but in novels, and not in the best of these either, the lodging-house of Wald, in London, happens to join that which was the retreat of Katharine. The following passage is the commencement of the tragedies which occupy the remainder of the volume:

I was sitting, however, by myself one night, reading my book, when, happening to feel my room overheated, I threw open the window, and was detained leaning over it by the extreme beauty and serenity of the moonlight. Suddenly my ear caught sounds—sounds of grief apparently—and, watching for a moment, I became satisfied that they proceeded from the neighbouring house. However I had smiled at the servants' dark conjectures and tales, I confess that this lamentation, the first sound of human voice that I had ever heard proceed from this mysterious quarter—I confess that the groans I heard, together with the lateness of the hour, and the profound deathlike silence which reigned over everything besides—I confess that all this moved in me, not a feeling of simple curiosity merely, but a crowd of feelings which I could not analyse on the instant, nor shall I be idle enough to attempt describing them now. Let it suffice, that I obeyed the impulse of the moment. I fastened a cord to the little iron balcony of my window, dropt upon the turf below, and having often before noticed that a certain horse-chesnut tree in my garden threw some of its branches partly over the wall which separated it from the adjoining one—to this tree I walked, and fairly began to climb it.

I soon was higher, much higher than my wall. I found out the projecting branch which seemed to be most capable of sustaining my weight, and crept along it. I could now see that there was light in a window—the same window towards which the boy had seemed to cast his eyes when he played on the green. Could I get a yard or two further, I might probably see something of what was going on within that room. The sounds came upon my ear every moment more clearly, more distinctly. Heavens! a woman's voice!—what ruffian deeds may be doing in this guarded lair of guilt! Why did I not bring my sword with me? I could go back for that—in the meantime, let me see, if possible, what is the fact. I huddled myself a pace or two farther on—A woman—a lady—a lady alone—I just caught one glimpse of this, when snap went the branch under me. I heard the crash in its progress, but it was too late—I fell, and I fell about as senseless as the timber I had broken.

This was for a moment—no more. I gathered myself up instantly—at least so it semed to me; and behold, what is here—a man, an oldish man bending over me, scanning my features by the light of his lamp. "As I live, Mr Matthew!—Oh, my lady, 'tis Mr Matthew, our own Mr Wald, my lady!"

I sprung to my feet. Before me, right before me, three paces off, no more—"Is this under the cope of heaven?—do I dream?—am I mad?—am I dead and buried, and among the beings of eternity?—Katharine, Katharine Wald! do I indeed see thee? Is this life or vision? Behold me once more at thy feet! Katharine! angel! victim! martyred loveliness! Speak—speak—forgiveness!"

She gazed, she extended her arms, she dropt—but not upon the ground—I received her; I lifted her, faint, speechless, shivering, sobbing. I lifted her in my arms; I could have borne her to the end of the earth, although I had been pierced with fifty daggers. I bore her into the house—I followed, and the man led me—I placed her where he pointed. She lay with her long dishevelled curls upon my bosom. The man, with instinctive reverence, withdrew.—We were alone; no, not quite alone. Her child was asleep, smiling close beside us in the serenity of happy dreams. I gazed upon the infant. She looked upon him too, and she sunk again upon my breast in a passion of lamentation.

How mechanically these old wrinkled fingers do their work! Is it thus that I live over again those moments? Alas! when was that day that I did not live them?

What humiliation on both sides!—and yet what was mine? What signified it to me to say out that which had for years curdled at the roots of my heart?—I had suffered vanity and sinful revenge to lead astray a mind irritated by imaginary wrongs—wrongs at least shapeless, nameless, incapable of being clothed in *words*. I had suffered for this? Perhaps so—perhaps not. The external tenor of my life at least had been fortunate, eminently fortunate. Had I not a wife of my own choice—an estate—a station equal at least to my earliest hopes? But her story—how different was this! For any woman to tell the cruelty of her husband is enough, but for Katharine Wald to tell her husband's cruelty to me—to me that had hated him, and shewn my hatred from the first moment our eyes met—to me that had never spoken to her since she was his wife—that had acted acts of hostility, ay, and worse, of contempt—to me that had ceased to be *her* kinsman from the hour in which I saw *him*—this was bitterness indeed!

And would she have breathed anything of all this to *me* even now, unless I had forced her to do so by a violent intrusion upon her privacy, and afterwards by all the frenzy of a murderous sympathy? I cannot answer this, Sir, but so it was, that everything gave way before the torrent of our mingled anguish. I cursed, madman that I was, I cursed the hour in which she saw him! I cursed him like a fiend. I described the French madam that I had seen with him in his ruin—in her favourite haunt—and grinding my teeth, in an agony that forgot all the world beyond the one spot where she was seated, I, like a savage and a ruffian, clutching at the heartstrings of a prostrate victim, demanded, ay, and wrung from her, the confession that *once* she had been mine.

Such confessions are not made in words—I have no words to repeat. The thing was so. Perdition on my baseness! I twisted this dagger in that heart in the presence of Lascelyne's child—ay, and in another's presence too!

My poor wife had left her bed, thinking I was sitting up too late, and came into my room (this, indeed, was no very unusual occurrence) to tell me what the hour was. But I need not be particular; you may easily imagine what her feelings were, when she found the window open and the cord. The servants being alarmed instantly, they discovered one of my slippers on the green, close under the horse-chesnut. A ladder was brought, and one of the first of them that passed the wall was my poor Joanne, made strong and bold both, in spite of her nature and her condition, by the fears, the wild fears which agitated her for *me*.

Katharine was weeping on my bosom, and I took no note of the outcry and bustle—nor did she. Suddenly a piercing cry was uttered quite close to us. Joanne was within the chamber-door. She had seen with her eyes the agony of that tenderness, and she saw no more.

One convulsion chased another over her delicate frame. Wild reproaches, melancholy wailings there were; but they were all sunk immediately in the screams of her untimely travail.

Horrible hour! I stood in the presence of Katharine a husband, a parent—a widowed husband and childless father! I stood it all, however. Yes, my soul was chained up within me;—I could contemplate all this havoc—understand it I could not.

I found myself—how long after I know not—in my own house—in my own bed. The same dull leaden stupor still sat upon my brain—the same dead crust of despair dry upon my heart.

He sees Katharine again, and is informed that Lord Lascelyne had arrived, and had claimed his son. He is worked up to frenzy by the insulting coolness of an epistle from Lascelyne. And this is the result:

I dressed myself, (for as yet I had but half my clothes on,) and, going down stairs on tiptoe, desired to see the messenger.—"You belong to Lord Lascelyne?" said I. "Shew me where your master is."

The man looked considerably confused, and hesitated for a little.

"I carry the answer myself," said I—"Lead the way,—walk."

He did not dare to shuffle any longer.—"My Lord," said he, "is but at the end of the street."

"Very well," said I, with a smile, "that is just as it should be. Stay here a moment, and I shall return."

"My Lord bade me come back with the answer, Sir."

"Ay, ay, stay where you are, my lad; we shall be all with you directly;" and I pushed him into an anti-room, and was instantly beyond my door.

I found him at the corner, close to the turnstile.—"My Lord Lascelyne," said I, bowing to the ground,—"I fear your Lordship has been early disturbed this morning. Will it please you to take a turn in the park there,—the air is better than here in this narrow street, and we shall talk over our little matters more easily, perhaps."

Lascelyne followed me in silence—I walked very rapidly, I promise you—until we were fairly among the trees. I halted, and flinging my cloak on the turf, bade him choose for himself.

"Swords!" said he—"two swords, Mr Wald!—I was not prepared for this, Sir,—I assure you I had no such intention."

"Choose, my Lord, choose," I answered; "the blades are good, both of them."

"Sir," said he, and he drew himself up in a very stately fashion—I must say that for Lascelyne—"Sir, I refuse no man's challenge; but neither do I accept it but upon certain conditions—name your quarrel, Sir, and your friend."

"My quarrel!"

"Yes, Sir, your quarrel. Do you pretend to say that you have any rights over my child?—It was that only my letter referred to."

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"Oh no, my Lord Lascelyne, not to that only. Come, come, here is no time for trifling; choose."

"I insist upon hearing what is your quarrel, Mr Wald."

"*My* quarrel?—You sign yourself, '*Wald* Lascelyne,' I think, too?—Come, my Lord, draw."

"And wherefore?—Speak plainly, at all events."

"In me, Sir, you see the representative of an insulted blood—that is not all, but that is enough—choose, and choose quickly."

"Why, Sir, if you think that you have any particular title to fight me because I have happened to have some disagreement with your cousin, that is well enough in its way, and I sha'n't be the man to baulk you—but not here, nor thus, if you please. I must have my boy, Sir, first; and, secondly, I must place him in hands that I happen to approve of—that's my fancy, Sir;—and then, Mr Wald, if you have no very particular objection, I rather prefer going through such things in the most received fashion,—in short, I choose among my own friends, ere I pick among your blades, that also is my fancy."

"Friends!—Friends to see *us!*—Seconds, forsooth!"

"Ay, Sir, seconds; 'tis the rule, and I have no passion for singularities, whatever may be your taste."

"Come, come—when you next fall out with some fop about a pointer, or a dancer, my Lord—some pirouetting dancer—this puppy legislation will do finely. I thought we were serious."

"Serious! partly so, partly not, Mr Wald. I consider, (but I won't baulk you, though,) I consider this as rather a laughable hurry of yours, Mr Wald."

"Laughable? ha!—was that your word?"

"Ay, laughable—extremely laughable—quite *hors des regles.*"

"The *regles!*—Madam Francoise has taught you that pretty word, too.—Come, come, do you wish me to spit on you—to kick you—to crush you—to hew you down like a calf?"

"Sir, you are a ruffian: but give me your swords——"

How beautifully we went through all the parade!—how calmly we proved the distance!—how exactly we took our attitudes! You would have sworn we were two professed fencers—and yet for me—I knew almost nothing of it—I had never tried the naked sword before but once; and you know how—

But after the first minute of ceremony, what a joke was all this!—I rushed upon him, Sir, as if I had been some horned brute. I had no more thought of guards and passes than if I had been a bison. He stabbed me thrice—thrice through the arm—clean through the arm—*that* was my guard—but what signified this? I felt his blade as if it had been a gnat—a nothing. At last my turn came—I spitted him through the heart—I rushed on till the hilt stopped me.—I did not draw my steel out of him.—I spurned him off it with my foot.

"Lie there,—rot there, beast—" single groan, and his eye fixed.

The Stagyrite says you cannot hate the dead:—He never hated.—I dipped my shoe in his blood.

I rushed home as if I had had wings; but my courage forsook me at the threshhold.

I entered the room where Katharine was—(she was still seated there, her child on her knee, waiting for me)—I entered it with my cloak wrapped about me. I sat down at some little distance from them—and in silence.

"Matthew," said she, "where have you been?—what have you been about?—your looks were strange before—but now——"

I drew my cloak closer about me.

"Oh! Matthew—your eyes!—will you never compose yourself?"

"Never, Kate."

"But now you were softening.—Come hither, Matthew.—Oh! try if you can weep."

I drew out my sword from below the cloak—I held out the red blade before me—the drops had not all baked yet—one or two fell upon the floor.

"Speak, Matthew! what is this?—Speak!—Ha! God of Mercy! there is blood upon that sword."

"Ay, blood, my cousin—blood."

"My husband! my Lascelyne!"—I heard no more. Heavens and earth! that I should write this down! One shriek—one—just one!

Fainted?—swooned?—Dead! oh! dead.—I remember no more.

There is something in the ferocity of this duel that reminds of the insane grandeur of Mandeville's reflections on the scar inflicted on his forehead by the sword of Clifford. A powerful chapter, describing those remains of the visions of insanity which Wald recollects after his restoration to health, concludes the supposed manuscript of Wald; and a letter from the person to whom the memoir is addressed, closes the volume.

We are quite aware that it is impossible for any one to form an idea of the tale from the meagre notices of its incidents which connect our extracts. The plot, to be sure, is not the best part of the book; but it abounds with interesting scenes, which we have been compelled either to entirely, or to hint at in this brief analyses. But of the splendour and vigour of the style, and the force of particular descriptions, some idea may be gathered from these extracts. We only wish the author had paid a little more attention to their natural introduction, instead of occasionally making use of those improbable causes, puerile incidents, and unnatural transitions, the employment of which must be considered a palpable infringement on the patent of the Minerva Press.

Lines on Roslin.

THE sun is in his noon-day glow,
But twilight wraps the glen below,
And as its darksome depths we tread
Along the river's rocky bed,
It seems—that long and dim defile—
Like some huge Gothic minster's aisle;
For, bending o'er the dread ravine,
The forest spreads an arch of green,
And such an awful gloom pervades
The wild and solitary glades,
As dwells beneath the vaulted roof,
Where Time has spread his verdant woof,
And, as he shakes its lessening sand,
Still hallows with his hoary hand.

Dead silence reigns along the dell,
Save when at times, like far farewell,
The mavis' song, so sadly sweet,
Gives life unto the still retreat;
And fitfully the breezes sigh,
Waking the wild wood's melody,
Such music wafting on their wing
As if they swept some lone harp-string.

And seldom harsher sounds intrude
Upon the wanderer's musing mood;
Still, with a low and dream-like moan,
Esk's lonely waters murmur on,
And, like the tide of being, run
Their varied course in shade and sun,
Where weeping-birch and willows lave
Their long-lorn tresses in the wave,
And the huge oak of ages stands
Like giant with an hundred hands.

Oh! I could deem this fairy-land—
A refuge form'd by Nature's hand,
Where he the world hath wrong'd might find
Once more his long-lost peace of mind,
When Youth's vain phantom chase was o'er,
And Passion's dreams could cheat no more.
Here the rapt bard would love to stray,
And dream the summer eve away.
For rustling leaves and running brooks
Are, to the poet, friends and books;
And here would Fancy lend her hue
To every flower that round him grew,
Painting the rose with brighter bloom,
Exalting every sweet perfume,
Till her own fairer forms would rise
And people all the Paradise.
Now, pacing Roslin's house of pray'r,
Where sleep the long race of St. Clair,
A link is touch'd of memory's chain,
That winds mysterious o'er the brain;
That clew by which the soul can track,
Like wilder'd bee, its wand'rings back;
Conductor of the march of mind,
That winged light'ning leaves behind:
For as I view the Gothic dome,
My soul is at its distant home;
And Fancy sees the mightier pile—
The glory of my native Isle—
Where, 'midst a thousand mould'ring rows,
Chiefs of that noble race repose—
Lords of each melancholy shore,
That hears the Pentland's savage roar,
There—with their pow'r and glory hid,
Beneath a cold and crumbling lid—
Beneath a crest-carv'd, letter'd stone,
"Where nor device nor work is known!"

And now above the woodlands soar,
The Castle's turrets huge and hoar,
Where waves the dark funereal fir,
As round a sullen sepulchre!
And now we pass its gate of years,
But there no seneschal appears—
No voice of welcome greets the guest—
The lord and vassal are at rest!
Instead of martial minstrelsy,
Is heard the owlet's fitful cry,
Slow wailing down the darksome wood,
As winds sigh o'er the solitude:
Thus man decays, but Nature blooms
O'er chiefless halls and mould'ring tombs!

J. M.

THE SCOTS PRESS, 1824.

The Scots Magazine may be justly regarded as the oldest and most complete periodical record of our *national* history and literature since Scotland ceased to be a separate kingdom. Amidst the varieties of fame and fortune which have attended its progress, during a period of nearly one hundred years, it still keeps its *characteristic* ground among the periodical works of the age; and its pages, we trust, will be found to contain a portion of information and amusement as ample and pure, perhaps, as any of its contemporaries of the same class can boast of. If it has less of the piquancy which personal satire or unprincipled servility are sometimes found to bestow on ephemeral tirades, it is not made the vehicle of slander, to wound the feelings of virtuous and exalted men, or to carry the poison of malignity into the bosom of domestic life. If it be not marked by indications of high pretension and never-ending egotism, it aspires, at least, to convey to sober-minded readers a rational and not inelegant repast for the mind,—in which, during many intervals of the varied avocations of life, persons of all ages and descriptions may indulge without pain or pollution, and with actual benefit, both as regards their moral feelings and their intellectual improvement.

In order at once to preserve the *national* qualities of our Miscellany, as the genuine Scots Magazine, and to extend, as far as we can, its claims to the approbation of our readers, we purpose, in future, to devote a portion of our pages to a regular review of such works as may issue from the Scots Press. The more interesting publications only have, for some time past, been the chief objects of our notice, and these, whether published in Scotland or in the sister kingdoms, will, in future, continue to possess the most prominent station in our critical remarks; but while England puts forth its analytical criticisms and Literary Gazettes in abundance, we consider it somewhat unfair to the minor authors, as well as to the publishers of Scotland, to leave their books altogether unnoticed, save in a newspaper advertisement, or a list of new publications. There are many works which, though neither the productions of great names, nor the depositories of splendid discoveries, are yet distinguished for useful information, which it is desirable that the reading public should be apprised of; and there are other productions, of a different cast, some of them small and trivial, perhaps, but which it may be proper to subject to the critical lash, and to public scorn and displeasure.

In prosecution of the plan which we have thus stated our intention to adopt, we now proceed to take a retrospect of the Scots Press during the part of the year 1824 which has already elapsed.

KEITH'S SCOTTISH BISHOPS*.

The students of Scottish History are much indebted to the Editor and Publishers of this work. The name of its author is familiar to every one who has read any portion of our history, and his works on the affairs of Church and State in Scotland, from the beginning of the Reformation to the retreat of Queen Mary into England, is, by the universal suffrage of all parties, allowed to be a most valuable depository of authentic information. In fact, it is a work of the very highest authority and value, embracing a great body of original documents, which, after all, constitute the most satisfactory, if not the most elegant species of historical composition. It is the storehouse from whence our Robertsons and Cooks have drawn a great

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* An Historical Catalogue of the Scottish Bishops, down to the year 1688, by the Right Rev. Robert Keith; also an Account of all the Religious Houses that were in Scotland at the time of the Reformation; by John Spottiswoode, Esq. A new edition, corrected, and continued to the present time, by the Rev. M. Russell, LL.D. Edinburgh. Bell & Bradfute.

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portion of the materials for their more popular works; but if they have digested and arranged the information collected and embodied by Keith, with a greater degree of neatness and grace, we acknowledge that our taste is so barbarous, that we sometimes prefer to their compositions the perusal of the Bishop's quaint narrative, incumbered as it is, in every page, with Acts of Parliament and of Privy Council, and clogged with black-letter quotations, and numberless side and foot-notes. We have a great affection for original documents in all matters of history, and prefer them infinitely to dissertations, however elaborate. Bishop Keith, as well as Wodrow, and some of the elder chroniclers, are, in our humble judgment, more truly interesting and instructive than any other works with which we are acquainted, touching the periods to which they relate. The Bishop, no doubt, had his leanings in point of feeling and opinion; but there are so many proofs of the candour, sincerity, and single-heartedness even of his party-spirit, and so much evidence of his integrity, that we confide in his fidelity as a collector of documents, while we sometimes differ from the opinions expressed in his commentaries.

A mere *catalogue* of Scottish Bishops may, to some persons, appear a very useless and uninteresting compilation. But it is, in fact, like many other adjuncts of history, a material *help* to the inquirer, and furnishes him with much of that minute and detailed information which enables him to see his path more distinctly, and to take more clear and certain views of the regions around him. The ecclesiastics of Scotland, while a separate kingdom, were among the most conspicuous characters in the management of her affairs; and it is impossible to obtain very accurate information, with regard either to the general history of the kingdom, or to its provinces, without devoting some attention to the biography of the prelates, whether of the Popish or Reformed churches. It is on this ground that we consider the present republication an acquisition. The catalogue was originally published in 1755, and had become very scarce and expensive. It is now presented to the public in the convenient, and, if we may be allowed the expression, the *sensible* shape of a neat octavo volume. We wish some spirited bookseller would publish new editions of our national chronicles in the same style; for, besides the bulk and weight of the old-fashioned editions, which, when handled, are like to break the backs of pigmy moderns, they are most extravagantly expensive, and really beyond the reach of ordinary collectors or readers. The works to which we refer, such as Keith's History, Anderson's Collections, Wodrow, and others, might all be now republished in a correct and accessible form. The parliamentary records are nearly all published, in the most accurate and ample manner, under the direction of Mr Thomson, Deputy Clerk-Register, to whom, as an enlightened and liberal antiquary, Scotland owes much; and the Privy Council record is now almost all recovered and restored, from June 1545 to the period of the Union. The only blanks in the series are from 1553 to 1558; in 1569 and 1570, and from 1603 to 1606. This record (independently of other collections that are every day coming to the light,) which is an invaluable repository of historical information, and of which even our most laborious antiquaries and historians had only partial glimpses until very lately, would supply the means of correcting, by collation, all the documents formerly published, and furnish much new and curious matter for illustrating some of the most interesting portions of our history. But to return to the volume before us.

It contains, besides the articles mentioned in the title-page, a Life of Bishop Keith, and a Preliminary Dissertation on the Planting of Christianity in Scotland, and on the history of the Culdees. The Bishop was allied to the Marischal family, being the son of the Laird of Uras in Kincardineshire, where he was born 7th Feb. 1681. Brief and uninteresting as are the particulars of his life, we have not space to notice its details, farther than that he was consecrated a Bishop of the Episcopal Church of Scotland in 1727, and died at Bonnyhaugh, near Leith, on the 20th of January 1757. He lived, of course, during a period of vehement intolerance towards those of the communion to which he belonged, and in that seclusion and quiet, to which, perhaps, we are indebted for his valuable historical researches. Of the Dissertation on the Culdees, partly written by the well-known Mr Goodall, and partly by the editor, Dr Russel, we are unwilling to express any very decided opinion, farther than that it seems to be drawn up with considerable learning and spirit. If it has not demolished Sir James Dalrymple's and Dr Jamieson's theories, with regard to the early separation of the Culdees from the errors of the Church of Rome, and, with regard to the Presbyterian character, of that set of monks, this short disquisition has at least shaken those theories to the very foundation, and shown that some of the arguments in support of them are quite inconclusive.

PLURALITY OF OFFICES IN THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND EXAMINED *.

A GREAT deal has been said and written on the case which has given birth to this volume, and, save a few remarks in our own Magazine for January last, all that we have seen published is on one side of the question—*against* Dr M'Farlane, who has hitherto been on the losing side. We had, first, a Report of the Speeches in the Presbytery, published in July last year—then a Synod Speech by Thomas Chalmers, D.D., Minister of St. John's Church, Glasgow, with a Preface by Stevenson MacGill, D.D., &c.—and now we are presented with a volume of 300 closely-printed pages, by Mr Burns. All this shews great zeal and activity, at least; and if the anonymous publications in Newspapers, Magazines, &c., be taken into view, and the correspondence and movements of *Corresponding Members* from Edinburgh to the Synod of Glasgow be farther taken into account, we are fairly warranted to infer, that those who oppose Dr M'Farlane have made this as much *a party question* as any one which was ever agitated in our Church Courts. We do not object to this. But it is needless for the party to deny the imputation; for with so many visible symptoms of party on the face of their proceedings, nobody will take declamations on the subject as any thing but common-place flourish. We earnestly recommend to them, therefore, in the concoction of their speeches for the ensuing General Assembly, to abstain from all disavowals on this subject—from all proclamations of their sense of duty merely, urging them on against their inclinations—and, above all, from allusions to their loyalty, &c. It is absolutely laughable to see Dr MacGill in the Presbytery, and Dr Chalmers in the Synod, and Mr Burns in his Preface, *labouring* in serious earnest to repel some supposed insinuations that Dr M'Farlane's opponents are disaffected to Government, or, according to the slang of the day—*radicals.* A more unfounded and incredible supposition never was made. We have no doubt, that, apart from all abstract principle on the subject, the party, as a party, are dissatisfied with the present instance of Ministerial patronage, because it is not extended to any of their own party, (many of whom deserve every honour); but no man of sense will construe this into disloyalty or radicalism; and it is quite needless to be majestic, or to make more speeches on the subject. We would advise them, (as we intend forthwith to do) to address themselves directly to the merits of the case, avoiding all extraneous and irrelevant topics, which can only distract the attention, and obscure the judgment of those whose duty it is to decide the case in the General Assembly of the Church.

The merits of the case lie within very narrow limits. Dr M'Farlane is Principal of Glasgow College, and he has got a presentation to the Church and Parish of St. Mungo, which is situated in the same city.

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* Plurality of Offices in the Church of Scotland Examined; with a particular reference to the Case of the Very Reverend Dr M'Farlane, Principal of the University of Glasgow. By the Rev. Robert Burns, Paisley. Glasgow—Chalmers & Collins.

The presentation is admitted to be indisputable, but the Presbytery "refuse to proceed on the said presentation," in respect that Dr M'Farlane "appears to them, *in hoc statu*, an UNQUALIFIED PRESENTEE [*]." The disqualification here referred to does not consist of moral, intellectual, literary, or theological unfitness, for on all these points the most ample testimonies are borne in favour of Dr M'Farlane; but is inferred solely from the fact of his being Principal of the College, the duties of which, *his opponents say*, are of such a nature as to render it *impossible* for him to discharge his duties as Parochial Minister of St. Mungo.

Now, on the very first view of this objection, it is obvious that Dr M'Farlane's imputed unfitness is a *constructive, anticipated*, and *purely hypothetical unfitness;* and so far is it from being supported by probability even, that, in point of fact, his predecessor, Principal Taylor, discharged, for many years, the duties of both offices, with the most exemplary fidelity, and with the entire approbation of his brethren, his colleagues, and the public. What, then, has occurred since his death, to render the enjoyment of these charges incompatible, or to justify a doubt that Dr M'Farlane will discharge the duties of the same situations with equal fidelity and equal applause? Nothing—absolutely nothing. The reverse, indeed, is the case; for Dr M'Farlane is a much younger and more active man than Principal Taylor had been for many years; and if our *anticipations* are to be governed by probabilities, he is much more likely to be an efficient Pastor, as well as Principal, for some time, at least, than he who had grown old and frail in the labours of honour and usefulness.

When the presentation was laid on the Presbytery table, the objection now alluded to, and afterwards dilated, and dwelt on in every possible shape, was thus stated by Dr MacGill: "However well qualified Dr M'Farlane was for the discharge of his duties, for those of the Parish to which he applied to be inducted, *he was quite incapable*, both from its great extent, and from his attention being *necessarily* drawn to the duties of Principal of the College, which he was sure was no sinecure. The Principal had many secular duties to perform, which were *very likely* to withdraw his mind from his parochial duties; and, besides, he was not sure but that it was illegal to appoint the Minister of the High Church to the office of Principal, as, by the College Charter, the Minister of the High Church is appointed to examine and doquet the College accounts; and he would ask, how it is consistent, that a man thus made a party could doquet his own accounts?"

It does, we confess, appear to us a little irregular, (not to employ the offensive epithet of officious) in Dr MacGill thus *ultroneously* and unnecessarily to stir any question of the kind. *There is no objection stated on the part of the Parishioners of St Mungo,—there is no objection stated from the Senatus Academicus of the University*,—and, in point of fact and of form, there was no evidence on the table of the Presbytery that Dr M'Farlane was Principal of Glasgow College. We are not inclined to quibble about forms; but they are important as a check upon overzealous superintendents and judges; and the *nobile officium* and inquisitorial powers of a Presbyter, we sincerely think, were overstretched by any Member of Presbytery thrusting forward his own private and personal knowledge as a ground for obstructing Dr M'Farlane's progress into the Church, when there was no appearance, at its bar, by any party entitled to appear and object. The Doctor himself, we are convinced, is too liberal-minded to take umbrage at any of his brethren for doing what they have done; but we, who are equally unconnected with all the parties concerned, cannot help thinking the objection ought to have been stated by some party having an interest, when Dr MacGill, *as a Judge*, could have formed his judgment on the case, without voluntarily assuming the awkward position, at the same time, of *a party*.

Dr MacGill, most unphilosophically, as we apprehend, TAKES IT FOR GRANTED, (for that is now the orthodox style of reasoning,) *without putting any evidence on record to bear out his assumption*, that Dr M'Farlane "was quite incapable" to discharge his parochial duties, "both from its great extent, and from his attention being necessarily drawn to the duties of Principal of the College." With respect to the extent of the Parish there seems to be some uncertainty. One Member of Presbytery states it at about 7000, while others of them (the opponents of Dr M'Farlane) talk loosely of 8000, 9000, and 10,000 inhabitants. Be it granted that that is the gross population; it is extremely probable, we think, that a third, or perhaps a half of these, are Seceders from the Church, so that there will be 5000 in the charge, and under the ministrations of Dr M'Farlane. It is, no doubt, a mighty charge; but what is it to that of the Parish of St. Cuthbert's, under our eye? The population of the latter is ten times as large; yet is there a man in the Church of Scotland who would venture to state an objection to the excellent and venerable Sir Harry Moncrieff continuing to take charge of the Widows' Fund, because, forsooth, he "is quite incapable" to discharge his pastoral duties, from the great extent of his parish, "and from his attention being necessarily drawn to the duties" of Collector for the Widows' Fund? Were such a proposition made, we know enough of both sides of the Church to be convinced that it would be scouted from every corner of the kingdom: yet the case is exactly parallel with that of Principal M'Farlane. The secular duties of Collector to the Widows' Fund are numerous, and no sinecure; but, numerous and important as they are, it will not be said they ever withdrew the mind of our revered countryman from his parochial duties to a flock among which he ministers with an influence almost patriarchal. *Justice is even-handed.* If Sir H. Moncrieff can manage the Widows' Fund of the Church of Scotland, along with his parochial charge, why may not Dr M'Farlane hold the honorary office of Principal of Glasgow College? It may be said, that Sir Harry has a colleague, and Chapels of Ease; but to say nothing of the *extra-parochial* labours of that colleague, in attending Missionary, Bible, and Auxiliary Societies, wherever he can find them, and subdividing the population of St Cuthbert's equally among all the Clergy who officiate within it, Sir Harry's portion will remain equal to, or greater, than the largest number which it is said are in St. Mungo's Parish; and the secular business of the Widows' Fund may be greater, but cannot be less than that of Principal in Glasgow College. The one is as much a plurality as the other, and its duties equally incompatible with those of a Parish Minister.

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[*] Report, p. 12.

But let us see what those duties are in the College of Glasgow.

It is said, that the Minister of the High Church is appointed, by *the College Charter*, to doquet the College accounts; and that it would be inconsistent, "that a man thus made a party should doquet *his own* accounts!" Although this were granted, what has the Presbytery to do with the matter? If there be an obligation imposed by the College Charter on the Minister of the High Church, it is evidently an obligation, the enforcement of which is not competent to the Presbytery, but is cognizable only by a Civil Court, as a civil affair, and at the instance of the College Faculty. The College Charter, however, cannot impose such a duty as an obligation, much less as an ecclesiastical obligation. It is a trust, *res meræ facultatis*, which the Minister may either do or not as he chuses, and which, at his ordination, he does not undertake by any engagement, expressed or implied. To talk of such an impediment, therefore, is mere foolery and childishness. Independently, however, of this consideration, the College accounts are not *the Principal's* accounts; and therefore there seems to be no inconsistency whatever in Dr M'Farlane, as Minister of the High Church, auditing the accounts of the College Treasurer, and doqueting those accounts.

The learned Professor of Theology makes a great fuss and parade about the vastness and variety of the duties of Principal; but, after sweeping away the verbiage, and dissipating the puffy-stuffy of his oration in the Presbytery, we find that they just amount to what every body supposes or expects the Principal of a College has to do. He has "to superintend the whole College!" Wonderful! "To him is committed the superintendence of the general interests of education within the University,"—"the superintendence of the *conduct* both of Masters and Students," &c.—"to attend on every Sabbath, with the Professors and Students, the house of God,"—"to perform all the duties of a Professor of Divinity,"—and to keep an eye to the secular and literary interests of the University. Now, we should wish to know what there is in all this to the performance of which Dr M'Farlane is supposed to be incompetent? We are not to be satisfied with swelling and high-sounding generalities, or childish suppositions that he cannot be in two Churches at the same time, and other such puzzling dilemmas as are figured; nor do we think it within the competency of the Presbytery, or Synod of Glasgow, to determine, *a priori*, what a man of healthy mind and body can accomplish, in such a sphere as that contemplated by the union in Dr M'Farlane's case. It may be discovered, after his appointment, if he neglects the duty of either. And if he neglect his duties in the College, the Senatus Academicus may seek redress for their grievances before some competent tribunal,—while the parishioners and Presbytery will have it in their power to keep him to his tackle in his ecclesiastical relation to them. In short, it is indisputably *jus tertii* to the Presbytery, or any of its members, to interfere in the name and on behalf of the College; and it is an unconstitutional stretch of power in the Presbytery to deny admission to Dr M'Farlane, (whose fitness for the charge is unchallenged,) upon the most fantastical, trashy, and hypothetical *suppositions* and anticipations, which ever were generated amidst the inconsistencies of party spirit.

The Charter of the College is referred to, as imposing duties on the Principal which necessarily disqualify him from being Minister of the Parish of St. Mungo; and it is brought forward as furnishing irresistible evidence of avocations in the College, sufficient *to prevent* his induction into a parish with the cure of souls. Now let us see what this "Magna Charta" says. After specifying certain acts of superintendence and academical duties, it declares expressly, that, "on the seventh day, he shall be free from his ordinary duties, *that he may preach to the people of Govan* *." So far, therefore, from proscribing the union of the Principality with the cure of souls, this Charter (1577) *specially enjoins and appoints* such a conjunction of offices. It was Govan, to be sure, that it appointed the Principal to officiate in; but the *principle* of plurality is the same, whether he officiate in Govan, or Gorbals, or St. Mungo's parishes. The reason, temporary as it might be, for this chartered union, is of no earthly importance to the argument. The Charter of the College, ratified in Parliament, sanctions, in pointed and express terms, a union of offices similar to that which is contemplated; and, by the argument of these opponents to the settlement, "obedience ought to be yielded to a Royal Charter and an Act of Parliament †!" This answer is conclusive against them. But we say that the Presbytery, *in this case*, have no right to inquire, and no business to know, and no title to plead on, the Charter of the University. It is in the Charter chests of the College. It was not on the table of the Presbytery; and that Court has no jurisdiction of an inquisitorial kind, which can warrant them to drag it forth from the archives of the College, and transmit it, as matter of debate, through the several church judicatories. In short, the Members of Presbytery, as such, have no sort of concern with it; nor, in judging of the case, ought the Superior Courts to listen for an instant to any balderdash of speechifying, about documents which are not, and *cannot* be before them, in any legitimate shape. The only point, therefore, which is open for decision, is, whether or not (putting the College, and all its concerns, out of view) Dr M'Farlane be, in point of literature, theological attainments, and morals, an unexceptionable presentee to St. Mungo's Parish? And as that must inevitably be decided in the affirmative, the Presbytery will be compelled, we have no doubt, by the Assembly, to proceed speedily with his induction to the charge.

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* Burns, p. 227.

† Dr M'Gill's Speech, &c.

Among other irrelevant topics which have been introduced into this controversy, it has been urged, as a good reason for not admitting Dr M'Farlane to the parish for which he has produced a valid presentation, that the emoluments of that charge are good, and that the emoluments of the Principality, too, are good, and that, with both together, Dr M'Farlane's income would be too good, and might support two persons instead of one. This is all sad stuff,—"perilous stuff!" With the emoluments of the Principality of Glasgow College the Presbytery have no concern, in judging of Dr M'Farlane's admissibility *as Minister of St. Mungo*. It is their duty to see that every presentee to a Church shall, before admission, be insured in a sufficient stipend in that Church; that he be legally presented, and be duly qualified for the work of the Ministry; but they have no right, legal or moral, to inquire concerning the state of his private fortune, or of his income derivable from other sources. We have already taken what we consider an impregnable position, that, *quoad* the College of Glasgow and its interests, the Presbytery are completely debarred, in point of strict legal form and substantial justice, from taking it at all into their consideration in this case; and it follows, as a necessary consequence, that the emoluments of any of the College Members are also shut out from their legal vision. Whether the salary of Principal may be augmented or not is no concern of theirs. It is fortunate for the Principal that it is so: and if the teinds for augmenting the Stipend of the Minister in St. Mungo's parish be ample, that, also, is a fortunate circumstance for Dr M'Farlane, who, after his induction, will exercise his own discretion in seeking an augmentation,—not through the Presbytery, but from the Teind Court.

In the views which we have thus taken of this case, we have proceeded on the supposition that *the Church*, in its several judicatories, possesses a competent and inherent power of deciding on the validity of the pretexts which have been conjured up as obstructions to Dr M'Farlane's induction,—that the presentation given by the Patron by no means denudes the Church of that power,—and that it makes no earthly difference whether the Patron be the King or a cobler. The right of induction belongs as unquestionably to the Presbytery, as the right of presentation to the Patron; and on this part of the subject it is quite idle to impute to the Presbytery any disrespect to the Crown by their opposition. The General Assembly will doubtless assert the privileges of the Church; but it will most probably also instruct the Inferior Courts in this case, that they have exercised that power most unwarrantably, and even illegally, on the merits of the case.

This brings us to consider the effect of the Act of Assembly 1817. And really, with all due reverence and humility, we think Dr M'Farlane's opponents have wasted a great deal of valuable breath, and paper, and print. Anterior to the passing of that Act in a constitutional manner, with the sanction of the Presbyteries of the Church, an abuse had crept in to a slight degree, which we readily allow was inconsistent with the genius and the laws of our Church. Parochial Clergymen were sometimes appointed to Professorships in Universities, situated at such a distance from their parishes, that *non-residence* in their pastoral charges necessarily followed. This was an abuse utterly repugnant to the principles of our establishment, even from its earliest days. It tended to strip our Clergy of one of their most beneficial qualities, and to bereave our people of that constant and daily intercourse with their spiritual instructor and friend, which we know from experience must be regarded as a blessed attribute of our establishment. The Act 1817, therefore, was passed, not to shut out all Clergymen from holding Professorial chairs along with their parochial cure of souls, but to prevent any Clergyman from holding a Professorship in a College which was not in the same parish or city within which he was bound, as a paramount point of clerical duty, to reside constantly. This is accordingly the whole import and effect of the Act 1817. It struck at *non-residence*,—and at non-residence *exclusively*. It did not go beyond that point. It was not *imperative* on Presbyteries to admit or reject, in all supposable cases, Ministers to hold Professorships in Universities, even when the College and Church might be in the same parish. It left the laws and powers of the Church on all points, except as to non-residence, precisely where they previously stood; and it only sanctioned the union of Clerical and Professorial charges in the same individuals, in as much as it *did not* declare (what some persons desired) the union to be in all cases absolutely incompatible. That this is the fair construction of the Act will be allowed by every candid and impartial judge, who attends to its letter and to its spirit*: so that the effect of it, in the case of Dr M'Farlane, amounts merely to this,—that it furnishes no positive bar in the way of the Doctor's admission, merely *on the abstract doctrine*, that such a union is inexpedient, as his opponents would have it believed. That doctrine is quite open for controversy and legislation; and the great error of the Presbytery is, that the majority argue their case as if they were legislating on the subject, or were judging of a case of incompatibility in the circumstances, regularly brought before them, and fully substantiated by evidence, *which is not the fact*.

All their learning in the laws and usages of the Church—all their reasonings on the abstract question of fitness or unfitness of unions, such as that in question—all their assumptions and fancies with regard to the duties of Principal of Glasgow College—and all their splendid visions with regard to the range of a Clergyman's duties, are, therefore, quite out of place, and inapplicable to Dr M'Farlane's Case. It may be admitted, that it is expedient to pass a law which shall prevent any Clergyman from holding at the same time a Professor's chair; but that is not the law at present, and the Act 1817 does allow such unions, if they be locally compatible. If the law ought to be altered, let it be altered in the ordinary way, by an overture to that effect; but while it admits expressly of the union of academical and clerical charges, in certain circumstances, it would be an invidious, harsh, and unchristian exercise of *arbitrary* power, if the Presbytery, or other Church courts, were to deny, to a worthy and eminent individual, the honours and emoluments accruing from such a junction of offices—a junction which has in times past produced no visible injury to the establishments of learning and religion among us, but, on the contrary, has cherished and sustained some of the brightest spirits that ever shed lustre, and conferred benefit on our country. Let Dr M'Gill, and Dr Chalmers, and all the Doctors who think such unions injurious to the interests of the Church, bring forward overtures on the subject as often and as soon as they please; but let not individuals, clothed with vested rights, to a certain extent, at least, (by being in possession of presentations,) be *persecuted* by an "evangelical" opposition resting solely on theories and dreams, or dragged through all the *pleasures* of controversy in our Church Courts, or in pamphlets and newspapers. The party can try its strength without annoying individuals.

With regard to the doctrine which Dr M'Gill, and Dr Chalmers, and Mr Burns, and all their partizans, press so eagerly,—(*the popular opinion*, they say) that a Clergyman ought not to be permitted to engage in any other avocation whatever,—we must demur to it, and that, too, very strongly. We will cheerfully give them up the whole class of factors, and farmers, and horse-coupers—editors of newspapers and of libellous magazines—inspectors of hides and quills—itinerant preachers and speakers at auxiliary societies *out of their own parishes*—politicians and smugglers—operative tailors, shoemakers, and fiddlers—and many other workers on gunlocks and turning-looms: "let the censures of the Kirk *strike upon*" all such secular operations; but in every thing connected with the education of youth, we fondly cling to that established and most salutary union which has always subsisted since the Reformation in Scotland betwixt our Church and our schools of learning. It is to individuals, who, acting in the double capacity of Ministers of the Church of Scotland, and teachers in her Universities, that Scotland owes more for the establishment and permanence of her academical institutions than to any other class of men; and while she continues true to herself, regardless of the crude projects of wild enthusiasm, and the cant of party politicians, she will not rashly sever those strong and friendly bonds which have long subsisted betwixt the Church of Scotland and her Universities. Few are the honours, and slender, indeed, are the emoluments, (compared to those of other professions and pursuits,) to which her Clergy can aspire; and we shall mourn if ever the day arrive when the Assembly and Presbyteries of this Church shall promulgate as their law, that a Clergyman of our establishment cannot lawfully superadd to his sacred labours and limited income, the honours and the emoluments of an academical appointment. They are indeed almost the only honours and emoluments for personal devotion of time and labour, to which they should be freely admitted, and cordially welcomed.

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* Presbyteries are directed "to prevent the same person from holding, at the same time, a Professorship in an University, and a parochial charge *which is not situated in the city which is the seat of that University, or in the suburbs thereof*:"—and it is therefore enacted, "That if a *Professor* in an University be hereafter presented to a parochial charge *which is not situated in the city that is the seat of that University, or the suburbs thereof*, he shall, within nine months after his being admitted to the said charge, resign his Professorship;" the converse being enacted with regard to a Clergyman who is appointed to a Professorship.

The whole of the opposition to Dr M'Farlane's induction rests on a mere chimera. Although the plea set up *for* the College were competently and regularly before the Church Courts, which it is not, nothing would be more groundless than the allegation that the Principality of the College is alone sufficient to occupy the whole time of any one man. It certainly is not a *sinecure*, nor a mere *amusement*: it is an honorary office, to which are annexed important and useful, but not laborious duties. Besides the general superintendence which is admitted, on all hands, to belong to the office, the Principal receives all applications and letters on the affairs of the College, literary and pecuniary, and conducts the correspondence thence arising. He convenes the Faculty when he finds it necessary, and presides at its meetings. He *signs* orders for money, authorised by the Faculty to be paid, and examines the Factor's accounts. He presides at meetings for graduation, and two or three meetings of the University annually,—the whole of these duties requiring attendance not oftener than once a-week during the Session of College, and seldom continuing longer than an hour. He gives no lectures,—attends no examinations,—and has no direct or immediate interference with the instruction of the Students, and is not, in any sense, a teaching Professor; and during six months of the year he has scarcely any academical duty to perform. Such is the fact; and all that we have recently heard about what a Principal of Glasgow College might, could, would, or should do, is a mere Utopian delusion, fit for some other planet in the Chalmerian Solar System, like Mr Kennedy's Bill for abrogating our Poors' Laws. The original Charters of erection, and the rules therein prescribed for the government of the College, have been modified by subsequent changes of circumstances and regulations thence arising; and the usages founded on the constitution of the College, and ratified by consuetude and experience, must, in the estimation of all sober-minded and impartial persons, be deemed better intitled to support and approbation, than the revival of any obsolete, or the introduction of any new projects, which have more the appearance of dreams than of real and grave propositions.

NOTICES REGARDING THE ROYAL BURGH OF BOOKBRIDGE.

In western clime there is a town,
To those that dwell therein well known;
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not, understood.—*Hudibras.*

MR EDITOR,

I INTIMATED to you, on a former occasion, my intention of transmitting to you some account of the Royal Burgh of Bookbridge, near which I reside; and this intention, though never abandoned, I have not been able to fulfil until now; such has been the extent of antiquarian research into which I have been led, and so much diligence has been required to clear away the numerous absurd traditions that cleave to such a subject, and to form a clear and connected narrative from a mass of scattered information; and as it is the becoming practice of writers on historical subjects to acknowledge their obligations to keepers of libraries, proprietors of manuscripts, and others, who may have contributed to forward their undertakings; so I have much pleasure in mentioning the names of Madge Spintow, widow of the late miller, Andrew Divot the sexton, and Saunders Crackcrouse, servant to the Rev. Mr Douce, as the persons to whom the readers of this important relation may consider themselves indebted for the information it contains; and I should but imperfectly express my obligations to them, did I not state thus openly the great urbanity and civility with which they attended to my inquiries; declining to accept any remuneration for the trouble I gave them, farther than three ounces of tea which the widow was prevailed upon to take,—a small parcel of tobacco to Saunders,—and an occasional dram to the grave-digger, which sometimes made him pass "from grave to gay." From the experienced efficacy of these gratuities, I would recommend the use of them, or of others similar, to all future compilers.

It was once sagaciously remarked, by some one subtle in tracing analogies, that a great resemblance existed between Wales and Macedonia; because there is a river in Wales, and there is one in Macedonia. A similar correspondence has been pointed out between Bookbridge and Edinburgh, because there is a church in one place, and a church in the other. I am not aware that the resemblance extends to more minute particulars; but this instance, it is presumed, will be sufficient to give those persons who are acquainted with Edinburgh a tolerably correct idea of the town of Bookbridge. This latter contains about five hundred and thirty inhabitants, and sends the sixth part of a representative to Parliament; the remaining five parts being contributed by as many adjoining burghs. By this combination of elective energies, a whole and entire Member is fitted out.

The first thing generally attended to by topographical writers is the etymology of the names of those places which they are describing; and I now proceed to lay before you what tradition has furnished regarding the name of Bookbridge.

In those golden days, when the wisdom of our ancestors was allowed fully to exert and display itself in all the customs and institutions of the land, unchecked by that pestilent spirit of innovation which hath arisen in these latter degenerate times, when barons and country lairds employed in the destruction of one another (and that without limitation of season, or license from the tax-office) those energies which are now consumed in checking the multiplication of hares and partridges,—in those days, (it might be about three hundred, or three thousand years ago, more or less,)—in those days, then, as I say, (the sentence *must* be finished,) things were much as I have now described them. The large old castle, the ruins of which are still standing in the neighbourhood of Bookbridge, then formed the principal residence of the great and glorious Baron Breakhead. Though the minuter traits of character belonging to this eminent person have been lost in the lapse of time, yet his more prominent qualities have been preserved in remembrance by tradition, which, like a sieve, shakes out smaller particles, and only retains more bulky substances. He was considered, in his life-time, a man of highly peaceable character, and one that never annoyed any of his neighbours, so long as they abstained from crossing him in what he deemed the legitimate exercise of his free-agency. Among the privileges then held to belong to the "county gentlemen," and which were as yet undisturbed by revolutionary levellers, was that of now and then borrowing a few bullocks from a neighbour, without any formal manifestation of consent on the part of the lender, or engagement to make repayment on the part of the borrower;—that of setting a neighbour's house on fire (himself and family included, or inclosed,) when said neighbour happened to be insolent in his demeanour,—that of lying with a friend's wife or daughter,—and some others of the like harmless description. Now Baron Breakhead, although, as has been said, a person endowed with the most quiet and inoffensive dispositions, yet, like all conscientious members of the aristocracy, felt it incumbent upon him to defend those rights and privileges which had been reposed in him for the benefit of the community; justly considering, that the particular degree of "influence" thus kept up by himself and others of his rank, was necessary for the maintainance of the social union. So long, then, as these privileges were left uninvaded, the Baron was a model of equanimity and patience; but the condition of human existence occasionally imposed trials upon him, which necessarily called into exercise some of his more active qualities; and it is well known, that of none is the rage more formidable, than of those in whom it is the most slowly provoked. Now, it so happened, on a particular occasion, that the Baron was guilty of what would, in our days, be termed a small violation of the tenth commandment;—although at the time libelled, this commandment, being "part and parcel of the law of the land," had somehow or other suffered that mischance which now and then befals other parts and parcels of the law of Scotland,—namely, that of falling into *desuetude*, not having been acted upon, as we may suppose, for forty years or upwards. Of this commandment, however, had it been in force, the Baron would have been guilty of a small violation, in so far as he, the said Baron, did conceive, cherish, and entertain, a most violent affection for five oxen, the property of Malcolm M'Stot, his neighbour; which affection, so cherished and entertained, did farther impel him, the Baron aforesaid, to the overt act involved in the forcible abduction of the oxen in question. Now, although the practice of seizing one another's goods and effects was one of those venerable usages which had descended from the remotest antiquity, and had been sanctioned by the experience of successive generations, yet the above-named Malcolm M'Stot was, it seems, a "liberal" of those days;—not meaning, thereby, that he was so liberal of his black cattle as to hold them at the service of whomsoever it might please to drive them away; but using the term in its modern acceptation, as denoting a person who is a disturber of established customs and privileges, or, as it would be explained, liberal of what does not belong to him. So Mr M'Stot did vigorously and perseveringly lift his voice against the intromission thus made with his substance by his neighbour, and did at length raise an army of his friends and domestics, to levy war against the Baron for the recovery of his oxen. Now, the privilege of making free with his neighbour's cattle was one of those to which the Baron attached particular value, as forming a principal support of the *constitution*—bodily, to wit—of himself and his followers, who, but for this expedient, must often have submitted to longer and more frequent fasts than any constitution can conveniently sustain: nor was all his meekness sufficient to make him bear with patience the very unreasonable and unaccountable clamour raised by Malcolm M'Stot;

so he instantly summoned his vassals to assist him in maintaining his just rights. As soon as it was known that these two potentates were at variance, all persons living in the vicinity began, as a matter of course, to enter into the quarrel;—an occasion like this supplying, at that time, that species of recreation from the fatigues of their political and judicial functions, which modern gentry find in "the races," or in what is called, *par excellence*, a "meeting." The reinforcements thus arriving, attached themselves, some to one side, some to another, just as chance determined,—much upon the same principle as I myself, when unable to obtain a hand at a whist-table, will venture sixpence upon the odd trick, indifferently with one or other party, rather than languish in entire apathy as to the result. Such was the way in which the majority ranged themselves. Others, however, more conscientious, endeavoured to obtain some knowledge of the merits of the case, before following either of the redoubted leaders whose interests were involved; and the merits of the case were by them investigated, according to a method which has now very strangely become obsolete. Instead, then, of sitting down to inquire into the nature of the property in dispute, and the abstract or practical principles on which each party founded his claims, each of these casuists immediately commenced an inquiry into the degree of relationship that subsisted between himself and the Baron, or Malcolm M'Stot, respectively; and, by some peculiar process of reasoning, the intermediate steps of which are now lost, the premises and conclusion being alone extant, every man instantly decided that to be the just cause which was maintained by the party to which he himself was in the nearest degree related! The closest approach to the theorem which seems to have been used on this occasion, of which there is any appearance in modern times, is made by those gifted persons, who can at once decide upon the expediency of a particular measure, according as it comes from Mr Canning or Sir James Mackintosh. The secret here practised is indeed unknown to the public, from the reserve peculiar to the persons possessing it,—they being generally the least communicative of all those to whose management the interests of the state are intrusted,—conforming literally to the precept which recommends the use of yea and nay, in preference to more diffuse argumentation. But this is a digression which may be passed over in the second, and every successive reading of this instructive narrative. The ingenious persons, then, who took upon them to discuss the justness of the claims severally advanced by the Baron and Malcolm M'Stot, found the weight of their respective pretensions to bear an exact ratio to the degree of propinquity existing between themselves and each of the parties: thus, if the Baron was a twenty-fourth cousin, and M'Stot a twenty-fifth, the Baron was right, and M'Stot wrong, and *vice versâ*.

With forces on each side, thus composed and discomposed, the belligerent powers proceeded to action. Just, then, as the Baron was setting out for this purpose, and as he was about to pass the river at the east end of the town, he found a book lying on the bank, wherein was a history, or rather prophecy, of the events of the war into which he was entering. How the book came there, or whence it came, it is not my present business to give an account of, even if it were in my power, as it is not. Every one, however, who is conversant with the transactions of days of yore, must be able to recollect much more wonderful things than this. It is allowed, indeed, that, at the time we are speaking of, men often received intimations and instructions from fairies, witches, apparitions, and other beings of this sort, in cases where the less-favoured mortals of the present generation are left to their own wits; an additional proof of the increasing deterioration of the human condition—*sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt!* But to resume the story. As the book found by the Baron promised a favourable result to his undertaking, he instantly made a vow, that, if the event should answer the prediction, he would erect a bridge over the river, at the very spot where he was then standing,—that he would bestow the produce of a toll to be established on it, upon the Monks of the Monastery of St. Barebones,—and, lastly, that of this bridge he would lay the foundation-stone with his *own right hand.* Now this ought to be a solemn warning to all persons, his Majesty's subjects and others, to beware of making rash oaths, for by the time that the Baron returned, he had not a right hand to lay the foundation with. By one of those broad-sword operations, whereof instances occur on such occasions, and which operations are, I suppose, more remarkable for the dispatch with which they are performed, than their conformity with surgical rules, the Baron lost the services of a faithful and active limb. But while he had thus laid down an arm, Malcolm M'Stot had been obliged to lay down his arms!—an event by which the Baron became bound, *in foro conscientiæ*, to erect a bridge over the river. The Baron, however, was one of those persons who would endeavour to extract benefit even out of calamities; and it very soon occurred to him, that, as he had engaged to lay the foundation of the bridge with his own right hand, and as without a foundation a bridge could not be built, the loss of this right hand made the vow impossible to be fulfilled, and therefore null and void,—he not being properly versed in the distinction between essentials and accessories, in matters of this kind; for if he had been so versed, he would have known, that the foundation of the bridge might be laid by the hand left,—that is, the left hand,—or even by any other person's hand, without prejudice to the substance of his oath. With all his excellent qualities, however, the Baron does not seem to have been endowed with a faculty of apprehending nice distinctions, even when such were fully laid before him; for it would appear, that the Abbot of the Monastery of St. Barebones had heard of the vow in question; and as he bore a great regard towards the Baron, and was loth to think that, from mere unskilfulness in the treatment of knotty cases, he should be allowed to fall into such a grievous piece of folly as a breach of his engagement, he therefore considered it his duty to wait upon him, that he might attempt to put him in possession of sounder views than he, "good, easy man," seemed to be master of; and as the Abbot had fully studied Aristotle, and all other writers upon logic, he was enabled to treat the case according to the most approved directions—drawing his conclusion from allowed premises, well grounded upon precise definitions. Strange to tell, the Baron did not profit by the opportunities of mental illumination thus afforded him, for he seemed to understand no more of the Abbot's reasoning than did a large greyhound who was lying near him, and whom he was patting and stroking on the back, occasionally relieving the monotony of this exercise by an application to a large tankard that stood on the table before him. He told the Abbot, when he had concluded, that what he had said related only to vows made by a churchman, whose sole business it was to mind such things; but that a vow made by such a person as himself was quite a different affair. That he was, to all intents and purposes, relieved from his obligation, by the loss of his hand, which evidently rendered its fulfilment an impossibility. He told him, moreover, that he had been considering the matter with attention, and that he now really believed that a bridge could not be built at the place proposed; and then he referred to Matthew M'Brig and Peter Plummet, who understood such matters; and these experienced engineers being called in, and duly interrogated in the Abbot's presence, emitted a professional declaration, bearing, that, "to be sure, the thing was impossible, since his lordship had said so." Whereupon the Abbot proceeded to narrate sundry instances of mishaps and misfortunes which had befallen persons of their acquaintance, in consequence of their nonfulfilment of similar obligations. He reminded the Baron how Lady Littlewit had made a vow to keep ten candles constantly burning in the Chapel of the Virgin Mary at Stanecross, and how no candle would ever after burn, or even so much as allow itself to be lighted in her house, until she had performed what she had promised. He told him of the Laird of Lackbrain, who had come under a promise to cover the Church of St. Bridget's Convent, and how, when he refused to make good his engagement, the roof flew off his own house, and lighted upon the chapel. He next referred to the case of Sir Walter Worricow, who had vowed a piece of land to his (the Abbot's) own Monastery, but having afterwards retracted, continued to cultivate the land for his own use. The land, however, would give him no countenance in his breach of faith, and strenuously refused to bring forth either grass or corn, until regularly and *bonâ fide* made over to the then rightful proprietors, namely the Monks!

The Abbot now began to "improve" these incidents, and the Baron, in his turn, essayed a rejoinder. But whether it was, that, in conducting his reply, he was affected with too great a paucity, or too great a concourse of ideas, (for both are prejudicial to fluency of speech,) certain it is, that his discourse now began to display a somewhat too profuse exemplification of that striking oratorial contrivance, known by the name of a *hiatus*, or break, occasionally verging to what is vulgarly called a dead stop! But here, it may be asked, as Sterne asks his critic, "But in suspending his voice, was the sense suspended likewise? Did no expression of countenance or attitude fill up the chasm?" In reply to which, it is to be acknowledged, that there were indeed exhibited certain gesticular demonstrations of the kind here understood, consisting principally in the Baron's clenching his hands, stamping with his foot, and foaming at the mouth! Nothing tends so much to ruffle our serenity as the consciousness of a sort of secret enchantment seizing us at that particular moment, which disables us from giving that force to an argument which we really know it to be capable of receiving, and ourselves capable of giving to it, but for this provoking mental paralysis. This was the feeling that now interrupted the Baron's wonted placidity of demeanour; but as a prompt and skilful General will sometimes light upon the boldest and most decisive expedients at the very time that his troops seem most in confusion, so the Baron, finding his logical forces somewhat in disorder, and, as it were, brought to a dangerous stand, now recovered sufficient presence of mind to propound his *ultima ratio*, which consisted in signifying to the Abbot, that, "if he said another word upon the subject, he would toss him over the window like an apple!" Very little time had elapsed, after this notification, before the Abbot was seen in the court-yard; but when we connect the circumstance of the Baron's chamber-window being forty feet high, with that of the Abbot's walking home upon his own two legs, it is supposed, that, indulging that propensity to circuitous expedients, for which churchmen are said to be distinguished, he had felt inclined, on this occasion, to make use of the accustomed cork-screw stair, in preference to the more straight-forward course of egress which the Baron had thus tendered his services to assist him in following. In his way home, however, he endured all the mortification which arises from the consciousness of having thrown away much good advice—a mortification for which there is no consolation, but in the hope that the person whom we have vainly endeavoured to benefit may have bitter cause to rue the rejection of our counsel. But the Abbot, since his own exhortations had thus failed of effect, considered it incumbent upon him to pray to St. Barebones, the Patron Saint of his order, that he would give the Baron a lesson suited to his capacity; and it would appear that the Saint heard his prayer; for, two days after, the Baron's wife was drowned in attempting to pass the river!—"to the inexpressible grief of a numerous and highly-respectable circle of friends and acquaintances." The people in the neighbourhood, and particularly the Monks of St. Barebones, instantly began to hint that this was a judgment made to fall upon the Baron for the neglect of his vow; but it seems never to have struck him in this light, having been, apparently, like many persons of mild disposition, a man of somewhat obtuse perceptions. The very next week thereafter, it happened that his second son, with three attendants, were setting out to hunt some wild animals—whether of their own species or not does not now appear. In their way they had to pass the river, then considerably swollen by the rains. Many persons, however, had been known to ford it when as much flooded as it was then, and, on the present occasion, the party had gained the middle of the stream, entertaining no apprehensions, when, on a sudden, (to use the words of the nursery tale,)

> "It so fell out, that all fell in,
> The rest they ran away!"

A ray of light now shone across the Baron's mind, which shewed him, though rather in a faint and indistinct manner, the possibility of a connection between the disaster now recorded, and his neglect of his vow; and conceiving some degree of alarm at this new view of the case, he resolved that the building of the bridge should be commenced with all convenient speed. But whether it was that the Baron, being a man of prudent and considerate habits, was averse to precipitate measures, or that the multitude of cares and avocations, incident to high station, effaced the remembrance of this determination, so it was, that, after a considerable period had elapsed, there was yet no appearance of the bridge being built. Well, a little time after this, when he himself was passing the river one day, accompanied by his favourite greyhound, (of whom honourable mention has already been made, as the Baron's assessor in the conference with the Abbot,) this respected quadruped, who was swimming across behind his master, was carried down by the current, and drowned before his eyes! The Baron now began to see that the matter was getting serious; and at last he was heard to mutter, that "a bridge should be built, since St. Barebones would have it so; but he would put as much out of his way; for, from that time forth, neither bullock nor barrel of ale should ever go from the castle to the monastery." The bridge was accordingly built; and here comes the strangest part of the story, though, for my own part, I have some doubts of the truth of it; but such is the tradition of the neighbourhood. It is said, that, when they were about to lay the foundation-stone, (for the Baron had sworn he would have no hand in it,) a hand, and part of an arm, was seen to come flying through the air, as it were, from Bluidyburn, the place where the Baron had fought the battle with M'Stot. This hand lighted upon the bank, where it lay as quietly as if unendowed with locomotive powers, until the masons had prepared a large stone for the foundation—a stone which three men could scarcely raise; when, wonderful to tell, the hand, all at once bestirring itself, lifted it up as if it had been a pebble, and settled it as firmly and exactly in its bed as a dozen of masons could have done with all their engines. Immediately on this being done, it rose up into the air, and, after taking a circuit round the Baron's castle, as if by way of contempt, flew off again in the direction of Bluidyburn: since which time it has never been seen or heard of; and, for ought that I know, it may never be heard of again. Whatever may be the truth of this story, certain it is, that (as if in memory of this circumstance) an arm is part of the family-arms to this day.

And such, Sir, is the origin of the name of *Bookbridge*, the bridge having been called so on account of the book found near it, which was the occasion of its being built, and the town having received its name from the bridge. My friend, Mr Rottenriggin, who has long made the study of antiquities his chief employment, has lately discovered the figure of a book cut out above the arch; though Dr M'Quibble says, that the figure on the stone alluded to is as like a cock, or a bull, or any thing else, as a book; but Dr M'Q. would deny that there's a Pope in Rome, if it would serve his purpose.

It is not very well known at what time Bookbridge was erected into a Burgh, its present sett, or charter, being only a renewal of the original one; and although, with a view to ascertain this point, I once started the question in a company of persons, some of whom are pretty well acquainted with the ancient history of the Burgh, I did not obtain any information worth communicating.

On this occasion, indeed, Mr Shortweight, the grocer, rather exposed himself, by saying, that "it was not erected all at once, since several houses had been built within his remembrance!" Just immediately after this blunder, one of the company happening to state that he supposed the town to have been originally founded by the *Picts*, who should happen to enter the room, but Deacon Trowel the mason, (upon private business with a gentleman present,) and having heard the opinion last stated, he immediately interfered, saying, "Troth, Sir, foun'it wha likes, it hasna been without picks and spades baith, an' sair wark to the bargain; for when I was founin' Watty Wimble's house—" and then he told a story which I have forgot, which was very impertinent in the Deacon, who is not a man of literary knowledge or comprehension, and had no business to interfere in matters above his capacity; and so I told him—(which, by the bye, cost me ten shillings more when I paid the Deacon next day (for repairing my garden-wall.) Upon the whole, I have been quite unsuccessful in pursuing this branch of my subject.

The principal constitution of Bookbridge is much the same as that of most of the other Scots Burghs. What relates to its financial concerns may be comprised under two propositions, the one of a positive, the other of a negative import,—the first being, that this Burgh had once a considerable extent of property,—the second, that it has now none. The estate of Redrigs was granted to the corporation by one of the Scottish Kings, on account of the satisfaction with which his Majesty was affected at the superior style in which the then eldest bailie danced a Highland jig in his presence, after drinking with him two nights and a day;—a great encouragement to all functionaries of this description, to practise an accomplishment which may be the means of enriching the body politic to which they belong;—and the service under which the estate is held by the charter is, that whenever the King visits the town, the eldest bailie shall dance a jig before him; a qualification, which, as long as the land remained, the property of the town was required of every one who aspired to that dignity. About a hundred years ago, however, the possession of it was transferred to Mr Grip, one of the lairds in the neighbourhood,—for what equivalent does not at this distance of time appear; and, on the occasion of his present Majesty's visit to Scotland, a considerable alarm was felt by this gentleman, lest his Majesty should visit Bookbridge; in which event he might have been graciously pleased to witness the laird's performance of a jig, according to the manner prescribed in the charter. It is said that he took the opinion of counsel upon the point, whether or not he would be obliged, as present proprietor of the estate, to perform the condition of tenure, intending to take lessons from a dancing-master, should counsel so advise. To this course, however, it must be confessed, Mr Grip had no very violent inclination; for, besides that his dancing days were done, and his days of gout had come on, the gravity of his mind was such, as could only be equalled by the gravity of his person, the weight of the latter being twenty stone,—a weighty consideration in a question of this nature. His Majesty, however, did not think proper to honour Bookbridge with a visit, and Mr Grip did not consider it necessary to dance attendance upon him at Edinburgh.

But that part of my present subject, which will doubtless be mos tinteresting to the generality of your readers, is that which relates to the Literary, Philosophical, and Political Society, lately established in Bookbridge. This institution was founded generally for the improvement and promotion of literary knowledge, but more particularly political knowledge; and this, chiefly with a view to diminish the prevalence of certain pernicious notions, known by the name of liberal, radical, whig, democratical, or revolutionary; for however much the possessors of these opinions may pretend to disown some of the appellations now given them, it is well known to all discerning people, that every individual of every species, of every genus of this class of politicians, has nothing else in view but the establishment of a regular and organized system of confusion: to a Whig, indeed, (or whatever other name he may call himself by,) tumult and bloodshed, fire, murder, rape, robbery, and rapine, form the *summum bonum*, the thing *per se*, and essentially good, to the pursuit of which he is as naturally and instinctively impelled, as a rabbit is to burrow in the ground. So justly are those people liable to the accusation, often brought against them, of seeking to turn all things upside down, that a radical, of Irish extraction, living in this neighbourhood, told me lately, that, in the opinion of all that party, things would never be upon a right *footing*, till men should walk upon their hands, and toss their heels up in the air: so that, instead of speaking of a man's being *converted* to their doctrines, those who are fully initiated in the mysteries of the sect talk of his being *inverted*. It is expected that a great blow will be given to the opinions alluded to, when the transactions of the Bookbridge Society come to be published. In order, however, to satisfy public curiosity in the mean time, I shall here give one or two specimens of the way in which some political questions have been discussed by the ingenious fraternity.

The — of August last was appointed for the consideration of the question of Parliamentary Reform; and in order that the subject might be treated with fairness, Mr Whirlabout was appointed to support the radical side. In urging the expediency of Universal Suffrage, this gentleman took up a much more extensive position than the advocates of this system generally chuse to maintain; for they are, for the most part, content with assuming that every man has, by nature, an equal *right* to a share in the Government: but Mr Whirlabout contended, in addition to this, that all men are equally qualified for the exercise of this right. In order to prevent merely verbal disputes, and to bring the special point at issue clearly into view on all occasions, the constitution of the Society had recommended that the members should, as far as convenience might admit, propound, at the commencement of their argumentation, those general axioms on which their reasonings were to be founded; and that they should farther invest these reasonings, as much as possible, in a syllogistic form. In obedience to this wholesome provision, Mr W. laid down, as an admitted principle, that what every body says must be true,—*a fortiori*, proceeded this accomplished logician, what every body thinks must be true; but every man thinks himself the wisest man in the world,—therefore every man *is* the wisest man in the world,—that is, every man is as wise as another. Q. E. D. It was observed that nobody attempted to reply to this syllogism, so that it may be justly viewed as an incontrovertible argument, so far as it goes, to establish the general doctrine. But Mr Whirlabout having affirmed, in the course of the debate, that "there were many *rogues* in the House of Commons," Mr Standfast joined issue with him upon this assertion; and in waging the combat, employed, if I may so express myself, a two-edged sword; for he not only denied the fact advanced, but, attacking the adversary on his own ground, he maintained that the fact, though it was not so, yet ought to be so; and that until a *due proportion of rogues* should be found in the House of Commons, that honourable body could not be viewed as forming a *fair representation of the people!* "And if it be an essential principle of the representative system," proceeded the speaker, "that every separate class and particular interest of the state should enjoy a voice in the representative assembly, in order to watch over those measures of legislation which may chance to affect such class or interest, surely so large a body of his Majesty's subjects, as have a more immediate interest in that particular portion of the law to which the late Sir Samuel Romilly gave so much attention, ought not, in fairness, to be excluded from all share in the construction of such laws;—and as the monied-interest are not taxed, or the commercial, manufacturing, or agricultural, restricted in the management of their respective concerns, but with the concurrence of persons connected with those interests,—of bankers, farmers, merchants, and manufacturers,—so the thieving, pocket-picking, and house-breaking interests, should be watched by guardians having equal personal incentives to vigilance. Nor should those persons who have invested their "capital and enterprise" in such speculations be rendered liable to the "unnatural restrictions" implied in being hanged, transported, or sent to the tread-mill, but by their own consent in Parliament, expressed by their *Representatives.*

At another meeting of the Society, devoted to the consideration of the best methods of removing the factious spirit so prevalent in this country, Mr Oneside made a very eloquent and impressive discourse. Proceeding upon the method before described, this gentleman investigated and exposed the cause of the party animosities of the day, through the instrumentality of the following train of induction:—"It is admitted," says he, "that it is essential to the very idea of a dispute or dissension, that there must be two sides, or parties, concerned in it. Now, passing by the consideration of minor shades of distinction, all the parties which now agitate the State may be included under two great heads—Whig and Tory. But, by the principles laid down, all disputes must cease, if one of these parties were extinguished. The Whigs are one of these parties; therefore, if the Whigs were extinguished, there would be no more dispute; or, which is the same thing, the Whigs are the cause of all the disturbance; and if there were none but Tories in the kingdom, there would be perfect unanimity!" This part of the discourse was replied to by Mr Hooly, who commenced his observations as follows:—"While nothing is farther from my intention, Sir, than to endeavour to controvert the argument used by the gentleman who spoke last, which may justly be pronounced incontrovertible, let me be permitted merely to suggest what a captious, quibbling opponent might be supposed to advance, in order to evade it; namely, that the same premises might furnish an opposite conclusion, by merely substituting——" But no more of his harangue was heard; for immediately all the members began to call out together—"No liberty and equality doctrines here Sir!"—"None of your sedition and blasphemy for us!"—"No revolutionary schemes in this company!"—and Mr Hooly sat down, seemingly in great amazement, though, for my part, I cannot see what should have amazed him. You must acknowledge, that he was only treated as he deserved to be, for endeavouring to promote such dangerous opinions. Mr Oneside proceeded afterwards to the practical conclusions that might be deduced from the views he had just developed. "The great problem to be resolved," said the ingenious member, "was the best method of extirpating Whigs and Whiggery. But, with that moderation for which men of his way of thinking are remarkable, he did not propose accomplishing even so desirable an object as the annihilation of the Whigs, by any violent means; but only represented it as advisable that certain tests should be provided for those suspected of Whig notions; and that all persons refusing these tests should be subjected to certain specific disabilities, after the method used with the Roman Catholics." But these suggestions were only mentioned as auxiliary and introductory to the grand design which Mr Oneside had in view, and which, after an elaborate preface, he stated to be the formation of a *Society for the Conversion of the Whigs,* after the model of that established in behalf of the Jews, and others similar. This proposal was received with acclamation, and a Committee was appointed (Mr Oneside chairman) to digest the plan of such an institution as he had recommended. This Committee has not yet reported; but I understand they propose that the Society shall consist of a patron, a president, a vice-president, with two deputies, who shall each have four substitutes, six honorary directors, twelve ordinary, twenty-four extraordinary, and a managing committee of fifteen, with a sub-committee of seven, (four to be a quorum,) one secretary, two treasurers, three clerks, four auditors, five accountants, six messengers, and inferior officers in proportion. The more immediate process by which this Society will accomplish the ends in view, will be the appointment of a class of travellers, or visitors, who will be fully instructed in the newest and most approved methods of combating Whig principles, and who will be dispersed into those districts where those unhappy notions are most prevalent, with directions to use every endeavour to effect the conversion of the unhappy natives. Their efforts will be reinforced by the circulation of a number of *tracts*, consisting of papers from the Quarterly Review, extracts from the John Bull, the New Times, and other publications of this class, which are labouring to remove the mental darkness under which so many of our countrymen are lying.

I must not, by the introduction of any new matter, run the risk of weakening the impression which the mention of this scheme must make upon the minds of your readers, all of whom, I trust, will be impatient to behold the commencement of an institution from which so many benefits may reasonably be expected.

I am, Sir, &c.

A. V.

THE MUSICAL ASS. (A HINT TO CRITICS.)

A HALF-STARV'D Ass, once grazing at the side
Of an old hedge, a Nightingale espied.
"Ah! my dearest madam! and is that you?"
(Cried he.) "Your most obedient! how d'ye do?
I'm quite confounded that you don't catch cold,
In these damp nights! Pray, may I be so bold
As ask if you've been singing at a rout,
That you, so very late, dare venture out?
I hear your talents make a mighty noise
Abroad. They say you have a famous voice!
Joking apart—upon my soul! I long
To hear you—do oblige me with a song!
Come, come; begin at once—nay, never fear!
Although so great a judge, I'm not severe!"
The lovely bird immediately began—
Through the whole range of melody she ran,
With sweetest pathos—(mistress of her art)—
The notes came thrilling to the inmost heart!
Lost in the distance now, the sounds appear—
Now faintly swelling on the ravish'd ear!
Loud, louder still, the cadence is increas'd—
Then slowly dies away. The song has ceas'd.
"Well done!" roars out the Ass; "bravo! bravo!
Your voice is tolerably good—so, so.
But I would very seriously exhort
You to try BUFFO; depend on't, *that's* your forte!
Your ear is not correct; you sing too flat
Sometimes;—in future, pray attend to that.
But when you've heard the peacock and cuckoo,
And taken lessons of the owl, you'll do!
The raven's style, I know, is said, by many,
Much to resemble that of Catalani;
Although by far superior, (of course,)
With this advantage—that she's NEVER HOARSE!
For *my* part, I prefer the peacock's chaste,
Unique, and exquisitely-varied taste."
The songstress listen'd, but we may believe
She was but laughing at him in her sleeve.
"I wonder," said she, "my good Sir, that you,
So great a critic, and with taste so true,
Should not have blaz'd 'a star' at Drury!
You'd soon acquire a fortune, I assure ye!
'Tis strange you're not engag'd! 'twould soon repay 'em,
Your style is so completely a-la-*Bray*-ham!
Your voice is the most *wonderful* I've heard,"
Continued the sarcastic little bird.
"The last time through the woods its tones resounded,
Upon my honour I was quite *confounded!*
And you know how to manage it so well—
Such pathos! such a most delicious swell!"
"Oh! my dear Ma'am! you flatter me too much!"
Replied the Ass; "and really, if such
Be your opinion, I don't see why
We should not some favourite duo try!
The ice once broken, who knows what may follow?
Perhaps I may indulge you with a solo!"
Whereupon Jack began to clear his throat,
And sound the formidable tonic note!
Stretching his carcase to its utmost length,
He was prepar'd to roar with all his strength!
His jaws were open, ponderously wide—
When, (glad of an escape,) the lady cried,
"Another time, dear Sir, 'twill give me pleasure,
But now I've not a single moment's leisure!
'Tis half-past one, and I'm engaged at two,
Excuse me for the present, Sir—Adieu!"

H. B.

NARRATIVE OF A PEDESTRIAN JOURNEY THROUGH RUSSIA [*], &c.

ECCENTRICITY and talent, as well as rank, distinguish a number of individuals of the family from whom the author of the above work is descended. The Earl of Dundonald, Admiral Cochrane, and the Hon. Basil Cochrane, are his uncles; Mr Cochrane Johnstone, whom the world, and especially London, will long remember, is his father, and Lord Cochrane is his cousin. Captain Cochrane evidently possesses his share of the eccentricity, if not of the talents, of his relations; and, beyond all question, had, and still has, "*a bee in his bonnet.*" He entered "into the cock-pit of a man-of-war at the very early age of *ten*," and gradually passed through the different ranks till he attained the title of Captain. Of course, he has laboured under considerable disadvantages for the acquirement of general knowledge. This, together with the fact of his having performed a journey of more than thirty thousand miles, under peculiar circumstances, he begs the world to receive "as a set-off against a want of powers better fitting an author than a traveller;" and really, as his work has afforded us much amusement, and some information, we are not inclined to be severe in our strictures. We think, however, that the title of the work is a kind of misnomer, "*Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey*," &c.; for, in the Preface, the author himself tells us that he "frequently walked, and as frequently rode;" and, in fact, in the course of the journey, we find him travelling in Russia in *telegas, kibitkas*, carriages and sledges, sometimes drawn by horses and sometimes by dogs,—occasionally mounted on horse-back, and at other times sailing upon rivers, &c., in boats and canoes; besides all which, he crossed and recrossed the Sea of Ochotsk in an Imperial Transport Brig. We should, therefore, have supposed the word *adventures*, or *travels*, would have been a more appropriate expression than "*Pedestrian Journey.*" Our author justly says, that, even in these days of wonderful achievements, it has excited some surprise that a Captain of the British Navy should undertake a journey of many thousands of miles, alone, on foot, and over a country considered as next to impassable. We confess that we were greatly surprised on seeing Captain Cochrane, and thinking of the task he has performed. Some characters, from their mere corporeal organization, seem fitted by Nature for great exertion. But our author, a man below the middle stature, and apparently not of a very firm structure, and with a physiognomy by no means imposing, is the last among a thousand whom we should have taken for a successful pedestrian. But whoever reads his book attentively, will remark that he has undergone great privations and fatigue,—travelling whether the weather was wet or dry, warm or extremely cold,—sleeping in all kinds of accommodations, houses, casks, &c., as well as in the open air,—swimming across rivers, sometimes alone, sometimes with cords around horses' necks,—enduring hunger, and living upon raw fish and frozen horse-flesh, &c. At one time we find him half-drowned; at another, half-famished; and, what is more remarkable, the *fair partner* whom he espoused at Kamtchatka shared the dangers of part of his journey, and bore its fatigues better than he himself. Perhaps the reader solves this, in thinking that Mrs Cochrane, who is now in London, is some uncouth animal, newly caught in the wilds of Kamtchatka, with a ferocious aspect, and the constitution of a bear; but, if we be correctly informed, she is a very young female, of a delicate make, and no way differing in appearance or manners from a well-bred Russian. And indeed we are not surprised at this, since it is said that she is descended from Russian parents, of the third or fourth generation resident in Kamtchatka, and was educated in the house of the Governor, Mr Rikord. So that, in reality, she is not a *Kamtchadale*, but, at most, only a *demi-Kamtchadale*. One or two of her sisters, however, are said to be wild as savages, because they never received any education; certainly a heinous neglect in their father, who is a clergyman.

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[*] Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, from the Frontiers of China to the Frozen Sea and Kamtchatka, performed during the years 1820, 21, 22, and 23, by Captain John Dundas Cochrane, R. N. London. Murray, 1824.

In his Preface, Captain Cochrane confirms the statements of other authors with respect to the hospitality of the Russians; but, with regard to their character, he does not feel himself competent to give what may be termed a proper description, as he might be charged "with a want of impartiality." This is the less to be regretted, as Dr Lyall has, lately, fully and impartially treated of this subject; but still we should have liked to have had a few more of the Captain's remarks, *even though partial*, as it might not be suitable, situated as he is, and perhaps with the expectation of yet being employed by the Russian Court, to have freely spoken the truth, and all the truth. When he informs us, however, "that no people have made more rapid strides towards civilization, moral and intellectual improvements, than all classes of the Russians, and that their *catalogue* of failings, for they do not merit the appellation of crimes, by no means exceeds *those* of other countries," we are inclined to demur, and to hope that at least a very few of the nations are more virtuous. As for their moral improvement, if Drs. Clarke and Lyall be right, it is but in its infancy, while their follies and vices are very numerous. The Captain is rather favourable to the Russians, as far as we can collect, for, when at Kazan, he was invited to a fête given by a Prince Tenisheff, of Tartar origin; and he remarks, that, "if the learned Dr Clarke had been living, and present, he would have found, in the delicacy and decorum everywhere prevalent, a strong proof that a Russian country-house *is not now*, at least, such as he has described it." And, at p. 185, he states, that, wherever he went, he fared well from the hospitality of the Russian colonists, as well as from that of his friends at Irkutsk, who had provided him, according to the Russian proverb, with plenty of *bread and salt*. "This simple-sounding provision," he says, "included also some fine partridges, a hare, a large piece of roast-beef, and a quantity of meat pies, not omitting wine and rum. A traveller in Russia, whether native or foreigner, on taking leave of his friends previous to his departure, uniformly finds, at his lodgings, all the provisions requisite for his journey, with another lodging pointed out at some friend's, for as long as he pleases. Indeed, I have no doubt, as the sequel will justify the assertion, that a man may travel through the Russian empire, as long as his conduct is becoming, without wanting any thing, not even horses and money, excepting only the *civilized* (as the Captain calls them) *parts* between the capitals;" and between which he was robbed, as we shall see hereafter.

In undertaking such a journey, it is really a pity that the Captain was neither, to use his own words, "a philosopher, a botanist, a naturalist, or an historian," but merely "acted in the capacity of a rough pioneer," and cleared the way for the scientific traveller, "to pursue the journey when it best suits him." The personal narrative, of course, after such a declaration, we can expect to be the only thing interesting in the volume. The most peculiar circumstance of the journey is, that it was *performed nearly in the character of a beggar, and was intended to be on foot*, for the best of all possible reasons, that the Captain's "*finances allowed of no other*" mode of performing it. Now, we can scarcely suppose this statement to be correct. In the 1*st* place, we believe the author has never ceased to receive the half-pay of a Captain in the Royal Navy, a sum which, in such hospitable regions as he traversed, was amply sufficient to have enabled him to have performed the same journey as a gentleman, though still on foot, or taking "a cart" when it came in his way. Indeed, we cannot conceive how a British Captain should so far lose all sense of propriety, as to accept of a pair of shoes or stockings from one, a pair of trowsers or a jacket from a second, or a cap from a third; and, far less, how he could think of receiving "two roubles, as charity, from the master of a post-house," or food from a family "almost in a starving state;" in a word, of becoming a mendicant, and being dependant on charity for his daily support, without the least necessity. That such conduct was dictated by a *romantic whim* is perfectly evident, from the fact of the Captain's having half-pay, coupled with a report that has reached our ears. Although, on his advance to Siberia, he walked about in Moscow, and even dined at some highly-respectable tables, dressed like a beggar, yet, on his return with his wife to that capital, he resided at *an expensive inn, and kept a hired carriage* all the time he was there, as well as at Petersburgh. Whim, therefore, dictated his mode of travelling, which was shabby, mean, and despicable, and sometimes in rags, or nearly without clothes. So far, therefore, from being surprised that the *expenses of his journey*, as he is pleased to call them, *of six thousand miles, from Moscow to Irkutsk*, "certainly fell short of a guinea," we are astonished that they amounted to a single farthing. We should like to know his expenses from Kazan to London, which would develope the whim of the undertaking *in toto*. But enough of this. It is time for us to come to the narrative.

Our author, after having traversed France, Spain, and Portugal, on foot, offered his services to the Admiralty, and wished to undertake a journey into the interior of Africa, but received an unfavourable answer. Unemployed, "*afloat*," "he therefore determined to undertake a journey, varying only the object and the scene to that of the unfortunate Ledyard, viz., to travel round the globe, as nearly as can be done by land, crossing from Northern Asia to America, at Behring's Straits." He accordingly procured leave of absence for two years, "and prepared to traverse the continents of Europe, Asia, and America."

We shall not follow our author from London to Berlin, as the journey possesses no novel interest. We shall simply remark, that, notwithstanding the important communication made to him, by one of "Napoleon's soldiers,"—"a secret mode of cure" for blistered feet *,—and which, he says, he never found to fail, yet he admits, that, when he reached Schlucton, his feet were in a "*dreadful state*;" and near Tamen, he had a "somewhat awkward induction of ulcers" on them.

The second chapter of the work, from Berlin to Petersburgh, is equally uninteresting as the first, nor should we have noticed it, except to correct an error. Captain Cochrane points out "noble public buildings, *in every style of architecture*," as among the striking features of St. Petersburgh. Whereas there is little variety of architecture in that capital—less, indeed, than in any other city we know, one half of its size, in Europe; and there is not a Gothic edifice within its boundaries. If the author had exercised his eyes, or even perused an *Essay on the Architecture of Russia*, in Dr Lyall's lately-published quarto, he would never have made such a remark.

Having received his passport, a general letter to all the civil Governors, and an open order of the Emperor Alexander to the Police, besides a letter to the Governor-General of Siberia, &c., the Captain, on the 24th May 1820, quitted the hospitable mansion of Sir R. K. Porter, at the new capital, "and, with his knapsack on his back, trotted over a partially cultivated country." Falling into a melancholy mood, he gives us the first striking instance of what, we fear, will be reckoned a degree beyond eccentricity. But we shall use his own words:

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* This mode of cure "is simply to rub the feet, at going to bed, with spirits, mixed with tallow, dropped from a lighted candle into the palm of the hand. On the following morning, no blisters will exist: the spirit seems to possess the healing power, the tallow serving only to keep the skin soft and pliant. The soles of the feet, the ankles, and insteps, should be rubbed well; and even where no blisters exist, the application may be usefully made as a preventive. Salt and water is a good substitute; and, while on this head, I would recommend foot-travellers never to wear right-and-left shoes; it is bad economy, and indeed serves to cramp the feet." Whatever may be the efficacy of the *secret mode of cure* we know not, but we suppose universal experience is against the Captain's opinion respecting right-and-left shoes. What can be so natural as to suit the shoe to the foot? How many horses' feet are ruined for want of attention to such a rule!

It was ten o'clock, (for I had now a watch,) and I had reached six miles. The night was beautifully clear, though rather cold, from the effects of a northern breeze, while the moon was near her full. I looked at the beautiful luminary, and actually asked myself *whether I were, as had been asserted*, under the baneful influence of that planet? Smiling that I received no reply, I then considered my projects and intentions, and the conduct I ought to follow; and, sitting down at a fountain on the Poulkowsky hill, I read to myself a few lessons, which the time and the occasion seemed to inspire. "Go," said I, "and wander with the illiterate and almost brutal savage!—go, and be the companion of the ferocious beast!—go, and contemplate the human being, in every element and climate, whether civilized or savage, of whatever tribe, nation, or religion. Make due allowance for the rusticity of their manners; nor be tempted to cope with them in those taunts, insults, and rudenesses, to which the nature of thy enterprize will subject thee. Contemn those incidental circumstances which but too often surprise mankind from their good intentions, and deprive the world of much useful and interesting information. Avoid all political and military topics, and remember, that

The proper study of mankind is man.

Should robbers attack thee, do not, by a foolish resistance, endanger thy life. Man may become hardened by crimes, and persist in the practice of them, till, meeting with resistance, he will be urged to murder: but man is still a human being, even while seeking his subsistence by rapine and plunder; and seldom, from mere wantonness, will he spill the blood of his follow-creature. It is only by patience, perseverance, and humility, by reducing thyself to the lowest level of mankind, that thou canst expect to pass through the ordeal with either safety or satisfaction." Something like these were my self-dictated precepts, and I pledged their performance in a draught from the cool and limpid fountain.

According to the Captain's narrative, he soon found the utility of his precept, for at about the ninth mile-stone (he means verst-post) from Liubane, he sat down, "to smoke a segar, or pipe, as fancy might dictate," when he was suddenly seized from behind by two ruffians, whose visages were as much concealed as the oddness of their dress would permit.

One of them, who held an iron bar in his hand, dragged me (says the Captain) by the collar towards the forest, while the other, with a bayonetted musket, pushed me on, in such a manner, as to make me move with more than ordinary celerity; while a boy, auxiliary to these vagabonds, was stationed on the road-side to keep a look-out.

We had got some sixty or eighty paces into the thickest part of the forest, when I was desired to undress, and having stript off my trowsers and jacket, then my shirt, and, finally, my shoes and stockings, they proceeded to tie me to a tree. From this ceremony, and from the manner of it, I fully concluded that they intended to try the effect of a musket upon me, by firing at me as they would at a mark. I was, however, reserved for fresh scenes: the villains, with much *sang froid*, seated themselves at my feet, and rifled my knapsack and pockets, even cutting out the linings of the clothes, in search of bank-bills or some other valuable articles. They then compelled me to take at least a pound of black bread, and a glass of rum poured from a small flask which had been suspended from my neck. Having appropriated my trowsers, shirts, stockings, and shoes—as also my spectacles, watch, compass, thermometer, and small pocket-sextant, with one hundred and sixty roubles, they at length released me from the tree, and at the point of a stiletto made me swear that I would not inform against them,—such, at least, I conjectured to be their meaning, though of their language I understood not a word.

Having received my promise, I was again treated to bread and rum, and once more fastened to the tree, in which condition they finally abandoned me. Not long after, a boy who was passing heard my cries, and set me at liberty. I did not doubt he was sent by my late companions upon so considerate an errand, and felt so far grateful; though it might require something more than common charity to forgive their depriving me of my shirt and trowers, and leaving me almost as naked as I came into the world.

To pursue my route, or return to Tzarsko Selo would, indeed, be alike indecent and ridiculous, but being so, and there being no remedy, I made therefore "forward" the order of the day; having first, with the remnant of my apparel, rigged myself *à l'Ecossoise*, I resumed my route. I had still left me a blue jacket, a flannel waistcoat, and a spare one, which I tied round my waist in such a manner that it reached down to the knees: my empty knapsack was restored to its old place, and I trotted on with even a merry heart.

The Captain soon reached the house of General Woronoff, who gave him food, and some clothes were then offered to him, "which," says he, "I declined, *considering my then dress as peculiarly becoming*;" a phrase, the meaning of which we cannot comprehend. At Novgorod, every attention was paid to him by the Governor, and he had good quarters in the habitation of a Russian merchant, to whom he had a letter of recommendation from St. Petersburgh. So far well, but we really blush at the following confession from a half-pay officer in the British navy.

> He had also the kind consideration to promise me a complete refit; and though this must have been at an expence of thirty or forty roubles, he positively refused my offer of reimbursement—an offer I was enabled to make, *through the delicate kindness of his Excellency the Governor Gerebzoff.*

The advance of our newly-*rigged* hero to Moscow is not marked by any event of importance. Respecting that capital he says little, and that little is not very correct, as may be illustrated by a single fact. Dr Lyall has shewn, and indeed all the world knows, that Moscow is wonderfully changed since its renewal after the burning in 1812; yet the Captain says, "in every other respect than that of population, I found Moscow the same as in Clarke's time, beautiful and rich, grotesque and absurd, magnificent and mean."

From Moscow, our author pursued his route by Nishi, Novgorod, Kazan, and Perm, to Siberia, and then made an extensive tour by Yekaterinbourg, Tobolsk, Omsk, Tomsk, Irkutsk, Yakutsk, Kolima, and Nishni-Kolimsk, to Ochotsk. He then crossed the sea of Ochotsk, and after having made a tour, resided nearly a year in Kamtchatka, and got married; he returned to the town of Ochotsk, and from thence, with a few detours, reached Moscow by the same road by which he had advanced. From Moscow he proceeded to Petersburgh, and from thence, by sea, to London. His work is illustrated by two maps: one of them of the country between St. Petersburgh and Behring's Straits, and the other of the Eastern Part of Siberia, and the Peninsula of Kamtchatka; both illustrative of the author's route.

Did our limits permit us, we should gladly copy his descriptions of the present state of some of the principal towns on the east of Russia, as well as in Siberia, as of Kazan, Perm, Yekaterinbourg, Tobolsk, Irkutsk, Ochotsk, Barnaoule, Tomsk, Nertchinsk, Kiakhta, &c., most of which are very interesting. As Tobolsk is generally known, we shall copy a few words respecting it.

> Numerous large flocks of cattle are seen in the neighbourhood of Tobolsk; (says the author;) provisions are cheap and abundant,—bread thirty-six pounds for a shilling, and the same quantity of meat for three; and hospitality eminently proverbial. But what is perhaps more remarkable, very good society is to be enjoyed here, and the strongest features of content are displayed in this hitherto-supposed metropolis of barbarism and cruelty.

But the Captain might have recollected that Pallas, and, more especially, Clarke, had long ago given us correct ideas of this wonderful eastern city. He well remarks, however,

> —that Tobolsk is not a place where convicts or malefactors are allowed to remain, but people who are exiled from political causes only; the principal part of whom are officers, who have still the privilege of appearing in public, without the loss of either rank, fortune, or even character. The Governor has it in his power to befriend any individual, himself becoming responsible for his appearance when necessary: and as no government transports *fools*, Tobolsk may very well be, from this circumstance, a highly-civilized and eligible place of residence. Malefactors and bad subjects are sent to Tomsk, Nertchinsk, and Ochotsk.
>
> As to the education and moral habits of the natives of Siberia, they are certainly equal, if not superior in these respects, to that of the European Russians.

They have not the same incitement, nor the same means of committing crimes. The whole population does not exceed two millions and a half, about one half of which are Aborigines, scattered over a track of country which gives to each person three square miles. Provisions and clothing are cheap, taxes are not known, the climate is healthy—and what can man more desire?

Indeed, the Captain, in quitting this quarter of the world, draws a very lively and inviting picture of it:

In descending the western branch of the Ural Mountains, I soon found myself again in Europe: the land of malt, the fire-side home, again had charms for the traveller. The sensations I experienced upon quitting the most favoured quarter of the globe, were nothing when compared to the present. Then I thought I was going only to the abode of misery, vice, and cruelty, while now I knew I had come from that of humanity, hospitality, and kindness. I looked back to the hills, which are, as it were, the barrier between virtue and vice, but felt, in spite of it, a desire to return, and end my days. And so strong is still that desire, that I should not hesitate to bid adieu to *politics*, *war*, and *other refined pursuits*, to enjoy in Siberia, those comforts which may be had without fear of foreign or domestic disturbance.

In another place he says,

There is, however, so little of interest in Siberia, so little to be seen, that it is hardly possible to form an interesting work on that topic, unless the traveller be a *botanist or naturalist*, or otherwise versed in the mysteries of science. Siberia is, in fact, one immense wilderness, whose inhabitants are so scattered, that five and six hundred miles are passed by the traveller without seeing an individual, much less any cultivation, or any works of man at all worthy of description. The manners, customs, and dress of most of the inhabitants, are the same. The severity of the climate, is, in most places, coequal, and, in general, productive of the same results. The matter of interest is to be compressed in a small space; and all that I may be said to have done, may consist in the fact of shewing others, that man may go where he chooses, *as long as his conduct corresponds with his movements*, and that he may, fearlessly, and alone, as safely trust himself in the hands of savages as with his own friends.

But though the Captain calls Siberia "an immense wilderness," it is not to be concluded that it does not contain much fine and magnificent scenery. Pallas and other travellers have told us so; and our author frequently launches forth into its praises:

Thus, (says he,) having procured a guide, I left Boukhtarma for the line of demarcation on the Chinese and Russian frontiers. I first crossed the stream which gives name to the fortress, and then, over a good path, entered upon a most romantic country, near the village of Voronia. It is impossible, without a poetical imagination, to conceive the beauties of such a country; the magnificent and bold sterile precipices which are seen rising from the great level pasture base, are, I should think, quite unparalleled; and the noble Irtish forcing its way amongst the numerous islands, near this part of the river, adds to the majesty of the scene.

And again, when at Malaya-Narymka, the last Russian spot on the frontier, he states, that

——an officer and a few men placed here are all that are left to mark the boundaries of two such mighty empires as Russia and China. I forded the little stream which forms the actual limit, and seating myself on a stone on the left bank, was soon lost in a reverie. It was about midnight; the moon, apparently full, was near her meridian, and seemed to encourage a pensive inclination. What can surpass that scene I know not. Some of the loftiest granite mountains spreading in various directions, enclosing some of the most luxuriant valleys in the world; yet all deserted!—all this fair and fertile track abandoned to wild beasts, merely to constitute a neutral territory!

Dr Lyall has lately furnished the world with *a frightful picture* of the state of civil administration throughout the Russian empire, which, for the sake of human nature, we should have been glad to have found was overcharged in the colouring; but alas! on the contrary, Captain Cochrane, with a degree of candour and frankness for which we give him praise, has furnished numerous examples of its accuracy. For instance, he states, when at Semipalatinsk, that

——the surrounding country is void of cultivation, and infested with robbers, who commit serious depredations, an instance of which occurred while I was at dinner; a poor pedlar being robbed of two thousand roubles, or one hundred pounds, and his horse, neither of which there is any chance of recovering. There is evidently something incorrect, but which I could not fathom, in the administration of justice as it respects the punishment of robbers; but there is no doubt, *that a due percentage on the lost property, applied in a certain manner, will procure its restoration.* This, indeed, appears as open a countenance of the crime as can be well imagined; yet such is the fact. If no fee is given, little exertion is made, and the numerous complaints on this subject have hitherto been of no effect.

Again, when at Yakutsk, he says,

——Mr Minitsky* is, however, a good man, and an exceedingly clever Governor, equalled by few in Siberia; his situation is of course a good one, and may be made equal to his utmost desires by *fraud, trade, extortion, and corruption.*

At Omekon, the Captain had a long conversation about *yasack,* a tribute peculiar to Siberia, with a Yakut prince, who "said that the quantity was nothing, but that the mode of collecting it was a serious evil. The tribute they would freely give to the Emperor, but it was what the commissaries took from them by force, and which they gave to avoid vexatious and litigious treatment, that was oppressive; and those commissaries have great power."

When he reaches Ochotsk, he informs us, that

—much credit is also due to the exertions of Captain Ushinsky, in having redressed many of the grievances under which the Aborigines laboured, as well as the abuses in the public departments. Formerly, when an officer wanted money, he had only to go to the dock-yard, and take such things from it as he could sell to raise it; and so recently has this abuse been exercised, *that an officer, high in rank, did, even in the last year, take articles to a considerable amount from one of the store-houses, not in a shy or shame-faced manner, but openly, as an act justified by habit and long usage,* and not at all questionable.

The same horrid system of injustice and oppression extends to Kamtchatka, and we have read, with much interest, Captain Cochrane's account of the cruel abuses, as he well calls them, arising from the collection, there, of the tribute spoken of—the yasack.

Even at Nartchinsk, our author saw nothing which could inspire him with any other sentiments than those of contempt and indignation, at the inconsiderate conduct of the persons in authority over the poor criminals. It is impossible to conceive the haggard, worn-down, wretched, and half-starved appearance of these victims. The knout, the whip, the brand, and the fetter, are nothing, when compared with the imposition of labour continued from sun-rise to sun-set for six months in the year, and during the other six keeping them in absolute idleness.

But the Captain's narrative is full of examples of injustice, so that both from the testimony of Dr Lyall and Captain Cochrane, we may conclude that the administration of justice demands serious changes; and we are happy to find, by the Gazettes, that his Imperial Majesty is now re-organizing the mode of Government, especially in Siberia. May Heaven prosper his virtuous intentions, for he is such a Sovereign, with all his failings, as Russia is not likely soon to find his equal! It is a more agreeable task for us to state, that schools, upon the Lancasterian system, are forming even in the remotest corners of Siberia, as at Omsk, Semipalatinsk, Irkutsk, &c., and the author's account of them has proved highly gratifying to us.

When at Selenginsk, the traveller repaired "to the abode of the English Missionaries, settled in this part of the world with their wives and numerous children, forming, as it were, an English colony in the centre of barbarism." He seems to think that their efforts will be attended with little success, and says,

The field chosen on the banks of the Selenga is, no doubt, the very worst; and this is known even to the Missionaries, but I presume it is too comfortable a birth to be given up. I have every respect for them personally, but really I cannot think justice is done to the people of England, in squandering money in every part of the world, while there are so many poor and religiously ignorant in our own empire;—and thus (the laconically concludes :) when we shall have all become *good, and steady, and wealthy Christians*, it will be high time to assist others.

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* Governor of Yakutsk.

Indeed, he thinks that the Aborigines of Kamtchatka have derived little benefit by their conversion to Christianity.

We had marked out some quotations respecting different tribes of the natives of Siberia, as the Yakuti, the Tongousians, the Tchuktchi, &c., as well as respecting two diseases called *diable au corps, and imerachism*, but our limits prevent us from copying them. The reader will find some curious remarks respecting the game of Chess, at p. 267.

Captain Cochrane's account of the present state of Kamtchatka merits our praise, and is perhaps the best part of his work.

> Of the people, (says he,) I can only say they are as amiable and honest as ever. They are now established in villages all built in the old Russian style, which are clean and comfortable. During the summer, or fishing-season, they leave their winter residences for the balagans or places which they use for drying their fish. Thus the summer is employed in preparing food against the winter, which latter is taken up in the chase. Beyond this, the Kamtchatdale is still the same lazy, drunken, servile animal, as formerly. Their ancient language is not forgotten, but is so far out of use, that there are few who do not speak Russian. Most of the Aborigines are baptized, and may be said to live as the Russians do. The number of real Kamtchatdales who retain their ancient usages is small. They reside in the northern coasts beyond Tygil and Nishney Kamtchask. Hospitality is the most striking feature in their character; but they are also distinguished by their strict adherence to truth, and their honesty is proverbial. Without being forward to complain of ill-treatment, they will fearlessly recount it when questioned. They are in part governed by their own Toions or Chiefs, but an annual visit is made to each village by the Ispravnick, or Chief Judge, *as well for the purpose of collecting sables as of administering justice*. Their dress is the same as formerly, that for the winter season being made of the skins of beasts; but in summer they wear nankeens, and at present there is hardly a Kamtchatdale who does not wear a shirt. The women have also adopted the Russian head-dress, the articles for which are procured from the pedlars at a most exorbitant rate.
>
> Of laws they have but few of their own, their motto being something like that of the Chinese, "to return evil for evil, and good for good." They are now supplied with culinary utensils, and every thing they require, by the Russians; and as they live exactly in the same manner, and in the same description of houses with the latter, a description of them is unnecessary. They seem a race disburthened of all care and consideration for the future, and entirely resigned to any fate which may await them, whether it be oppression or starvation.
>
> St. Peter and St. Paul's, or better in the original, *Petro-Pavlovskoyé*, the chief city of the Peninsula of Kamtchatka, contains forty-two dwellings, besides fifteen edifices belonging to the Government, an old church, and the foundation of a new one. Among the public buildings are to be reckoned magazines for bread, for powder, for sailors, for convicts, for wine, and for arms; a guard-house, smithy, hospital, chancery, school, and a building for the Chief and his assistant. All, however, with the exception of the hospital, sailors' barracks, and schools, are, at best, like the rest of the city, emblems of misery and wretchedness. I have never seen, on the Frozen Sea, so contemptible a place, hardly meriting the name of a village, much less that of a city; yet such is the place which has been eulogized from one end of the world to the other. The erection of hospitals, of schools, of churches, and the diffusion of happiness, have been extravagantly vaunted of in magazines and reviews, *in defiance of the most lamentable facts of a very opposite description.*

We must now take our leave of this volume, by recommending it to the perusal of the public. If a second edition should be demanded, we would recommend the author to correct innumerable wrong-spelled words, as *Streights* for Straits, p. 3., —*Ivan Vassilich* for Ivan Vassilievitch, p. 45 and 64.,—Dr *Ryan* for Dr O'ryan, p. 48.,—*Glenny* for Glen, p. 65.,—*Rowan* for Rowand, p. 73., &c. &c.,—as well as an host of faulty sentences. He should also be more accurate with respect to the statements of the thermometer, using always Reaumur's, or always Fahrenheit's; and not the one for the measure of cold, and the other for that of heat, as at p. 321. He had better make some inquiries, also, as to the truth of his statements respecting the *Raskolinks*, in p. 78 and 159, which we never heard before. We hope we shall hear no more of the Greek Church admitting two distinct classes, "*which may be called monastic and lay orders*," for the latter does not exist, in the sense of the author. He alludes to the *regular and parochial clergy*, or the *black and the white clergy*, as they are called in Russia, and as he may find, by perusing Dr King's or Dr Pinkerton's works on the Greek Religion. Although he grossly erred in translating the words *malaya derevenya*, p. 113, by "little revenue," in place of "small village," we recommend him, before he boasts again of being placed "in very respectable company—no less than that of the *justly celebrated* and learned Dr Clarke, who was *eternally crossing the river Protok*, apparently ignorant that the Protok means neither more nor less than the *branch* of a river,"—to be cautious; for a friend of ours has searched his Dictionaries in vain for the word *Protok*; besides, he informs us, that he has also crossed the *Protok*, a branch of the river Kuban, which flows into the Caspian Sea, and assists in insulating the Isle of Taman; indeed, this river is called the *Tchernoi Protok*, or the *Black Protok*.

DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

The hand of death has extinguished the brightest star in our poetical firmament. Lord Byron is no more—his splendid and glorious career is cut short for ever. He died in his own beloved Greece, to the deliverance of which he had devoted all the energies of his powerful and ardent mind, and, in one sense, he may be said to have fallen in the cause of Liberty, which he has hallowed by the immortal productions of his muse. This unexpected and melancholy event may be truly regarded as a great public calamity. Who can say what the mighty mind which the ruthless stroke of the destroyer has now quenched, might have accomplished, had the number of his days not been so prematurely told? But he died not without his fame. His genius has reared up monuments to his renown, which will carry his name to after ages, as one of those mighty spirits whom Nature has informed with the highest measure of the diviner mind, and whose breathings of inspiration find a responsive echo in the human heart, in every age and in every country. Of all the poets who have ever lived and wrote, Shakespeare alone excepted, Lord Byron was the most profoundly conversant with the more secret and mysterious workings of the human spirit; in the exhibition of which, he displayed a strength, boldness, and originality of conception, and a power over language, which have long placed him at the head of the poetical genius of his own age, and now that his fame has become the property of his country, and of mankind, will associate his name with those of Shakespeare and Milton,—thus forming the most illustrious triumvirate of poetical genius of which any age or country can boast.

In the mood of mind produced by this disastrous event, we have no inclination to attempt setting forth the distinctive and characteristic attributes of that poetry which is already in every hand, and familiar to every heart; far less to do ourselves the violence of adverting to those unfounded censures and calumnies which were levelled against the conduct of the noble poet, in some of the most interesting and painful situations of his life. But while we have no intention to maintain that either his poetry is perfect, or his character immaculate, we do assert, that the former is instinct with the highest, richest, and rarest endowments of genius—blending, even in its darkest shades, sentiments of deep pathos or dread sublimity; and that the latter, with all its eccentricities, never betrayed a single symptom of innate perversity or corruption of heart. Though, in the world of imagination in which he delighted to expatiate with boundless freedom, he asserted his privilege to invest the ideal beings of his fancy with such attributes as he chose, and to bring them forward clothed sometimes in the blackest and most appaling forms, and under the dominion of the most terrible passions,—when he mingled with the actual creatures of this world, he was kind, generous, and affectionate, overflowing with all the charities and humanities that belong to the happiest and purest natures, and capable of the firmest and the most truly disinterested friend-

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ship. With a deep detestation for meanness and baseness, however cunningly masked, and with a somewhat cynical proneness (in theory, at least) to scepticism as to the reality of human virtue, he had, at the same time, the most unbounded respect and reverence for sincerity, wherever it was manifested, and the readiest and most powerful sympathy, with all that is truly great and ennobling in human character. His poetry partook of this bias of his mind; for while he hurled the thunderbolts of his indignation against tyranny, and oppression, and public profligacy, he also flung a dazzling ray of heavenly light over every act and every name which deserves to be consecrated in the history of man. He was, in the noblest sense of the term, the Poet of Liberty. With all his affected misanthropy, he unceasingly cherished a belief in the regenerating influences of Freedom, no less than in the ultimate triumph of her blessed and glorious cause:

> For Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeath'd from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is ever won.

He was also the Poet of Greece. In that delightful land, his young muse first tried her wing; and it was in the midst of those hallowed scenes, in the "clime of the unforgotten brave," where the mighty spirits of ancient days acted or bled, that he breathed forth, in the deep and searching music of his numbers, that "hope against hope," for her deliverance and renovation,—for the overthrow of her oppressors—and for her restoration to freedom and a second youth. He alone believed, and sung, that the hour of vengeance was at hand: and when the slave had risen against his tyrant, and the day-star of Liberty seemed about to dawn on the territory which the Persian could not conquer, and which the Muses had chosen as their habitation, he repaired to the scenes he had visited in his youth, and brought with him all the means which his rank, fortune, or influence, could command, to fling into the scale of Freedom. Endeared to Greece by so many ties, he has fallen at the moment when the splendour of his name had given a fresh glory to her cause, and when he was about to combat by the side of men who have shown themselves not unworthy of the ancestors from whom they are descended. He is gone—peace be to his noble dust! to that place, where the voice of the oppressor is unheard, and the clamours and calumnies of bigotry and intolerance can no longer disturb his repose. But, it will be remembered, that he died for that cause which has owed so much to the inspirations of his genius, and that he remained faithful to the death, to that enthusiasm which he has breathed over those immortal pages, destined to form the delight and admiration of the latest posterity.

Love.

TALK not to me of love Platonic,
I'd sooner hear of sections conic;
What is't you love, if not the body—
Eyes so blue, and cheeks so ruddy,
Sunny smiles, and speaking glances,
Telling all that woman fancies—
Auburn hair in ringlets straying—
Or like the beams of morning playing
On snowy mountain, gay to see
As the fairy hills of Italy?
What is't you love?—" The mind," you say;
Then what's this mind you speak of, pray?
Is there no mind in Chloe's eye?
No mind in Chloe's melting sigh?
Is there no mind in Chloe's smile,
That shines so sweetly bright the while?
I, you must know, Sir, have a notion
There's mind in Chloe's every motion.
" But mind, " say you, " is not material,
'Tis something pure, and quite etherial;
'Tis judgment, reason, thought, or"—hold!
You've said enough;—must you be told
That mind, and all that mind dispenses,
Depends entirely on the senses?
Chloe can speak, and we can hear
Those tones of music to the ear:
And whence the pleasure that they bring?
Those words from Chloe's mouth took wing;
Those words had loiter'd on her lip,
The honey of her breath to sip;
Those words were form'd within her breast,
Where every Cupid loves to rest;—
These are the thoughts inspire the soul,
And give enchantment to the whole;
This is what makes you rave of *mind*,—
I clearly see that Love is blind.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr Washington Irving is preparing for the press some more of his mellifluous and well-told stories, under the title of "Tales of a Traveller." A few letters of his, written at an early age, and therefore perhaps scarcely fair to be brought forward now, have been published as the "Letters of Jonathan Old-style."

Mr Burridge's Treatise on a Process or Art of Tanning Crop Hides or Sole Leather, is in the press. He undertakes to prove, that they may be tanned in a quarter of the usual time, without extra expense.

The Bride of Florence, illustrative of the manners of the middle ages, with Historical Notes, and Minor Poems, is preparing for publication, by R. Fitz-Eustace.

Mr Egan, professor of the Harp, has in a state of forwardness an Historical Essay on the Harp.

Mr B. Cook, of Brimingham, is proceeding to print a new Chronology. He has already been engaged in verifying and collecting dates and facts during several years.

The Rev. H. Moore has in the press, a Life of the Rev. John Wesley, including that of his brother Charles, compiled from authentic documents, many of which have never been published.

A closely-printed volume, like Mackenzie's "Receipt-Book," will soon appear, under the title of *the Scotsman's Library*. Its contents will consist of every kind of anecdote and curious fact which can be assembled from printed and original sources, relative to Scotsmen and things, and to Scotland, in every way in which the people and the country are interesting. The articles will be about 3000 in number, consequently nothing will be omitted which the range of time and country can supply. A learned Scotsman, who has been twenty years making the collections, is named as its editor.

Tours to the British Mountains, Descriptive Poems, &c. by T. Wilkinson, of Yanwath, Westmoreland, are printing in small octavo.

Essays and Sketches of Character, by the late R. Ayton, Esq. with a Memoir of his Life, and a portrait engraved by F. C. Lewis, from a drawing by Mr Westall, will soon appear.

A popular work is in preparation, descriptive of the Wonders of the United Kingdom, by the Author of "the Wonders of the World." It will form four handsome volumes, small octavo,—two separately for England and Wales,—one for Scotland, and one for Ireland,—with numerous engravings.

An Apology for Don Juan, Cantos 1. and 2. is in the press.

The Wanderings of Lucan and Dinah, an epic romance, in ten cantos, in the stanza of Spenser, by M. P. Kavanagh, are in the press.

A Translation of M. Dupin's most important and generally useful work, on the Commercial Power of Great Britain, is announced for early publication. This work supplies a variety of details to the statesman, the merchant, and the man of science, heretofore uncollected in this country.

Sancho, the Sacred Trophy, and the Unparalleled Operations of Episcopacy, with a Presbyter's Hat, is preparing for the press, by the Rev. S. H. Carlisle.

An Outline of the System of Education at New Lanark, by R. D. Owen, Esq. is in preparation.

Mr Ventouillac, the editor of the "French Classics," now publishing in London, has in the press a Selection of Papers from M. Jouy's "Hermites," to be published in French, with notes, and a portrait and life of M. Jouy, under the title of "Le petit Hermite." Also, a translation into French of Bishop Watson's "Apology for the Bible."

Aids to Reflection, in a series of prudential, moral, and spiritual aphorisms, extracted from the works of Archbishop Leighton, with notes and interpolated remarks, by S. T. Coleridge, Esq. are in the press.

Critical and Descriptive Accounts of the most celebrated Picture Galleries in England, with an Essay on Elgin Marbles, will speedily be published.

Prose Pictures, a series of descriptive letters and essays, by E. Herbert, Esq. will be published in a few days.

The Publication of Dr Graham's work on Indigestion and Liver Complaints has been unavoidably delayed, but it will be ready for delivery the first week in May. His object is to illustrate the true nature and the successful treatment of the prevailing bilious disorders.

The Three Brothers, or the Travels and Adventures of the Three Sherleys, in

Persia, Russia, Turkey, Spain, &c. printed from original manuscripts, with additions and illustrations from very rare contemporaneous works, and portraits of Sir Anthony, Sir Robert, and Lady Sherley, are in the press.

Directions for Studying the Laws of England, by Roger North, youngest brother to Lord Keeper Guildford, now first printed from the original manuscript in the Hargrave Collection, with notes and illustrations by a Lawyer, will soon be republished.

Mr Pringle, of Cape Town, has in the press, Some Account of the present State of the English Settlers in Albany, South Africa.

A Memoir of the Life and Character of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, with specimens of his powers, and an estimate of his genius and talents compared with those of his great contemporaries, by J. Prior, Esq. is just ready for publication.

Dr Kennedy, of Glasgow, has in the press, Instructions to Mothers and Nurses on the Management of Children, in Health and Disease.

EDINBURGH.

"REDGAUNTLET, A Tale of the Eighteenth Century," by the Author of "Waverley," &c. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

Preparing for the press, and will be published as soon as possible, A Narrative of a twenty years' residence in South America, from the beginning of the year 1803 to 1822, including travels in the kingdoms of Chili, Peru, Quito, and Santa Fe de Begota, now Colombia; excursions into several of the uncivilized parts, before the revolution commenced in 1809 at Quito, where the Author then resided; with an account of the motives which led to the important change which the New World has undergone; also descriptions of the manners and customs of the different people; the produce, trade, &c. of the different provinces, with the operations of the Chilian Squadron. Illustrated with engravings, &c.; by W. B. Stevenson, Royal Collegian of St. Luis of Quito, &c. and Secretary to his Excellency the Right Hon. Lord Cochren, Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Chilian Naval Forces.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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CLASSICS.

Æschyli Choephoræ ad fidem Manuscriptorum emendavit, Notas et Glossarium adjecit, Carolus Jacobus Blomfield, S.T.P. Collegii SS. Trinitatis apud Cantabrigienses olim Socius. 8vo. 6s. 6d. boards.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

France.—The French Ministry are proceeding in the execution of three measures of considerable importance. The first, a law introduced to the Peers, is for raising 60,000 men yearly, instead of 40,000, as at present, and extending their time of service to eight years instead of four: by this measure, France will have an immense standing army in time of peace. The second project relates to education: all professors and masters of schools are required to provide themselves with licenses to carry on their establishments; and it is intended, by returning no licenses except to friends, to throw the whole monopoly of instruction into the hands of the Ultras and Jesuits. The third measure is that of extending the duration of the Chambers to seven years, like that of England.

Spain.—All the accounts that we receive from Spain convey a most lamentable picture of miseries which have been introduced into that country under the auspices of the French. So far from any thing like contentment or peace, the land is filled with discord and violence, which, with all the aid of foreign armies, cannot be kept down. According to the accounts contained in the last Paris papers, it appears that the cities of Cordova, Valencia, and Seville, have been the scene of violent re-actions. At Cordova, a conspiracy was formed by the Exaltados, as they are called, for assassinating all who were known for their attachment to the Constitutional system. The plot was discovered before it was carried into execution, and *only* ten persons, we are told, were murdered. At Valencia, the violent Royalists have satisfied themselves with imprisoning a number of persons of wealth and consideration in society; while at Seville, it is stated, that "a score of persons, detained in prison for their political opinions, have lost their lives." It is said, Ferdinand has sent to France for more troops, and that they have been refused until the amnesty is passed.

Portugal.—The accounts from this country announce a change in the Ministry of Portugal, which is likely to lead to beneficial results. Oliveira, the Minister of the Interior, and Marinho, the Minister of Justice, have been removed from those posts. They were of the Queen's party, and have been considered the promoters and authors of most of the arbitrary measures resorted to since the restoration of the Monarchical Government. It is believed that their removal will be followed by a general amelioration of the system, and that a general amnesty, with certain modifications, will shortly be issued.

Greece.—A letter from Zante, dated March 13, announces the capture of the important place of Coron, the last bulwark of the Turks in the south of the Morea. This town was carried by storm by the Greeks under the command of an ecclesiastic, Zerbino, who took it by surprise. The occupation of the town and castle of Arta by Constantine Bozzaris is also confirmed, as well as the insurrection of the Pacha of Egypt; and it is hinted that some power, whose name is not given, has expressed a wish to re-establish the throne of the Egyptian Sultans. Lord Byron and Colonel Stanhope were still at Missolonghi, superintending the preparations for the siege of Lepanto. A large ship from London has brought them a great quantity of powder, cannons, mortars, shells, cannon-balls, and other kinds of ammunition.

According to the Augsburg Gazette, the Greeks have compelled Arta to capitulate, and have directed their victorious arms against Joannina, in the full confidence of speedily becoming masters of that important place also.

Turkey.—General Guilleminot left Paris on the 20th April, for Constantinople, where the negotiations between the Porte and Russia have taken a very favourable turn, and where a Russian ambassador was daily expected. The Russian arms had been replaced over the gate of the Russian consul's house, to the great joy of the Turks. The English declaration of war against Algiers, the nominal subject of the Porte, has excited a great sensation in the capital of Turkey, and, coupled with the operations of Lord Byron, had not a little embarrassed the pacific exertions of Lord Strangford.

ASIA.

East Indies.—Accounts have been received from Batavia of the 13th of December, from which we learn, that the Padries in the island of Sumatra had had the boldness, during the absence of Lieutenant-Colonel Raaff, to recommence hostilities, and to attack some districts occupied by us; that they were, however, repulsed with great bravery by the Netherland troops under the command of Major Laemlin. This officer, pursuing his advantage, attacked the Padries in their fortified posts at Kapau and Biero, from which they were driven, sword in hand, on the 26th and 28th of September; the loss of the enemy was considerable.

Some companies of the infantry, provided with every thing necessary, have been sent by the British Government in Bengal to the west coast of Sumatra, to strengthen and fortify the Company's settlement at Natal.

As the whole island of Sumatra is now ceded to the Netherlands, we learn with peculiar pleasure, that Lieutenant-Colonel Raaff, on a journey into the interior of that important island, found it not destitute of population; and at the same time properly cultivated, and adapted to all kinds of produce. He also found traces of internal legal government, nay, even of a pretty general local government—the most certain proofs of an advanced degree of civilization. This officer, who has given a verbal account of these and other particulars, has lately returned from Batavia to Padang, with troops to complete his military force, and some young civil officers, acquainted with the language and manners of the inhabitants, and with the regulations in force in Java.

A New Colony.—It has been discovered that the island of Tristan da Cunha, which lies in south lat. 37. 6., west long. 11. 44., and which was never known to have been peopled before the year 1816, has now upon it, living in great happiness, 22 men and three women. The Berwick, Captain Jeffery, from London to Van Diemen's Land, sent her boat on shore on the 25th March 1823. The sailors were surprised on finding an Englishman, of the name of Glass, formerly a corporal in the artillery, and the rest of the above-mentioned population. Glass gives so favourable an account of the island, which is only nine miles in diameter, that it may be of importance to vessels, on their passage to Van Diemen's Land, to touch there: they will be sure of a most favourable reception. There are on the island great plenty of pigs, goats, potatoes, cabbages, &c.; abundance of fish, and excellent water. This little colony had at the time upwards of 30 tons of potatoes to dispose of. The island is very fertile, in fact, in every thing desirable to settlers; and Glass declared, that if they had but a few women more, the place would be an earthly paradise. He is a sort of Governor at Tristan Cunha, by the appointment of the rest, on account of his military character; and he trades in a small schooner to the Cape of Good Hope, with the oil of the sea elephant and the skins of the seal, which they catch in great abundance. There is a mountain upon the island 8500 feet in height; the crew of the Berwick saw it at the distance of 50 miles. They intended to take on board part of the product of the island, but were obliged to make sail, as the breeze became very fresh.

AFRICA.

The Gold Coast.—We lament to say, that very distressing intelligence has been received from the British settlement termed Cape Coast Castle, upon the Gold Coast of Africa. It appears that the barbarous people in that neighbourhood, called the Ashantees, having made repeated and unprovoked irruptions into the British settlement, and having committed sundry barbarities there, Sir Charles Macarthy, Governor of Sierra Leone, with a view to punish them, prepared an expedition, consisting of three divisions, one of them commanded by himself. It would seem that these forces, amounting in all to about 4000 men, natives and others, had not set out simultaneously; for it is stated that, before they could effect a junction, the division commanded by Sir Charles was attacked by 10,000 of the Ashantees, and after expending all their ammunition, were compelled to yield to the superior numbers of the barbarians. It is dreaded that most of the division have been massacred; and, as no intelligence of the fate of Sir Charles himself had arrived for fourteen days after the conflict, it is feared that he is among the number of the murdered. The battle is said to have been fought on the 21st of January.

Death of Belzoni the Traveller.—The same conveyance which brought the above intelligence brings the melancholy news of the death of the intrepid traveller Belzoni, who perished of the dysentery at Gato, on the Benin river, while attempting to reach Houssa and Timbuctoo, by way of Benin, and at a moment when there was much reason to expect that his perilous enterprize would have succeeded. He died on the 3d December 1823. Most of our readers will recollect M. Belzoni, who was not more distinguished by his ardour and perseverance in the laborious pursuits to which he had devoted the greater part of his life, than by his personal intrepidity and gigantic strength and stature. He possessed, indeed, every quality which promised success to his labours.

AMERICA.

Papers have been received from Rio Janeiro to the 17th February, which contain addresses from various towns and provinces, expressing their entire satisfaction with the late constitution proposed to them, as being liberal in its principles, and well calculated to insure the happiness of the country. The Emperor has issued an order to maintain a considerable force, both by land and sea, to secure the safety and independence of the empire against the attempts of its enemies. All the Portuguese, who have arrived from Europe since the 1st January, are commanded to appear at the police, and to give an account of their names, professions, business, &c. It being notified to the King, that it was the wish of many Brazilian families to send their children to Paris to finish their education, his Majesty had ordered all possible facilities to be given them for this wise and liberal purpose. Nothing can more strongly mark, than this fact, the diversity between the new Government and the old despotism, under which all liberal improvement was proscribed. The sending away the youth to the University of Paris, or to any other European seminary for education, was most especially forbidden, and indeed was quite at variance with the whole policy of the mother country, which was to degrade the colony into the mere tool of monopoly, that it never would have been thought of. This of itself evinces the great benefit these countries have derived from shaking off the fetters of their old bondage, and freely trading with all the world, not only in mercantile produce, but in the more precious commodities of science and moral improvement.

The accounts received from Bogota and Carthagena contain some favourable intelligence of the success of the republicans in putting down Riva Aguera, whose defection is confirmed.—The accounts from Peru are to the 26th of December. They state that President Bolivar had been obliged, in conformity with the resolutions of Congress, to employ force to put down the faction of Aguera, in which he was successful; for, on his approaching the troops destined by Aguera for the invasion of Lima, one of the officers of the latter proclaimed their union with the legitimate Government of Peru, arrested R. Aguera and General Herrera, who commanded them, and delivered them up to Bolivar. In consequence of this, the 4000 men composing this force were united to the main body, and an end put to the internal discord which threatened Peru. The two captive chiefs were conducted to Guyaquil, to be sent to the Isthmus, and thence to Europe.

The auxiliary division of the Chili force, consisting of 2500 men, had arrived at Callao, and was to be followed by 600 cavalry. General Santa Cruz, with a strong column, remained at Arica, and with the efficient divisions of Colonels Kanz and Urdemenea, kept the enemy in check.

West Indies.—Papers and letters received from Demerara to the 7th ult. are of the most gloomy description. The inhabitants had been greatly alarmed by nightly meetings of the negroes on the east coast, where the late insurrection had broken out. There had been meetings of the principal inhabitants, who had come to a resolution to expel all missionaries from the colonies.

Extract from the *Demerara Gazette* of 27th of February:—"Dominica is in confusion and uproar. The Earl of Huntingdon, who dissolved the House of Assembly a short time ago, has refused to issue any new writs for the re-election of Members until his Majesty's pleasure be known regarding the issue between them."

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

House of Commons.—*Feb.* 26.—*Cruelty to Animals.*—Mr Martin of Galway again took the field in defence of the brute creation from the cruel sports of man. He proposed that a Committee should be appointed, to inquire how far sports of this nature tended to corrupt the morals of the people. With much earnestness the Hon. Gentleman contended against the analogy, which had been instituted on a former evening, between hunting a fox and baiting a bear; the bear was brought out, not to be killed at once, but to be baited day after day till he was torn in pieces by the dogs. Moreover, it was the public opinion that such amusements should be put down; all sensible persons thought they tended to brutalize the lower orders; and if, quoth Mr Martin, any honourable member will go and knock at the door of every man in London and Westminster, he will find a vast majority who would pray for the abolition of these cruelties.—Sir Robert Heron opposed the motion, on the ground that Parliament should not abridge the amusements of the people. Why did not the Hon. Mover legislate against hunting and shooting, against cock-fighting and oyster-eating?—Mr John Smith urged, that the cruel sports alluded to in the motion did great injury to the comfort, the real happiness, and the good order of the persons who partook in them: for that reason, he supported Mr Martin.—Mr Peel argued that, however desirable it might be to put down sports of this nature, it was desirable to avoid legislating too much. It was sound policy to refrain from interference with all the amusements and occupations of the people. There were many virtues—and he believed humanity was among them—which could not be inculcated by laws. If the House were to act on the principle now recommended, they would have to extend their cares over a very wide field, for there was not a single sport in which animals were concerned that was not productive of cruelty.—Mr Martin, in reply, said, that if he could not protect all animals from the cruelty of man, he could not perceive why a portion of them might not be protected. However, he would not press his motion to a division,—for he could not help feeling a tenderness for the House, and a regard for its character.

A motion was brought forward by Mr Hume, for allowing newspapers to be sent to the Colonies free of postage. The present rate of postage was £.12"14s. a-year for a daily paper; and it would be found, that, in proportion as this charge had been increased, the revenue, owing to the lessened number of newspapers sent, had been materially diminished. The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated, that this subject would be matter of consideration for the Commission of Inquiry into the Revenue, and upon that understanding the motion was withdrawn.

27.—The Ordnance Estimates for the year were moved by Sir H. Hardinge. Each item was very rigorously scrutinized by Mr Hume, and, on two of them, that Hon. Member thought it right to divide the House. He observed, that, although Ministers deserved some praise for having laid these Estimates before Parliament, on the present occasion, in a far more intelligible shape than on former years, he could give them no credit for economy in their calculations. The Ordnance Estimates of the present year were three times as great as those of 1792; did the circumstances of the country warrant this increased expenditure? With respect to the sum proposed for the Expenses of the Barrack Department, he decidedly objected to it. He proceeded to enumerate several points on which a considerable saving might be effected. Mr Hobhouse lamented the apathy of the people to this system of an enormous standing army, with its expensive and unconstitutional apparatus. Ministers declared that all possible retrenchments had been made, and, on each head, the vote proposed by them was sanctioned by the House.

In a Committee on the Usury Laws, a debate of considerable length took place upon the subject of the proposed repeal. Mr Robertson, Mr Heygate, Mr Calcraft, and Sir R. Heron, opposed the measure, in speeches chiefly recapitulating the arguments used on a former occasion, and of which we then gave a tolerably full abstract. They maintained that the repeal would unsettle the minds of men, and shake all the securities of the country,—that great mischief would be wrought to the landed proprietors—that the existing mortgage arrangements would be destroyed—and that the experience of all countries had proved such laws to be salutary. On the other hand, these assertions were distinctly denied by Mr Wynn, Captain Maberly, Mr Huskisson, and Mr Baring, who likewise repeated the arguments for the repeal which had been urged in the last debate. The first of these gentlemen, in answer to the authority of Adam Smith, who had been quoted by Mr Heygate, paid the following tribute to a work, which, it is extraordinary enough, had not been at all referred to in the earlier stages of this discussion: "I am not fond of quoting the opinions of Mr Jeremy Bentham; but I must say, that his celebrated work on this subject is one of the most complete and satisfactory answers that ever proceeded from the head of man. It is the most perfect specimen of logical accuracy, in all its parts, that ever was written, and I have it from an authority so high, as to place the fact beyond all doubt, that, on reading it, even Adam Smith confessed himself mistaken." On a division, the Bill for the Repeal passed through the Committee.

March 1.—*Mr Abercromby and the Lord Chancellor.*—This evening an unexpected, but interesting discussion arose on a question of breach of privilege, alleged to have been committed by no less a personage than the Lord High Chancellor of England. The complaint was brought by Mr Abercromby, and related to certain expressions used on the Bench by the Lord Chancellor, and applied to a speech of Mr Abercromby's on Mr J. Williams's motion. The history of the case is briefly this:—In the de-

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bate of last week, on Mr Williams's motion for inquiring into Chancery Abuses, Mr Abercromby, the member for Calne, and a practising barrister in the Equity Courts, supported the motion. In the course of his speech, he alluded to the manner in which the decisions of the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor frequently clash, in consequence of the *same* case being brought into each court upon *different* evidence. This is the acknowledged practice upon *motions* in the Court of Equity. Now it seems that a Morning Paper of Wednesday last, in giving a report of Mr Abercromby's speech, substituted the word *decrees* for the word *motions*; hence the whole misunderstanding. The Lord Chancellor had a copy of this erroneous report placed into his hands just before going into court on Saturday morning; where he sees that a charge is made against him of re-hearing the *decrees* of the Vice-Chancellor upon fresh evidence. Conscious that he had never done this, when he had taken his seat in the court, he uttered against Mr Abercromby a violent invective; among other things, saying, that the assertion relative to his practice on re-hearing, was *an utter falsehood.* In consequence of this saying, Mr Abercromby came down to the House this evening, with a motion (as preliminary to some further proceedings) that the short-hand writer, who had taken down the words of Lord Eldon, should be called to the bar. Mr Secretary Canning fully admitted that he did not understand the Hon. and Learned Gentleman (Mr Abercromby) to speak personally of the Lord Chancellor in any one respect; and that if he had been called upon elsewhere to give his opinion upon the speech in question, he should do the Hon. and Learned Gentleman no more than justice in saying that there was nothing in it beyond the fair license of discussion; and he trusted that the Hon. and Learned Gentleman, having most satisfactorily cleared himself in the eyes of the House and the country, would not press his motion, and thus preclude himself from the substantial satisfaction of knowing, that what he did say would not have excited those feelings in the Lord Chancellor, which were excited merely by a statement of what he had not said. Mr Brougham, Mr Scarlett, Mr Tierney, and Sir J. Mackintosh, contended that the question no longer rested between the Lord Chancellor and Mr Abercromby, and that the privileges of the House must be vindicated. The Solicitor and the Attorney-General maintained that the Noble and Learned Lord had not spoken against the Hon. Member, but against the erroneous statement published in the Paper; and Mr Secretary Peel strongly urged that the passage complained of in his Noble Friend's speech proceeded from the spur of the moment, whilst under irritated feelings; and that in the expression then used, there was no premeditated intention of violating the privileges of the House, and, above all, no intention of conveying a threat to any professional Gentleman. After a short reply from Mr Abercromby, the House divided, and the motion for inquiry was negatived by a majority of 151 to 102.

The same evening the Miscellaneous Estimates underwent discussion, in the course of which it was mentioned, that Sir George Beaumont had given his valuable collection of pictures to serve as a foundation for the intended National Gallery; this noble and magnificent donation was the subject of just praise. Among the votes were £.10,000 towards defraying the expense of completing the College of Edinburgh; £.25,000 to complete the Caledonian Canal; and £.13,855 for the improvement of Portpatrick harbour.

2.—After some miscellaneous business, Mr Hobhouse, pursuant to notice, moved the following resolution:—"That it appears to this House that the reduction of taxes made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is such as not to give satisfaction to the country—that the window-tax is unjust, unequal, and oppressive, and that the House is of opinion, that from the 5th of April next it ought to be totally repealed." The debate upon this motion was of a very general and miscellaneous nature. The arguments, however, in favour of the repeal of this particular tax may be very briefly stated. The impost upon windows deprived the labouring classes of the light and air so essential to health, and even to existence; it prevented many families, now compelled to reside abroad, from living at home; it produced many of the worst diseases, and a good deal (said Mr Maberley) of bad morality; it checked the increase of buildings, the consequent employment of artisans, and an additional consumption of our produce and manufactures. Besides, it was collected in a most inquisitorial and vexatious manner. A tax which produced effects like these was surely the first which ought to be repealed; and yet, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the country was to indulge no hope of seeing it removed for the next four years. Various methods were suggested by the supporters of the motion, in which the deficiency which the repeal would occasion in the revenue might be supplied. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in opposing the motion, spoke much of the advantages our commerce would derive from that repeal of Taxes which he had himself proposed. As for the Window Tax, it could not possibly be spared, and the means of supplying its place, which had been suggested in the debate, were wholly inadequate for that purpose. In the course of the discussion, allusion having been made to the Sinking Fund, Mr Baring expressed his surprise that anybody could doubt the policy of maintaining such a fund, as a necessary support to the public credit of the country; while Mr Hume, on the other hand, asserted that the benefits conferred by it never amounted to a single shilling, and existed no where but in the imagination of Mr Pitt. Mr Hobhouse's motion was rejected by a considerable majority. In the speech made upon this occasion by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, there is the following passage; "I have not been insensible," said Mr Robinson, "to the amount and effect of the duties upon law proceedings; and I am now so strongly impressed with a conviction of the infinite evils arising from those duties, that I have endeavoured to devise some measure by which they may be reduced, and it is with the greatest possible satisfaction that I now state to the House, that these duties may be repealed, without in the slightest degree infringing on the principles of the financial calculation which was last week explained."

4.—Some petitions were presented against various taxes, and many against the prolongation of Negro Slavery. One petition was presented against the importation of Foreign Wool, and two or three very strong ones against the importation of Raw Silk. Several members, connected with the county of Warwick, declared that the intentions of Ministers upon the latter question had created a stagnation in the Silk-Trade beyond all description;—more than five hundred persons had already been thrown out of employment.

Sir Robert Heron asked leave to bring in a bill for preventing the necessity of the renewal of offices on a demise of the Crown. On what principle was it, he demanded, that a large class of meritorious officers were to be taxed to produce a large amount of revenue to the Lord Chancellor and Attorney-General? If those high officers were not sufficiently paid, let their salaries be augmented in a more regular and less obnoxious manner. It was a great hardship to the officers of the army and navy, to be obliged to pay large fees on the renewal of their commissions; and yet to do this they were compelled by the existing law.—Mr Canning said, that the proposed measure would effect a great and undesirable change in the constitution. He knew of no constitutional principle more sacred than that which threw on the Crown the most pleasing, and took from it the most unpleasing functions. A new Sovereign ought not to have imposed upon him acts of severity and harshness; nor have a Ministry fastened on him who had not received his approbation, unless he had recourse to the ungracious step of instantly dismissing them. Mr Tierney was at a loss to conceive how an act of the Sovereign, by which so many of his subjects were required to pay a heavy fine, could be called an act of grace and favour. Mr Hume and Mr Brougham thought that an important part of the object proposed by this measure, namely, that which related to the fees, might be secured without going to the extent of the projected Bill. They recommended that some preliminary inquiry should be instituted; and Sir Robert Heron, adopting this suggestion, agreed to withdraw his motion for the present.

On the second reading of Lord Althorp's Bill for the more easy recovery of Small Debts, the Attorney-General observed, that the Bill would affect the interests of certain officers in the Courts at Westminster, who having originally bought their places, would be entitled to compensation for any loss they might sustain. Dr Lushington strongly condemned the practice of selling those offices; persons might and did purchase them who had none of the requisite qualities for discharging their various duties. At this very time, one of the offices in the Court of Exchequer was filled by a lady of rank and fashion. Mr Bernal said that a commission, with very extensive powers, should be issued, for the purpose of inquiring into the abuses of the Law Courts. Lord Althorp declared, that he could not see why the principle of compensation should enter into the consideration of the subject then before the House. The Bill was read a second time.

5.—During the earlier part of the evening, a great number of Petitions, upon various subjects, were presented; but those relating to the Silk-Trade constituted the majority. One from the working silk-weavers, bearing twenty-three thousand signatures, was presented by Mr Buxton.

In consequence of the absence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, through indisposition, Mr Huskisson undertook to move the resolutions in the Committee of Ways and Means. The Right Hon. Gentleman confined himself, in the first place, to simply moving for the Committee; when Mr Hume rose to move, as an amendment, that the duties on sugar should be reduced to twenty shillings per hundred weight. Mr Baring said that the proposed reduction could have no beneficial result. The abatement would be too inconsiderable to benefit the consumer, or to benefit the grower by an increased consumption. He thought that a permission to distil spirits from sugar, when the ports should be open for foreign barley, would be much more advantageous to the West Indian interest.

Mr Huskisson opposed the motion at great length. He showed, from accounts and calculations, that the consumption of sugar was fourfold greater in England than it was in France, and that therefore little in the way of a rapid increase of consumption could be expected from the reduction of the duty, consequently that little benefit could arise from it to the grower; and with respect to the West-India interest, he also showed from the public accounts, that the demand for sugar, which had a few years ago fallen far short of the supply, was now steadily gaining upon it. He professed to have no objection to the permission to distil from sugar. A very long and desultory debate followed, in which Mr C. R. Ellis, Mr Ellice, Mr Bennet (Wilts,) Mr Calcraft, Mr F. Lewis, and Mr Bright, were the principal speakers. In the end, Mr Hume withdrew his motion, confessedly because he saw that the Committee would not entertain it.

Mr Huskisson then proceeded to move the resolutions relative to the Silk-Trade, which he introduced by an able and highly elaborate speech. He commenced with a repetition of all the usual arguments in favour of the utmost freedom of commerce, and then proceeded to draw an analogy as to what the British Silk-Trade might be, from what the British Cotton-Trade had become. The exports of manufactured Cotton had, he said, multiplied since 1780 in the prodigious ratio of forty to one, though this might be called an exotic manufacture, while the export of Woollen—our native manufacture, had, in the same period, increased only one-third. He disclaimed any impatience to put in practice the doctrines of political economy which he entertained; but he explained that the present condition of the world offered opportunities to secure the Silk-Trade which might never return. The question of time, he said, had given him much uneasiness, as every period upon which he could fix must affect injuriously one interest or another; he had, however, finally come to the determination, that, as respected the reduction of the import duties on raw silk, the earliest period would be the best, and he should therefore propose, that that measure should come into operation upon the 25th instant, instead of the 5th of July, as at first intended by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The removal of the prohibitory duties upon foreign manufactured silks might, he thought, be advantageously postponed; and he should therefore fix, for the removal of those duties, the 5th of July 1826. (The annunciation of this postponement was received with loud cheers in the House; and with a very extraordinary expression of satisfaction and gratitude by the silk-weavers in the gallery, passages, and streets—a clapping of hands, which lasted several minutes.) The Right Hon. Gentleman then entered into an explanation of the mode in which he proposed to meet the case of persons holding large quantities of silk, for which they had paid the duties. Mr Baring opposed the whole plan, as likely to ruin the working silk-weavers, and to frighten the master manufacturers to withdraw their capital from a trade in which they would have to contend with the greater skill, more perfect machinery, and lower rate of wages, of their French rivals. Mr Wallace supported the measure, as did some other members; and Mr Davenport, Mr Ellice, Mr Alderman Heygate, and several others, opposed it. The resolution was agreed to without a division.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

MARCH.

13.—**High Court of Justiciary.**—Yesterday the Court met for the trial of Peter Steven, accused of theft, falsehood, fraud, wilful imposition, and forgery. The prisoner had been clerk or shopman to Mr Alexander Guthrie, bookseller, in Waterloo Place; and the charges against him, which were contained in two indictments, were, that he had, between May 1820 and August 1823, abstracted from Mr G.'s desk a number of retired drafts, or orders for payments of money, drawn on the British Linen Company's Bank in the course of the years 1817, 1818, and 1819; and that he had falsified or altered the dates of these documents, and passing them for new drafts or orders, obtained money for them. The sums alleged to have been obtained, in this manner, amounted to £.516. The first indictment being read, which contained seven charges of the above description, Steven pleaded *Guilty* of uttering six of these falsified documents, knowing them to be such; and also guilty of knowing them to have been abstracted from Mr Guthrie's desk. The Jury found him guilty in terms of his own confession; and he was sentenced to 14 years transportation beyond seas.

Yeomanry Cavalry.—It having been deemed of importance that the Yeomanry Cavalry Officers of Scotland should dine together annually, as a means of keeping up an intimacy, to which English Yeomanry Officers were entitled to be present, above one hundred noblemen and gentlemen dined together yesterday in the Royal Hotel; Lieutenant-Colonel Sir J. G. Baird in the chair, supported by Lord Abercromby and Sir T. Bradford. Sir Alexander Don and Mr Murray of Polmaise, croupiers. Conformably to previous regulation, the company wore the uniforms of their respective corps, which had a brilliant effect. The festive scene was of the most animated description, and was farther enlivened by a military band. The dinner and wines gave the utmost satisfaction, and did the highest credit to Mr Ross. Among the company were—The Earl of Leven and Melville—Lord Robert Ker—Sir John Hope of Craighall—Sir William Elliot—Sir M. S. Stewart—Sir Samuel Stirling—Sir A. M. Mackenzie—Colonel Teesdale—Colonel Straton—Colonel Thackery—General Balfour of Balbirnie—Mr Belches, Invermay—Mr Anstruther Thomson of Charlton—Mr Graham Stirling of Airth—Colonel Maclean of Ardgour—Colonel Moubray of Cockairnie—Sir W. M. Napier—Major Hamilton Dundas—Mr Home Rigg of Morton—Mr White Melville—Mr Dundas of Arniston—Mr W. Gibson Craig—Mr Gordon of Culvenan—Mr Gillon of Walhouse—Mr Gillespie of Montquhannie, &c.

27.—*Monument to Mr Pitt in Edinburgh.*—This day the Pitt Club of Scotland came to the resolution of setting aside £.3000 of their funds towards erecting an appropriate monument to the memory of Mr Pitt. It is to be hoped that nothing inferior to that which has been consecrated to his friend Lord Melville will be offered to him.

Suicide of Sir R. G. Collier.—We lament to have to mention the death of that gallant officer, Sir G. R. Collier, who cut his throat on Tuesday the 23d instant, while in a state of derangement, caused by some aspersions on his naval character in James's History of the late Naval War, for allowing the American frigate Constitution to get away from him on a certain occasion during a fog. At the Coroner's inquest, several naval officers of the highest rank bore testimony to the undoubted bravery of the deceased, and how his feelings were hurt by the attack in question. Rear-Admiral Sir E. Hamilton said, he had known the deceased for thirty-five years as a most exemplary officer on all occasions. Such a charge as that may as well be placed against the immortal Nelson, or any other exalted character in the navy, (a sensation of applause in the room, which was crowded with officers.) Admiral King said the deceased was a man of very sensitive feeling and mind; he had wounds in every part of the body, which he had received in the service. Lieut. Col. S. G. Higgins, aid-de-camp to the Duke of Gloucester, evidently much affected, even to tears, said, that it was the opinion of the navy, that the country had lost the services of a most gallant and meritorious officer; and his opinion was, that a braver officer never existed. The Jury unanimously returned a verdict, that the deceased put a period to his existence in a state of temporary derangement.

New Entrance to Edinburgh from the West.—A plan is now before the public, for opening a new and improved access to the High Street from the west, and every one must at once see the necessity and advantage of such improvement. The present entrance from the west into the High Street, the heart of the city, climbs up a steep ascent, through a dark, winding, and narrow street, which is almost impervious to carriages, and on which account the whole intercourse is carried on by different and circuitous routes. According to the plan now before the public, it is proposed that a communication shall branch off from the Fountain-Bridge Road, at the Main Point, from whence taking a circular sweep, and turning nearly eastward, it shall run along between the Castle and Wester Portsburgh and the Grassmarket; and passing along the south declivity of the hill, shall open a passage through the buildings and garden ground at the back of the Castle Hill, and join the High-Street at the site of the old weigh-house. It is proposed to erect a magnificent bridge at the crossing of the West Church Road. The great advantages of such a communication are obvious. It would rise by a very slight ascent, not exceeding 1 foot in 32. It would interfere with no buildings or streets of great value, while it would greatly raise the value of the adjacent ground, which is at present little else than a receptacle for filth. It is estimated that the gain would nearly repay the cost of this improvement, which, considering the ground over which it would pass, and the rocky scenery of the Castle in its vicinity, would afford opportunities for effect and picturesque beauty that would not be neglected. The old proposal of continuing a street from Bank-Street to the south, by throwing a bridge over the Cowgate in that line, has also been revived; and both these projects have the complete approbation of the Lord Provost and Town Council.

We understand it is finally arranged that a new bridge is to be erected over the Water of Leith, at the foot of Pitt-Street, that the inconvenient angle leading to the present bridge may be avoided. The new bridge is to consist of one arch of 70 feet span, and afford a road way of 40 feet.

Sale of Estates in Fife.—In a former number we stated, that, in consequence of the rise in the funds, the demand for landed property had considerably increased, and that, particularly in this county, sales to a great extent, and at advantageous prices, had recently been made. So far as we have been able to ascertain, the following are the sales which have been effected during the *last six weeks alone.* Balgonie, £.104,000; Earlshall, £.68,000; Todhall, £.31,200; Cruivie, £.25,250; Edens Head, £.19,500; half of Airdrit, £.16,500; Inchrye, £.15,000; Luthrie, £.13,050; Plains, £.7000; Ceres Mill, £.2200.—Generally, and we believe correctly speaking, thirty years purchase of the estimated annual value of the land has been given; and, upon the whole, we understand the purchasers are satisfied with their bargains. The demand, notwithstanding these investments, still continues, and it is highly probable that all the property for sale in Fife will soon be out of the market.—*Fife Herald.*

APRIL.

British Revenue.—Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the Years and Quarters ended 5th April 1823, and 5th April 1824, showing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof:—

	Years end. 5th Ap.		Increase.	Decrease.	Quars. end. 5th Ap.		Increase.	Decrease.
	1823.	1824.			1823.	1824.		
	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.	£.
Customs	9,406,642	10,484,578	1,077936		2,109,408	2,187,556	78,148	
Excise	25,546,922	23,696,553		1,850,369	5,656,279	5,396,365		259,914
Stamps	6,200,060	6,454,562	245,502		1,573,854	1,665,796	91,942	
Post Office	1,369,000	1,413,000	444,000		330,000	356,000	26,000	
Taxes	6,874,855	5,860,495		1,014,360	861,764	533,382		328,382
Miscellaneous	426,578	403,484		23,094	76,799	64,075		12,724
Repayt. by Austria		2,500,000	2,500000			1,733,333	1,733333	
Total	49,824,057	50,812,672	3,876458	2,887,823	10,608,104	11,936,507	1,929423	601,020
	Deduct Decrease		2,887,823		Deduct Decrease		601,020	
	Increase on the Year		988,615		Increase on the Quar.		1,328,403	

Stockbridge.—This flourishing village is extending more rapidly than any other suburb of Edinburgh. The new streets which are to be immediately traced out on the property of the late Sir Henry Raeburn will add vastly to its size, and occupy the whole of the ground lying betwixt the high road and the back of Anne-Street. A fine terrace is to front the river, and the foundation of a new bridge is already laid, about midway between the old one and St. Bernard's Well, which will give more direct access from the city to the new streets and the whole western side of the village. The old bridge is to be widened twenty-four feet, a very necessary improvement, considering the prodigious number of stone carts and other vehicles constantly passing; and preparations to that effect are already in progress.

8.—*Execution.*— Yesterday morning, Charles M'Ewan was executed at the usual place, head of Libberton's Wynd, for the murder of a woman, said to be his wife, in the Firmouth, parish of Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, in October last. Though tried under several aliases, his real name, as stated above, was Charles M'Ewan. He was a native of Ireland, born near Armagh, 36 years of age, bred a coppersmith, and had not been in Ireland for six months these twenty years. His height was five feet 10 inches. His mother, with a sister, at present reside in Leith. Since his sentence, he had attended to and been directed in his devotions by the clergymen of his own persuasion who visited him, and was latterly as resigned and prepared to meet death as it is possible for any man in such a situation to be. The prisoner acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and that no doubt remained upon his mind as to his having committed the deed for which he was to suffer, though he could recollect none of the circumstances, nor by what weapon it was effected, from the state of intoxication in which he was at the time—neither could he conceive the motive that instigated him to commit the crime. To shew how sincere was his repentance, of his own accord he determined to undertake some penance, however severe; he therefore, about ten days ago, stripped off his shoes and stockings, and for the whole night, until the next forenoon, he walked on the stone floor of his cell, until his feet had become much swoln. He was prevailed upon by the clergyman, who then visited him, to resume his dress. He farther refused, after his removal from the jail, even a glass of wine, which he considered as an indulgence that he ought not to allow himself.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

The honour of Knighthood conferred on the following Gentlemen:—Charles Wetherell, his Majesty's Solicitor-General; Capt. George Augustus Westphall, R. N.; Peter Laurie, Esq. one of the Sheriffs of London; and James Williams, Esq. of the Gothic, Kentish Town.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

March 30.—The King has been pleased to present the Rev. James Paterson to the Church and Parish of Gordon, in the presbytery of Lauder and county of Berwick, vacant by the translation of the Rev. David William Gordon to the Church and parish of Earlstoun.

— The King has also been pleased to present the Rev. David William Gordon to the Church and Parish of Earlstoun, in the presbytery of Lauder and county of Berwick, vacant by the death of the Rev. William Shiels, late minister there.

31.—The Rev. William Campbell was ordained and admitted Minister of the Parish of Cou', vacant by the death of the Rev. A. Brown.

April 9.—His Majesty has been graciously pleased to appoint Mr John Thomson, preacher of the Gospel, Assistant and Successor to his father, the Rev. Andrew Thomson, Minister of Balmerino.

— The Rev. Robert M'Nair, formerly Minister of Ballintra, was inducted as Minister of the first charge of the Abbey Parish of Paisley.

15.—The Presbytery of Linlithgow met at Whitburn, and ordained the Rev. Graham Mitchell, A. M. Minister of that Church and Parish.

19.—His Grace the Duke of Portland has presented the Rev. George Smythe to the second charge of the Laigh Church of Kilmarnock, which had become vacant by the translation of Mr Stirling to the Church of Galston.

22.—The Rev. Alexander Lochore was ordained Minister of the Parish of Drymen.

26.—The United Secession Church of Airdrie gave a harmonious call to Mr George Sommerville to be their Pastor.

III. MILITARY.

3 Dr. Gds.	Surg. Peacocke, from 79 F. Surg. vice Marsden, h. p.	25 March 1824.
7	Capt. Hon. G. Anson, from 14 Dr. Maj. by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Head, ret.	1 April
14 Dr.	Lieut. J. W. Gage, Capt. by purch. vice Anson, 7 Dr. Gds.	1 April
	Cornet Baker, Lieut.	do.
	William Maxwell, Cornet	do.
1 F. Gds.	Lieut. Hudson, Lieut. and Capt. by purch. vice Ellison, prom.	15 do.
	Sir R. A. Anstruther, Bart. Ens. and Lieut.	do.
Cold. Gds.	Capt. Hon. R. Moore, Capt. and Lieut. by purch. vice Colonel Acheson, ret.	1 do.
	Lieut. Hon. H. Dundas, Lieut. & Capt.	do.
	Hon. J. Hope, Ens. and Lieut.	8 do.
1 F.	Ens. Mullen, Adj. vice Russell, res. Adj. only	do.
2	Capt. Lawson, from 2 F. Capt. vice Kell, h. p. 16 F. rec. diff.	1 do.
4	Lieut. Lonsdale, Adj. vice Gregg, res. Adj. only	18 March.
7	Quart. Mast. Serj. Simpson, Quart. Mast. vice Lambert, dead	15 April
9	Capt. Taylor, Maj. by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Lumbert, ret.	1 do.
	Lieut. Watkins, Capt.	do.
	Ens. Lowth, Lieut.	do.
	A. Ogle, Ens.	do.
10	Ensign Adams, Lieut. by purch. vice Lane, ret.	11 March
	G. J. Crosbie, Ens.	do.
11	Maj. Fitz-Clarence, Lieut. Col. by purch vice Hunt, ret.	1 April
	Bt. Major O'Kelly, Maj.	do.
	Lieut. Bloomfield, Capt.	do.
	Ens. and Adj. Doyle, Lieut.	do.
	C. La Touche, Ens.	do.
12	Capt. Bygrave, from h. p. 16 F. Capt. (paying diff.) vice Lawson, 2 F.	do.
20	Lieut. Clinton, from h. p. 12 F. Lieut. vice Wigley, 73 F.	8 do.
23	Surg. Weld, from h. p. 67 F. Surg. vice Dunn, h. p.	18 March
24	Capt. Hon. C. T. Monckton, from Cape Corps, Capt. vice Gill, h. p. 27 F.	do.
27	Ensign Grier, from h. p. R. W. I. R. Ens. vice Spencer, 73 F.	15 April
34	——— Montgomerie, Lieut. vice Shaw, dead	11 March
	——— Hadwin, Lieut. by purch. vice Crawford, ret.	18 do.
	E. Roderick, Ens.	11 do.
	W. T. P. Shortt, Ens. by purch.	18 do.

36 F. Hosp. Assist. Scott, Assist. Surg. vice Lindsay, prom. 18 March

38 Lieut. Matthews, Capt. vice Willshire, 46 F. 15 April

40 Major Kirkwood, from h. p. New Brunswick Fencibles, Maj. vice Chamberlain, canc. 18 March

43 M. Lushington, Ens. by purch. vice Capel, 1 Life Gds. 11 do.

44 Lieut. Paton, from 67 F. Lieut. vice Nixon, dead 12 Oct. 1823.

H. L. Layard, Ens. vice Gilbert, dead 15 April 1824.

46 Maj. Ogilvie, Lieut. Col. vice Molle, dead 10 Sept. 1823.

Bt. Lieut. Col. Willshire, from 38 F. Major do.

Ensign Varlo, from 59 F. Ens. vice Drew, 67 F. 12 Oct.

48 Lieut. M'Pherson, from h. p. 42 F. Lieut. vice Boultbee, canc. 26 March 1824.

49 Ens. de Lisle, Lieut. by purch. vice Sewell, prom. 12 Feb.

S. Nuttall, Ens. do.

51 Ens. Rice, Ens. by purch. vice Murray, ret. 15 April

53 Bt. Maj. M'Caskill, Maj. by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Ingleby, ret. 11 March

Lieut. Silver, Capt. do.

Ens. Little, Lieut. do.

P. Hill, Ens. do.

54 Ensign Kelly, Lieut. vice Holt, dead 10 Aug. 1823.

59 ——— Pitman, Lieut. vice Campbell, dead 25 March 1824.

W. Fuller, Ens. do.

J. Peacocke, Ens. vice Varlo, 46 F. 12 Oct. 1823.

Lieut. Douglas, from h. p. 93 F. Lieut. vice Wolf, 98 F. 8 April 1824.

62 ——— Singleton, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Sweeny, ret. 15 do.

Ensign Brooke, Lieut. do.

F. K. Bouverie, Ens. do.

67 Ensign Drew, from 46 F. Lieut. vice Paton, 44 F. 12 Oct. 1823.

71 ——— Woodward, Lieut. by purch. vice Torriano, ret. 4 April 1824.

——— Lord Elphinstone, from 99 F. Ens. do.

73 Lieut. Wigley, from 20 F. Lieut. vice Reynolds, h. p. 12 F. 8 do.

——— Connor, Capt. by purch. vice Pike, ret. 15 April

Ensign Stuart, Lieut. do.

——— Spencer, from 27 F. Ens. 14 do.

C. C. Coote, Ens. 15 do.

78 Lieut. Forbes, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Major Macleod, ret. do.

Ensign Hamilton, Lieut. do.

79 Surg. Shortt, from h. p. Surg. vice Peacocke, 3 Dr. Gds. 25 March

83 Serj. Maj. Stubbs, Quart. Mast. vice Hall, dead 8 Sept. 1823.

89 Lieut. Kenney, Adj. vice Naylor, res. Adj. only 26 June

92 Ensign M'Nabb, Lieut. vice Clarke dead 25 March 1824.,

J. Moffatt, Ens. do.

94 Ensign Coward, Adj. vice White, res. Adj. only 8 April

Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Lukin, from h. p. Paymast. do.

97 Capt. Colthurst, from h. p. late Kelso Reg. Capt. vice Innes, canc. 25 March

Lieut. M'Intosh, from h. p. 88 F. Adj. and Lieut. do.

Staff Serj. Dodd, Quart. Mast. do.

Assist. Surg. Austin, from h. p. 64 F. Assist. Surg. 1 April

98 Lieut. Wolfe, from 59 F. Lieut. vice Drummond, canc. 25 March

——— Stevens, from h. p. 60 F. Adj. and Lieut. (repaying the diff. he received on exch. to h. p.) do.

Serj. Maj. Cartray, from Staff Corps, Quart. Mast. do.

Assist. Surg. Armstrong, from h. p. African Corps, Assist Surg. 1 April

99 Lieut. Burke, from h. p. 44 F. Adj. and Lieut. do.

99 F. S. W. Mayne, Ens. by purch. vice Lord Elphinstone, 71 F. 1 April 1824.

A. Forbes, late Colour Serj. in Royal Art. Quart. Mast. 25 March

Assist. Surg. Williams, from h. p. 95 F. Assist. Surg. 1 April

1 W. I. R. Capt. Hall, from h. p. 21 F. Capt. vice Abbott, 1 Vet. Bn. do.

2 Ensign M'Pherson, from h. p. Ensign, vice Hanna, 1 Vet. Bn. 8 do.

——— Dickinson, from h. p. 3 Gar. Bn. Ens. 15 do.

Cape C. Infant. } Capt. Batty, from h. p. 27 F. Capt. vice Monckton, 24 F. 18 March

1 Vet. Bn. Capt. Macdougall, from h. p. 61 F. Capt. vice Ramsay, canc. 1 April

——— Abbot, from 1 W. I. R. Capt. vice Campbell, h. p. 21 F. do.

Lieut. Shedden, from h. p. 68 F. Lieut. vice M'Gregor, ret. list 8 do.

Ensign Pilkington, from h. p. York Light Infantry Volunteers, Ens. vice Rennick, ret. list do.

——— Hanna, from 2 W. I. R. Ens. vice Graham, 99 F. do.

2 Lieut. Agnew, from h. p. Maclean's Rec. Co. Lieut. vice Milne, canc. do.

——— Wells, from 2 W. I. R. Lieut. vice Small, h. p. do.

3 ——— Drummond, from h. p. 28 F. Lieut. vice Janns, ret. list 1 do.

Unattached.

Bt. Major Ellison, from Gren. Gds. Lieut. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Maj. Gen. D'Arcy, R. Engineers, ret. 15 April 1824.

Lieut. Nicolls, from 7 Dr. Gds. Capt. of a Comp. by purch. vice Bt. Major Clarke, Royal Marines, ret. 24 do.

Garrison.

Major Gen. Vincent, Lieut. Governor of Dumbarton Castle, vice Major Gen. Ferrier, dead 15 April 1824.

Ordnance Department.—Royal Engineers.

Bt. Maj. Reid, from h. p. 2d Capt. 12 March 1824.

1st Lieut. Briscoe, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.

2d Lieut. Stotherd, 1st Lieut. do.

Gent. Cadet G. Boscawen, 2d Lieut. 26 do.

Hospital Staff.

Local Inspector Tegert, Inspector 25 March 1824.

Staff Surg. Kindell, from h. p. Surg. vice Brown, h. p. do.

Assist. Surg. Kennedy, from h. p. W. I. R. Assist. Surg. do.

Hosp. Assist. Brydon, Assist. Surg. vice Johnson, dead 18 do.

A. Esson, Hosp. Assist. vice Brydon do.

J. Hennen, Hosp. Assist. vice James, dead do.

Exchanges.

Bt. Col. Quentin, from 10 Dr. rec. diff. between full pay Cav. and Inf. only, with Lieut. Col. Wyndham, h. p. 19 Dr.

Bt. Lieut. Col. Smyth, from 18 F. do. with Major Carmichael, h. p. 94 F.

Major Johnstone, from 14 F. with Major Gardiner, h. p. 60 F.

Bt. Major Hinde, from 65 F. with Brevet Col. Viscount Forbes, h. p. Meuron's Reg.

Capt. Reed, from 12 Dr. with Capt. Graham, 31 F.

——— Conroy, from 16 F. with Capt. Williams, 69 F.

——— Marshall, from 63 F. with Capt. Knight, h. p.

——— Richardson, from 75 F. with Capt. Bruce, 82 F.

——— Lynch, from 84 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Maberly, h. p. 100 F.

——— De Barrallier, from 95 F. with Capt. Mauritz, h. p. 32 F.

Lieut. Russell, from 1 F. with Lieut. Crisp, h. p. 37 F.

——— Schiel, from 13 F. with Lieut. Thomas, 89 F.

——— Young, from 17 F. with Lieut. Browne, 44 F.

Lieut. Sargent, from 41 F. with Lieut. Boultbee, 69 F.
——— Taylor, from 75 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. M'Queen, h. p. 60 F.
——— Armit, from 94 F. with Lieut. Keogh, h. p. 57 F.
——— Ramus, from 98 F. with Lieut. Wall, h. p. 24 F.
Cornet Stepney, from 7 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with 2d Lieut. Daniel, h. p. Rifle Brig.
——— Dillon, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Cornet Hibbert, h. p. 3 Dr. Gds.
Paymast. Cameron, from 79 F. with Capt. Bateman, h. p. 5 F.
Surg. Bamfield, from 31 F. with Surg. Shorland, h. p. Meuron's Regt.
Assist. Surg. Foote, from 17 F. with Assist. Surg. Martindale, h. p. 67 F.
Vet. Surg. Price, from 17 Dr. with Vet. Surg. Smith, h. p. Royal Art. Driv.

Resignations and Retirements.

Maj. Gen. D'Arcy, Royal Engineers.
Col. Acheson, Coldst. Gds.
Lieut. Col. Head, 7 Dr. Gds.
——— Ingleby, 53 F.
——— Lambert, 9 F.
——— Hunt, 11 F.
Major Sweeny, 62 F.
——— Macleod, 78 F.
——— Clarke, Royal Marines.
Capt. Pike, 73 F.
Lieut. Lane, 10 F.
——— Crawford, 34 F.
——— Torriano, 71 F.
Ensign Murray, 51 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Major Chamberlain, 40 F.
Capt. Innes, 97 F.
——— Ramsay, 1 Vet. Bn.
Lieut. Boultbee, 48 F.
——— Drummond, 98 F.
——— Milne, 2 Vet. Bn.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. Morris, East-India Company's Service, Berhampore 4 Sept. 1823.
——— Sir D. Marshall, K.C.B. East-India Company's Service, Cawnpore 20 July
Major Gen. Ferrier, Lieut. Gov. of Dumbarton Castle, Dumbarton 6 April 1824.
——— G. Doveton, East-India Company's Service, London 9 do.
——— Francis Stewart, late of 1 Ceylon Regt. London 25 do.
Colonel Harwood, h. p. 19 Dr. April
——— Madden, late of 15 F. do.
——— Bingham, Dorset Militia do.
——— Dixon, 1 West York Militia do.
Lieut. Col. Nixon, 44 F. Dinapore, Bengal 6 Nov. 1823.
——— Bellis, East-India Company's Service, Oxted 23 Jan.
Lieut. Col. Colebrooke, East-India Company's Service, on board ship 19 Oct.
——— Cumberlege, East-India Company's Service, do.
——— Hill, late of Royal Marines, Bath
Captain Read, 38 F. Berhampore, Bengal 23 do.
——— Sparks, Royal African Colonial Corps, Cape of Good Hope 28 Jan. 1824.
——— J. Ogden Buckley, h. p. 15 Dr.
——— Morrison, of late 1 Vet. Bn. 13 April
——— Hierlihy, h. p. Newfoundland Fencibles, Antigonish, Nova Scotia 18 Nov. 1822.
Lieut. Rothe, 13 F. on River Ganges.
——— Lawe, 46 F. Belgaum, Madras 20 Oct. 1823.
——— Campbell, 59 F. Turnalt, Argyleshire
——— Clarke, 92 F. Jamaica 24 Jan. 1824.
——— Sanders, Royal Engineers, Cheltenham 12 March
——— Goodwin, late 9 Vet. Bn. Ballina, Ireland 17 do.
——— Mackenzie, 9 Vet. Bn. April
——— M'Intosh, h. p. 25 Dr.
——— Taylor, do.
——— Robinson, h. p. 31 F. Cowes 22 Feb.
——— Elmore, h. p. 72 F. Secunderabad, Madras 15 Dec. 1823.
——— Stewart, h. p. 82 F. Sudbury, Middlesex 28 Feb. 1824.
——— Steven, h. p. 83 F. Edinburgh, 13 March
——— Maclean, of late 12 Vet. Bn. Cork 1 April
Cornet Tracie, h. p. Royal Waggon Train, Bruxelles 21 March
2d Lieut. Church, h. p. Rifle Brig. wrecked near Holyhead 5 Feb.
Ensign Campbell, 91 F. Fort Augusta, Jamaica 10 do.
——— Wright, late 12 Vet. Bn. Jersey 7 do.
Simmonds, h. p. 31 F. Kitcullen, Kildare, Ireland 2 Jan.
Paymast. Neyland, 16 Dr. Cawnpore, Bengal 29 Oct. 1823.
Quart. Mast. Lambert, 7 F. Chatham 11 April 1824.
——— Hall, 83 F. Ceylon 18 Sept. 1823.
——— Gillespie. late of 29 F. Windsor 17 Feb. 1824.
——— Robertson, h. p. Argyleshire Fencible Cav. 6 do.

Medical Department.

Batt. Surg. Curtis, Gren. Gds. London 25 April 1824.
Staff Surg. Morse, h. p. Bath.
——— Doughty, h. p. London 12 do.
Surg. Price, 12 F. Gibraltar 12 March
——— Morrison, 90 F. Malta 1 Feb.
——— Fearon, h. p. 40 F.
——— Balfour, h. p. 2 Vet. Bn. Durham 22 March
Staff Assist. Surg. Ligertwood, h. p. Aberdeen 4 April
Assist. Surg. Johnstone, h. p. 60 F.
——— Curtis, late 11 Vet. Bn. Hackney 20 Dec. 1823.
Hosp. Assist. M'Neice.

FIARS OF SCOTLAND FOR CROP 1823.

ABERDEENSHIRE.

Oatmeal, eight stone		£.0	16	0
Farm or Market Bear, Aberdeenshire measure, without Fodder		1	2	0
Ditto with Fodder		1	6	0
Barley, Aberdeen measure, without Fodder		1	4	0
Ditto, ditto, with Fodder		1	8	0
Oats, first quality, without Fodder		0	18	6
Ditto, ditto, with Fodder		1	3	0
Oats, second quality, without Fodder		0	16	0
Ditto, ditto, with Fodder		1	0	6
Malt, (duty included)		1	15	0
Pease—no evidence.				
Wheat, without Fodder	Linlithgow measure	1	5	0
Ditto, with Fodder		1	10	0

COUNTY OF AYR.

Oatmeal	£.0	19	3¼
Bear	1	8	1½
Wheat	L.1	3	10
Barley	1	12	4
Pease and Beans	1	0	1
White Corn, or Oats	0	19	6

BANFFSHIRE.

Wheat	£.1	8	0
Potatoe Oats, with Fodder	1	1	6
Ditto, without Fodder	0	18	0
Common Oats, with Fodder	0	19	6
Ditto, without Fodder	0	16	0
Barley, with Fodder	1	6	6
Ditto, without Fodder	1	4	0
Best Bear, with Fodder	1	5	6
Ditto, without ditto	1	3	0
Second Bear, with Fodder	1	2	6
Ditto, without ditto	1	0	0
Oatmeal, eight stone ⅌ boll	0	17	0

BERWICKSHIRE.

Wheat, ꝑ boll,	£.1 3 9½
Merse Barley	1 2 2
Lammermuir Barley	1 2 0
Rough Bear	1 2 0
Merse Oats	£.0 17 2
Lammer. Oats	0 15 4½
Pease	0 18 8
Oatmeal, eight st. ꝑ boll	0 18 3½

CLACKMANNANSHIRE.

Wheat	£.1 6 6
Kerse Barley	1 7 9
Dryfield ditto	1 6 1
Moorland ditto,	1 1 0
Meal	1 0 0
Kerse Oats	0 18 0
Dryfield Oats	£.0 16 11
Moorland ditto,	0 0 0
Pease and Beans	1 1 0
Malt	2 2 0
Potatoes	0 0 8

COUNTY OF DUMFRIES.

	ꝑ Winchr.
Good and sufficient Wheat	£.0 7 6
Ditto ditto Barley	0 3 11¾
Ditto ditto Bear	0 3 4
Ditto ditto Barley Malt	0 6 8
Ditto ditto White Oats	0 2 11
Potatoe Oats, of average quality, at	0 3 3
Ditto, ditto, Oatmeal, ꝑ stone	0 2 6

COUNTY OF EDINBURGH.

Best Wheat	£.1 9 0
Second ditto	1 7 0
Best Barley	1 5 7
Second ditto	1 3 0
Third ditto	1 0 0
Best Oats	£.1 0 0
Second ditto	0 17 6
Best Oatmeal	0 19 6
Pease and Beans	1 1 0

FIFE.

White Wheat,	£.1 6 6
Red Wheat	1 5 6
Barley	1 3 0
Bear	1 2 0
Oats	0 18 6
Meal by weight,	£.0 19 2
Meal by measure,	0 18 2
Pease and Beans,	0 19 2
Rye	1 0 0
Malt	1 19 6

FORFARSHIRE.

Wheat	£.1 7 7
Chester Bear	1 3 5
Meal	0 19 0
Common Oats	0 19 7
Pease & Beans,	£.1 3 0
Rye	0 15 7
Barley	1 5 5
Potatoe Oats	1 0 5

INVERNESS-SHIRE.

Oatmeal, 9 st.	£.1 0 0
WhiteOats, 5 firl.	0 19 6
Ditto with straw	1 2 6
Black Oats, 5 firl.	0 6 0
Ditto with straw	0 9 0
Oatmeal, Bl. Oats	0 17 6
Barley	1 6 0
Barley with straw	£.1 8 0
Bear or Bigg	1 3 0
Ditto with Fodder	1 5 0
Pease and Rye	1 0 0
Wheat, 3 firlots of barley measure, or 96 Scots pints	1 9 0

KINCARDINESHIRE.

Oatmeal, ꝑ boll	£.0 18 6
White Oats, without Fodder	0 18 0
Ditto, with Fodder	1 2 6
Potatoe Oats, without Fodder	0 19 1
Ditto, with Fodder	1 3 7
Bear, without Fodder	1 0 0
Ditto, with Fodder	1 3 6
Pease, without Fodder—no evidence.	
Ditto, with Fodder—no evidence.	
Barley, without Fodder	1 3 0
Ditto, with Fodder	1 6 6
Wheat, without Fodder	1 8 0
Ditto, with Fodder	1 13 0
Beans, without Fodder	1 3 0
Ditto, with Fodder	1 9 0

KINROSS-SHIRE.

Wheat	£.1 3 0
Best Bear	1 2 6
Second ditto	0 19 0
Best White Oats	0 18 2
Second ditto	0 16 0
Best Bl. Oats,	£.0 16 0
Second ditto	0 13 6
Oatmeal	0 18 2
Pease	0 18 0
Malt	2 0 0

STEWARTY OF KIRKCUDBRIGHT.

	ꝑ boll 11 Winchrs.	ꝑ bushel.
Common Oats	£.1 0 9¼	£.0 2 8¾
Potatoe Oats	1 11 10¼	0 2 10¾
Bear	1 18 6	0 3 6
Barley	2 3 3¾	0 3 11¼
Oatmeal, ꝑ stone,	1 19 0	0 2 5½
Wheat		0 7 3½

LANARKSHIRE.

Best Boll of Wheat	£.1 8 1
Second Sort	1 4 0
Best Boll of Barley	1 3 9½
Second Sort	1 1 11½
Best Boll of Bear	1 4 7¾
Second Sort	1 1 6¾
Best Boll of Oats, Seed excepted	0 17 11¾
Second Sort	0 14 3½
Best Boll of Oatmeal, according to weight	1 0 6
Second Sort	0 19 5¾
Best Boll of Malt, duty included, made from Bear	1 15 0

MORAYSHIRE.

Wheat, ꝑ boll,	£.1 8 0
Barley or Bear	1 5 0
Oats, 5 firlots	0 19 0
Oats, 9 stone	1 0 0
Oats, 8 stone,	£.0 17 9 4-12ths.
Pease, Beans, and Rye	£.1 0 0

NAIRNSHIRE.

Wheat, ꝑ boll,	£.1 7 0
Barley	1 5 6
Oats, 5 firlots	1 0 0
Oatmeal, 9 stone	0 19 6
Oats, 5 firlots (corn and straw)	£.1 6 0
Barley (corn and straw)	1 8 0

COUNTY OF PERTH.

Wheat, best	L.1 6 7
Second, ditto	1 1 0
Barley, best	1 5 4
Second	1 1 4
Oats, best	0 18 9
Oats, second	L.0 14 0
Pease	0 15 10
Rye	0 15 10
Meal by weight	0 18 8
Do. by measure	0 18 8

ROSS-SHIRE.

Wheat	L.1 7 4
Barley	1 5 9
Second ditto	1 2 0
Pease and Beans	1 0 6
Oats, 4 firlots	L.0 18 4
Second ditto	0 16 8
Oatmeal, 9 stone	1 0 6
Barleymeal, 9 st.	1 0 0

ROXBURGHSHIRE.

Wheat,	ꝑ Tiviotdale boll of five Winchester bushels.	L.1 11 8
Pease,		1 2 11
Beans,		1 3 9
Barley,	ꝑ boll of eight Winchester bushels.	1 8 11
Oats,		1 3 4
Oatmeal, by the load of 16 stones		1 16 10

COUNTY OF SELKIRK.

Common Oats, (ꝑ Linlithgow boll)	L.0 17 0
Potatoe Oats	0 18 11
Meal, (ꝑ boll of eight stone)	0 18 10
Barley	1 2 0
Rough Bear or Bigg	1 1 0
Pease	0 16 0
Wheat	1 5 6

STIRLINGSHIRE.

Wheat	L.1 6 6
Kerse Barley	1 7 6
Dryfield ditto	1 6 0
Barley Malt	2 2 0
Beans and Pease	1 2 0
Kerse Oats	L.0 18 0
Dryfield ditto	0 16 0
Oatmeal	0 19 0
Meal and Oats	0 15 0

WIGTOWNSHIRE.

	ꝑ boll or quarter.	ꝑ bushel or stone.
Oatmeal ꝑ boll, weighing 280 ℔. av.	L.1 15 4	L.0 2 2¼
Barley per Galloway boll, (12 Winchester bushels)	2 4 6	0 3 8
Bear ditto	2 1 0	0 3 5
Malt ditto	4 16 0	0 8 0
Potatoe Oats ditto	1 11 6	0 2 7½
Common ditto	1 11 0	0 2 7
Rye ditto	2 7 0	0 3 11
Wheat ꝑ quar. of eight Winchester bushels	2 11 4	0 6 5
Beans ditto	2 0 0	0 5 0
Pease ditto	2 0 0	0 5 0
Potatoes ꝑ ℔ of 16 Auchlets (or Winch. bush.)	0 14 0	0 0 10½

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1824.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
April 1	M.24	29.376	M.40	Cble.	Frost morn. aftern. snow.
	A. 37	28.6[illegible]1	A. 40		
2	M.30	29.409	M.39	Cble.	Frost morn. Showers hail
	A. 36	.705	A. 39		
3	M.25	.830	M.40	Cble.	frost morn. day sunshine
	A. 37	.839	A. 42		
4	M.24½	.977	M.42	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 36	30.104	A. 42		
5	M.35	.235	M.44	E.	Frost morn. dull day, fair
	A. 45	.336	A. 46		
6	M.31	.284	M.46	Cble.	Frost morn. day sunsh.
	A. 42	.240	A. 50		
7	M.31	.170	M.50	Cble.	Dull and cold.
	A. 48	.144	A. 50		
8	M.38	.143	M.50	Cble.	Dull, with showers rain.
	A. 48	.143	A. 45		
9	M.30	29.801	M.48	Cble.	Frost morn. day sunsh.
	A. 45	.502	A. 49		
10	M.30	.375	M.45	N.	Frost, hail and snow aft.
	A. 37	.106	A. 42		
11	M.29	28.984	M.42	N.	Very cold, showers hail
	A. 39	29.182	A. 39		
12	M.29	28.996	M.43	NW.	Frost morn. sh. hail even.
	A. 39	29.182	A. 43		
13	M.28	.236	M.41	NW.	Ditto.
	A. 37	.458	A. 44		
14	M.26½	.480	M.46	NW.	Frost morn. day sunsh.
	A. 40	.509	A. 44		
15	M.28	.572	M.45	E.	Ditto.
	A. 40	.520	A. 45		
April 16	M.27	29.402	M.46	E.	Frost morn. day variable.
	A. 40	.420	A. 44		
17	M.27	.531	M.48	NE.	Frost morn. day. sunsh.
	A. 41	.692	A. 45		
18	M.28	.942	M.47	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 42	.920	A. 46		
19	M.31	.903	M.51	Cble.	Fair, sunsh. and mild.
	A. 49	.884	A. 50		
20	M.44	.964	M.54	SW.	Ditto.
	A. 53	.985	A. 55		
21	M.39	.793	M.56	SE.	Frost morn. day warm.
	A. 53	.625	A. 58		
22	M.40½	.272	M.56	SE.	Morn. sun. day dull.
	A. 54	.464	A. 53		
23	M.38	.414	M.55	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 49	.462	A. 56		
24	M.37	.755	M.57	W.	Foren. sun. aftern. dull.
	A. 53	.720	A. 57		
25	M.37½	.630	M.57	SW.	Ditto.
	A. 54	.512	A. 56		
26	M.43	.230	M.56	SW.	Fair, but dull.
	A. 54	.163	A. 53		
27	M.41	.237	M.56	SW.	Dull foren. rain aftern.
	A. 51	.250	A. 55		
28	M.40	.304	M 57	SW.	Dull aftern. show rain.
	A. 54	.134	A. 56		
29	M.45	28.245	M.55	SW.	Sunsh. with show. rain.
	A. 53	.999	A. 57		
30	M.46	.994	M.59	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
	A. 54	.758	A.56		

Average of rain .502 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

At the date of our last the temperature was extremely low for the season; from that period it became more elevated. The mean for the third week in April, was 45¼°, for the last nine days of that month 52°; and for what is past of the present month about 57°. The depth of rain since the middle of April does not exceed 3-4ths of an inch, consequently the soil is in a dry state, incapable, in many instances, of producing a regular braird of the spring crops. In the lower districts, a great breadth of barley was sown by the end of April, and potatoes were, for the most part, planted. These operations are now drawing to a close in more elevated situations. On retentive and rich soils, the appearance of young wheat is still flattering. On all light lands, the foliage is rather yellow, indicating a deficiency of moisture at the root. On stubborn soils, the braird of oats and barley has been rather uneven; the late passing showers will bring forward what still remained under the surface. Beans and pease on low lands shew healthy plants, and stand close. Sown grass is, in general, much improved of late, and a seasonable supply of moisture would ensure a heavy crop of hay. There has been no great fluctuation of prices in the corn-market since our last. Wheat begins to sell more freely, and oats are much sought after; barley is not in request; beans are readily bought up; and potatoes, in consequence of many being destroyed in the pit, and some being used as a substitute for turnips in the feeding-byre, have become very scarce. Dry and prime samples of wheat brings from 30s. to 32s., barley 25s. to 29s., oats 19s. to 22s., beans 20s. to 21s., potatoes, in some of the towns, from 12s. to 15s. per boll of 28 stone. Horses are scarce and high prices are obtained. Lean cattle are in request, and bring higher prices than last season. Sheep sell rather heavily, and holders do not seem disposed to part with their stock at present prices.

Perthshire, 13*th May* 1824.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1824.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p.peck
	Bls.	Prices.	Av.pr.					
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	d.	d.
April 21	509	24 6 36 6	34 3	26 0 35 6	18 0 24 0	20 0 24 0	10	10
28	416	29 0 38 0	34 4	26 0 33 0	18 0 26 0	20 0 24 0	10	10
May 5	404	26 0 31 6	34 7	26 0 32 0	18 0 25 0	19 0 23 0	10	10
12	621	27 0 31 6	34 7	27 0 32 0	17 6 25 0	18 0 23 0	10	10

1824.	Oatmeal.		B.& P.Mea	
	Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
		s. d.		s. d.
April 20	379	1 6	88	1 3
27	357	1 6	89	1 3
May 4	438	1 6	78	1 3
11	437	1 6	84	1 3

Glasgow.

1824.	Wheat, 240 lbs.			Oats, 264 lbs.		Barley, 320 lbs.		Bns. & Pse.	Oatmeal 140 lbs.	Flour, 280 lbs.
	Dantzic.	For. red.	British.	Irish.	British.	English.	Scots.	Stirl. Meas.		
	s. s.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s. d.
April 22	— —	— —	30 0 38 6	19 0 21 6	21 0 27 0	31 0 32 0	27 0 29 0	23 0 27 0	20 0 22 0	53 55 6
29	— —	— —	30 0 38 0	19 0 23 6	21 0 27 0	31 0 32 0	27 0 29 0	23 0 26 0	20 0 22 0	53 55 6
May 6	— —	— —	30 0 38 0	20 0 24 0	25 0 27 0	31 0 32 0	25 0 29 0	22 6 26 0	20 0 22 0	53 55 0
13	— —	— —	30 0 38 0	20 0 24 0	23 0 27 0	30 0 33 0	25 0 29 0	23 0 26 0	19 0 22 0	53 55 0

Haddington.

1824.	Wheat.			Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
	Bolls.	Prices.	Av. pr.				
		s. d. s. d.	s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s. d.	s. d. s. d.
April 23	673	25 8 37 0	32 11	26 0 33 6	20 0 25 6	18 22 0	18 6 22 6
30	630	26 0 37 0	32 4	26 0 32 6	20 0 26 0	20 24 0	18 0 22 0
May 7	636	26 0 35 6	32 3	24 0 31 0	18 0 23 6	18 22 0	18 0 22 0
14	845	27 0 36 0	32 4	24 0 31 0	19 0 24 0	19 23 0	19 0 23 0

Dalkeith.

1824.	Oatmeal.	
	Per Boll.	Pr. Peck
	s. d. s. d.	s. d.
April 19	20 6 22 0	1 5
26	21 0 22 0	1 5
May 3	20 9 21 6	1 5
10	20 0 21 0	1 4½

London.

1824.	Wheat, per. qr.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.		Beans.		Pease.		Flour, 280 lb.		Quar. Loaf.
				Fd & Pol	Potat.	Pigeon.	Tick.	Boiling.	Grey.	Fine.	2d.	
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. d.
April 19	44 80	38 42	30 41	18 27	21 32	41 49	36 43	40 42	36 39	60 65	55 40	— 10
26	42 78	40 44	30 40	18 27	21 32	41 49	36 43	40 42	36 39	55 60	50 55	— 10
May 3	42 78	40 44	30 40	18 27	22 33	41 49	36 43	40 42	36 39	55 60	50 55	— 10
10	42 78	38 42	30 39	20 28	23 33	42 48	35 45	40 42	36 39	55 60	50 55	— 10

Liverpool.

1824.	Wheat. 70 lb.	Oats. 45 lb.	Barley, 60 lb.	Rye, per qr.	Beans, per qr.	Pease, per qr.	Flour.			Oatm. 240 lb.	
							Eng. 240 lb.	Irish.	Amer. 196 lb.	Engl.	Scots.
	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. d. s. d.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
April 20	5 0 10 9	3 8 3 11	4 6 6 3	40 46	40 48	34 50	48 55	46 53	27 30	30 36	32 34
27	4 9 11 3	3 7 3 9½	4 6 6 0	40 44	40 46	34 48	46 54	44 52	25 27	30 36	32 34
May 4	4 9 11 3	3 7 3 9½	4 6 6 0	40 44	40 46	34 48	46 54	44 52	25 27	30 36	32 34
11	4 9 11 3	3 7 3 10	4 6 5 9	40 44	40 46	34 48	44 50	44 50	22 25	30 36	32 34

England & Wales.

1824.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
April 10	62 7	42 6	34 6	24 7	36 11	36 4	—
17	67 2	45 7	35 6	24 6	38 2	37 1	—
24	65 3	46 3	35 11	24 7	38 6	36 1	—
May 1	65 4	42 4	36 1	24 4	39 1	36 9	—

Course of Exchange, London, May 11.——Amsterdam, 12 : 2. Ditto at sight, 11 : 19. Rotterdam, 12 : 3. Antwerp, 12 : 5. Hamburgh, 37 : 6. Altona, 37 : 7. Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 40. Bourdeaux, 25 : 70. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 155½. Madrid, 36½. Cadiz, 35¼. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46¾. Genoa, 43¼. Naples, 38½. Lisbon, 50½. Oporto, 51. Rio Janeiro, 49. Dublin, 9½ ⅌ cent. Cork, 9½ ⅌ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ⅌ oz.—Portugal Gold in bars, £.0„0„0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £.3„17„6.—New Doubloons, £.3„14„0.—New Dollars, £.0„4„9½.—Silver in bars, Standard, £.0„4„11½.

Premiums of Insurance.—Guernsey or Jersey, 15s. *a* 9s.—Cork or Dublin, 15s. *a* 9s.—Belfast, 15s. *a* 9s.—Hambro', 10s. 6d. *a* 15s.—Madeira, 20s.—Jamaica, 30s. *a* 35s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. *a* 8 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from April 21, *to May* 13, 1824.

	April 21.	April 28.	May 6.	May 13.
Bank Stock	245	244	93⅜	241
3 ⅌ cent. reduced	95½	96⅝	243½	95⅜
3 ⅌ cent. consols	96½	96⅝	96¼	96¼
3½ ⅌ cent. do.	102⅜	—	102	—
4 ⅌ cent. do.	100⅜	—	100⅝	—
Ditto New do.	108¾	108⅞	—	—
India Stock	300	—	298¾	299½
—— Bonds	80 82	80 82	82 81	80
Exchequer bills, (£.1000)	50 54	50 49	51 53	45 48
Consols for account	96¾	96⅞	96⅝	96⅜
French 5 ⅌ cents	100 f.95c.	104 fr. —	104 f.50c.	104fr.25c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of March and the 20th of April 1824: extracted from the London Gazette.

Austin, W. H. Old Broad-street, merchant
Austin, J. Devonport, linen-draper
Bannister, B. Southend, druggist
Barsar, J. Poole, timber-merchant
Beeston, W. Kilburn, scrivener
Binns, T. W. Stockport, cotton-spinner
Birchley, W. Cheltenham, grocer
Boltrell, R. Wood-street, Cheapside, merchant
Bowden, T. Stockport, shopkeeper
Brice, E. Keward-mill, Somersetshire, miller
Brunyce, J. Owston, Lincolnshire, miller
Burrell, W. Wakefield, merchant
Burgess, J. Trowbridge, clothier
Calcott, J. Shoreditch, draper
Clark, M. Newmarket, tailor
Claughton, T. Haydock Lodge, Lancashire, salt-manufacturer
Coulson, S. Falsgrave, Yorkshire, horse-dealer
Crosby, W. Myton, Yorkshire, merchant
Cross, W. Liverpool, currier
Desanges, C. S. Golden-square, merchant
Dowell, T. and W. C. Brown, Ironmonger-lane, woollen-cloth merchants
Down, W. T. Malmesbury, corn-factor
Ebbs, J. E. Minories, jeweller
Evans, D. Cannon-street road, coal-merchant
Flynn, J. Liverpool, earthenware-dealer
Fox, H. Rotherhithe-road, carpenter
Gardner, J. Poultry-by-the-Sands, Lancashire, grocer
Gilbert, J. George-lane, Botolph-lane, merchant
Gilpin, J. J. Westbury, Wiltshire, surgeon
Gillingham, G. Little Pancras-street, near Tottenham Court-road, stone-mason
Gunther, E. Beaumont-street, Mary-le-bone, hosier
Hagger, J. St. Mary-le-bone, carpenter
Hamilton, G. F. Thames-street, merchant
Hammond, E. Great Bentley, Essex, innholder
Harrison, W. and C. New Sleaford, Lincolnshire
Hatton, R. and J. Jackson, Foulton-with-Fearhead, Lancashire, soap-makers
Henderson, G. Maiden-lane, warehouseman
Hassall, R. Birmingham, blacksmith
Hole, H. Norwich, draper
Holmes, J. Bridge-road, Lambeth, broker
Hughes, J. T. High-street, Shoreditch, haberdasher
Kent, H. Lawrence-lane, commission-agent
Lewis, C. T. Ebley, Gloucestershire, grocer
Lingard, J. Manchester, merchant
Luckes, G. Yeovil, brick-maker
Meacock, E. Liverpool, liquor-merchant
Metcalfe, J. Thirsk, Yorkshire, linen-draper
Middleton, M. Wolverhampton, tailor
Mills, W. Bath, oilman
Murrell, J. Peckham, commission-agent
Newport, N. Bathwick, Somersetshire, builder
Norris, T. Bartholomew-close, coach-maker
Parkes, M. Holly-hall, Worcestershire, flint-glass manufacturer
Parsons, W. Reading, plasterer
Penkett, W. and L. M'Kinnon, Liverpool, merchants
Pettingall, W. D. Yarmouth, fish-merchant
Phillips, W. Bristol, linen-draper
Pilling, J. and W. Mirfield, Yorkshire, corn-millers
Ponting, T. Bedminster, Somersetshire, leather-dresser
Price, J. Stepney, undertaker
Rich, C. H. and E. Adams, St. Ann's-lane, silversmiths
Richards, J. Newmarket, innholder
Roach, M. High-street, Wapping, victualler
Rolls, A. Sandy-row, Bishopsgate, chairman
Rostron, T. Holy-well, Flintshire, paper-manufacturer
Sanderson, M. C. Park-street, coal-merchant
Seymour, C. Huddersfield, tailor
Smith, G. Bishopsgate-street without, butcher
Starben, C. F. Lime-street, merchant
Steer, R. Paradise-row, Chelsea, baker
Stirling, T. Commercial-road, slater
Striffler, L. Brunswick-terrace, Islington, oilman
Willcocks, T. Bath, cabinet-maker
Wood, J. Red Cross-street, Southwark, currier
Young, H. R. Fenchurch-street, print-seller

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies and Dividends, announced April 1824; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQUESTRATIONS.

Allan, George, baker and inn-keeper in Fruchie, Fifeshire

Anderson & Murphy, manufacturers in Paisley

Cousin, James, silk and cotton yarn-merchant in Paisley

Kay, Jas. printseller, carver, and gilder, in Edinburgh

Mackay, Alex. merchant in Helmsdale

Neilson, Andrew & Michael, wholesale tea-dealers in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

The Falkirk Union Bank; by J. Russell, writer there

Ferguson, Alexander, jun. sheep and cattle-dealer at Corridon; by W. Wedderspoon, writer in Perth

Greenhill, James, corn-dealer in Newburgh; by J. Brodie, city-chamberlain of Perth

Hill, Peter & Co. booksellers in Edinburgh; by D. Paterson, accountant there

Kirkwood & Neilson, manufacturers in Glasgow; by W. Brock, merchant there

M'Kellar & Co. merchants in Greenock; by the trustee there

Thomson, Andrew, ship-owner in Wemyss; by J L. Cooper, writer in Kirkaldy.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1823. Aug. 19. At Bhooj, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Maconochie, Hon. East India-Company's service, a son.

Nov. 26. At Calcutta, the Lady of the Rev. Dr Bryce, a daughter.

1824. March 5. At Newhall, the Lady of John Buckle, Esq. a son.

10. At Cheltenham, Mrs Colonel David Forbes, a son.

15. At Thirlestane-house, Gloucestershire, the Lady of J. R. Scott, Esq. a daughter.

25. At Dalzell House, Mrs Hamilton, of Dalzell, a son.

27. At Duddingstone House, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Ann Macdonald, a daughter.

29. At Bicton House, Devon, Lady Rolle, a daughter.

30. At his house, Devonshire Place, Edgeware Road, London, the Lady of William J. L. Campbell, Esq. of Glenfalloch, a son and heir.

April 1. At Heriot Hill, near Edinburgh, the Lady of John Bruce, Esq. a daughter.

2. At St Andrew's, the Lady of Major Playfair, of the Bengal army, a son.

— At Sunnyside Lodge, Lanark, Mrs A. Gillespie, a daughter.

4. In New Norfolk-Street, London, Lady Elizabeth Drummond, a daughter.

— At the Government House, the Lady of his Excellency Major-Gen. Sir Colin Halkett, K.C.B. and G.C.H., a daughter.

8. At Brussels, her Royal Highness the Princess of Orange, a daughter.

12. At the Admiralty, the Lady of William R. K. Douglas, Esq. M. P. a son.

16. The Lady of Colonel Sir Colin Campbell, a daughter.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs Burn Murdoch, of Gartincaber, a son.

19. Mrs Patison, 20, Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, a son.

20. Mrs Chancellor of Shieldhill, a son.

— At Strathairley Cottage, the Lady of Major Briggs, younger of Strathairly, a son.

— The Lady of James Elliot, Esq. of Woollie, a son.

21. At Stirling, the Lady of Archibald Dow, Esq. of the Hon. East-India Company's service, a son.

— At Ballyshear, Mrs Macdonald, a son.

MARRIAGES.

1824. March 25. Lieutenant W. Absolon, R. N. to Isabella, eldest daughter of P. Webster, Esq. Barns of Craig.

30. At Heriot Row, Edinburgh, Robert Whigham, of Lochpatrick, Esq. advocate, to Jane, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Dundas, of Beechwood, Bart.

April 2. At Edinburgh, Henry Wight, Esq. advocate, to Janet, eldest daughter of the late Ninian Hill, Esq. W. S.

April 2. At Edinburgh, Mr John Anderson, jun. bookseller, to Agnes, only daughter of the late John Grindlay, Esq. Edinburgh.

6. At Edinburgh, George Lindley, Esq. merchant in Leith, to Violet, youngest daughter of John Borthwick Gilchrist, LL.D. Professor of Oriental Languages to the Hon. the East-India Company.

10. At London, William Turner, Esq. his Majesty's Secretary of Embassy to the Ottoman Porte, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of John Mansfield, Esq. M. P. for Leicester.

12. At Paris, George Murray, Esq. son of the late Vice Admiral Sir George Murray, K.C.B. to Alicia, eldest daughter of Thos. Strickland, Esq.

13. At Rothesay, John Stewart, Esq. Rothesay, to Agnes, eldest daughter of the late Robert Oliphant, Esq. Glasgow.

14. At Weymouth Church, the Rev. David Laing, Eastington, Gloucestershire, to Mary Elizabeth, second daughter of John West, Esq.

— At Camberwell, London, Alexander Nairne, Esq. Commander of the Hon. East-India Company's ship General Kyd, to Ann Spencer, eldest daughter of Nathaniel Domet, Esq. of Camberwell Grove.

15. At Berrisdale, Ross-shire, John Mackenzie, Esq writer, Tain, to Miss Christian Henderson Mackenzie, third daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq. of Berrisdale.

16. At Edinburgh, James Gibson, Esq. of Hillhead, Glasgow, to Jessie, only daughter of the late John Wilson, Lieutenant and Adjutant in the Canadian regiment.

— At Balmungie, John Small, Esq. to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of William Lindesay, Esq. of Balmungie, Fifeshire.

19. At Norrieston, Lieut. Donald Robertson, 82d foot, to Agnes, daughter of the late John Macfarlane, Esq. Borland.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William N. Grant, S.S.C. to Anne, second daughter of George Miller, Esq. Hope Park, Edinburgh.

20. At Middleton, near Glasgow, Walter Buchanan, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Mary, eldest daughter of John Hamilton of Mavisbank, Esq.

23. At Great King-Street, Edinburgh, Mungo Nutter Campbell, Esq. to Anne Amelia, second daughter of the late Donald Maclachlan of Maclachlan, Esq.

24. At Argyll House, in Park Lane, London, Lord Francis Conyngham, to Lady Jane Paget, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesea.

DEATHS.

1823. Nov. 15. At Hingolee, Robert Greig, M. D., Staff Surgeon at Elichpoor, Madras establishment.

26. At Calcutta, in consequence of a fall from his horse, which he survived only a few hours, Cathcart Methven, Captain in the Hon. East-India Company's 20th regiment native infantry, Bengal establishment.

Dec. 25. At his residence at Collymore House, Barbadoes, Lieut.-Colonel Samuel Taylor Popham, Deputy Quarter-Master-General of the West-Indian army.

1824. Jan. 4. At St Vincent, West Indies, Charles Neil Kennedy, Esq. surgeon, late in Pitlorchy, Perthshire.

10. At Glenlee, in Galloway, in the 82d year of her age, Mrs Jean Proudfoot, widow of the late Mr James Hope, Glenlee. She was a most affectionate wife, an indulgent parent, and a warm and steady friend. Piety the most ardent, yet without austerity,—charity the most unwearied, yet without ostentation,—benevolence the most extensive and disinterested,—and candour the most perfect, yet without partiality, uniformly marked her conduct through life. Though, latterly, less retentive than formerly of the passing occurrences of the day, yet, to the last, her memory continued unimpaired as to those things which concerned her everlasting welfare; and as she lived " the life of the righteous," so also her " last end was like his." Her mild unassuming manners, and truly Christian deportment, deservedly endeared her to all who knew her, and the remembrance of her many virtues will be fondly cherished with veneration by her family to the latest period of life.

31. At Stellenbosch, Cape of Good Hope, Mary-Ann Urquhart, wife of John Murray, Esq. surgeon to the forces.

Feb. 29. At Adra, in Spain, Harriet, daughter of the late William Kirkpatrick, Esq. of Conheath.

March 5. On board the ship Alexander, on his passage home from Jamaica, Mr Andrew Marjoribanks, second son of Alexander Marjoribanks, Esq. of Marjoribanks.

— At his house, Baxter's Place, Edinburgh, John Gleed, Esq. solicitor of Excise in Scotland.

— At Dundee, Dr Robert Henderson, aged 74.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Donaldson, minister of the Berean Congregation, in the 73d year of his age, and 47th of his ministry.

— In London, the Marquis of Titchfield, eldest son of the Duke of Portland.

— At London, Sir Thomas Bell, late a Sheriff of that city, and Treasurer of the Scottish Hospital.

— At the Manse of Morven, in the 79th year of his age, and 50th of his ministry, the Rev. Norman M'Leod, minister of that parish.

7. At Edinburgh, Miss Catherine Kennedy, youngest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Kennedy, minister of St Madoes, Perthshire.

— At the Grove, the seat of his Lordship, after a long indisposition, Thomas Villiers, Earl of Clarendon, Baron Hyde, and a Count of the kingdom of Prussia. He completed his 70th year in December last.—His Lordship is succeeded in his titles by his brother, John Charles Villiers, now Earl of Clarendon.

— At Aberdeen, James Moir, aged 101. He was brother-in-law to the veteran M'Dougal, who supported General Wolfe, after he received his mortal wound, on the plains of Quebec. The wife of James Moir was buried on the 31st ultimo, aged 81; and her husband died within an hour after she had been laid in the grave,

— At Edinburgh, William Ramsay, Esq.

9. At Southampton, in the 48th year of his age, of consumption, the Right Hon. Lord Edward O'Brien, brother to the Marquis of Thomond, and son-in-law to the Duke of Beaufort.

— At Edinburgh, the Hon. Barbara Rollo.

— At Paris, the Duke of Cambaceres. He made a considerable figure in the Revolution, and was Second Consul with Bonaparte.

10. At his seat at Easton Lodge, in Essex, the Right Hon. Charles Viscount Maynard, in the 73d year of his age.

— At Edinburgh, in the 15th year of her age, Elizabeth Laura Baillie Hamilton, third daughter of the late Rev. Charles Baillie Hamilton, Archdeacon of Cleveland.

— At Largs, in the 68th year of his age, Mr James Cook, civil engineer.

11. In Picardy Place, Edinburgh, in the 80th year of her age, Mrs Isobel Cranstoun, relict of the Rev. James Scott, formerly minister of the gospel at Musselburgh.

11. At Newabbey, George Nicholson, Esq.

— At Stranraer, David Stewart, Esq. of Duchra, W. S.

March 11. At Newabbey, Geo. Nicholson, Esq.

— At Bellshiel, near Dunse, Mr Thomas Bertram, at the advanced age of 99.

12. At Dumfries, Mr Robert Paul, writer. His horse fell under him about fourteen days before, and he was so much bruised by the fall, that shortly after he was seized with locked jaw, which terminated his existence.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Wm. Elder, accountant.

— At Edinburgh, James Forman, Esq. W. S.

— At Edinburgn, Helen Lawrie, wife of James Virtue, merchant.

— At Gayfield Square, Edinburgh, after having given birth to a daughter, Mrs L. Franklin.

— At Brechin, in his 63d year, David Guthrie, Esq. late Provost of that burgh.

13. At Courthill, Thomas Usher, Esq.

13. At Clifton, Bristol, Mrs Sophia Lee, author of the historical novel entitled the " Recess," the comedy of the " Chapter of Accidents," &c.

— Mrs Halliday, relict of the late Rev. Thomas Halliday, minister of Kelton.

14. At Edinburgh, Miss Louisa Hope, a daughter of the late Commissioner Charles Hope, of his Majesty's navy.

15. At the manse of Earlstoun, the Rev. Wm. Shields, aged 71 years. He was 43 years a minister of the Church of Scotland, of which 34 were spent at Westruther, and the remaining nine at Earlstoun, both in Berwickshire.

— At London, Lieutenant James Reid, R. N., eldest son of Sir John Reid, Bart.

19. At No. 5, Buccleuch Place, Mr Wm. Howden, jeweller in Edinburgh.

20. John Aitken, Esq. of Hill of Beath.

— At Cromarty, Wm. Swan, Esq. aged 86 years.

— The Rev. Robert Smith, minister of Cromarty.

— At Auchry, Mrs Cumine, wife of Archibald Cumine of Auchry, Esq.

21. At Streatham Park, in the 55th year of his age, Thomas Harrison, Esq. F.R.S. Honorary Secretary to the Royal Institution and African Association, Commissary to the University of Cambridge, formerly a Fellow of Queen's College, and Chairman of the Adjourned Quarter Sessions for the county of Surrey.

— At Paris, Walter, only son of the Earl of Airly.

— At View Park, Burntsfield Links, Archibald, youngest son of Mr Inglis, banker, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Paton, relict of the Rev. George Paton, LL.D. in her 87th year.

— At Edinburgh, Charles Fothringham, Esq.

22. At Laurieston, Edinburgh, Andrew Livingston, Esq. of Grobdale.

— At his house, Lansdowne Place, East Bath, Lieutenant-Colonel Hill, (Royal Marines,) aged upwards of 90 years, one of the oldest officers in his Majesty's service, having served in the reign of King George the Second.

— At Durham, Michael Balfour, Esq. late surgeon in the 8th royal veteran battalion.

23. At Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Thomson, wife of Mr James Leechman, merchant.

— At her house in Linlithgow, Mrs Watson, widow of James Watson, Esq. of Bridge Castle.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Dickson, widow of Captain Alexander Dickson, late of the royal artillery.

24. At Hobkirk manse, Mrs Jean Scott, wife of the Rev. B. Dickieson, minister of Hobkirk.

— Sir G. Chetwynd, Bart. in the 85th year of his age.

25. At the Rolls House, London, the Right Hon. Sir T. Plumer, Master of the Rolls, in the 71st year of his age.

— At No. 6, Dewar Place, Edinburgh, in the 82d year of his age, Lieutenant Alex. M'Kenzie, late of the 9th royal veteran battalion.

26. At Leith, George B. Vair, Esq. merchant, aged 29 years.

— At Linlithgow, Mr Wm. Younger, brewer, in the 32d year of his age.

— At Craigforth House, Miss Callander,

27. At St Andrew's, William Rotheram, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Campbell, aged 80.

28. At Edinburgh, Mr William Gray, merchant.

29. At Marig, island of Harris, Captain Kenneth Campbell, late Paymaster of the Regiment of the Isles.

30. At Rome, Elizabeth, Duchess of Devon-

shire, widow of the late Duke, and sister to the present Earl ot Bristol, in the 65th year of her age.

March 30. At Mavisbank house, Mrs Duncan, of Damside.

— At Dunfermline, Miss Janet Bowes.

31. At his house in the Regent's Park, London, the Right Hon. Lord George Coleraine, in the 73d year of his age. His Lordship was better known as the eccentric Colonel Hanger.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Macdonald, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, 84th regiment.

— At London, Lieutenant John Wallace, late of the 13th light dragoons.

April 1. At Edinburgh, Mrs Sarah Hamilton, wife of Mr Alex. Hamilton, surgeon, R. N.

2. At York Place, Edinburgh, Jane Emily, second daughter of Dr Gillespie.

— At Williamfield, Mr D. Macdonald, merchant in Leith.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Dickson, daughter of the late David Dickson of Kilbucho, Esq.

— At Daftmill, Mrs Walker, of Daftmill, in the 90th year of her age.

3. At Banff, Lieut.-Colonel James Robinson.

— At Ayr, Hamilton Douglas Boswell, Esq. of Garallan.—Mr Boswell's death was strikingly sudden and unexpected. On the afternoon of Saturday he went out to enjoy his accustomed walk—spent the evening and supped with his family in his usual spirits—retired to bed a little before eleven, apparently in perfect health—and in less than a quarter of an hour he was a corpse.

— At Picardy Place, Edinburgh, Alexander Learmonth, Esq.

— At Lathrisk, Alexander, third son of Wm. Johnston, Esq. of Lathrisk.

4. At Edinburgh, Jas. Paterson, Esq. of Carpow.

— At his father's house, in the parish of Foveran, near Aberdeen, Mr John Ligerwood, assistant-surgeon to the forces, Ireland.

5. At Muirkirk, Mr Thomas Cunningham, aged 81.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Knight, widow of Mr Gilbert Mair, jun. writer, Edinburgh.

6. At his apartments in the British Museum, in his 70th year, the Rev. Thomas Maurice, author of "Indian Antiquities," the "Ancient and Modern History of Hindostan," and many other celebrated productions. He was the intimate friend and contemporary of Sir W. Jones, and was patronised by Dr Johnson.

— At Edinburgh, Samuel Douglas, of Netherlaw, Esq.

— At Dumbarton Castle, Major-General Ilay Ferrier, Lieutenant-Governor of that garrison, in the 78th year of his age.

— At Burntisland, Mary Jane, only daughter of John Aytoun, Esq. of Inchdairney.

7. Michael Kidston, third son of the Rev. Wm. Kidston, Glasgow.

10. At Edinburgh, Mrs Corbett of Kenmuir, Lanarkshire.

— At Duddingstone House, the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Anne Macdonald of Clanronald, in consequence of a cold caught some days after the birth of her sixth child.

11. At Edinburgh, Mary Ann Leslie Lindesay, daughter of the late Patrick Lindesay, Esq. of Wormistone.

— At Stockbridge, Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Balfour, relict of William Thomas Wishart, Esq. of Foxhall.

12. At Wilton Cottage, Somerset, Lady Elizabeth Farrington, in the 75th year of her age, relict of General Sir Anthony Farrington, Bart. late of Blackheath, Kent.

— At Rothesay, the Rev. Dr Archibald M'Lea, minister of that parish, in the 87th year of his age, and 62d of his ministry.

13. At Netherby, Cumberland, Sir Jas. Graham, Bart. aged 62.

— At Dalkeith, Mrs Cumming, wife of Dr Cumming.

14. At Edinburgh, David Davidson, eldest son of the late Sir David Davidson of Cantray.

— At Glasgow, Captain Robert Gilmour.

April 4. At Edinburgh, Mrs Fergusson Blair, wife of Adam Fergusson of Woodhill, Esq.

— At Linlithgow, Mrs Helen Margaret Ferrier, wife of Thomas Liston, Esq. Sheriff-Clerk of Linlithgowshire, second daughter of the late Major-General Ferrier.

— At Hampstead, Mary, eldest surviving daughter of the late Sir Alexander Macdonald Lockhart of Lee and Carnwath, Bart.

15. Sutherland Meek, M.D., late Member of the Medical Board at the Presidency of Bombay.

16. At Aberdeen, Charles Donaldson, Esq. advocate.

— At Garth, parish of Fortingall, Margaret Macdougall, relict of Alexander Macdougall, farmer at Garth, in the 103d year of her age. When above a hundred, she thought little of walking from her own house to Weem or Aberfeldy, a distance of seven miles, and returning before breakfast. Last year, she travelled to Drummond Castle, which is thirty miles distant, and returned next night. She was the genealogist of the district; and her retentive memory made her the living chronicle of past events. When asked if she remembered the year 1745, her uniform answer was, "Oh, that was only a yesterday's business; the Prince's year, I was a married wife, and the mother of a family."

17. At Edinburgh, Mary Anne, the youngest daughter of John Elphinston, Esq. of the Hon. East-India Company's service.

— At York Place, Edinburgh, Lieut.-Colonel Gerrard, of Rochsoles, formerly Adjutant-General of the army in Bengal.

18. After a short illness, Edward Jones, Bard to the Prince of Wales.—Mr Jones was a native of Merionethshire, in North Wales.

19. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Macdonald, spouse of Robert Scott Moncrieff, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Wm. Carlyle, Esq. advocate.

— At Bath, Capt. Alexander Nisbett, R. N.

20. At Edinburgh, Mrs Henrietta Bowman, wife of Mr William Alexander, Depute-clerk of Teinds.

21. At Glasgow, Cecilia Murray Stevenson, wife of Mr Andrew Grant, merchant; and, on the 18th current, Cecilia, their infant daughter.

— At his Lordship's residence in Bath, Richard, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, in his 87th year.

22. At Maybole, James Ferguson, Esq. late of Littleton.

24. At Rothesay, James Malcolm Noble, Esq.

— Lately. At his house, Clerk-Street, Mr John Ross, late painter, Edinburgh, in the 62d year of his age.

— At Bloomfield, near Newport, Mrs Anderson, aged 100, widow of William Anderson of Foxhall, Esq.

— At the Bay of Balui, Mississippi, Cady Lafontaine, aged 137.

— On his estate in South Russia, the Counsellor of State, Von Kapnist, aged 68, one of the most celebrated Russian poets of the present day.

— At Chelsea, Robert Hall, M. D. late Surgeon to the Forces, a descendant of the ancient Border family of the Halls of Newbiggen, and great-grandson of Henry Hall of Haughhead, the celebrated Covenanter, who fought at Bothwell Bridge, Drumclog, &c.

— At Pwllcornel, near Bronwydd, Carmarthenshire, at the advanced age of 106 years, William Matthias. He retained his faculties to the last.

— At Rome, his Eminence Cardinal Gonsalvi. This great minister, who had governed Rome for nearly 23 years, and to whom Pius VII. was warmly attached, fell a victim to his long and dreadful sufferings, which he bore with admirable fortitude and true Christian patience and piety.

— In his 80th year, the Rev. Dr Ford, late Ordinary in Newgate.

— In the 73d year of his age, the Rev. Richard Thomas Gough, uncle of Lord Calthorpe.

— At her son's house, 11, Society, Mrs James Brewster, aged 74.

— At her house at Chelsea, the Lady Caroline Anne Brudenell Bruce, eldest sister of the Marquis of Aylesbury.

— At London, Luke White, Esq. M. P. for the county of Leitrim.

Ruthven & Son, Printers.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

BEING A NEW SERIES OF

The Scots Magazine.

JUNE 1824.

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EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & COMPANY.

HIGH WATER AT LEITH.

Days.	*Morn.*		*Even.*		*Days.*	*Morn.*		*Even.*	
July 1824.	H.	M.	H.	M.	July 1824.	H.	M.	H.	M.
Th. 1	5	26	5	49	Fr. 16	5	1	5	18
Fr. 2	6	14	6	38	Sa. 17	5	36	5	54
Sa. 3	7	2	7	29	Su. 18	6	14	6	36
Su. 4	7	59	8	30	M. 19	7	2	7	29
M. 5	9	4	9	43	Tu. 20	8	0	8	38
Tu. 6	10	21	10	58	W. 21	9	16	10	0
W. 7	11	32	—	—	Th. 22	10	41	11	17
Th. 8	0	4	0	32	Fr. 23	11	52	—	—
Fr. 9	0	56	1	17	Sa. 24	0	24	0	52
Sa. 10	1	37	1	56	Su. 25	1	19	1	45
Su. 11	2	16	2	34	M. 26	2	7	2	33
M. 12	2	51	3	8	Tu. 27	2	54	3	18
Tu. 13	3	24	3	40	W. 28	3	38	4	0
W. 14	3	55	4	11	Th. 29	4	21	4	42
Th. 15	4	29	4	46	Fr. 30	5	2	5	23
					Sa. 31	5	43	6	6

MOON'S PHASES.

Mean Time.

	D.	M.		H.
First Quart,....Sa.	3.	22	past	2 aftern.
Full Moon,....Su.	11.	12	—	4 morn.
Last Quart.....M.	19.	50	—	7 morn.
New Moon,...M.	26.	2	—	7 morn.

TERMS, &c.

July.

10. Court of Session rises.
13. Royal Burghs meet.
19. King George IV. crowned.

To Correspondents.

The Author of the Sketches of the General Assembly may communicate directly with the Editor, by transmitting his future contributions through the medium of the Publishers, to whose care, it is requested, they may be addressed.—Mr W. A. C.'s second paper is not suited to this Miscellany, and shall be returned whenever we are favoured with the Author's present address, which he forgot to give in both the private letters we had the honour of receiving from him. This is the sole reason why he did not hear from the Editor, conformably to his request.—" Susan Young," and " Edward and Mary," are a great deal too sentimental for northern readers; but the Author will perceive that we have availed ourselves of his labours in another department, better suited to our general object, and where (we take the liberty of thinking) he appears to much greater advantage.—The article entitled " The Scots Press" is delayed till next month, for want of room.

Erratum. Page 683, col. 2, line 20, for *solidity* read *stolidity*.

Printed by J. Ruthven & Son.

THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

JUNE 1824.

REDGAUNTLET, A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

Dr Johnson has somewhere said, that life has few things better than being rapidly whirled along in a post-chaise; doubtless, a pleasant enough sensation of its kind, provided you are travelling on a visit to the Lakes,—or to meet your mistress by express appointment,—or to draw your rents, not previously swallowed up by a mortgage,—or to vote at a contested election,—or to take your seat in Parliament for the first time,—or, in short, to realize any object of amusement, profit, fame, or ambition, upon which, peradventure, you have set your heart: for, without some such concomitant purpose, it is not easy to conceive any thing surpassing delectable in abstract locomotion —in the mere circumstance of "being whirled," even in the fastest-going breakneck in the kingdom. Gray had a correcter notion of the true sources of pleasurable sensation, the highest, purest, and calmest of which he pronounced to consist in lolling all day long on a couch, and reading a novel; and had he lived till our day, he would unquestionably have added—"by the Author of Waverley!" The serene and tranquil delight which flows from this luxurious indulgence, at once of sense and spirit, and which the accomplished poet, just named, thought no bad emblem of the joys of Elysium itself, we have now so frequently tasted, that "the appetite has grown by what it fed on;" pampered into fastidiousness by the iteration of enjoyment, our imaginations nevertheless pander to our desires, and excite unspeakable longings for the period when we shall again be invited to partake of this ambrosial banquet,—to revel unrestrained amidst the fairy scenes and gorgeous magnificence conjured up by the mighty enchanter,—to converse with the master-spirits of the olden-time, mingle in their councils, share in their adventures, catch the contagion of their sentiments, participate in their hopes and fears, or sympathise with their misfortunes,—or, descending to humbler life, to encounter the beau-ideal of those men, whose manners, language, and conduct, are so indissolubly associated with all that we love and cherish, in country, kindred, and home.

Perhaps some may think there is a large intermixture of exaggeration in all this, and that, having once got into the clouds, we have fairly lost sight of the veritable world; that, like Rousseau, floating in his skiff, with his face upturned to heaven, we have launched into the regions of reverie, and feel a repugnance to awake from the dream we had been indulging. Be it remembered, however, that mankind are naturally idolaters of the past,—invincibly prone to cast "many a longing, lingering look behind" to the great events and illustrious names which have figured in the history of their country, and over which Time has shed his hallowing influence; that this retrospective direction of national feeling not only affords the purest and most unmingled pleasure, but tends to elevate the tone of general sentiment, and beget aspirations of a higher order than can ever be engendered among the meaner men and baser passions of the everyday crowd; and that it is precisely because the author before us embodies in his pages the very soul and spirit of the past, and causes, as it were, to pass before our eyes those events in our national story, of which we have heard our forefathers speak with rapture,—because he so often touches, with a master-hand, those chords to which every Scottish bosom at least must vibrate,—because his painting is not merely natural, but Nature herself, that his works possess a charm potent enough to subdue every heart, and to entitle them to the rank which has long since been accorded them,—namely, that of the noblest works of fiction which any age or country has produced. No author, in fact, ever acquired so great a dominion over the public mind, or maintained his ascendancy so long; and the marvel is, that his first freshness is still unimpaired,—his fancy unrelaxed,—his vigour undecayed,—his riches unexhausted. His works grow up under his hand without effort, and are given forth without elaboration. He neglects much to which humbler minds must scrupulously attend; but what he achieves could only be performed by himself. In this view he has often been compared to Shakespeare—and with justice.

But we must take leave of these generalities, and come at once to the subject before us—" Redgauntlet." Taken as a whole, this is a most unequal production, and is liable to an objection peculiar to itself; which is, that in course of his work, the author appears to have changed the plan on which he originally set out, and to have adopted another, certainly better in itself, but rather awkwardly and clumsily introduced. The first volume, which is filled with the supposed correspondence of Darsie Latimer and Allan Fairford, naturally leads us to expect that the author has resolved to tell his story after the manner of Richardson, namely, by an interchange of letters between the prominent characters; a mode of which Sir Walter Scott has, in the most luminous and convincing style, pointed out the improbabilities and disadvantages, in his admirable Life of the English Novelist; but just when we have, in some degree, become reconciled to this fancy, with all its provoking but necessary minuteness of explanation,—and when the story has just advanced far enough, to give us such an interest in the fortunes of the actors as to render us indifferent to the fashion in which we are made acquainted with their proceedings, the epistolary form is abandoned, and we are introduced, in the second volume, to what bears to be " narrative," but which, after all, proves to be a piece of patch-work, partly composed of the journals of two of the characters, interspersed with details by the author, to which the designation of " narrative" can alone be properly applied. For our own parts, till we opened the second volume, we never for a moment doubted, that, though the epistolary form had been adopted, we had been perusing a *narrative* so far at least, and that the story was to be told—as Richardson had so admirably though diffusely told his—in the same form throughout. Now, our objection to this alteration of plan is not technical, and brought forward merely to keep up the credit of the critical character for a certain aptitude in finding, or making faults where they are not to be found; we protest firmly against so unfair and unjust an inference: but we did feel, in the perusal, as if we had taken up a new work; fresh explanations and statements become necessary by the change, disturbed the sequence of the story; and we found ourselves in a situation, not unlike that of a man who, sailing down a stream, very much to his own comfort and satisfaction, suddenly descries a breaker, and is forced incontinent to land his skiff, carry it on his shoulders past the obstruction, re-launch it in the smooth waters below, and thus recommence his voyage anew. We confidently appeal to every reader of " Redgauntlet," whether we have overstated the force of his objection.

But it is well known, that the peculiar forte of the Great Unknown has never (we ought to except Kenilworth, however,) consisted in a very dexterous evolution of his story. On the contrary, the characters are with him every thing, the fable nothing. He seems to acquire a sort of paternal fondness for them in proportion as he mingles in their society; their energies are incessantly expanding in his hands, and he delights to exhibit them in every variety of light and shadow; till the very last moment, he plays them off in their full vigour and activity, forces them to tread the scene for our amusement, and when at length he is reluctantly compelled to dismiss them, he does it in such an abrupt and summary fashion, that you would swear Bailie Macwheeble had arrived, armed with a caption and horning, and other terrors of the law, to execute ultimate diligence. In the present work, Dr Dryasdust, in five pages, most relentlessly disposes of those whose fortunes had interested us through three volumes; and so unsuccessful had the researches of the venerable antiquary proved, that he makes no mention whatever of him of the umbrageous beaver—Joshua Geddes, to wit—and his worthy sister, to whom we felt more kindly disposed than may seem suitable for us at this present writing to confess.

But to be more particular, as your popular preachers say,—we confess we have a prodigious liking for Peter Peebles and his law-suits, and though we think him the oddest compound of knavery and folly that ever existed, or ever was imagined, yet he is drawn so much to the life, and is brought out in such full presentment before us, that we at once recognise him as an individual we have long known, though we never before had such an opportunity for perfecting our acquaintance, and at the same time set him down as the type of a species likely to endure as long as the "law's delay" fosters a litigious spirit among men. The consultation at old Fairford's is quite excellent, and so is the hearing of the *great* cause, "*Poor* Peter Peebles against Plainstanes," with young Fairford's debut as counsel for the crack-brained litigant. Persons whose feelings are in perfect subordination to their interests, and who are utter sceptics as to the innate benevolence of the human heart, will no doubt consider the conduct of young Fairford, in suddenly flying from the great arena of his profession, where he had commenced his career with such eclat, to the succour of his friend Latimer, as grossly improbable and unnatural; and, to say the truth, when we found that his absence had in some measure compromised "the great cause," we ourselves had something like a feeling of chagrin and disappointment; but when we recollected, that, by following this course, the author had an opportunity of exhibiting the best feelings of our nature, as carrying it over views of immediate interest and advancement, in a profession proverbially quick-sighted, where the main chance is concerned,—and, above all, when we considered that, by this expedient, the inimitable Peter is again brought on the field in search of his runaway counsel, we really found it impossible to try an incident so fertile in character and amusement, by too severe a rule.

Next to Peter Peebles and his law-suits, readers who feel like us will probably be inclined to class Wandering Willie, no unimportant personage in the scene; for as it is often through the intervention of such characters that this author brings about the denouement of his plot, so it is in painting them that he displays his intuitive knowledge of character, and that rare and happy talent for causing it to develope and display itself, in which he is confessedly without a rival. The language which he puts in the mouths of such personages is inconceivably felicitous and characteristic, without the least tinge of meanness or vulgarity,—and rich, beyond all parallel, in that broad native humour only to be found among the lower classes of Scotland, and for the expression of which their Doric idiom is so finely adapted.

But the main interest of this "Tale of the Eighteenth Century,"—an interest, by the way, which is confined to the last volume,—arises from the bold expedient of bringing once more upon the scene the unfortunate Prince Charles Edward. By the ardent zeal and resolute intrigues of Hugh Redgauntlet, some of the Jacobites of the North of England, who basely betrayed the cause they had pledged themselves to support in the Forty-Five, when brave men were in the field, and the chances in their favour, were ready, according to the showing of our author, to lift the standard of revolt, at the distance of more than twenty years thereafter, and, with this view, had agreed to invite the Pretender to repair to England. He lands accordingly,—in disguise, of course,—and the chief conspirator, Redgauntlet, presents to him, in an ale-house on a lone moor, the men who had nobly resolved to draw their swords in his cause, when every human chance of success had long since been lost. The scene is altogether so admirable, that we shall extract part of it, which we do the more readily, as the author has brought into full view *one*, at least, of the hereditary infirmities of the ill-fated race of Stuart. At the small sacrifice of cashiering the harlot, whom he admits he all but detested, and who, his friends were well aware, was in the pay of the existing Government, to which she regularly betrayed every thing he said or did, he is offered another chance (however small) for regaining the crown, of which he was the lawful heir; and, with a truly legitimate abhorrence of controul, he obstinately casts it away after he had arrived at the scene of action,—and meanly sneaks off, accepting his personal safety as a boon from one of the ancient enemies of his race—a Campbell, in short. Despicable as we know his character to have been, this was too much even for us: he could hardly have forgotten Culloden, and the injury done to his cause on that fatal day by the Campbells—a clan who were ever bravest when on the strongest side. But let us do justice to our author, or rather let us acknowledge, that the truth of history compelled him, so far at least, to place the character of this unhappy Prince in its true light. That character was, from the first, well known to the Highlanders, though they naturally sought to shelter its vices and infirmities. His conduct at Gladsmuir, at Clifton, at Falkirk, and at Culloden, proved him a coward of the most ignoble kind; for many constitutional cowards, with his motive and his cue for action, would have planted themselves in the front of the battle, instead of skulking at a secure distance amidst a posse of blackguard Irish Rapparees. Cowardice and heartlessness are as inseparable as bravery and magnanimity. The effeminate and inglorious poltroon subsided into a brawling drunkard and inveterate sot, who was never heard, even in wine, to utter an expression of sorrow, or seen to shed a tear of regret, for the brave men who perished in the field or on the scaffold in his cause. Nay, we have it on the most undoubted authority, that when he had regained the continent, and was of course in safety, he refused to recognise a highly-respectable individual who had sheltered him at his utmost need, and who was wandering an exile, without house or home, shed or shelter, for the generous action which met so base a return. It is high time there should be an end to the absurd romance which has so long been associated with the name of one of the meanest and most worthless of human beings. But we are utterly forgetting our promised extract.

Redgauntlet presented to him successively the young Lord ——, and his kinsman, Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet, who trembled as, bowing and kissing his hand, he found himself surprised into what might be construed an act of high treason which yet he saw no safe means to avoid.

Sir Richard Glendale seemed personally known to Charles Edward, who received him with a mixture of dignity and affection, and seemed to sympathize with the tears which rushed into that gentleman's eyes as he bid his Majesty welcome to his native kingdom.

"Yes, my good Sir Richard," said the unfortunate Prince, in a tone melancholy, yet resolved, "Charles Edward is with his faithful friends once more—not, perhaps, with his former gay hopes which undervalued danger, but with the same determined contempt of the worst which can befall him, in claiming his own rights and those of his country."

"I rejoice, Sire—and yet, alas! I must also grieve, to see you once more on the British shores," said Sir Richard Glendale, and stopped short—a tumult of contradictory feelings preventing his farther utterance.

"It is the call of my faithful and suffering people which alone could have induced me to take once more the sword in my hand. For my own part, Sir Richard, when I have reflected how many of my loyal and devoted friends perished by the sword and by proscription, or died indigent and neglected in a foreign land, I have often sworn, that no view to my personal aggrandizement should again induce me to agitate a title which has cost my followers so dear. But since so many men of worth and honour conceive the cause of England and Scotland to be linked with that of Charles Stuart, I must follow their brave example, and, laying aside all other considerations, once more stand forward as their deliverer. I am, however, come hither upon your invitation; and as you are so completely acquainted with circumstances to which my absence must necessarily have rendered me a stranger, I must be a mere tool in the hands of my friends. I know well I never can refer myself implicitly to more loyal hearts or wiser heads, than Herries Redgauntlet, and Sir Richard Glendale. Give me your advice, then, how we are to proceed, and decide upon the fate of Charles Edward."

Redgauntlet looked at Sir Richard, as if to say, "Can you press any additional or unpleasant condition at a moment like this?" And the other shook his head and looked down, as if his resolution was unaltered, and yet as feeling all the delicacy of the situation.

There was a silence, which was broken by the unfortunate representative of an unhappy dynasty, with some appearance of irritation. "This is strange, gentlemen," he said; "you have sent for me from the bosom of my family, to head an adventure of doubt and danger; and when I come, your own minds seem to be still irresolute. I had not expected this on the part of two such men."

"For me, Sire," said Redgauntlet, "the steel of my sword is not truer than the temper of my mind."

"My Lord ——'s and mine are equally so," said Sir Richard; "but you had in charge, Mr Redgauntlet, to convey our request to his Majesty, coupled with certain conditions."

"And I discharged my duty to his Majesty and to you," said Redgauntlet.

"I looked at no condition, gentlemen," said their King with dignity, "save that which called me here to assert my rights in person. *That* I have fulfilled at no common risk. Here I stand to keep my word, and I expect of you to be true to yours."

"There was, or should have been, something more than that in our proposal, please your Majesty," said Sir Richard. "There was a condition annexed to it."

"I saw it not," said Charles, interrupting him. "Out of tenderness towards the noble hearts of whom I think so highly, I would neither see nor read anything which could lessen them in my love and my esteem. Conditions can have no part betwixt Prince and subject."

"Sire," said Redgauntlet, kneeling on one knee, "I see from Sir Richard's countenance he deems it my fault that your Majesty seems ignorant of what your subjects desired that I should communicate to your Majesty. For Heaven's sake! for the sake of all my past services and sufferings, leave not such a stain upon my honour! The note, Number D., of which this is a copy, referred to the painful subject to which Sir Richard again directs your attention."

"You press upon me, gentlemen," said the Prince, colouring highly, "recollections, which, as I hold them most alien to your character, I would willingly have banished from my memory. I did not suppose that my loyal subjects would think so poorly of me, as to use my depressed circumstances as a reason for forcing themselves into my domestic privacies, and stipulating arrangements with their King regarding matters, in which the meanest hinds claim the privilege of thinking for themselves. In affairs of state and public policy, I will ever be guided as becomes a prince, by the advice of my wisest counsellors; in those which regard my private affections, and my domestic arrangements, I claim the same freedom of will which I allow to all my subjects, and without which a crown were less worth wearing than a beggar's bonnet."

"May it please your Majesty," said Sir Richard Glendale, "I see it must be my lot to speak unwilling truths; but believe me, I do so with as much profound respect as deep regret. It is true, we have called you to head a mighty undertaking, and that your Majesty, preferring honour to safety, and the love of your country to your own ease, has condescended to become our leader. But we also pointed out as a necessary and indispensible preparatory step to the achievement of our purpose—and, I must say, as a positive condition of our engaging in it—that an individual, supposed,—I presume not to guess how truly,—to have your Majesty's more intimate confidence, and believed, I will not say on absolute proof, but upon the most pregnant suspicion, to be capable of betraying that confidence to the Elector of Hanover, should be removed from your royal household and society."

"This is too insolent, Sir Richard!" said Charles Edward. "Have you inveigled me into your power to bait me in this unseemly manner?—And you, Redgauntlet, why did you suffer matters to come to such a point as this, without making me more distinctly aware what insults were to be practised on me?"

"My gracious Prince," said Redgauntlet, "I am so far to blame in this, that I did not think so slight an impediment as that of a woman's society could have really interrupted an undertaking of this magnitude. I am a plain man, Sire, and speak but bluntly; I could not have dreamt but what, within the first five minutes of this interview, either Sir Richard and his friends would have ceased to insist upon a condition so ungrateful to your Majesty, or that your Majesty would have sacrificed this unhappy attachment to the sound advice, or even to the over-anxious suspicions, of so many faithful subjects. I saw no entanglement in such a difficulty, which on either side might not have been broken through like a cobweb."

"You were mistaken, Sir," said Charles Edward, "entirely mistaken—as much so as you are at this moment, when you think in your heart my refusal to comply with this insolent proposition is dictated by a childish and romantic passion for this individual. I tell you, Sir, I could part with that individual to-morrow, without an instant's regret—that I have had thoughts of dismissing her from my court, for reasons known to myself; but that I will never betray my rights as a Sovereign and a man, by taking this step to secure the favour of any one, or to purchase that allegiance which, if you owe it to me at all, is due to me as my birth-right."

"I am sorry for this," said Redgauntlet; "I hope both your Majesty and Sir Richard will re-consider your resolutions, or forbear this discussion, in a conjuncture so pressing. I trust your Majesty will recollect that you are on hostile ground; that our preparations cannot have so far escaped notice as to permit us now with safety to retreat from our purpose; insomuch, that it is with the deepest anxiety of heart I foresee even danger to your own royal person, unless you can generously give your subjects the satisfaction, which Sir Richard seems to think they are obstinate in demanding."

"And deep indeed your anxiety ought to be," said the Prince. "Is it in these circumstances of personal danger in which you expect to overcome a resolution, which is founded on a sense of what is due to me as a man or a Prince? If the axe and scaffold were ready before the windows of Whitehall, I would rather tread the same path with my great-grandfather, than concede the slightest point in which my honour is concerned."

He spoke these words with a determined accent, and looked around him on the company, all of whom (excepting Darsie, who saw, he thought, a fair period to a most perilous enterprise) seemed in deep anxiety and confusion. At length, Sir Richard spoke in a solemn and melancholy tone:

"If the safety," he said, "of poor Richard Glendale were alone concerned in this matter, I have never valued my life enough to weigh it against the slightest point of your Majesty's service. But I am but a messenger—a commissioner, who must execute my trust, and upon whom a thousand voices will cry, Curse and woe, if I do it not with fidelity. All of your adherents, even Redgauntlet himself, see certain ruin to this enterprize—the greatest danger to your Majesty's person—the utter destruction of all your party and friends, if they insist not on the point, which, unfortunately, your Majesty is so unwilling to concede. I speak it with a heart full of anguish—with a tongue unable to utter my emotions—but it must be spoken—the fatal truth—that if your royal goodness cannot yield to us a boon which we hold necessary to our security and your own, your Majesty with one word disarms ten thousand men, ready to draw their swords in your behalf; or, to speak yet more plainly, you annihilate even the semblance of a royal party in Great Britain."

"And why do you not add," said the Prince, scornfully, "that the men who have been ready to assume arms in my behalf, will atone for their treason to the Elector, by delivering me up to the fate for which so many proclamations have destined me? Carry my head to St James's, gentlemen; you will do a more acceptable and a more honourable action, than, having inveigled me into a situation which places me so completely in your power, to dishonour yourselves by propositions which dishonour me."

"My God, Sire!" exclaimed Sir Richard, clasping his hands together, in impatience, "of what great and inexpiable crime can your Majesty's ancestors have been guilty, that they have been punished by the infliction of judicial blindness on their whole generation!—Come, my Lord ——, we must to our friends."

"By your leave, Sir Richard," said the young nobleman, "not till we have learned what measures can be taken for his Majesty's personal safety."

"Care not for me, young man," said Charles Edward; "when I was in the society of Highland robbers and cattle-drovers, I was safer than I now hold myself among the representatives of the best blood in England.—Farewell, gentlemen! I will shift for myself."

"This must never be," said Redgauntlet. "Let me, that brought you to the point of danger, at least provide for your safe retreat."

So saying, he hastily left the apartment, followed by his nephew. The Wanderer, averting his eyes from Lord —— and Sir Richard Glendale, threw himself into a seat at the upper end of the apartment, while they, in much anxiety, stood together, at a distance from him, and conversed in whispers.

We fairly confess, that we have given the above extract for a special purpose; certainly not because we deem it the happiest or best we could have culled; but it would be the very climax of absurdity to quote largely from a work which must be perused by all the world, ere our desultory remarks see the light.

Though somewhat too furious a Jacobite, everybody will, of course, admire the gallant bearing and intrepid self-devotion of Hugh Redgauntlet. It was one of the characteristics of that unhappy party, and reflects immortal honour on their memory, whatever may be thought of their principles, that never men acted from motives more perfectly generous or disinterested.—Disinterested did we say? Nay, in the very teeth of every thing which interest, in its broadest and most comprehensive sense implies; and it appears to have been the author's object to give, as it were, a complete impersonation of that devoted and self-sacrificing spirit of loyalty which, had it been directed, in the first instance, even by ordinary talents and courage, must have been crowned with success. In this he has fully succeeded. The contempt we may feel for Charles will never lessen our admiration of Redgauntlet.

Among the secondary characters, the psalm-singing scoundrel Turnpenny and Nanty Ewart, the skipper of the smuggling lugger, are drawn with the freest and boldest pencil; the latter being a personage of a totally different cast from that Dutch-built brute Dick Hatterick. Joshua Geddes and his sister are quite inimitable in their way, and sketched by so delicate and kindly a hand withal, that the Society of Friends, could they be persuaded to countenance an act of such venial idolatry, ought incontinent to cause a bust of the author of Waverley to be erected in their places of spiritual converse. The hero is, as usual, an absolute ninny, drifted about by every wind that blows, and, in point of real importance, is not a tenth-rate person in the scene. His friend, young Fairford, is also a common-place lad, not much above the ordinary calibre of the *togati,* with which the Outer-House is now, thanks be to the gods, so plentifully stocked; while his father, with a full share of the stiffness and formality of the last age, and not a little of the worldly wisdom for which his profession generally get credit, exhibits at the same time so much shrewdness, mingled with an unique sort of bonhommie, that we consider him a very favourably-drawn, but faithful representative, of the well-employed Lawyer of the Eighteenth Century.

But we must now draw these hasty remarks to a close. From what we have said, it will be apparent that we do not consider "Redgauntlet" as equal to the best, and as certainly not the worst of this author's productions. It bears certain marks of carelessness and haste, which we will not stay to particularize, though they will be obvious enough to an attentive reader; but it also contains scenes of such overmastering power, as to atone for all these and a thousand other faults; and, which is most wonderful of all, adds several new characters to the magnificent gallery already furnished out by the genius of the Author of Waverley.

Love and Life.

WHEN Life was young, and Love was new,
The prospect to my glistening eye
Seem'd fair as yonder mountain blue,
That rises in the sun-bright sky;
Around me smil'd perennial green,
Enrich'd with many a flowret fair,
And Mary smil'd like Eden's queen,
The sweetest, loveliest, blossom there;
I forward glanced with raptur'd view,
When Life was young and Love was new.

Though all around conspir'd to please,
Although my heart beat high with glee,
Health breathing in the mountain breeze,
Yet still I thought of bliss to be:
The birds that warbled in the vale,
The earth below, the heavens above,
Glad Echo floating on the gale,
All spoke the young delights of Love,
And bade me still that path pursue,
While Life was young and Love was new.

How blithe I brush'd the dews of morn,
And gladly hail'd the evening hour,
When thou would'st seek the blooming thorn,
Or meet me in the birchen bower!
Resplendent shone the evening star,
And fair the purple twilight sky,—
Thy virgin blush was lovelier far,
And brighter shone thy melting eye!
How lightly then our moments flew,
When Life was young and Love was new!

Yes, softly trod the light-heel'd hours,
On carpet wove in Fancy's loom;
And Hope bestrew'd our path with flowers,
Of fragrant amaranthine bloom;
A cloudless sky serenely bright,
A halcyon sea and crystal stream,
A halo of celestial light,
And all that youthful lovers dream,
With magic hand her pencil drew,
When Life was young and Love was new.

Our feet to Hymen's fane were led,
Our brows with myrtle chaplets crown'd,
While hallow'd light its lustre shed,
And young Love scatter'd rose-buds round:
Thus, in the bloom of health and youth,
Our souls alive to love and joy,
With hearts entwin'd in wedded truth,
Our bliss was pure, without alloy;
'Twas then we felt Hope's promise true,
When Life was young and Love was new.

Time seem'd to tread with feet of down,
The torch of Hymen burning bright;
Year after year had o'er us flown,
And we unconscious of their flight;
Love on thy lip, so sweetly smil'd,
Thy blushing cheek so richly glow'd,
Thy every glance like morning mild,
Like music every accent flow'd;
Though years had pass'd, no change I knew;
Still Life was young and Love was new.

Domestic bliss was in its noon,
The tender mother, faithful wife,
Now blended with the heavenly boon,
The mingled cares of wedded life:
And sickness came—and smiles and tears
Would light and dim the anxious eye;
And joy and grief, and hopes and fears,
As clouds glide o'er an April sky;
But still, though fled, their rainbow hue,
Our Lives were young, our Loves were new.

Alternately we've watch'd and slept,
Till hope had from our bosoms fled,
In secret sigh'd, in silence wept,
And mingled tears together shed:
And we have both devoutly kneel'd,
With grateful hearts, for comfort given,
Have bless'd the hand our griefs that heal'd,
And pour'd our orisons to Heaven,
For mercies neither small nor few,
Since Life was young and Love was new.

Now, Time has wav'd his magic wand,
And planted wrinkles on thy brow;
Has touch'd thy cheek with icy hand,
And chill'd its once enlivening glow;
And he has dimm'd those orbs so bright,
That once on me so sweetly shone;
I still enjoy their gentle light,
Though fainter far than I have known,
When swimming in etherial dew,
When Life was young and Love was new.

Although thou still art dear, I sigh
When musing, sad, on what I've seen,
And feel a change, which tells that I
No longer am what I have been;
For ever fled each youthful grace,
The raptur'd reign of passion o'er,
The glowing blush on beauty's face,
Can warm the wither'd heart no more;
We've bid a long and last adieu
To much that charm'd when Love was new.

Though gath'ring clouds obscure the sky,
And Fortune's sun forget to shine;
We'll see the shades of evening nigh,
Nor vainly o'er our fate repine;
Though friends may turn aside, or change,
With cold neglect, or secret scorn,
Why should we think such conduct strange?
When ever fled our sunny morn?
We saw them smile—a venal crew!
When Life was young and Love was new.

Though Time has years around us roll'd,
And Life is now no longer young,
Our hearts have never yet been cold,
Nor mute Affection's tuneful tongue;
Although the blast of Winter blows,
And frosty age has chill'd the frame,
Love's hallow'd fire still fondly glows,
Although it burns with fainter flame;
Our hearts were not more kind and true,
When Life was young and Love was new.

Why should my bosom e'er be sad
When thou art by, to smile on me?
Life still has bliss to make me glad,
While I can share that bliss with thee:
We cannot now recall the past,
Nor change the hue of Autumn sere;
We cannot hush the distant blast,
Whose howlings tell of winter near;
But we can still the scenes review
When Life was young and Love was new.

We'll think of that bright sunny morn
When Life and Love were in their spring,
When roses bloom'd without a thorn,
And Fancy plum'd her airy wing;
We'll talk of all that join'd to charm,
When light we trod the daisied glen;
Till with the fond remembrance warm,
We live these guileless joys again,
That early bliss our bosoms knew,
When Life was young and Love was new.

Though we may fall in Fortune's strife,
We will not fly before the foe;
But struggling, stem the storms of life,
Rude blasts, which soon must overblow:
Though swelling seas may rage and foam,
And toss our bark upon the wave,
We yet shall find a shelt'ring home—
A haven of rest, beyond the grave;
And bid each earthly grief adieu,
Where Life and Love are ever new!

NUGÆ CAMBRICÆ.

Oswestry.

Oswestry, in Shropshire, was one of the chief border towns on the Welsh frontier, and has witnessed more of the barbarous and sanguinary ferocity of the rough mountaineers in time of old, than any other town in England—not excepting even Shrewsbury itself. Being one of the principal manors of the Marches of Wales, its inhabitants, during that gloomy period which intervened between the Conquest and the Union of the Principality, were in a state of continual peril, from the wild and daring incursions of the Welsh borderers. And even long subsequent to the Union, the Oswestrians, and their contumacious neighbours, actuated by that terrible enmity which burnt so long unquenched between them, took every opportunity of plundering and harassing one another. Nay, this system of mutual robbery and rapine became generally prevalent, in a greater or less degree, throughout the whole extent of the Marches; and it appears to have continued without any very mature intermission, to a comparatively late period. Indeed, the merciless laws which were of necessity enacted against the Welsh after the conquest of their country, and the unendurable oppression exercised by the Lords Marchers, were not calculated to allay the proud and impetuous animosity of the mountaineers. To expect mildness, and courtesy, and implicit obedience, from those to whom neither mildness nor courtesy was shewn, were infinitely absurd and futile—(the Indian might just as well look for tameness and submission from the roused and irritated lion); and although the Welsh had become thus justly reduced to bondage and subjection, by the weakness of their Princes, still no one can censure them for their stubborn opposition to the tyrannic cruelty of their conquerors.

Circumstanced, therefore, as these two people were, each considered as goods lawfully obtained every thing which they could seize in each others territory; they, therefore, took such precautions as both sides considered most conducive to the preservation of their property. The dwellings of the English were surrounded by moats, and defended by palisadoes; and their horses and cattle were driven every night into the fence thus constructed. For the intimidation of their predatory opponents, a gallows was erected in every frontier manor, and if any Welshman was heedless enough to be captured beyond the line of demarcation, he was immediately hanged on the said gallows, and there suspended *in terrorem* till another victim was ready to supply his place. Every town within the Marches had also a horseman, ready equipped " with sworde and speare," who was maintained for the express purpose of apprehending these marauders. On the other hand, the Welsh trusted for their defence to the intricacies of their deep woods, and to the ruggedness of their mountain fastnesses; and they put in force the *lex talionis*, whenever an opportunity occurred, to its fullest and most rigorous extent.

These contests and robberies—for such in fact they were—were in full vogue so late as the sixteenth century; and in 1534, the stewards, constables, and lieutenants, of Oswestry and Powis Castles, entered into a compact, to endeavour to restrain, in their own districts, these licentious and unruly practices. It was accordingly agreed, that if, after a certain day then appointed, any individual of either of these lordships committed felony in any other, he should be arrested and sent to the lordship where the offence had been committed—there to be duly punished; and that if any goods or cattle were stolen from the one lordship, and conveyed into the other, the tenants or inhabitants of that lordship should either pay for the same, within fifteen days, or otherwise four of their principal men should remain in bail, or main-prize, till the property was paid for or recovered. It does not appear, however, that the exertions of these officers effectually annihilated these " detestable melefacts," as they have been called; for amongst the records of the Draper's Company of Shrewsbury, there is the following minute: " 25, Elizabeth, anno 1583. Ordered, that no draper set out for Oswestry on Mondays, before six of the clocke in the morning, on forfeiture of 6s. 8d., and that they weare their weapons all the waye, and goe in companie. Not to go over the Welsh Bridge* before the bell toll six." It is further stated, that " William Jones, Esq. left to the saide Companie £.1. 8s. 6d., to be paid annuallie, to the Vicar of St. Alkemands', for reading prayers on Mondaye mornings, before the drapers set out for Oswestry market."

Like all other border towns of any magnitude, Oswestry was defended by a castle: it was also fortified by four gates and a wall. The gates, with the exception of one, are still entire, and are called the New-gate, the Willow-gate, and Beatrice-gate. The last is a handsome building, with a guard-room on both sides, and over it are the arms of the Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel, with a lion rampant for the crest. It was probably built by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, in the begining of the reign of Henry IV., who named it in honour of his wife, Beatrice, a natural daughter of the King of Portugal. Over the Newgate is the figure of a horse in full speed, with an oaken bough in his mouth. There is a tradition, that this equestrian effigy bears allusion to the famous breed of horses for which Powis Land was so renowned, and which was derived from some fine Spanish stallions introduced into this part of the country by Robert de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury.

According to the Welsh historians, the castle was founded in 1148, by Meredydd ab Bleddyn, Prince of Powis; but the English attribute its erection to Alan, a noble Norman, who came over in the train of the Conqueror. It was a fortress of great strength and extent, and had its *ballium*, or yard, (comprehending that part of the town now called the Bailey-head,)—its *barbican*, or outer-gate, where the poor and maimed were usually relieved,—and its chapels, placed at a short distance from the main entrance, and dedicated to St. Nicholas. A curious fact, connected with the history of this castle, illustrates the rude barbarism of the times in rather a forcible manner. In the year 1414, a complaint was made to the Archbishop of Canterbury, by Llewelyn ab Gruffydd ab Madog, against the constable of Oswestry Castle, *for compelling him to put to death two young noblemen*, in derogation of their high birth and extraction; which disgrace, observes the Welsh Prince, their parents would not have undergone for *three hundred pounds Sterling!* He complains, also, that the said constable, a despot worthy enough in his way, had twice unjustly imprisoned sixty of his men, extorting from each ten shillings for his liberation.

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* This was an old bridge over the Severn, on the west, or Welsh side of Shrewsbury. It was defended by a tower at each end, for the prevention of any attack from the Welshmen. It has been long since superseded by a neat modern structure.

It will be naturally supposed, that, situated as Oswestry was, it was exposed to numerous disasters. In 1216, King John ordered it to be plundered and destroyed, because its inhabitants had refused to interfere in his dispute with the Barons. It experienced a similar fate in the reign of Henry III., during an incursion of the Welsh. In the beginning of the 15th century, it was again burnt and plundered by some of Owain Glyndwr's followers; and since that period, it has suffered dreadfully from three extensive conflagrations. In 1542, two long streets were consumed: two years after, there was a fire even more destructive than this; and in 1567, two hundred houses were burnt to the ground in only two hours—namely, between two and four in the morning. Considering the tumultuous state of this part of the country, it is but fair to infer that these latter calamities were the premeditated work of some of the Welsh freebooters.

There are few places thus more interesting, in a retrospective point of view, than the town of Oswestry. The associations connected with it are, it is true, deeply imbued with blood and slaughter; but its history would afford a faithful portrait—horrid and sanguinary though it be—of the state of Wales before its Union with England. Even its very name arose from the ashes of a slaughtered prince. In the year 642, a battle was fought near the town, (then called Maeserfield,) by Oswald, the brave and generous King of Northumberland, and Penda, the ferocious monarch of Mercia. Oswald was defeated, and fell in the field of battle, and Penda, with blood-thirsty barbarity, fixed his mangled limbs on stakes, as so many trophies of his victory [*].

Cujus et abcissum caput abcissos que lacertos,
Et tribus affixos palis pendere cruentos
Penda jubet: per quod reliquis exempta relinquat
Terroris manifesta sui, Regemque beatum
Esse probet miserum: sed causam fallit utramque,
Ultor enim fratris minime timet Oswinsillum,
Immo timere facit, nec Rex miser, immo beatus
Est, qui fonte boni fruitur semel et sine fine.

Thus the place was called *Tre Oswald* [†], or Oswald's Town, and subsequently Oswestry.

Lords Marchers.

The foundation of the Marches of Wales is an interesting point in the history of the Welsh, especially where we take into consideration the natural result of such a creation, and the politic motives which first gave origin to it [‡]. When William the Norman had subdued the Saxons, he was desirous of extending his power to the more remote and inaccessible parts of the island. Wales, therefore, became an object of attainment to the Conqueror, and he gave, accordingly, to several of the Norman lords, as much land on the borders of Wales as they could "win from the Welshmen;" thereby providing for the majority of his followers a tolerable portion of territory and power; and, by a master-stroke in policy, opposing to the Welsh a barrier not easily broken. His successors followed his example; and the lands thus granted were called Lordships, or Baronies' Marches, and were holden

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[*] In number 1981 of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, is the following note: "There was an old oake lately in Maesburie, within the parish of Oswestrie, whereon one of King Oswald's armes hung, say the neigbours by tradition."

[†] *Tre*, or *Trev*, in Welsh, signifies a town, which is always prefixed, according to the Welsh idiom, to other words.

[‡] There is a passage in Lampridius, which leads one to think that a similar policy was adopted on the Scottish Border.

in capite of the King of England, as of the crown immediate, by serving the sovereign in his wars with a certain number of men. The lords were also bound to garrison their castles with sufficient men and munition, "for the keeping of the King's enemies in subjection."

That the Lords Marchers might better govern the people within their respective baronies, they were endowed with such prerogative and authority as were most fit for the quiet and effectual government of the country. To this end, a kind of palatine court was established in each lordship, with full power to administer justice, and to execute its decrees in the territories dependent upon it. But they did not hold this authority under any grant from the crown; it was only for the present connived at by the prince, and arose, as a wise measure, out of their peculiar situations. "No record," says our authority, "is to be found in the Tower of London, or elsewhere, of any grant to be a Lordship Marcher in Wales. The King's writs, out of the Courts at Westminster, did not run into Wales, excepting Pembrokeshire, which was counted part of England, and called Little England, beyond Wales. Nor were there any sheriffs to execute such writs: but the lords did execute laws themselves over the people which they subdued, which the King permitted for a time.

"No charters of these liberties could conveniently be granted, for three reasons:—

"1. The kings of England did not know beforehand what lands a lord should conquer, or whether he should conquer any; and therefore could not grant any liberties within a certain precinct or territory.

"2. The lords, after their conquest of any country, were not overhasty to purchase any charter; because they were not sure but that those lands might be restored, by composition between the kings of England and the princes of Wales, as they sometimes were; or they might be recovered by force, and the lords expelled. But,

"3. The learned say, that the Lords Marchers had no charters of such liberties, because the liberties were of so high a nature, so royal, and so united to the crown, that, by the law, it was not in the King's power to grant them from the crown *."

But although the Lords Marchers possessed no royal charter, they had full license to exercise their own free will and power over their vassals, and those whom they had conquered. They used, of course, the laws of England, in cases where it was necessary; and the King being supreme lord, reference was made to the English courts of law whenever their own jurisdiction failed. It appears, however, that they suffered the ancient tenants to retain some of the old Welsh laws; such as the use of gavel-kind, for parting lands equally among brothers, and the passing of lands by surrender in court. "And for this," says the manuscript already cited, "in many lordships there was a Welsh court for the Welshmen, called *Welchrie*, and another for the English, called *Englishrie.*" In some lordships the lands were divided by gavel-kind, but passed by feoffments, from whence comes "English honure, and Welsh dole. And the lords had the wardship of all the brethren, as if they had been sisters." Thus were the Lords Marchers vested with the most arbitrary authority: the power of life and death was placed in their hands, and they were neither sparing nor merciful in the exercise of their powerful prerogative.

No Lord Marcher was without a castle, and a sufficient garrison, to suppress such of the Welsh as should annoy the King's subjects, and therefore all castles had towns close to them, inhabited by English. And by 4 Henry IV. c. 32, it was enacted, that castles and walled towns in Wales should be possessed by valiant *Englishmen*, strangers to the seigniories. The charters of those

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* This latter reason is probably the most forcible, although the lords of the counties Palatine of Chester, Durham, and Lancaster, possessed these *jura regalia*, or, so they were called in these instances, *jura palatii*, (unde *Palatine.*) The authority quoted in the text is a rare manuscript treatise of the Lordships Marchers, written in 1740, and compiled with much accuracy and care.

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towns gave great liberty to the English; but no Welshman might be a burgess, or purchase any land therein. It was also enacted, that no Welshman should have any castle or fortress, "saving such as was in the time of Edward the First, except bishops and temporal lords." The more to encourage the English to conquer Wales, the kings of England created them peers of the realm, by the name of Lords Baron of those places which they conquered. Their number was formerly twenty-one, but they are now reduced to only one, namely, Abergavenny. The others lost their name and place, by coming either to the crown, or to lords who had other places and titles. The castles in Wales were about one hundred and forty-three.

In consequence, therefore, of this policy, a large extent of territory, which had formerly belonged to the Welsh, now became annexed to England; and we have seen that no means were left unadopted to secure the territories thus obtained to the English crown, or its satellites.

At the conquest of Wales, by Edward the First, the power of the Lords Marchers was somewhat restricted; and in the reign of Edward the Fourth, the government of the Marches was vested in a Lord President, and a Council, consisting of the Chief Justice of Chester, and the three other judges of Wales. In cases of extreme importance and emergency, other persons were appointed to decide the question. The Lords Marchers, however, and all their despotism, were abolished by the union statute of Henry the Eighth, and their territories became annexed partly to England, and partly to Wales; the President and Council were, nevertheless, allowed to hold their offices as before, and their general court was holden at Ludlow. But in 1689, and not till then, their power ceased altogether, and the Marches, with the other parts of the Principality, participated in the government and jurisdiction of England.

Harlech Castle.

One of the principal *lions* in Merionethshire is the old and ruinous Castle of Harlech, which is situated on a lofty rock, jutting into the beautiful but dangerous Bay of Cardigan, and at the extremity of one of the most miserable hamlets in the united kingdom. But a journey thither from Barmouth, or Dolgelley, (to which the traveller may return the same day,) will amply repay the toil of travelling through a part of the country where Nature has been wonderfully assiduous to place every mechanical obstacle in the wanderer's way. The road from Dolgelley to Barmouth (a distance of ten miles) is good enough, but beyond the latter, a person must not yet expect to find any of the salutary effects of the improving system of reform of our worthy friend, James Loudon MacAdam, whose innovations, we are happy to find, are extending rapidly through the kingdom, having already penetrated as far as that large mass of Raither's cement and cast-iron pillars, called the Quadrant, in Regent Street.

But the traveller should really visit Harlech, as the castle is one of the most entire in North Wales; and, next to that of Caernarvon, certainly the most interesting in an historical point of view. It was here that the beautiful Bronwen, or the White-necked, resided. She was sister to Bran the Blessed, King of Britain, and father of Caractacus; and tradition reports, that having married an Irish prince, named Matholwch, she quitted the cloud-capt mountains of her native isle, to reside in the domains of her husband. Here she experienced strife and ill-usage, instead of good-will, peace, and affection; and so she left Green Erin in disdain, and sought once more her native land. But her happiness was gone for ever; and gazing day by day towards the country she had left, she pined and pined away, till the grave closed at last over the sorrows of her wounded affections *.

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* This is one version of the fact; but another states, that she received from Matholwch and his people divers indignities, and at last a blow from her husband. This she spiritedly resented, fled to Wales, and compelled her brother to avenge her wrongs

The castle, however, now called *Twr Bronwen*, or Bronwen's Tower, a name which it retained for many succeeding generations. It subsequently became the residence of a renowned warrior prince, called Collwyn ab Tango, one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, and Lord of Evionydd, Ardudwy, and part of Llyn. From him the castle got the name of *Caer Collwyn*, or Collwyn's Fortress; and the remains of the old square tower in which he dwelt are still visible, among the more recent structure of the rest of the building.

The present castle is the work of Edward the First, and is a noble square building, with a round tower at each corner, and one on each side of the entrance, with elegant turrets issuing out of the great rounders, like those of his other castles of Conway and Caernarvon. It was completed before the year 1283, for we find that a hundred pounds was the annual salary of Hugh de Wlonkestow the constable*; but it was afterwards reduced; for it appears that the annual-fee was only twenty-six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence; and, in some accounts, fifty pounds, which probably included also the captaincy of the town. The whole garrison, at the same time, consisted of only twenty soldiers, whose annual pay amounted to a hundred and forty pounds. The present constable is our excellent and most worthy friend, Sir Robert Vaughan, whose salary is fifty pounds a-year, payable out of the revenues of North Wales.

In the wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster,

——when here a white,
And there a blood-red rose, with deadly fragrance
Madden'd all the land,

Harlech castle was possessed by Dafydd ab Jevan ab Tinion, a strong friend of the house of Lancaster, and distinguished as much by his valour as his goodly personage and great stature. He was besieged here by William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who is said to have slain with his own hand, at one table, no less a number than one hundred and forty individuals. This heroic nobleman, after a march through the heart of the British Alps, attended with incredible and incalculable difficulties and dangers, at length invested himself of a fortress till that time deemed impregnable. Pembroke committed the direction of the siege to his brother, Sir Richard, a hero equal in bulk and prowess to the English commander. Sir Richard, in consequence, sent a summons of surrender; but Dafydd stoutly answered it, by saying, "that he had kept a castle in France so long that all the old women in Wales talked of him; and that he would now keep this Welsh fortress so long that all the old women in France should talk of him;" and it was not till famine had subdued the energies of his little band that he did surrender, and even then he obtained terms of the most honourable nature. It appears that these terms were settled by Sir Richard Herbert, who engaged to save Dafydd's life, and that of his brave followers, by interceding with his cruel master, Edward the Fourth. The King at first refused his request; but Sir Richard, with all the sturdy bluntness of a soldier, told him that he had pledged his honour for the safety of the Welsh captain, and that therefore his life was sacred. At the same time, he freely told his Highness, that his own head was at the King's disposal, and that it might be taken instead of the Welsh chieftain's; but if his Highness did not please to listen to his intercession, he would most assuredly replace Dafydd in the castle, and the King might send whom he pleased to take him out again. This prevailed; but Sir Richard received no other reward for his service †.

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by war. The blow, therefore, is called in the Triads of the Isle of Britain, (which we shall presently introduce to our readers,) "One of the three mischievous blows of Britain."

* Aytoffe's Welsh Chronicle, 92.

† Life of Lord Herbert of Chisbury, 7, 8. The whole of this heroic band consisted of only fifteen persons, including their gallant leader, Dafydd; and this small force was opposed to several hundred English!

Harlech castle also afforded an asylum to Margaret of Anjou, who fled to it in 1460, after the unfortunate battle of Northampton. She first retreated to Coventry, and from thence to this fortress; after a short stay here, she went to Scotland, and collecting her friends in the north, poured all her vengeance on her great enemy, the Duke of York, at the battle of Wakefield. In the civil wars of the Commonwealth, it experienced some few vicissitudes. It was well defended by a Major Hugh Pennant, till he was deserted by his men. It was finally taken in March 1647 by General Mytton, when a Mr William Owen was governor, and the garrison consisted of only twenty-eight men. It had the honour of surrendering on articles, and of being the last fortress in North Wales which held out for the King. It is also said to have been the last in England and Wales which held out for the House of Lancaster.

Such is Harlech castle, a fortress which was constructed with every assistance from nature for its impregnability. On one side of it was the sea; on the other a prodigious fosse, cut with vast labour, in the hard and solid rock;—and although centuries have passed by since it was originally erected, its massive architecture has, for the most part, withstood the effects of time; and it presents, even now, a grand, and powerful, and stupendous monument of the English conqueror's policy and power.

Ascent of Cader Idris.

In a former paper, we gave a topographical and traditional account of Cader Idris. The following brief narrative of an excursion to the summit of the mountain is from the same source as that which supplied our ramble on Towyn—the journal, namely, of a friend.

"The party intending to ascend Cader comprised only the junior part of the family,—including the young ladies, an English gentleman of the name of Harper, and myself; and, when the day destined for our jaunt arrived, we left Garthynghared, eight in number, at nine A. M.,—the ladies on horseback, and the gentlemen on foot, accoutred in light fustian jackets, straw hats, and stout shoes. It was a lovely morning as we traversed the dark heather hills which rise behind the comfortable mansion from which we set out: not a cloud was there to dim the azure of the heavens, and the morning sun shone bright on the green valleys beneath us.

"The distance from Garthynghared to Cader Idris is nearly ten miles, through tracts as rugged and desolate as the scenery by which they are encompassed is bold and romantic. Persons unaccustomed to such wild scenes, would be astonished to see with what facility and adroitness the Welsh horses climb the highest ascents; and they would be equally amazed at the fortitude and dexterity of the mountain-nymphs who guide them. For my part, I was not a little surprised to find that our fair companions had been carried by their ponies to the very summit of Cader Idris. I believe the young mountaineers anticipated much entertainment from the adventures of Mr Harper and myself, whom they considered, in every sense of the term, legitimate subjects of the kingdom of Cockaigne, and consequently little accustomed to scale precipices and ford bogs; and, in good truth, they were not greatly disappointed. Our frequent and loud lamentations of the ruggedness of the road, the oppressive heat of the day, and the toilsome length of our walk, certainly displayed our tourist qualifications in no very favourable light, and continually provoked the merriment of our more nimble and hardy companions. But the first five or six miles were by far the best and easiest; the nearer we approached the mountain, the more rough, rugged, and difficult became the path; and by the time we arrived at the base of Cader, and prepared to ascend, I looked forward to many a dire mishap before we gained the summit of the gloomy crags which beetled high in the heavens above us. Disencumbering ourselves of our jackets, Mr Harper and I followed Mr Edward Owen, (his brother having undertaken to escort the ladies by a smoother, though longer path,) up the side of the mountain,—briskly, indeed, and cheerfully, but encountering many impediments by the way. At one moment we bounced suddenly and forcibly against pieces of rock that jutted out of the earth, and were concealed from our sight by heath or other brushwood; at another, we sunk up to the waist in excavations formed by Nature, in the aclivity which we were ascending; and every now and then a pretty audible murmur would escape us, as we extricated ourselves from the one, or recovered from the discomposure occasioned by the other. At length we gained an eminence which I had taken, or rather mistaken, for the summit of the mountain. 'That,' said our conductor, however, when we arrived here, and pointing to a huge misshapen mass of rock, still about half a mile distant, 'that is Pen y Cader;' and we accordingly strode manfully onwards, and speedily terminated our pilgrimage for a while, by reaching the summit, where we were soon joined by the rest of our party. But it was the last effort of our exertion. The summit once gained, we seated ourselves on the ground, in a state of complete exhaustion.

"After resting a while, we rose to look around us, and we acknowledged ourselves amply repaid for the fatigue we had experienced, by the beauty and grandeur of the scenery before us. Mountain beyond mountain rose in the distance beneath us, and bounded our prospects in one direction, while it was terminated in another by a broad and beautiful expanse of ocean, shining brightly in the morning sun-beam. Beneath us also rolled many a volume of cloud-like mist; and in the distance were towns, villages, rivers, and lakes uncountable, submitted unobscured to our view; and we remained for a long time gazing on the magnificent scenes which our elevated situation commanded, and which the transparent atmosphere of a beautifully clear day enabled us to see to the best possible advantage.

Having satisfied ourselves with viewing the different prospects on the mountain, we repaired to a well affording most delicious water, and situated a little way down the northern declivity. We soon reached it, and opening a basket of *provant* which we had brought with us, we seasoned a very hearty meal, quite in the Arcadian fashion, with copious and frequent draughts of the pure beverage of this Cambrian Helicon. When we found ourselves sufficiently refreshed, we prepared to depart, Mr Harper and myself accompanying our former conductor, and the ladies again placing themselves under the guardianship of Mr William Owen. Our guide led the way down one of the most rugged passes in the mountain, namely, that known by the name of *Llwybr Madyn*, or the Fox's Path. The reasons which induced us thus fearlessly to encounter the perils of Llwybr Madyn were two-fold. *First,* we should save at least two miles of the road; a point well worthy the attention of those who travel the wild hills of Merionethshire. *Second,* one part of the Llwybr affords a very fine echo. Under these circumstances, then, we commenced our descent with cheerfulness, and with abundance of alacrity. If we found the task of ascending laborious, that of descending was equally so, and fraught with far more danger. The extent of Llwybr Madyn I should imagine to be nearly two miles; and the declivity is extremely steep, and covered in many places with loose slate, which a succession of dry weather had rendered exceedingly slippery. Where this slate is not to be found, the sides of the mountain afford growth to heath and gorse, concealing large stones, with which we ever and anon came very forcibly in contact, as we were impelled downwards by the stream of loose stones which we had unwittingly set in motion. In a hollow at the foot of this delectable 'Path,' is a deep and dark pool, into which it is highly probable we should have been precipitated, had we been luckless enough to have made a false step, or acquired too violent an impetus by our hurry to reach the bottom.

"At length we came to the echo, and found ourselves resting under a huge rock, which rose up into the clear blue sky, bearing on its uttermost summit a thin white canopy of mist. Below us were woods, and corn-fields, and mountain-rivulets, with here and there a humble farm-house, just visible by its waving curl of smoke. Occasionally the sharp barking of the sheep-dog reached us on the breeze, and now and then the shrill bleating of the stray sheep, as it sought the flock from which it had been separated. The echo is certainly very fine, and the blast of a small bugle, which Mr Edward Owen sounded, had a most beautiful effect, as it reverberated from point to point, and died away in the distance. It is perhaps worthy of remark, that we saw, as we were descending, two goats, high and hardly discernible among the brown beetling crags above us. These were the only animals of this kind I ever saw in a wild state in Wales; and I am informed, that there are generally two or three to be found among the almost inaccessible cliffs of the '*Fox's Path.*'

" Having descended the pass, we gained something like level ground, in comparison with that which we had just been traversing, and we experienced the comfort of a tolerably smooth road for the remainder of our journey. About half-way between Garthynghared and the foot of the mountain, an elderly peasant, whom we saw at work in a field by the road-side, after the usual salutation, invited us to his cottage, close by, to refresh and rest ourselves. Although he spoke in a language with which I am not very familiar, yet there was an eager earnestness in his manner, which evinced the undisguised sincerity of his intentions, and we did not decline an invitation so *naïve*, yet so cordial. So the ladies, with their conductor, having previously joined us, eight in number, we entered the good man's hut. Our approach disturbed the repose of two very large pigs, who retired from the narrow passage which led into the interior of the building, with audible tokens of displeasure at the intrusion; but we were most heartily welcomed by a very decent-looking old woman, our host's wife,

> '—pia Baucis anus, parilique ætate
> Philemon,'

who hastened to set before us such simple fare as the cottage contained; and a table was quickly spread with oat-cakes and milk, bread, butter, cheese, and *succan* *. It is pleasing to record these unassuming traits of hospitality and simple courtesy. Indeed, among the secluded hills of Wales, as in every other retired pastoral district, the peasantry always evince a readiness to offer the traveller such refreshment as their humble situation affords, and they seek no other recompence save the commendation of their simple and honest hearts. To those who live, as I do, among the turmoil of a populous city, where society is necessarily founded on an artificial basis, and where all the circumspection of self-interest is exercised in the reciprocal returns of compliment and kindness, these little acts of courtesy and pure good-will are doubly gratifying, and deeply impress the minds of those upon whom they are exercised with the liveliest feelings of gratitude and admiration. It will be long ere I forget this mountain-peasant's courtesy, courtesy so unaffected and sincere, and offered with so much unsophisticated good-will, alacrity, and earnestness. It is needless to add, that we all left the cottage highly delighted, and no one more so than the writer of these recollections.

" We reached Garthynghared at six in the evening, and our fatigue may be partly estimated, when it is known that we were absent about nine hours, two-thirds of which time, allowing three hours for our stay on the mountain, and one sojourning at the cottage, were spent in walking; besides, the paths we traversed were far from smooth;—but the capital *Cwrw* of our host, and a supper which would have done credit to Dr Kitchener himself, soon reinstated us all in our usual vigour; and we all rose with the lark on the following morning, for the purpose of visiting some of the other remarkable scenes in this romantic and beautiful country."

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* A kind of very small beer usually drank by the common people in Wales, and not very unlike cyder in flavour.

The Forest.

The forest leaves begin to fall,
The forest flowers are faded all,
And through its waving boughs we hear
The sighs of the departing year.
No more within its sheltering breast
The hunter lays him down to rest,
And of the chase, at noontide, dreams
Along its still and twilight streams.
No more its hermit-haunts among
The mavis wakes her fitful song,
But hollow blasts, and rushing showers,
Sound sadly through its fading bowers,
And on the wild and stormy gale
Unearthly voices seem to sail!

With spur, and lash, and foamy rein,
A traveller skirts its drear domain;
A moment breathes his panting steed,
And seems as doubting to proceed,
For near a Baron's hall arose,
That offer'd shelter and repose;
And in the dim and doubtful light,
The pine was nodding to the night.
The die is cast—the lash resounds—
The courser through the desert bounds;
Another glimpse, and all is gloom—
The forest hides him in its womb;
A while upon the gathering blast
The thunders of his tread are cast;
Now faints into an echo's tone—
A whisper now—and all is gone!

Oh! speed thee, for thy way is far,
And not a solitary star
Shall twinkle through the sombre woods,
To cheer the pathless solitudes
That stretch between thee and thy home,
Where ghastly spectres nightly roam—
Where yelling wolves have left their lairs,
And murder o'er the desert glares.
Oh! speed thee on thy dreary flight!
The wilds once past, thy cottage light
Shall rise to guide thy darkling way—
The house-dog hail thee with his bay;
E'en now, to cheer thy late return,
The evening fire begins to burn;
Thy listening mate now deems the beat
Of her own heart thy coming feet,
Till, cheated oft, she heaves a sigh,
And feels the tear-drop in her eye.

On—on he thunders far and fast,
The trees like giants reeling past;
Away—away—he soon shall gain,
Once more, the wide and woodless plain!
Ah, no!—still lengthens far and wide,
The wilderness on every side:
His path is lost, and o'er the night
The tempest revels in its might,
And roars amidst the ghostly gloom,
As if its voice would wake the tomb
With whirlwind, thunder-clap, and speat,
That sounds like thousand rushing feet;
And as the torrents downward dash,
The trees reply with groan and crash;
The startled steed, in foam of fear,
Flies faster on his far career;
The sod in showers behind him cast,
As, phantom-like, he rushes past!

But reeking with his fearful race,
At last he slackens in his pace,
And scarce his weary limbs can trail,
That waver in the wintry gale,
When, blest as beacon-beam may be
To them who roam the roaring sea,
The pale, benighted Traveller sees
A lone light glimmering through the
trees,—
Where now the wished-for place of rest
Receives its weary, wandering guest;
And he—his perils all forgot—
Shall bliss the woodman's lowly cot.

'Twas midnight—still that beacon smil'd
A pale light o'er a pathless wild;
Another wanderer hail'd its ray,
A pilgrim who had lost his way;
When on the gust that rose and fell—
Like wailing harp in fitful swell—
A long, loud shriek, which seem'd the
last,
Ere yet a parting Spirit past,
Dark hint of midnight murder gave,
And came in time the wretch to save,
And scare him from the robber's den,
The snare of night-bewildered men!
'Tis morn—but from yon lonely cot,
Where Traveller enter'd, comes he not;
He wakes not with the waning night,
He wakes not with the eye of light;
The sunbeam sports upon the wall,
But Slumber heeds not morning's call.
'Tis noon—methinks he lingers late;
He comes not yet from that low gate;—
He never came—no search avails;
The forest tells no secret tales;
No traces left—his fate unfold,
Save what the passing Pilgrim told!

TRAVELLING REMINISCENCES.

No. I.

Germany—Griffenstein Castle, and Cœur de Lion.

It is the moral which gives beauty and interest to the material world. The most lovely or the most sublime views of mere external nature afford not that intellectual pleasure,—excite not those soul-stirring emotions, which humbler and more common scenes awaken in the cultivated mind, when these are associated with the memory of the good, the brave, the wise. Italian landscape thus acquires its peculiar charms; not because its features excel in harmonious combinations of magnificence or of loveliness, but because every spot is rich in the noblest associations,—every object calls forth recollections

> ——di mirabil cose
> Fatte ne l'armi, e ne le sacre muse.

Hence, though American scenery abounds in a greater variety of the grand and the beautiful than is presented in the imagery of the old continent, the traveller, amid the former, is sensible of a mental solitude; —he feels a sad destitution of moral interest; and, surrounded by the majesty of inanimate creation, sighs for the ennobling or endearing relations of human action and of human feeling; both of which, in regions unknown to the muse either of history or of fiction, here desert him. Where Nature thus holds communion with the mind of man, only through the medium of the senses, she is deprived of her most powerful, most grateful influence.

> Look then abroad through Nature, to the range
> Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
> Wheeling unshaken through the void immense,
> And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
> With half that kindling majesty dilate
> Thy strong conception,—as when Brutus rose
> Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
> Amid the crowd of patriots?

Of all these associations, which thus constitute, thus create a deep-felt intelligence between the moral and physical world, the most delightful, perhaps, are those which, amid the scenery of remote countries, unexpectedly recal the remembrance of our own distant home. How pleasing to find ourselves, by some high exploit, or chivalrous character, in our national annals, suddenly introduced as denizens, where we had hitherto believed ourselves strangers! —to discover that men, differing in language, in religion, in all that forms community of sentiment, cherish yet some mutual sympathy which disposes us to claim with them a deeper relationship,—to commute the mere charities of humanity into something resembling fellowship and brotherhood! Such, at least, were the feelings produced in my mind by the knowledge communicated on the spot, that the prison, and the memory of the "lion-hearted Richard," were still preserved, while I had deemed our nationalities disregarded, or confined to my solitary bosom, on the shores of the Danube.

Richard having concluded an honourable truce with Saladin, the Saracen leader, was desirous, during the interval, of returning to England. Anxious to avoid the dominions of his hostile rival, Philip of France, he resolved to pass through Italy; but the ship in which he had sailed from Palestine having been wrecked near Aquileia, he was subsequently obliged, by the pursuit of the Governor of Istria, who had conceived suspicions of his rank, to take the route by Vienna. Here, though in the habit of a pilgrim, the liberal expenditure of the disguised monarch betrayed his quality. Being thus discovered by Leopold, Duke of Austria, whom an insult received from the haughty, but impartial Richard, who would not overlook cowardice, or dishonourable proceedings, though protected by high birth, had rendered his enemy, the magnanimous prince was detained in captivity fourteen months. Respecting the place of his imprisonment history is silent, merely stating that he was confined in a fortress in the heart of Germany. Tradition, however, has not only handed down the memory, but retained the scene of the event; while that veneration for antiquity, in every thing involving the pride of ancestry, which so eminently distinguishes the nobles of Germany, has preserved the identical apartment, and in the very same state as when Cœur de Lion was its inmate. Griffenstein Castle, where our heroic monarch was thus disgracefully imprisoned, is not above fifteen miles from Vienna; yet few Englishmen appear to visit the place, or to be aware of the interesting transactions which occurred within its walls.

In various wanderings over the greater part of Europe, I have never been what Evelyn quaintly terms "a counter of steeples,"—one who appears painfully solicitous to avoid going home without having seen what every one has, and every one may see, and yet be little the wiser, and none the better. To such *tourists* the greatest mortification in the world is to be told, that in such a place they have passed over such or such a church, monastery, palace, or picture; or to be found wrong in a dispute whether the dial-plate of such a clock is square or round. In opposition to these ideas of travelling, it has rather been my object to explore those scenes which elevate the mind by the sublimities of Nature, which illustrate the facts of the historian, and revive the descriptions of the poet. I have loved to linger amid solitudes, "where not a mountain lifts its head unsung," though hitherto unmarked in any "tourist's guide," or "traveller's vademecum." I have delighted to trace, in time-tinted ruins, the refinement of ages long since passed away, and to wander through the silent but revered abodes of

> ——the renowned
> For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
> And all we praise.

Such being my travelling predilections, it may readily be imagined, that the opportunity afforded by a late residence in Vienna was eagerly embraced to make a pilgrimage to the spot thus intimately connected with the memory of a prince, who, in a warlike and romantic age, was the first of warriors, and not the last of poets, who filled Asia with the fame of his personal prowess, and with the gallant achievements of his countrymen. Accordingly, though I had not yet ascended the spire of St. Stephen's, nor visited the "Royal Gardens," nor seen the "Emperor," I had ordered my *kalesche* an hour after day-break, on the third morning from my arrival. I was now prepared to drive from the door of the hotel, without being aware that no intimation had previously been given as to the intended route. Roused from a reverie, by the postilion demanding of my German servant behind, "Wo gehen sie hin?" (Where we were to go?) "Nach Griffenstein," I hastily replied, for the first time perceiving the omission in giving orders. "Ja, mein herr," answered the postilion, adding in an inquiring tone, but evidently desirous of shewing his own learning rather than wishing information as to his office, "das Scholoss des Löwenhertzen Königs von Engelland*;" a circumstance which gave an opportunity of remarking how very generally the traditionary lore connected with this castle must be diffused. Starting at length, we rapidly traversed the lofty, narrow, and still silent streets of Leopoldstadt, for so the old part of Vienna is called,—passed under the gloomy gate where, in the enormous thickness of the wall, the pacing centinel was just discovered by the occasional glance of his arms in the morning ray,—crossed the broad ditch, in many places still half filled up with ruins of bastions, destroyed by the French in 1809,—and clearing the suburbs, gained at last the open country†.

The beautiful and sequestered road which we now pursued, winding up the course of the stream, along the right bank of the Danube, is the direct and only approach to Griffenstein. Six hundred years ago, Richard must have followed the same route,—the same natural objects must have met his gaze and excited his admiration; if, indeed, we can imagine the mind of a captive to be alive to any other feeling than a sense of his own misfortunes! But during this lapse of time, what changes have occurred in the moral aspect of things! And yet even in this respect, compared with the improvement which has obtained in his native kingdom, Richard might easily recognise, in the present, the Austria of the twelfth century.

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* The Castle of Lion-heart, King of England.

† Vienna is completely encircled by its suburbs, between which and Leopoldstadt is an open space not allowed to be built on, which is finely laid out in public walks, and planted with trees.

For the first three miles after leaving Vienna, the road traverses a populous and fertile plain, but as we advance, following the course of the river, the landscape becomes more imposing, and presents bolder, more varied, and highly picturesque views. The open and somewhat monotonous champaign is succeeded by gently-swelling or abruptly-towering hills, sometimes approaching so close to the precipitous bank of the deep and broad stream which flows beneath, as scarcely to admit a passage. Now receding to a distance, we behold, encircled in their green recesses, small cultivated spaces, surrounding a few white-walled cottages, or the grey towers of an ancient abbey, rising in fine contrast above the embowering foliage. Every elevation is richly clothed with wood, and every abrupt turning of the path, as it winds round each advancing base, discloses new, and, as the traveller deems, lovelier prospects, or more romantic combinations. Over this ever-varying scenery on the left, the Danube, pouring its mass of living waters on the right, diffuses a species of animated charm, adding ideas of power and of magnificence, and uniting the sublime with the beautiful. Such, in a high degree, are the effects, when, having accomplished about half the distance, the river which, at Vienna, is separated by intervening islands into different channels, is henceforth beheld flowing onwards in undivided majesty. Amid the current, and far from either shore, as if beyond "humanity's reach," are, at intervals, to be seen two or three solitary beings on a raft, employed in floating down wood, and other commodities, from the more remote districts to the capital. But though we are acquainted with their destination, and aware of their security, we cannot help being struck with their apparently forlorn and perilous situation, gliding silently, but swiftly along, and, to the distant eye, scarcely separated from the whelming element; while themselves and their little huts seem every moment liable to be swept away. Their appearance lends a peculiar interest, and gives a distinctive character to the scene. The solitary traveller, while he gazes, reverts to his own isolated state, and he sighs at the reflection, that such is his separation from the sympathies of the heart, in a foreign land, where

> "None that with kindred consciousness endow'd,
> If *he* were not, would seem to smile the less."

Such, also, to him appears the condition of the friendless adventurer in the voyage of life, who, unprotected and alone, has to combat with its perils.

Through scenery such as now described, we continue to advance, while the road, being considerably elevated, enables the eye to range over the varied and extensive plain which terminates the prospect on the opposite bank of the river. At length the object of the excursion is in view,—Griffenstein Castle is perceived, its square tower and pointed roofs crowning the woody brow of a commanding eminence, which rises abruptly from the very margin of the river. The elevation retiring in front with a circular sweep, leaves an open space for a line of cottages, which irregularly mark its base; and among these is the rustic but not uncomfortable inn, whose wooden balcony almost overhangs the wave which toils below. Here we alight; and the traveller will find, after surveying the romantic environs, that there are many worse things in this world than a dinner and a bottle of Renish, in the balcony of the little inn at Griffenstein.

The castle is attained by a winding path, overcanopied with the birch, the ash, and the holm oak, which suddenly emerges on an open, smooth platform of green sward, running the whole length of the antique building. On gaining this elevated station, the first burst of the prospect, which now lies extended beneath, is truly grand and imposing. In front the eye traverses the broad expanse of the Danube, and beyond, vision is lost in a plain of interminable extent, and of the richest variety in sylvan and cultivated surface; while, at some distance above, the river is seen to divide into numerous branches, forming islets of the liveliest verdure, and finally disappearing like threads of silver in the remote obscurity of the unbroken horizon. Downwards, the view embraces the scenes already admired; behind, mountains rise, woods wave, and dales subside, with intervening glades and vistas, opened by Nature's own hand, and soothing the mind with images of beauty and repose.

The romantic structure, and singular site, next claim our attention, now beginning to disclose their attractions. The castle is small, occupying a rocky and almost insulated platform, precipitous on three sides, but joined by a broad ridge on the other, to the lofty elevation of which it forms a portion. The ground-plan is nearly triangular, the apex being the point nearest the connecting ridge, which is formed by a square tower from fifty to sixty feet high, and about thirty in flank. The two sides nearest the Danube are occupied by lofty narrow buildings, while the third is marked only by a strong and lofty wall, joining the Keep with the other erections. The architecture is rude, but very strong; the only attempt at elegance being displayed in the fretwork of an old window, which admits light into a small Gothic chapel. Throughout their whole extent the walls follow the inequalities of the rocky surface, and the red granite on which they rest shooting upwards its spiry masses to a great distance in their height, seem to incorporate the masonry with the living stone. An air of venerable antiquity surrounds the place, but, with every interesting appearance of great age, we do not discover its more frequent accompaniment—decay. Time has, indeed, marked with many a varied tint the massy Keep and antique battlements, but, as yet, both are unrifted by the flash, and unshattered by the storm. The labours of man seem here destined to outlive many successive productions of nature. In the lapse of centuries, many a series of sylvan births must have flourished and decayed; yet, to judge from the existing condition of things, many successors to the young wood, which at present only surrounds the castle, must, in turn, yield to the effects of age, before the grey walls which now surmount the vigorous shade have bowed beneath the silent flight of years! Shading one angle of the Keep, and here and there in the distance, is still to be seen a half-blighted, moss-grown oak, the lingering remain of a race long extinct, rearing its fantastic and writhed branches through the summer, and waving, with melancholy sound, its thin and scattered foliage. These hardy and long-lived tenants of the soil cannot be regarded as even the nurslings of those whose gnarled boughs overhung the royal captive, as he entered within the very door-way which now admits us.

A green knoll beneath the most aged and nearest of these trees, and fronting the eastern window of the apartment in which Richard was detained, is still pointed out as the seat of the minstrel who first discovered the place of his confinement. The incident, indeed, is discredited by history, but is dear to feeling; and under the influence of those impressions, which the scene is calculated so powerfully to awaken, we love to listen to the long-cherished memorials of romantic tradition, in preference to the colder and more sceptical relation of the historian. We delight, therefore, in believing that we are seated on the same bank where a minstrel once reclined; imagination even carries us back to long past days of poetry, and love, and chivalry; in fancy we view the troubadour advance,—we gaze on his noble air and warlike form, adapted alike to excel,

> "In tented field, or lady's bower,
> In the hall's joy, and danger's hour."

Soft! he assumes his harp,—the fire of genius and of rapt enthusiasm beams from his eyes,—he strikes its chords,—'tis an unusual strain,—but hark! responsive sounds breathe from that high and grated window, far above, within the lofty Keep,—the minstrel starts,—he knows the unseen author of these notes, and gladly, but silently, hails the hand of England's King.

What a singular picture is presented in the manners and pursuits of these troubadours! and what a delightful pause from the disorders, the calamities, and the crime of the period, does not their history afford! as if by one of those charming episodes which abound in the older Epic poets, the mind is refreshed, and the spirit soothed, amid slaughter and bloodshed, by some happy and unforeseen event, introducing descriptions of the most touching tranquillity, innocence, and happiness. How gratifying, also, it must be to that high and noble pride, which the consciousness of talents inspires, to view, amid ignorance, fierceness, and barbarity, a class of men revered for refined and intellectual attainments, and by these alone exercising a commanding influence over their haughty compeers, denied to power, or wealth, or rank! What a glorious superiority is that of intellectual eminence,—to be distinguished in that which constitutes the divinity of our nature! Kings and potentates of the earth may die, and the world inquires not after them; but when a man of genius departs, all seem to mourn the loss of a friend—a brother. Humanity then deplores the fall of an ornament which shed lustre on its weakness. Alas! even now, how strikingly is this melancholy truth illustrated!—while I write, it is within this hour announced, in my secluded retirement, that Byron is no more! And may we not boldly and fearlessly put the question—Breathes there now in Europe the man whose death would make a deeper—a more universal impression? Not only the general, but the solitary response of each individual's bosom, we believe, will answer, No!—Byron! farewell! Thy spirit bears back to those mansions whither it has winged its flight, the noblest portion of inspiration granted to our age. Oh! had the productions of thy genius breathed more freshly of that hallowed source whence all talent is derived, how had we been proud of having lived with thee, and how had future times revered thy memory! Oh! how had religion triumphed in thy faith, and truths divine come recommended from thy pen! But peace be to thy departed shade!—may thy errors be pardoned—thy wanderings forgiven: for thine were errors and wanderings of the head—not of the heart!

Let us now examine the interior of this ancient and interesting edifice. In an angle on the southern side of the tower is a low, broad door-way, admitting into a small outer-court, or rather open passage, leading by a slight ascent to the principal entrance. We are not yet within the castle: this court appears to have been merely intended for an additional defence, by keeping the assailants at a distance from the entrance, and by subjecting those who approached to the scrutiny of the inmates. The only access to the interior is now gained; but this door of massy oak, thickly studded with large iron nails, will it yield admittance? and these narrow loop-holes, the only apertures in the threatening wall, do they still pour the arrowy sleet of the bow, or the arbalist? I shall venture, however, to apply to its proper use this ponderous and rusty knocker. Hark! how its harsh echoes ring around, and are answered by the hoarse screaming of the raven, whose repose they have disturbed! An aged seneschal at length appears, and courteously invites me to enter. The castle and its dependencies forming part of the domains of Prince Lichenstein, who occasionally sleeps here in his hunting excursions, the place is kept in excellent repair, and a few domestics constantly reside within. Fortunately, however, during more barbarous periods, and afterwards with singularly good taste, nothing has been changed in the apartment of Richard, which strangers are permitted to visit; and the name of Lowenhertz is almost as well known in this part of Germany as in England the appellation of Cœur de Lion.

On entering, we perceive that great part of the ground-story is excavated from the solid rock. Turning a little on the right, a narrow gallery conducts into the interior. Through this passage Richard must have been led. We will follow the steps of the captive monarch; and having first visited his cell, as possessing the most interest, next view the other parts in succession. A gloomy and winding gallery conducts to a steep and narrow stair of oaken plank, entering, in some degree, into the thickness of the wall. At the top, a small door-way on the left leads into the open air, upon a long platform composed also of planks of oak, extending the whole length of one side of the building to the square tower at its opposite extremity. At the termination, twelve or fourteen steps are ascended to a second, but smaller and square platform, projecting from the inner flank of the tower, and elevated about forty feet above the rocky bottom of the court beneath. From thence a strong and iron-bound door, grating harshly as it turns on its massive hinges, admits into a chamber occupying the whole inner circumference of the Keep. This was Richard's prison, and now remains as he left it.

This apartment is about fourteen feet square, of gloomy, but not uncomfortable appearance, being entirely free from damp, both by reason of its great height from the ground, and the excellent repair of the upper part of the tower. The architecture is a very barbarous Gothic, the roof, which is elevated about sixteen feet, being supported on pointed groins; and the windows, of which there are two, exhibit an arch neither pointed nor round, but angular externally, and circular within. The floor is composed of flagstones, resting, as seen from the story below, also on ground arches; and in the centre is a trap-door, opening into the dungeon beneath, a distance of at least forty feet from the ground. The only furniture in this memorable chamber is in the southern angle, which directly fronts the river, and where there is no window. Here still remains a frame of oaken planks closely united, and resembling an immense chest. Each plank, or rather beam, is from eight to ten inches on a side, roughly hewn, and fixed as closely as the inequalities of the surface will thus permit, to the others below, so that very small apertures are left, through which the air and a certain portion of light have access. At each angle these planks are rudely dovetailed into each other, and fastened together by strong pins of the same material. The *interior* length of this cage, or chest, is above six feet, the height about three and a half, and the breadth nearly the same. It is floored with similar, or rather thicker beams than those which compose the sides and top; entrance being obtained by means of a small door in the side, about two and a half feet square, which is secured by a hatch, strongly hinged, and bolted on the outside. This was Richard's bed; and, according to the traditions of the place, the King was constantly confined in this cage, except during three hours at mid-day, when he was permitted to take exercise in the more enlarged dimensions of his chamber, but never allowed to walk in the open air. There may be some truth in this account, for history informs us that he was treated with great indignity, in order to hasten his own impatience to be gone, and render him more willing to pay the ransom which the mercenary and dishonourable prince who detained him demanded as the price of freedom. There are, however, in the chamber no indications remaining that the unhappy captive suffered the ignominy of fetters, as historians assure us; and, indeed, this mode of treatment rendered these latter unnecessary. The windows of the chamber are large, with rudely-hewn stone-seats in the thickness of the wall, which is here about nine or ten feet. They command beautiful views of the mountains behind the castle, and of the scenery and river below. On these seats Richard may have frequently sat, meditating on his forlorn state,—the evils of captivity heightened by the beauties of nature with which his prison was surrounded. Where the rude plaster still adheres to the wall, the whole space is covered with names, as is also the wooden cage; but among these I could hardly discover one which marked the devotion of a countryman. In such places, this is rather a tribute to the memory of the former inhabitant, than a desire of spreading our own renown. Thus, in the cell of Jass, in the hospital of St. Ann at Ferrara, and there only, did I discover in large characters, inscribed with his own hand, the name of Byron. It was a tribute at which the shade of Tasso might rejoice,—the meed of an equal mind,—of a kindred spirit.

To the apartment above the prison of Richard we ascend by stone steps projecting from the wall; it is very tastefully fitted up; and from the wooden balcony which externally surrounds the tower upon which its folding glass-doors open, the most delightful and extensive prospects are enjoyed. We now descend by the same way as we mounted, and perceive that the long platform which extends along that side, which has already been described as consisting only of a high wall, served a double purpose. Access was thus not only afforded to the upper stories of the Keep, but support was given to the defenders of the place, the wall in front rising in a crenelled battlement; while behind, to prevent them falling into the court below, is a rude, but strong railing. The same mode of defence is common in several old castles in Germany. The buildings on that side, which may be termed the base of the triangle, and which partially looks towards the Danube, are occupied by the apartments of the domestics, the kitchen, and by a stable for three horses, which last is almost entirely excavated in the solid rock. In the principal part of the edifice, we ascend, by a spacious stair of oak, to a spacious suit of public apartments. These have been recently embellished, but still in the ancient taste, with Gothic ornaments, stained glass, and all other appurtenances and "circumstance" of the times. They might still receive the "high dame" and "courtly knight," who here formerly maintained the "gay gallion," or listened to the "tale of chivalry."

Through the small interior court we penetrate to the lowest dungeon of the Keep, into which not a ray of light penetrates, and where the rough unhewn rock rises in its native rudeness. The last inmate of this "doleful region," according to chronicles of the place, was the Abbot of a neighbouring convent, who had irritated the lady of the castle, in certain ceremonies highly displeasing to her lord. Here the churchman remained in durance seven years, by which, it is said, the revellings of the flesh were almost subdued.

In this court, partly built into the wall, is a block of granite, now almost black with age, which still exhibits on its upper part, on which a tall man can lay hold with ease, the impression of the right hand deeply marked. Here it is stated the feudatory chiefs of the district swore fealty to their liege-lord, placing their right hand, while the oath was administered, on this stone; hence the name Griffenstein, that is, "Holdingstone" Castle.

While sketching in the beautiful environs of the castle, I was attracted by the singing of a young peasant, in whose song the name of Lowenhertz caught my ear. With some difficulty, and after many repetitions, I was able to note down the words, which are a complaint supposed to be composed and sung by Richard in prison. The original, indeed, is attributed to that monarch, who is known to have excelled in poetical compositions, and said to have long ago been translated into German. Be this as it may, the present is undoubtedly a very ancient composition, and possessed of great simplicity, beauty, and pathos. Its effect in the original is much heightened by the antique and obsolete phraseology; many of the expressions, and even single words, being so old, that they were explained to me by pointing out the objects which they were intended to signify. Of this production, the following is a very close translation:

Complaint of Lowenhertz.

Ah! why should man possess the power
  The body thus in chains to bind,
Nor yet within the prison tower
  Confine the wishes of the mind!

Alas! it but augments my pain,
  To rove in thought, o'er bower and hall:
Back to its dungeon dragg'd again,
  My soul more sadly feels its thrall.

On Palestine's ensanguin'd plain
Once more we rout the Moslem foe;
And now, transported o'er the main,
Through England's blooming vales we go.

I start—I sigh—'tis but a dream,
A dream, alas! of empty joy,
Whose brightness makes more gloomy seem
The ills which now my thoughts employ.

Ye gales, that sweep around my cell,
And 'mid the vernal foliage play,
The woes within ye cannot tell,
Ye wanton freely as ye may!

Oh, come ye from my native land?
Still bloom the flowers on that lov'd shore?
Ye seem to waft their odours bland,
But I their hues shall view no more!

Beneath this turret-crowned steep,
Through scenes with living beauty crown'd,
Dark rolls the Danube—still and deep,
Free in its course, and leaves me bound!

Blest stream! I love to trace thy wave,
At least in fancy, through its way,
To think what banks it then may lave,
Here round what islets circling play!

Pour'd to the main in swelling pride,
Thy waters nothing then controls,
Perhaps they mingle with the tide
Which round my native kingdom rolls!

And shall I ne'er my sceptre wield,
Ne'er clasp these limbs in shining steel,
Ne'er press again the battle-field,
Nor urge the steed with armed heel?

Beneath the sacred banner's shade,
'Gainst all its fierce and barbarous foes,
In Jesus' blessed cause I've bled,
Oh, then, my soul, on him repose!

HOBBY-HORSES.

> Tramp, tramp, across the land, they scud;
> Splash, splash, across the sea;
> "Hurrah! hurrah! we ride with speed:
> You cannot ride with me!"
>
> *Burgher.*

Last evening I was sitting with the table between me and my Louisa, in our little parlour, enjoying ourselves over a cup of excellent coffee; (not Hunt's breakfast-powder, coarse as his own oratory, and which makes the coffee-pot smell like a long-used tobacco-pipe.) My beverage was from the genuine Mocha-berry, which never fails to exhilarate my spirits, banishing the tickling cough and wheezing with which I am sometimes troubled: and although it cannot restore youth, it makes me for a time forget the approaches of old age. Louisa has the art of making it to a nicety, which is seldom attained in this country; so that I get none so palatable as that which I drink at home. This evening it was still better than usual; its aroma was more fragrant, the cream was richer, and the draught delicious as nectar. Methought, too, that Louisa smiled more softly than common, the dimple in her cheek seemed more lovely, and a brighter fire sparkled in her eye. Whether it was the pleasing salubrity of my beverage which made me imagine Louisa more lovely, or if it was her gentle smiles which gave the coffee a richer zest, I cannot determine, but I was delighted with both. By way of joke, I requested her to solve this question. With a smile, still more pleasant, she replied, "Indeed, my dear, it is neither the one nor the other; your coffee is just as usual, and if a sweeter smile dimples my cheek, it is because I see you happy. But the whole secret is this, you came in well pleased with yourself, and willing to be pleased; and when this is the case, my love, we are seldom disappointed. He who is at war with himself, soon gets out of humour with the world around him. The bloom of Eden, and the cloudless skies of Elysium, would smile in vain on him who has not sunshine in his own bosom; while the wish to please, and be pleased, seldom fails of producing the effect."

Although there was something approximating to admonition in Louisa's observation, it was delivered with such bewitching sweetness, and in such gentle accents, (she had carelessly laid her slender fingers across the back of my hand while speaking,) that I felt better pleased with her than before. "But I beg pardon, my dear," said she, still smiling; "you have listened to me, and neglected your coffee." It was indeed colder than usual, and I have seen the time when, if it had been

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presented to me in that tepid state, I would have been ready to fling the cup at her head; yet I now thought it delicious as before, which most forcibly confirmed what she had been so gently endeavouring to inculcate.

He whose sun of life has crossed the meridian, who sees its evening approaching with accelerated speed, who has felt the influence of bad health upon his temper, and who has been indebted to the unremitted attentions of a kind and beloved partner for almost every comfort that he has for twenty years enjoyed, will justly appreciate the calm, but delightful domestic felicity which I now enjoyed. It was the serene and gentle sunshine of a fine autumnal day, equally distant from the fervid and scorching heat of summer, and the gloomy, sunless shades, or howling blasts of winter.

When we had finished our repast, Louisa inquired whether I was going out? "No, my love; I think we can pass the evening agreeably enough here," said I. "Do you wish to write? or shall I fetch my knitting?" said she. "Sit still just now; never mind your knitting!" and I drew my chair a little nearer to her's. She continued to smile, and talk so easily of the past, contriving to call up none but pleasing recollections, that I almost fancied myself seated beside her in the hawthorn shade, in the calm summer gloaming, when love was young.

More than an hour had passed in this pleasing hallucination,—a waking dream, which set the cares and crosses of life at defiance, when Mary, our youngest daughter, came in, leading her little nephew, William, and requesting I would hear them repeat their lessons which they had to say at school to-morrow. Although I could have spared the interruption, which dispelled the fine illusion in which my fancy was wrapped, yet I could not refuse the request, so fondly, yet humbly made; although there was something not altogether pleasing in the sound, when William addressed me by the appellation of "grandpapa," which totally annihilated the vision, that, although gradually becoming more distant, still continued to float before me. Mary's lesson, however, happened to be that beautiful picture of Montgomery's, beginning, "There is a land, of every land the pride," which was so much in unison with my feelings, that I sat listening with delight and looking at my Louisa; with perhaps more than usual tenderness, I saw a tear trembling in her eye, but it was a tear elicited by the fineness of her feelings; and as her eye met mine, her cheek glowed with a richer suffusion. I had ever thought the picture of domestic happiness, which the poet has here sketched, exquisitely beautiful, but never did it touch my heart with such intensity of delight as now; and had the amiable author seen the expression of Louisa's features and mine, he would have felt that he had not written in vain. William now repeated his lesson, being one of Mrs Barbauld's hymns. Both had acquitted themselves well; and I saw their little hearts bound with the approbation I expressed. "Now, Mary," said I, "you must sing me a song." "Very well, papa; what shall it be? But I know," cried she, looking archly at her mother and me, "it is Dr Percy's 'O Nancy, wilt thou go with me?'" "Exactly so, Mary." This was still keeping up the harmony of my feelings; and I was preparing again to indulge in my recollections of auld langsyne, when Louisa was called out. Fancy became, as it were, paralysed by her absence, and I fell into a sort of hum-drum state, which gave me neither pleasure nor pain. Mary had sat down to an arithmetical question, and William was amusing himself in turning over the leaves of a sixpenny toy-book. The book from which Mary had been reading lay on the table; I took it up, and looked over it in a listless manner, carelessly turning the leaves, the margin of which I found generally written with the name of some art, trade, or profession, such as "a painter," "a mason," "a lawyer." Upon inquiring what this meant, Mary blushed, without speaking. "O, grandpa," said little William, "I'll tell you; that's their fortune-book." "Fortune-book! Can you explain it, William?" "Yes, grandpa,—look; put in a pin there, between the leaves,—now read,—what's that?" "A tailor." "Well, pa, if you had been a young lady, that would have shewed that your husband was to be a tailor." Upon closer inspection, I soon discovered that considerable art had been exercised in the arrangement of the characters, for the most incongruous and dissimilar occupations were placed in juxtaposition to each other; for instance, on one leaf I found "a colonel," and on the next "a cobler;" so that they, who, from long acquaintance with the volume, might know where to find a prize, if they mistook by only one leaf, instead of "a Lord of Session," were sure to stumble upon "a hangman;" while the leaf on the other side was a blank, implying, that she who landed there was to lead a life of single blessedness, "wasting her sweetness on the desert air;" so that, by endeavouring to avoid Scylla, they ran foul of Charybdis. Even the infirmities of nature, the passions, virtues, and vices of men, were all arranged with the same attention to effect; and I found, side by side, "a blind beggar" and "a gouty bishop," "a fool" and "a philosopher," "a drunkard" and "a divine," "a coward" and "a hero."

I was much amused with this species of divination, which was a novelty to me, and appeared at least as rational as palmistry, cutting cards, and shaking coffee-grounds; the common materials to which cunning pretended sybils have recourse for the amusement of giddy girls in their teens, and desponding maidens when their sun of beauty has been for some time declining. It had also more of classical authority, as it bare some resemblance to the *sortes Virgilianæ*, employed on important occasions by the sages and heroes of antiquity; a practice which, I understand, is still in use among some calling themselves Christians, who, in dubious cases, open their Bible and regulate their conduct according to their interpretation of the first text that meets their eye; a practice which, with all due submission to such well-meaning but weak-minded folks, savours more of superstition than of sound sense and true piety.

My meditations on this subject being exhausted, I sent Mary to inquire whether her mother was ready to return? The girl came back in a few minutes, with the information that her mother was just going out, having been sent for to attend a meeting of the Destitute Female Society, she being a Member of the Committee of Management. Although this was a disappointment to me, as I had staid at home in the delightful expectation of having a pleasant domestic *tête-a-tête*, yet I felt that it was a "labour of love," in which Louisa would be twice blessed, and that she would to a certainty return in good humour and serenity of mind. I began to think how I should pass the time till her return. Should I read? No. Write? Ay; but what? An article for "The Edinburgh Magazine." On what subject? Let me consider. To deliberate on what we shall write is nearly as ridiculous as for a bachelor, before he goes a-courting, to sit pondering to what lady he shall pay his addresses; if I may be permitted to pun upon so important a topic, there is no chance that the business will be entered upon *con amore*. I had recourse to my snuff-box, and then to the other last resources of scribblers, such as tapping with my fingers, biting my quill, and scratching my head. This last operation suggested Phrenology; but the Editors of the Phrenological Journal having, in the first Number of that work, denounced all who refuse their assent to the theory as wilfully blind, or stupidly ignorant, I did not wish to expose myself to the stigmas which their dogmatism might prompt them to award against me. At last I thought of my daughter's "Fortune-book," as William termed it; and his toy-book, full of pictures, lying before me on the table, I resolved to take it up, under the impression that it might suggest a subject. I did so, and, opening it *par hazard*, the first cut that caught my eye was a hobby-horse. "It will do!" said I, rubbing my hands in great glee; "the subject is excellent, and almost inexhaustible; if I do not contrive to make a paper from such *materiel*, the fault must be in my brain. I therefore seized my pen, and resolved to relate, by way of exordium, the circumstances which gave rise to this lucubration; and having thus approached the confines, I proceed to explore the interior of this extensive field.

Hobby-horses may, at first sight, appear a trivial subject; but, if duly contemplated, or more minutely inspected, they will be found to afford a theme for the study of the philosopher, the comment of the moralist, and the song of the poet; they may therefore occupy the pen of a discursive and rambling essayist, who may perhaps, from his manner of viewing them, place old things in a new light.

Were hobby-horses to be viewed scientifically, they might be divided and subdivided into classes, orders, genera, species, and varieties; but this accurate and minute classification would require more time and study than I feel inclined to bestow on the subject; and, were only one specimen to be exhibited and described from each of these ramifications, they would occupy a greater space than your columns can afford: I shall therefore content myself with saying, that they are all of one genus, which consists of many species. It may therefore suffice to point out some leading characters and marks of the genus, and specify a few of the most remarkable in the different species. But as the simple natives of South America, when it was first invaded by the Spaniards, believed the dragoon and his horse to be the same monster, some non-descript animal, I may still be apt to confound the hobby-horse with its rider; although, should this happen, the intelligence of the reader will enable him to correct, while his good nature will excuse the error.

It appears less easy than I imagined to find many given qualities in which hobby-horses agree; for some are wild, others wantonly playful, some ferocious and mischievous. Indeed there is not a greater difference between the slender-limbed Arabian courser, whose fleetness outstrips the wind, and the heavy draught-horse in an English waggon, the handsome Spanish jennet, and a shaggy Shetland pony, or the fine blood-horse that carries off the prize at Newmarket, and a blind and jaded animal treading his monotonous and ceaseless round in a mill, than there is between the different species of hobby-horses;—for some are so wild, that, like the horse to which Mazeppa was bound, they absolutely run away with their riders, till, breathless and exhausted, they come suddenly down, and sometimes kill the hapless equestrian in the fall. There are others on whom it is still more dangerous to get astride, they being a kind of enchanted horses, like that which we read of in the Eastern tale; these often appear very gentle, allowing the rider to mount, walk pleasantly, and, for some time, will amble about with all the ease of a lady's palfrey; such are excellent for a pleasure ride, but are eminently hazardous in a long journey, not a tithe of those who employ them, on such occasions, ever reaching the object of their wishes. This kind is generally rode by the poets, who think, by dint of whipping and spurring, to reach either the Temple of Fame, or the Treasury of Plutus; but I shall have occasion to notice them when I come to describe the riders, my present business being with the horses. There is another species so ungovernable, that they kick, snort, and paw continually, endangering not only the lives of their riders, but also those who are heedless enough to come in their way; while there are others which keep their course with a regular pace and steady motion, full-winded and sure-footed,—the rider proceeds both pleasantly and securely. There is yet another, and that a pretty numerous species; these are mules, which have all the virtues and vices commonly attributed to that animal; they are persevering, and will endure fatigue and privations, under which a nobler animal would sink; but they, in general, display a stubbornness which kindness cannot overcome, nor correction subdue. The last, although by far the most common species of hobby-horse, if the bull can be excused, is the ass; and this too has varieties, from the sleek donkey, tripping lightly across the lawn, with a blooming fair on his back, and feeding in clover, to the dull jackass, crawling patiently along under a heavy load, with humility and resignation in his eye, glad when he is permitted to pause and munch a withered thistle by the way-side.

Such are a few of the almost infinite varieties of hobby-horses; but it may be observed, that although there is a difference in their natures, the manners and conduct of the whole depend, in a great degree, on the way they are bred; and as the riders generally undertake that task themselves, it is often very imperfectly performed; and the animals, which might have been made useful in domestic life, after being turned into hobbies, are, for the most part, disqualified from any purpose of general utility, and often acquire many vicious tricks and wayward propensities.

For this reason, in what follows, I shall not attempt to separate the horse and his rider, as, in fact, those who are firmly devoted to this exercise seldom dismount, considering themselves as out of their element when not in the saddle.

Stand back there—make room—good folks, take care of yourselves—here comes Captain Bobadil on his hobby-horse! He is riding post-haste to the fairy temple which allured the Macedonian madman in days of yore, and who shall dare to stop his career? His horse breathes fire; the foam that flies from his jaws blisters those whom it touches, and blights the ground where it falls; the whiskings of his tail are terrible as the baleful Simoom of the desert; he bathes his hoofs in gore, pawing, snorting, and stamping among those he has already trodden down. His rider carries a blunderbuss in each hand, and spits forth Congreve rockets at every breath; his stirrup-irons are armed with scythes of death; and as he rides with the speed of lightning, no living thing can stand before him. The neighings of his war-horse, the demoniac and exulting laugh of the rider, mingling with the yells of the wounded, and the groans of the dying, scare every bird and beast from his track, except the wolf, which follows close at his horse's heels, and the vulture hovering over his head; the howl of the one, and the scream of the other, proclaiming, that they, like him, are not yet satiated with blood. He hurries on; cultivated fields and populous villages, the abodes of cheerful industry and peace, lie before him—he has passed, like the angel of destruction, and the silence of the grave reigns on the desolated plains; the only sign of their having been inhabited is the smoking ruins of roofless cottages, and the unburied bones bleaching in the dews of heaven. When or where will this baleful meteor halt—this *soi-disant* son of Jupiter Ammon close his career? still approaching the phantom on which his eyes have been fixed, he overlooks the pit-fallsin his path—his hobby-horse tumbles—he is thrown from the saddle, and falls, to rise no more!

Who is he now approaching, who forms such a contrast to him whom we have just now celebrated? It is Avarus, the Knight of the Woeful Countenance. Ask his age at Time, and he will answer, "Fifty;" but look among the wrinkles of his forehead, and you will there find that Care has written "threescore and ten." His eyes are dim, by constantly keeping them fixed upon one object, and that of a bright yellow, always injurious to the organs of vision. His cheeks are sunk, and the bones high; his nose sharp; his lips thin and bloodless; the curves at the corners of his mouth are turned downward, and the risible muscles have been so long unemployed that they have lost the power of action; so that even when the glittering heap before him seems to swell, (for in his disturbed and restless imagination it augments and diminishes,) in the attempt to express his joy, he

> "Grins horrible a ghastly smile;"

his whole complexion is cadaverous, and every feature expresses a melancholy, approximating to despair. His frame is wasted, and his belly lank; there are no calves to his distaff legs; and there is a perpetual twitching convulsive kind of motion in his long and lean fingers, as if grasping at something beyond his reach, such as we have often seen sucking infants exhibit, when crying because they could not get hold of the moon. His hat is hollow in the crown, broken in the rims, and greasy all over. Look at his doublet; it was in fashion about the end of last century, and, in spite of all his care, is now thread-bare at the hands and broken at the elbows; his hose are darned with worsted threads of different colours; and his shoes were purchased second-hand, some years ago, in a lane between the Cowgate and St. Giles's Church. Rozinante would appear a sleek gelding, fat and full of flesh, beside his steed, whose back is like an arch reversed, and sadly fretted with the pannels of an old worn-out saddle: exclusive of being spavined and broken-winded, the poor animal has a catalogue of ailments as numerous as those of which "the poor man's mare died a mile aboon Dundee." He would not find a purchaser, even in the purveyor of a dog-kennel, as his skin is the only envelope which keeps his bones together, and they have obtruded themselves beyond it in so many places, that even a Forfar tanner, where there is the greatest demand for horse-leather, would think it too dear of stripping from the carcase. This hobby is ridden, not by fits and starts, but from morning to night; and though necessarily at a slow, yet a constant pace; the saddle is never ungirthed from his back, nor the bridle removed from his jaws: like his master, he feeds sparingly, and creeps painfully along on his never-ending journey; for the rider, although he often fixes on a point at which he purposes to rest, no sooner arrives there than he wishes to proceed for another stage, and so on, *ad infinitum*, till both the hobby and his rider sink, overcome by fatigue, and exhausted by inanition; their wanderings ended, although the object is unaccomplished.

Here comes one like the son of Nimshi, driving furiously, as if the enemy were close at his heels. Our Scots proverb says, "they gallop fast whom the de'il and the lasses drive." This is the gallant, gay Lothario; one whom the world terms a fine jolly fellow, nobody's enemy but his own. His motto is, "a short life and a merry;" and by this maxim he regulates his conduct, in so far as it is susceptible of regulation; but he is generally the child of circumstances, and adheres to no system, except that of pursuing Pleasure; but he gallops so fast that he often passes her on the road. He has many and violent antipathies, pronouncing every modest girl a prude, and every old woman a witch; men of regular, sober lives, are, with him, canting Methodists, or consummate hypocrites; he pronounces matrimony to be the death of love, and is under the influence of a perpetual hydrophobia, at least as far as water is concerned. His partialities are not less remarkable, for he considers pleasure as the sole purpose of life, and love its chief ingredient; he therefore declares, that, were he ever to profess any religion, he would become a Mussulman, that he might enjoy the society of the houris in Mahommed's paradise; but as he entertains considerable doubts about his future existence, and recollects that the prophet has forbidden his followers the use of wine, which Lothario esteems as the true *elixir vitae*, he determines not to relinquish present enjoyment for future contingency; accordingly, women are to him angels, and wine nectar here below: but although he generally lies down in paradise at night, it is nothing uncommon for him to waken in purgatory in the morning. His horse is swift, but not sure-footed, and often, when at his greatest speed, comes down unexpectedly, laying his rider in the mire; perhaps injuring his nose, dislocating a joint, or fracturing the clavicle; floundering in this forlorn state, he forms many wise resolutions, such as, to ride slower, and keep a better bridle hand; but such is the force of habit, that no sooner is he able to mount his hobby than he again sets off at a canter, which soon becomes a full gallop, the horse being pushed to his utmost speed; and as he always rides with a snaffle, and despises to use a martingale, another tumble often interrupts his career.

As great part of his journey is performed in the dark, his danger is thereby increased; for, seduced by an ignis-fatuus, he follows a phantom, which

> "Leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind;"

till at last he closes his career, by

being swallowed up in a bog, or breaking his neck over a precipice.

Who comes next, on that steed, caprioling and curvetting? Ladies, take care of your caps,—gentlemen, watch over the safety of your shins! It is Mordax, who has the eloquence of Juvenal, the filthiness of Swift, the scurrility of Wolcot, and the ill-nature of Diogenes. His horse is as mischievous as himself; and he, too, mounts his hobby in pursuit of pleasure; but, unlike him whom we have just dismissed, his hand is against every man, ay, and every woman too, for his chief delight is in tormenting his neighbours; it is solely for this purpose that he comes abroad: if there is a crowd, he comes peaceably forward, till he get fairly into the centre, and then it is his maxim, "the more mischief the better sport." He affects the character of a hero, and appears to be covered with laurels; but they are branches torn from the upas tree of Java, diffusing venom and poison around them. By dexterous management, he makes his hobby prance and caper in the crowd, till the circle widens a little, and then quickens its motions till it splashes the mud in the faces of all around. As the circle begins to expand, his hobby, like Billy Button's horse, capers around, tearing off a lady's cap, or a gentleman's wig, with his teeth; while his rider, affecting to apologise, contrives to fasten his spurs in some blushing maiden's muslin gown, or velvet pelisse, then jerking hastily round, inflicts a wound that art nor time can never heal. He then begins to lash his hobby as the cause, and smack comes his whip across a gentleman's shins till the blood follow; then pushing his steed, he starts back among the crowd, till they overturn each other like nine-pins. He is seldom without a squirt in his pocket, which is always full of some noxious liquid, and is so curiously contrived, that, like an air-gun, it contains several charges. When he is in a sportive humour, this syringe is filled with some fetid liquor, such as stale bilge-water, extract of assafœtida, or something equally offensive to the olfactory organs, which he squirts into the faces and mouths of the unthinking spectators; but he often delights in more wanton and malignant cruelty, by sprinkling aquafortis, or vitriolic acid, among the crowd: and as the gall of envy is still boiling in his bosom, especially against rising or established merit, if he see a pair of eyes brighter than his own, or a face more admired than his detested phiz, it is against such that he ejects his blistering and burning liquid, till he has dimmed the visual ray, and marred the beauty of the human face divine. Should any one be fool-hardy enough to oppose him, he retreats fighting, till he place himself close to a jakes, from which he fills his hands with ordure, and so foully bedaubs his reckless antagonist, that they who hate the one and pity the other, cannot forbear laughing at the ridiculous figure of his victim, besmeared with filth, and sculking ashamed from the contest; should the crowd close around him, his hobby is taught to kick with his hind-heels, paw with his fore feet, and bite with his teeth, till none is safe with whom he comes in contact; then the rider will trot along the streets quite indifferent and unconcerned, tossing a squib in at an open window, and a cracker at the bosom of some modest beauty; the people in the house only discovering the danger after the bed-curtains are burnt, and the young girl finds her tucker in a blaze. In a word, Mordax is a madman, scattering fire-brands, arrows, and death, and still saying, "Am not I in sport?" For the honour of having it said that he managed his hobby more dexterously than any one of his species, he would ride down his best friend, and trample the cardinal virtues beneath his horse's feet. But as he comes abroad only to be seen, and displays his feats only to be admired, when the crowd ceases to gaze, and the hurra of the mob no longer titillates his ear, he writhes under the blackest bile, which engenders a melancholy madness, and coiling himself up, he, like the viper, stings himself, and dies of his own poison.

Here comes one, who seems so well pleased with himself, it is hardly to be expected he should be out of humour with any body else. The public call him Buffo, but he writes his name Haffiz; he looks around with an inquiring eye, to see whether he is an object of public attention, and then turning his eyes on himself, with great complacency he seems to be repeating,

> "Know thine own worth, and reverence
> the lyre!"

When he first mounted his hobby, it was a gentle, ambling nag, on which he took an airing in the summer evenings, generally by the side of a murmuring stream, or over the meadow enamelled with cowslips and mountain-daisies. Having been told that he rode his hobby with a peculiar grace, he soon longed to try a bolder exercise, and on a horse of better blood and more mettle. He would then ride out with the fox-hunters, leaping fences and five-barred gates; after which, he made long and frequent excursions into *terra incognita;* although he himself said they were to Parnassus, affirming that, had it not been for tiring his hobby, he would easily have reached the summit, and that his horse was now watered at least once every day, at the Heliconian fountain. By the advice of injudicious friends, or designing flatterers, he now made his business what had before been only his recreation; so fond was he of riding, that he often practised it by torch-light; and it has even been affirmed, that he sometimes rode in his sleep; which is far from unlikely, for it is certain that he now began to dream waking. Still dissatisfied with his hobby, and wishing to be fairly astride upon one of greater speed, he, in an evil hour, invoked Apollo for permission to mount Pegasus. One of the Muses, who indulged a kind of *penchant* for him, advised him against the rash attempt; but his brain was already heated, and he was deaf to good advice, especially as one of her sisters, who was much fonder of fun, flattered him by a most fulsome eulogy on his equestrian prowess. He therefore, like Phaeton, is determined on the feat, and we shall just now see him astride the winged courser. There comes the fiery-footed animal, scarcely seeming to touch the ground, and his wings extended ready for flight. Buffo vaults lightly into the saddle, and takes a turn across the plain. On his right hand, at an immense distance, rises Parnassus, the Temple of Fame, bright in burnished gold, glittering in the landscape,

> "Eternal sunshine settling on its head."

On his left, dim and obscurely seen, is the mountain of Bombast; its base is surrounded with perpetual fogs, occasionally illuminated by meteors and exhalations, which shed a momentary and cold phosphoric light across the gloom. Hark! Buffo speaks; "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the most delightful hobby I ever mounted; the saddle is easier than any elbow-chair; I feel that I sit securely, and I may, without vanity, add gracefully; I am just now to make an excursion to Parnassus, from which I shall return with the chaplet of bays which awaits me in the Temple of Fame." He turns his hobby's head to the right, the animal vaults from the ground, mounts aloft, whirls round and round, like crows before a storm, or a weathercock in a whirlwind. See, he has turned his head to the left—swift as an arrow, he soars and shoots along—and now, both he and his hapless rider are enveloped in the dense and murky gloom which surrounds the mountain of Bombast. Would you hear the fate of Buffo, listen to the laughter-loving Muse who decoyed him to his ruin. "Buffo was giddy long before he lost sight of earth; he shut his eyes, shook in his saddle, and lost all command of his hobby; his volatile brains are now sublimed to gas, and, like a balloon, he is still rising, although far above the foggy region which obscured him from our view; he is now blind with 'excess of light,' and will knock his head against the dark corner of the moon before he is aware, after which, he will fall to the earth like a lunar stone projected from that planet, with his senses so jumbled, that he will be incapable of acting rationally, or talking, except in the most incoherent manner, and will be placed in the hospital for incurables."

Here comes a well-matched pair, the hobby and his rider being suited to each other; both are hybrids, for this is a dandy, and that a mule.

He sits stiff as a stake, perpendicular as Nelson's monument on the Calton-hill, with his head as erect, and looking as proudly as a peacock when he spreads his tail to the meridian sun; his corsets creak at every motion; he has six gold seals to his watch, and five copper farthings in his pocket; a quizzing-glass is suspended from his neck; and, in lieu of a snuff-box, he smells at a vinegarette, while the Bristol stones in the rings which decorate his fingers sparkle in the sun; his gloves are essenced with ottar of roses; and should his flowered shirt-collar rise an eighth of an inch higher, it will rub off his artificial whiskers. He ought to have a premium from Warren, for the superior gloss with which the inimitable blacking shines on his top-boots; and his surtout, decorated with frogs, seems pasted to his body. His spurs are large, and elegantly plated; but he takes special care that they shall not touch his hobby, for, should the skittish beast get into a trot, he would fall, and once down, he could never mount again; he looks neither to the right nor left, but straight forward, with his lips in the position of the bride's who had repeated the word *prim* for six successive hours: when he speaks, it is in such a lisping, languishing tone, that if the figure were admissible, it might be termed the shadow of a voice. His mule is managed with a double curb bridle, ornamented with silver bells, which keep up a softly tinkling sound; the animal's head is also kept down by a martingale of fine Turkey leather, and its mane fancifully plaited with knots of ribbons. Being timid as a child, and more effeminate than a young lady, he rides slowly, from fear of danger, and also for the purpose of attracting attention, for the chief joy of his life is to be admired; and not to perceive him, is a mortification and an insult, neither to be forgotten nor forgiven. But as he is

"A puny insect, shivering at a breeze,"

he comes abroad, like the butterfly, only in sunshine; he would dissolve in a shower; a gale would annihilate him, and he would expire in terror at hearing a peal of thunder. We have hitherto spoken of him as belonging to the masculine gender, although some have affirmed that his place is the neuter; for it is certain, that he is despised by the ladies, and disowned by the gentlemen. His character may be summed up in the words of Frederick the Great, when speaking of Voltaire; "In a word, he would fain be thought an extraordinary man, and a most extraordinary man he certainly is."

After a pause, and a pinch of rappee, I audibly exclaimed, at the beginning of a new paragraph, "Who comes next?" My Louisa had heard it as she tripped lightly over the lobby carpet, and replied in her gentlest accents, "Whom did you expect, my dear?" "Why, not you, although you are infinitely more welcome." She glanced at the paper, and cried, "Ah! you have been on your hobby." "Hobby, indeed," replied I. She read over the whole, and said, "Come, go on—finish it—and include your own character and mine." "Not to-night, my love; I shall now find better employment." She has just been ordering supper; I hear her returning, and am,

Sir,
Your's respectfully,
FELIX MARITUS.

BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE.

At that happy period in which a difficult line in Virgil, a long sentence in Livy, or an elliptical expression in Tacitus, constitute the only miseries of life, we attach a very different meaning to the words "joy" and "grief," from that which an intercourse with the world is soon destined to give us. In those days of rarely-obscured sunshine, we know of only one spot where any thing like sorrow is to be found,—where the thoughtless but delightful gaiety of childhood is frowned, or scolded, or whipt out of us,—where some little foretaste of the miseries of mortality is forced upon our reluctant palates,—and where we are taught, that, even in this fair world, there may be such things as "weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth." Where is the boy, who, as he looked on his unintelligible grammar, or greasy Ovid, has not, with all the sincerity of his nature, wished, a thousand and a thousand times, that every one of those ancient philosophers, cramped historians, and most unprofitable poets, had been at the very bottom of the Red Sea, when they sat down to write, with so much *nonchalance*, books which were to cost all the future generations of children so many tears and groans? What does he know, and, if he did, what would his opinion be, of that most melancholy Johnsonian maxim, "of allowing the future to predominate over the present?" Does he not look up into the blue sky, and hear the invisible birds singing in multitudes above him? Does he not look round upon the green fields, and the dark woods, and the majestic mountains, and the glittering streams,—and does he not almost instinctively become a juvenile epicurean, anxious to seize the passing hour, and spend it merrily, content to let the next provide for itself?

But, leaving these more general reflections, let me say a few words of myself.

There is nothing I recollect better, than the loitering, reluctant pace, in which I used to move to school. How gladly did I avail myself of every excuse for lengthening the way, and delaying the inevitable hour of confinement! There was not a dog—black, white, or brown—smooth, rough, or shaggy—cowardly, tame, or fierce—to whom I did not speak; there was not a sign above a butcher's, baker's, grocer's, or haberdasher's door, that I did not stop to read; there was not a blind ballad-singer, or wooden-legged fiddler, or one-armed flute-player, to whose melody I did not lend most willing ears. But there was one amusement, which, in my morning pilgrimage to school, afforded me more delight than all the rest put together; this was the examination and internal criticism of half-a-dozen paintings, which, apparently ignorant of change or even of locomotion, occupied, without alteration, for at least two years, the window of what to me appeared a magnificent print-shop. This window, in my commonly uninteresting walk through several long streets, was the very cynosure of attraction, the fountain of the desert, or the oasis of the wilderness. Morning after morning I gazed upon the enchanting pictures; and not a day elapsed in which I did not discover in them new beauties unremarked before. Had any of them been taken away, I should have felt as if I had lost an humble but faithful friend.

There was one among them, however, that rose in my opinion far above all the rest. I entertained for it a sort of romantic attachment; and this attachment was founded, I believe, upon good grounds. There is something in the work of a master that comes home to the heart even of a child; and though unable, perhaps, to tell what it is that pleases him, he nevertheless feels that he is looking upon the production of no common genius. I remember, perfectly, that I did not prefer it because it was set in a more splendid frame, or painted in more gaudy colours; but because the expression of the scenery and figures it contained had something heavenly. It represented a simple burying-ground in Wales, where a group of village girls were scattering flowers upon a new-made grave. Among them was one whose face I shall never forget. The sun had set behind some distant hills, but the purple clouds, still in the sky, threw upon her figure a rich and mellowed light, that accorded finely with the settled melancholy stamped upon her features;—but it was not melancholy alone; there was a holy resignation and an innocent purity in her looks, perfectly irresistible. She had lost, perhaps, her mother, the dear guardian of her childhood, or her whom she had loved as the friend of her youth, or him on whom her dark eye delighted to gaze—the worshipped star of her heart. She was a being on whom I could have looked for ever. I was only a child, but the light of that celestial countenance kindled in my bosom somewhat of the feelings of maturer years. Many an indistinct and dream-like vision of future days floated across my fancy; and, in them all, my fate, my happiness, were intertwined with a creature of similar loveliness. But there are none such in existence. She was the fairy creation of some fond enthusiast. I have looked in vain for her prototype among the inhabitants of a world of dissimulation and sorrow.

I had an uncle who resided at some distance in the country, and was seldom in my father's house, but who, it was confidently expected, was to make me his heir. He dined with us regularly every Christmas. There was always a family-party assembled on the occasion; but my uncle made his appearance commonly an hour or two earlier than the rest, and employed himself, till dinner-time, in distributing sweetmeats among my younger brothers and sisters, of whom there was a pretty numerous, and annually increasing tribe. His present, however, to the eldest girl, Sarah, and myself, was more substantial;—it was a bright golden guinea, clear and unsullied as when it issued from the mint; to us it seemed as valuable as the talisman of Oromanes, or the philosopher's stone; there was nothing which science had ever discovered, or art adorned, or luxury improved, which it did not seem to place within our reach; the lamp of Aladdin was a spell of insignificant power, compared with that little piece of burnished metal.

On the occasion to which I now allude, I had fixed, at least a couple of months before, how part of my Christmas gift was to be expended. I had resolved upon purchasing my favourite picture,—I had driven a nail into the wall of my bed-room, immediately opposite my bed, on which it was to be hung;—it was to be the first thing on which I should open my eyes in the morning, and the last I should see at night. The face it contained was that by which I was to ascertain the standard of beauty, and the soul beaming in that face was to be the model to which I should constantly refer in judging of intellectual loveliness.

Christmas at length arrived, and brought with it my uncle and his guinea. I had an hour to spare before dinner, and with a bounding step, the natural motion of a merry heart, I took my way to the print-shop. The old man to whom it belonged sat behind his counter in a little brown wig, studying demurely with his spectacles, properly adjusted on his nose, the important news of the day. "I am going to buy the picture," said I, laying my guinea triumphantly before him. His eye glanced first at the money and then at me. "What picture are you going to buy, young gentleman?" said he, pushing his spectacles over his brow, and laying down the newspaper. "Oh! *that* picture, to be sure," cried I, pointing to the one in question; "there is no other in the window for which I care." "Well, I believe you are right," said the shopkeeper; "this is *indeed* a picture. Rubens himself never did any thing finer." How my eyes sparkled, and how impatient I was till the purchase should be completed! "Give it me! give it me!" I exclaimed, "and keep the whole guinea, if you please." "The whole guinea!" cried the old virtuoso, drawing back, as he spoke, with an air of offended dignity; "why, Sir, this is not a picture to be sold for a guinea—no, nor for two guineas either. Look here, Sir; here is the very lowest price at which you can have it." So saying, he turned up the back of it, and showed me, written in very legible characters, the awful words, "*Four pounds ten!*"

I was never in my life so shocked, either before or since. Belshazzar looked at the mysterious hieroglyphics on the wall with far less horror than I at this simple but blasting sentence—Four pounds ten! It was a sum which would exhaust the richest mines of Peru. I might live to the age of Methusalem, and never be able to amass so great a hoard. It was beyond the compass of my most extravagant hopes. The days of Crœsus were past, and Pactolus rolled no longer over golden sands. I know not how I found my way home, but I recollect pulling the nail out of my bed-room wall with feelings as much of anger as of sorrow. I was inclined to believe I had been used ill. The guinea had misled me, and I cast it down upon the table with contempt.

My disappointment was not long concealed from my uncle. My looks and manners betrayed at once that all was not right, and the history of my sorrow was soon told. To my astonishment, every body seemed more inclined to laugh than to weep. My father was the first to assume an air of gravity. "My dear Edward," said he, "this little incident, if properly considered, affords a useful moral lesson. In your future journey through life, when you have gone abroad into the world, and cast your eyes upon the various scenes around you, always recollect that there are two sides to the picture,—one fair and inviting, the other dark and repulsive. Be not too much dazzled by the former, nor too much depressed by the latter. Let not the mere resemblance of virtue lull you into the dangerous security of thoughtless philanthropy; nor the momentary prosperity of vice harden your heart into the callous indifference of the misanthrope. *Never forget to examine both sides of the picture.*"

When I grew up, I did not fail to profit by this advice. It has been of no little use to me, in preventing me from judging too hastily, either of apparent good or apparent evil, apparent happiness or apparent grief.

When I looked, for example, on the statesman, on him who could "read his history in a nation's eyes," who found himself at the helm of a great and powerful kingdom, directing, according to his will, its fleets, its armies, and its inexhaustible revenues; and when I saw him the boast and darling of the country, the being to whom all turned in admiration, whose word was law, and whose smile was sunshine—I might perhaps have allowed some foolish sentiments of envy to have got possession of my heart; but I had a remedy at hand; I watched this idol of the people a little longer, and I saw him struggling with difficulties beyond the reach of human power to overcome. Rivals thronged around him,—jealousy and dissension rendered his councils abortive,—unforeseen accidents blasted many of his best-concerted schemes,—every domestic comfort was resigned,—he lived not for himself, but others,—his influence began to diminish,—white hairs gathered on his brow,—the sun of his glory set,—he retired into solitude, and died forgotten. "Alas!" said I to myself, "here are two sides to the picture."

Again, when I met with Youth and Beauty glittering in the crowded drawing-room, or fixing the gaze of the enraptured theatre, or moving in the light of her loveliness through the graceful dance, when the festive wreath of health and happiness that bloomed upon her brow seemed to be composed of immortal flowers,—when the perpetual halo of good humour played round her lips, and when they were opened but to give utterance to the melodious tones of joy,—was it not hard to have the discovery forced upon you, that in all this there was something unreal?—that there were solitary hours of fatigue, and vexation, and pain,—that the lips could relinquish those smiles for the bitter sneer of contempt and hatred,—that the melody of gentleness could be exchanged for the harsh accents of reproach and anger, —that, under the heavenly exterior which bounteous Nature had bestowed, lurked all the evil passions of the human heart,—that vice had yielded to virtue its customary homage of hypocrisy, but that the mask could be only too easily removed, and that then might be seen at once the two sides of the picture!

When, turning to different scenes, I contemplated the holy servant of religion, guiding a multitude to heaven by the force of his precepts and instructions, comforting the afflicted, re-assuring the wretched, encouraging the humble, rebuking the presumptuous, assisting the contrite, and raising, like a ministering angel, the standard of human excellence,—how could I help saying within myself, who could stand a comparison with a man like this? A little further investigation, however, dissolved the charm. I discovered that religion was too often assumed as the cloak of knavery; that it was easy to talk of heaven and the joys of eternity, when the heart was all the time devoted to the enjoyments of sense, and every hope was connected with the present existence; that it was no difficult task to preach to others, in pompous and indignant terms, of the necessity of subduing the passions, and keeping the heart with all diligence, whilst he who thus declaimed laughed his own doctrine to scorn by the daily practice of his life. In short, I was able to say with the Italian poet:

Sotto un velo sagrosanto ognora,
Religion chiamato, parvi tal gente
Che rei disegni amanta; indi, con arte
Alla celeste la privata causa
Frammischiando, si attenta anco ministra
Farla d'inganni orribili, e di sangue.

It is indeed melancholy, but it is nevertheless true, that even here there are two sides to the picture.

Frequently and ardently have I longed for fame,—the fame, not of an Alexander or a Cæsar, but of that far nobler sort by which the efforts of genius, in unravelling the mysteries of mind, or extending the boundaries of science, or opening the fountains of imagination, are ever sure to be hallowed. I followed with my eye the triumphant career of the poet. I saw him at first contending with difficulties under which spirits of a meaner order would have sunk; but, conscious of his innate strength, he despised the critic's power, or turned his own weapons against him. Proceeding resolutely in the course he had himself chalked out, the effulgence of his mind burst at length upon the astonished world, and shining far off, in its own unclouded beauty, among the highest stars of the galaxy, was worshipped from the distance by thousands of admiring votaries. Is there nothing enviable in a fate like this? Let the undying voice of Byron answer you the question. That voice has winded over the earth, and its echo is still heard in the most distant nations. It was the voice which ventured to rise, alone and unsupported, against the mysticism of bigotry, the prejudice of ignorance, and the hypocrisy of guilt. It was the voice that roused the dormant energies of the soul, and dared to laugh at the mighty heavings, and hideous contortions, and gigantic throes of swollen and bloated greatness,—the voice that knew how to annihilate the impotent vanity of titled power, and exalt the genuine majesty of unambitious virtue! Yet who asks if Byron was fortunate? Who knows not his unhappy story? Crossed and disappointed in his domestic affections,—neglected by those to whom the ties of blood ought to have endeared him, an exiled wanderer over the earth,—unpossessed of a single spot he could call his home, the object against whom were unsparingly directed the poisoned arrows of scandal, and malice, and envy;—and now that he has died—died in his youth, and in a foreign land, and in the cause of liberty—his glorious memory is polluted by the scribbling of newspaper hirelings; and they who have barely sufficient talents to write an intelligible sentence on the petty politics of the day, presume to offer criticisms on the productions of a mind which they never understood, and to damn, with their faint praise, the efforts of a genius whose sublime powers have shed additional lustre over human nature, and added another argument in favour of the immortality of the human soul! Look, then, to the poet, and, as you look, confess that there are two sides to the picture.

The same truth extends to every condition and rank of life; nor is it confined in its application merely to the insulated circumstances of an individual; it will be found to apply, with equal certainty, to the moral and political state of nations. Nay, philosophers who have contemplated the universe, and investigated the laws of nature, have sufficiently proved, by the widely different results to which their discoveries have led, that, even in considering the universe, they have seen different sides of the picture. Happiest he, whose well-regulated mind, or natural cheerfulness of disposition, induces him to look with a lenient eye on the errors, and with a placid composure on the misfortunes, which, as long as he inhabits the earth, will stare him in the face wherever he turns. His eye loves to rest on that which is fair and pleasing; and whatever he does not find in unison with his own benevolence and good humour, he softens down into a shade less sombre, arraying the dark and the gloomy in hues of brightness they never knew before. To him it is of little consequence what side of the picture presents itself. He can look at either with complacency, and find beauty in both.

H. G. B.

Poetical Epistle to G. M.

Dear M., our landscapes faded lie,
Beneath December's cheerless sky,
And hollow blasts sing loud and long
The winter's wild and stormy song;
And sweeping o'er their summits, stir
The sombre pine and gloomy fir,
That from the cliff's majestic height
Nod to the passing cloud of night:
No more upon the waving bough
The small bird sweetly warbles now,
But through the leafless forest trees
Deep moans the melancholy breeze:
No more in music steals the rill
Adown the bosom of the hill,
But thunders o'er its bed of stone,
A fierce and foaming torrent grown:
No more upon the mountain's head
The farewell sunny smile is shed:
No more the calm and silent stream
Reflects the evening's rosy beam;
Its drear and sullen wave instead,
Is tinged with blush of angry red,
From stormy clouds that hurrying sail
Before the cold and scourging gale.

How better may I pass the hour
Of howling blast and drifting shower—
How better fly from present pain,
And live the lovely past again,
Than here lie tracing days gone by,
And scenes, my Friend, where you and I
Pursued our autumn sports, till all
Grew gray beneath the evening's fall,
Then sought the hospitable dome
Where strangers ever found a home,
And where such moments were enjoy'd,
That life, till then, seem'd but a void?
Still through its shades they come to me
Like sunbeams o'er a sullen sea.
There autumn's brief, but brilliant day,
Still found us on the mountain gray;
Through heath and wood our death-shot rung,
Where Fingal fought, and Ossian sung;
And when the evening shadows fell
Along the dim and wizard dell,
Where birch and willow waved in air,
Like mourners with dishevell'd hair,
And drooping where dark waters slept,
As if above the dead they wept,
Appear'd, while fading from our ken,
Like spirits of the twilight glen;—
Oh! spite of Reason, in such hour,
We felt dark Superstition's power,
Till soaring o'er the dusky vale,
We saw our mansion's summit pale.

At that sweet hour, when fades the day
O'er earth and ocean far away;
Ere yet the gentle twilight's gone,
Ere night descends on cloudy throne;
When on the hearth the blazing pile
Shed round the pictured wall its smile;
Whose silent dwellers then would seem
More life-like in the sportive beam,
The images of them that long
Had left the hall of feast and song,
And slept below, without a trace
On earth, except that shadowy race;
How sweetly then the cares of day
From weary bosoms pass'd away!
And from the harp the wild notes rung,
And the fair seraph sisters sung
Those strains that claim the bosom's sigh,
Those magic airs that cannot die—
Eternal as the rocks that stand
The bulwarks of our native land—
Immortal as the feelings given
Unto the human heart by Heaven;
Such as the dirge for them that died,
The "Forest Flowers" on Flodden's side;
Such as the voice each lay that mourns,
Along the deathless page of Burns.

Ye sons of song! whose strains are fraught
With feelings, fire, and light of thought,
Too oft your fate has been to fade,
Unseen, in sorrow's wintry shade;
And ye who charm'd the world, have pined
With broken heart and wounded mind:
Oh! must the wreaths of genius be
For ever twin'd of cypress tree?
And o'er its brow still darkly wave
The leaves that best become the grave?
Go, read the tales of their despair,
Thou'lt find the mournful answer there!

Oft, when on high the harvest moon
Rode clear and cloudless in her noon,
We wander'd onward with delight,
Beneath the cool and silent night—
When not a frowning cloud was there,
To dim the clear and azure air,
But all was lustre pure and mild,
A pale light o'er a pathless wild;
Where gloom'd the pine-tree, dark and tall,
Above the sheer and foaming fall;
Far seen, like silvery column high,
Suspended 'twixt the earth and sky;
Then silence slumber'd on the hill,
And lakes below lay bright and still,
As at Creation's dawning morn,
They slept ere yet the winds were born;
Reflecting mountain, rock, and tree,
Fair as the good man's memory
Gives back, ere life's last light is set,
Its scenes unclouded by regret.

Oh! there doth Superstition gray
Yet linger ere she pass away;

There take awhile her latest stand,
Before she leave our mountain land;
Thus makes one pause, a long, a last,
While spread the sails into the blast,
The exile, ere he quit the shore
That gave him birth, for evermore!
Alas! that all her dreams should flee
Before cold, dull reality!
Alas! that from the march of truth,
Should fade enchantments of our youth!

To thee, my Friend, 'twere vain to say
What sorrows dimm'd our parting day;
For, with the scenes we left behind,
We left the hearts most true and kind;
We left such lovely forms as ne'er
Yet blossom'd in the desart air;
And from their lips, when faltering, fell
The last, the long-delay'd farewell,
It was departing Pleasure's knell:—
Oh! still may each be Nature's child,
Long, long to bloom amidst the wild!
Oh! may their lives, a lovely tale,
Pass calm, as waters of the vale;
As stream, reflecting, while it flows,
The heaven that in its bosom glows!
Then other eyes, but none so bright,
From those fair scenes shall drink delight;
And the yet silent tongue shall praise
Their loveliness in happier lays!

CLASSICAL REVERIES.

No. VI.

The difference of termination which prevails in the various inflections of the Latin nouns, arises, as is well known, from the conjunction, or complete uniting and incorporation, of suffixes, which modify the signification of the original word. These suffixes becoming, from the very circumstance of their union, stationary, are, of necessity, greatly generalized, in order to answer the various purposes for which, as auxiliaries, they were originally adopted. Hence, we find the terminations *is*, *i*, *m*, and *e*, used in a very general sense, so as to render it necessary, in translating them into English, to make use of a great variety of English auxiliaries,—"with, from, in, or by." Ruddiman's equivalent of the ablative termination might be greatly extended; and the same process of extension might, with equal propriety, be applied to the rest of the cases. Hence there originates, as may readily be supposed, a certain ambiguity of sense in the use and application of the Latin cases. One is often at a loss whether to resolve the termination by one or by another of our English auxiliaries, or, as they are termed, signs. "With a sword," is quite a different thing from "in a sword," or even "from a sword;" and yet all these notions are couched in the one Latin expression "gladio." It is quite true that the generalized notion lands us in "concomitancy;" but how, in our translation of this abstract idea, are we to be conducted with certainty, and directly, to that particular modification of the general sense which was meant to be expressed? In many instances, the context, in other words, the manifest meaning of the sentence, will guide us; but in a vast number of cases, we shall still be at a loss, without some further indication of the modified meaning than what the generalized termination can convey. In this situation it is that we see "prepositions" employed with the view of fixing down clearly, and closely, the meaning of all cases, properly so called; that is to say, of all cases where any change of termination is visible[*]. "Urbe" may either signify "in a city" or "with a city;" but "in urbe" fixes the meaning at once. In our efforts to express in English the import of the Latin cases, prepositions are employed; and the same means are adopted by the Latins, whenever the idea is not distinctly made out by the termination, in other words, by the preposition already *suffixed* and generalized. But the use of Latin prepositions is not even limited to such instances as would be uncertain without them; it is extended to cases where their presence is felt as a redundancy, in other words, where the signification could be readily made out without their assistance. "Ivit Romam," for example, in consequence of the generalized import of the termination "m," intimates the direction of the motion towards Rome, with as much certainty as if the preposition "ad" had been added. And "eamus," or "exeamus scholâ," are much of a piece, in point of manifest signification, with "exeamus ex scholâ," in which instance the same thing is *thrice* said, the ablative termination and the two "*exes*" being all expressive of the notion conveyed in the word "*from*." We are not to be surprised, therefore, when we find this "I make sure" system prevailing in respect of cases, and prepositions in particular, for it obtains more or less, in all situations, and in all languages. "Nemo homo" "ore locutus est," are instances in Latin; and we every day, in spite of some modern Grammarians, say, "from hence," and "convened together." In the inimitable story of La Roche, we find, "a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil *of* her *father's*;" and a little farther on, we have, "not that he was ever a lover *of* the *lady's*." All, therefore, that is necessary to the rendering of such phrases legitimate is use, founded upon the congruity or correspondence of ideas betwixt the various component parts of the expression; you could not say "to hence," or "convened asunder" to her father's, or from the lady's, no more than you can say "a Romam," or "ad Roma." This, however, is a very different account of the matter from that which is generally received as the just one. In the connection betwixt the preposition and the case which it is said to govern, there is supposed to be a kind of law of necessity. The preposition "a" is conceived to govern the ablative by a despotic and absolute authority. Now, it might be said with equal propriety, that the ablative governs the preposition "a," as the influence over each other is mutual and reciprocal; it is because there is an *affinity* betwixt the *signification* of the ablative termination and the preposition "a" that they are to be found so often in company with each other—"A me ad te." The general notion of the terminus "a quo," and the terminus "ad quem," is contained in the ablative "me;" and the accusative "te," independently of the prepositions "a" or "ad;" but the meaning of these prepositions, and of the terminations of the respective cases, coalesces; and hence, for the sake of modification or precision, these prepositions are added. These lucubrations might be carried over the whole list of prepositions conjoined with various cases; *e. g.* "Hostem" implies the terminus "ad quem;" "ad, apud, adversus, contra, cis, circa, &c. hostem," are all modifications of the notion implied in the termination "m." "Hoste" implies concomitancy, and so do "a, ab, abs," &c.

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[*] We find prepositions governing, as it is termed, or conjoined with all cases, except the vocative and nominative; the dative and ablative being assumed as one.

Respecting the preposition *cum*, however, it may not be irregular, or improper, to make a few cursory observations, as it seems to extend its government, as it is termed, or its use and application, so far as to imply that its original and radical signification does not lie quite on the surface. It is pretty generally admitted, that "cum" and "quum" are, in fact, the same words, differing only in spelling; and that "cum Cæsar posuisset castra," is an equivalent to "Cæsar castris positis," or "*cum* castris positis," considering "castris positis" as a concomitancy to some other action or event. Now, this being the case, "cum" joined with the ablative, and "quum," or "cum," joined with a verb, appear to be, in fact, the same words, and to be applied precisely in the same manner, with this exception, that as "quum" or "cum" joined with the verb, must of necessity be united or combined with the notion of *time*, essential to the verb with which it is joined; so "quum" is conceived, though falsely, to be a term originally expressive of time,—whilst "cum," governing the ablative, is conceived as referring to concomitancy merely. "Cum rediisset in castra," and "cum reditu ejus in castra," are, however, completely synonymous, as they express precisely, both in respect of fact and *time*, the same notion; and yet, in the former expression, "cum," or "quum," is called by grammarians a conjunction, and translated "when;" and in the latter case, it is termed a preposition, and translated "with." The one is Englished by a word expressive of time, and the other of concomitancy, without any reference to time whatever.

Thus, then, if our reasoning be correct, we have advanced *one* step in our generalizing process, and have discovered that " cum" joined with a noun, and " quum" with a verb, are, in fact, the same words, suggesting, as far as these words are concerned, precisely the same notion, and only modified, in their translation into English, by the circumstance of *time* entering into the application of the one, and in many cases not into that of the other. But we are still in the dark as to the original and radical meaning of the term itself. It seems, indeed, to refer to concomitancy; but under what modification or aspect we know not. This inquiry, therefore, induces us to look out for some other apparently different application of the term, that we may by this means approach step by step nearer to the fundamental meaning. Are there any such applications to be met with in the classics? Let us see—" Tantâ *quum* gratiâ *tum arte* præparaverant fœneratores." *Liv. lib.* 2. *c.* 31. Here " *tum*" and " *quum*" are usually translated by " both," and " and;" and this sentence may stand for a thousand of a similar description, wherein " quum" is reciprocated by " tum;" these two words being considered as co-relative expressions. " Tum," in all probability, and according to the strictest rule of analogy in derivation, is neither more nor less than τον, the accusative of the Greek demonstrative pronoun; whilst " quum," is as manifestly the old form of the Greek relative pronoun ον, which in Herodotus, and other old Greek writers, is written κον; thus making out, betwixt them, the correspondence expressed in Latin by " id quod," and in English by " that which." Nor is this analogy confined to one gender. We have likewise " tam " and "quam," or ταν and καν, the old forms of την and κην , or ην, used in a similar manner; *e. g.* " Tam arte, quam marte," &c., " both by art and war," as it is usually, but incorrectly, expressed in English. Now, how do we bring the meaning, which is attached to such expressions, out of them? What connection is there betwixt " quum gratiâ tum arte," " tam arte quum marte," and " that which," the literal and radical import of these terms? In order to expiscate this, we must attend to the circumstance, that these terms thus used are uniformly accusative forms. They are not used in the genitive, dative, or ablative, but in the accusative. Now, this must arise out of a peculiarity in that case by which it is fitted to express some modification of meaning. " That" and " which," placed in an accusative sense, are equivalent to " *to* that," and " *to* which," or, in other words, express what grammarians call the " terminus ad quem," which expression is uniformly put in the accusative. " Ivit Romam—columna sexaginta pedes alta—rediit domum," are all instances in point. Taking this circumstance, therefore, into account, in reference to τον and κον, " tum" and " quum," ταν and καν, " tam" and " quam," we find their literal and original meaning to be, not "that which" merely, but " to that to which," or " that which," in an accusative sense. Let us apply this, then, to the sentences quoted; and, in the first place, to " quum gratiâ *tum* arte præparaverant fœneratores." " To *which*, with favour, *to that* with art," &c. To *which*, to *what?* to *that*, to *what?* Neither the " terminus," nor the " thing terminated," is mentioned; so you are left at liberty to supply *both*, according to the sense of the context. " To which *extent*, by favour to *that*, or to the same extent by art;" i. e. *both*, and in the *same degree*, by favour and by art, which brings out the meaning. Again, " *tam* arte *quam* marte. To that (extent) by art, to *which* (extent) by war," that is to say, to *an equal* extent by art and by war, which is more than is expressed when only " both by art and war" is used in translation. A general may gain " a victory," " gladio et arte," but more by the one than by the other; but if he gains it " tam gladio quam arte," he gains it equally, or in equal proportions by each. Now, let us see if we can bring these observations to bear upon the more ordinary uses and grammatical arrangements of " quum," the conjunction, and " cum," the preposition, as they are termed. Are these words still the accusatives of the Greek pronouns?

and if so, how can we account for their application in common usage? This conducts us back again to the principles originally laid down, that the Latin cases are, in fact, words with *pre*positions suffixed, and that the separate preposition no more *governs* the case, than the *case* the preposition; there is merely a concordance of meaning betwixt the two. "Vir gladio," and "vir cum gladio," are the same thing in point of effect; and whether you supply the "cum" or not, speaking grammatically, the meaning will be the same. Wherein, then, do the expressions differ? "Vir cum," a man to *that*,—to what? the terminus is immediately added, "gladio," with a sword. There is here, first, a general statement made, which is afterwards limited; a circumstance very usual in all languages. "Cum parte copiarum filium Arientem Ariciam mittit." *Liv. lib. ii,* 14. Here "parte" by itself would express all that is actually expressed by the addition of "*cum*." The expression "cum parte" is merely an "I make sure" method of first stating, as it were, the thing generally, and then subjoining the limitation meant. "Mittit filium Ariciam," he sends his son to Aricia; "cum," to *that* extent in point of concomitancy; to what extent do you mean? "parte copiarum," *with* a part of the forces. Let us now apply the same method of reasoning to that use of "cum," or "quum," when a verb, and not a noun, is immediately connected with it. "Cæsar cum posuisset castra, rediit domum." Cæsar *cum*—Cæsar "*to that*"—to what? To this extent, namely, immediately subjoined, "posuisset," or "posuerat castra:" here the general reference to something indefinite is immediately limited by a definite reference. But what comes of the *time* which is universally understood to be inherent in this term, when united with a verb? "Ratio est in promptu," there is no such meaning of time inherent in the word itself; it is only gathered from the word, implying time, with which it is conjoined. "Heri rediit domum," yesterday he returned home. "Quum heri rediit domum," to *that* of his having returned home yesterday; some *thing* is pointed at by "quum," as yet to be added. The "terminus ad quem" is given; but the correlative idea, the "terminus a quo," is not given, but pointed at in a general term "quum."

Take the preposition "sine" as another instance of a conjunction, universally joined with a particular case, (the ablative, *videlicet*,) when nothing approaching to what can be termed *government* is implied. Upon this preposition, its derivation and use, a great deal has been written; and the head-master of Shrewsbury School, the learned and erudite Dr Baxter, has been trying his hand in a work, entitled "The Praxis of the Prepositions," and published last year, upon the same subject. "Sine," says he, without doubt or hesitation, "*is nothing but the imperative mood of the verb 'sino,' to let alone, and signifies privation, or being without a thing*." Now, this criticism is very much of the same family with the derivation of "inde," thence, from the imperative of "indo, and settles all matters without further trouble. "Sine Baccho et Cerere friget Venus," "without corn and wine Love freezes," would, according to the above derivation, express the very reverse,—"Suffer corn and wine to be, take these into account or reckoning, and then love would grow cold." How comes it, we would ask, besides, of Dr Baxter, that this imperative mood, all-unchanged and active in its signification, as it still is, happens universally to have the ablative after it, whilst every other part of the verb "sino," and even this part in the verbal use, have after them an accusative, and *not* an ablative? We think this fact decisive of the question. But leaving Dr Baxter to settle his own praxis with his own pupils, and with the one thousand and one English scholars who bow to *authority*, and are content to think, at least to express themselves, as others have done before them, we would willingly inquire into what appears to us to be manifestly the composition, as well as the praxis, of the little vocable in question. "Dein" is just "inde," the syllables transposed; and, following the same analogy, "nisi," or "nesi," becomes "sine;" "Sine Baccho et Cerere," *i. e.* "nisi Bacchus et Ceres adsint;" "Si Bacchus et

Ceres *ne* sint." You ask, then, why is "Baccho et Cerere" put in the ablative after "sine," and not after "nisi?" The answer is to be found in the manner in which the subject *ne*gatived is apprehended. It is stated, as a concomitancy to "friget Venus," with *no* "Bacchus and Ceres," Venus freezes. *If* these are *not*, the latter becomes cold. Where, then, we ask, is the government of the ablative attributed to "sine" in this case? and would not "Baccho et Cerere" remain in the same case, suppose "sine" were away, only the meaning would not then be negative, but positive?—it would be *with*, instead of *without*. "Imperium fine" means an empire with an end, or the end taken in concomitancy with the empire. "Imperium sine fine" is just the reverse of this, because "sine" supposes the negative, and not the affirmative. "Nabis sine cortice," is just "nabis *si* cortex *ne* sit." And so on, *ad infinitum*. You may just as well say, that, in the sentence "nisi vir meus adsit," the nominative "vir" is governed by "nisi," as that, in the sentence "sine viro meo," the ablative is governed by "sine."

Such speculations may serve to shew the necessity of thinking, and of thinking *out* of those tracks along which the wheels of thought have continued so long to revolve. That these reveries may not be controverted, the author does not pretend to say, but he is sure that they are his own; and that, by following the same method of untrammelled disquisition, some light may yet be struck out in the metaphysics of philology.

GAMMA.

Matrimonial Felicity.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! thou art a bitter draught!"—*Sterne*.

To die, some wicked rascals tell us,
Is a mere joke—a bagatelle,
Whether we're partial to a gallows,
Or choose to walk into a well;
But, from a paltry love of life,
Say the same rogues, not over-civil,
To take unto yourself a wife,
Alias a spouse,—O! that's the devil!
Who, cry these wags, would ever cumber
His house with such a dull, insipid,
Useless, heartless piece of lumber,
A mere machine—a moving biped?
And then they speak of Eve and Adam,
And Samson's wife, and Lot's sad dame,
And poor Job's breeches-wearing madam,
And hundreds more than I can name:
Pandora with her poisonous box,
And Ellen who to Asia ran,
And her who had the art to hoax
Poor Socrates, unhappy man!
Yet, after all, I still maintain
That women, on the whole, increase
Man's happiness; and can't refrain
From saying they're a useful piece
Of household furniture, a kind,
Domestic animal, that knows
All the vagaries of your mind,
And makes your tea, and mends your clothes.
But marriage is, no doubt, a sea,
With many a rock that one may split on,
With many a hidden shoal that we
Will soon or late be sure to get on.
Who ever saw a genuine tear
Stand in a widow'd husband's eye?
Who ever had the luck to hear,
At such a time, a genuine sigh?
Look at the widower, when he goes
Accout'red in his best black clothes,
Is there no smile about his face?
No air of freedom in his pace?
No scorn about the glance he throws
In proud security on those
Whose looks inform you well enough
Their mates "are made of sternner stuff?"
This puts a story in my head,
I somewhere either heard or read:

A messenger, in breathless haste,
With hair erected on his head,
Into Cornaro's chamber press'd,
And rush'd up to the sleeper's bed.—
The sleeper lay in sweet repose,
The wasted strength of life restoring,
Lull'd by the music of his nose,
Which mortals vulgarly call snoring.
The stranger shook him pretty roughly,
And tweak'd his nose, and pull'd his hair;
At last Cornaro, rather gruffly,
Ask'd, What the devil brought him there?
The messenger, in great distress,
At length, in broken accents, said,
"O! Sir, they've sent me here express,
To tell you that your wife is dead!"
"Indeed!" the widow'd man replied,
Turning upon his other side,
And pulling o'er his eyes his cap,
In hopes of finishing his nap,—
"To-morrow, when I wake, you'll see
How long and loud my grief shall be."

H. G. B.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMMENTATORS.

> "While Commentators each dark passage shun,
> And hold their farthing candles to the sun," &c.

MR EDITOR,

I HAVE seldom, in the English language, met with a piece of satire more pointedly, or more truly applicable to its object, than these two lines of Young are to our commentators on Shakespeare, I might add, to those on the Bible also; but intending, at present, to shew cause against the former only, to them I confine the present remarks. I have, in fact, become so utterly annoyed and disgusted with the perplexing and incoherent ravings of these commentators, who have besmeared the pages of Shakespeare with their slaver, that I have formed the resolution of bargaining for an edition of "Every One's Favourite," having the text only, in exchange for my one-and-twenty volume edition, which is to be forthwith turned out of doors. A few parting imprecations, if you permit me to vent such in your pages, will more than console me for any pecuniary loss in the intended barter.

It is, at this time of day, a very trite remark, and it shall therefore be a short one, that Shakespeare, of all English writers, is most peculiarly felicitous in the adoption of appropriate and energetic language, to give expression to the agency of human passion. Such personages, therefore, whose "necessitous wants" require the aids these commentators so liberally bestow gratis, must needs go a-begging all their days,—for they can have no chance of communing with Shakespeare, and of understanding and appreciating his converse;—they have, in short, no right to read him at all. I freely admit, that annotation may occasionally be useful to general readers, for the illustration and better understanding of obsolete manners, customs, and words, because every man of taste is not necessarily an antiquary; but to these, and to these alone, all commentaries on Shakespeare ought to have been confined.

Instead of this, however, it would almost appear that the curse with which Shakespeare fenced his bones*, to prevent their removal from his last dormitory, ("that house which lasts till Doomsday,") had extended its paralyzing effects to every critical anatomist, who, inspecting that indestructible frame of his above ground—still retaining the vigour and freshness of manhood's prime—should dare to pronounce a sinew a bone, or a bone a sinew. How can it be otherwise, when, in such attempts, we behold solidity personified; and talents, learning, and genius, exhibiting, for the moment, the symptoms of premature decay!

To make good the foregoing remarks, I shall confine the present communication to two instances only of annotation; but more are in reserve, provided these now offered find favour in your eyes, and in those of your readers,—for of *material* there is no lack, thanks to the bulk of twenty-one volumes. I begin, then, with the words uttered by Hamlet in the scene where he is first introduced. The King addresses him in these words:

> "But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son."

This address suffers a momentary interruption by Hamlet's feelings giving utterance to the *aside* speech—

> "A little *more* than KIN, and *less* than KIND."

The developement of the tragedy would, I think, render the meaning of this supposed, and only inward, exclamation of Hamlet perfectly intelligible. Unfortunately for themselves, however, the commentators, with more of learning, and with less of those qualities which should accompany it, entertain a different opinion. See how they quack and gabble about it.

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* The following lines, supposed to have been written by Shakespeare, are engraven upon the stone which marks the spot where he lies interred, in the chancel of Stratford-on-Avon:

> Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
> To dig the dust enclosed here!
> Blessed be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones!

First, In the muster-roll there appears the great Dr SAMUEL JOHNSON, who, more sagely than opportunely wise, tells us, " that *kind* is the Teutonic word for *child*;" and that therefore Hamlet's answer is, " that he was somewhat more than *cousin*, and less than *son*." The dreaming lexicographer's pistol missed fire here at a mark within his reach, and therefore he deserved to have it wrenched from his grasp, and to be " knocked down with its butt end ;" or if his ghost ever makes its appearance in " Cock-lane," it should be told, *civilly*, that Shakespeare wrote " *kind*" here, (" blessings on his *want of* learning !") not as a Teutonic substantive, but merely as an English adjective.

Next[*] follows Steevens, who, very properly, doubts the " *nice distinction*" which Johnson points out, on account of the want of proof of *any other* English writer having ever used *kind* for *child*; he then stumbles on something like the true meaning, but errs in supposing that Hamlet applies the words to his uncle instead of himself—(it is on this point that even the shadow of a doubt can exist.) Again, doubting, he goes on to assert, that as *kind* signifies *nature*, the meaning of " less than kind" may be, that his relation to his uncle is an unnatural one, because partly founded upon incest. First impressions, after all, are sometimes the best; and to such Steevens, in this case, would have done better to have adhered ; but mark the conclusion of his very unsatisfactory lucubrations : " Dr Farmer, however, observes, that *kin* is still used for *cousin* in the *mid-land* counties !" It may be so ; but I apprehend that, in *all other* counties, *kin* (which differs by only a single letter from *kind*,) conveys the more general meaning of relationship, either by blood or marriage.

Another would-be unraveller of this knotty line in Hamlet remains yet to be noticed. " Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?" The aid which common sense affords may accomplish what is sometimes denied to learning. It never once occurs to the vulgar wisdom of any of these commentators that Shakespeare, who indulged in every opportunity where he could introduce a play upon words, adopts *kin* and *kind* for the sake of a paradox upon the quantity of letters composing these words, in their antithetical relation to each other, as determined by the words *more* and *less*. But the line as it stands establishes an obvious meaning, and that far beyond what the mere play upon the number of letters composing *kin* or *kind* admits of. And therefore Hamlet's meaning, in " a little more than kin and less than kind," can be neither more nor less than this :—" I am somewhat more than thy kinsman, (for besides being your nephew, I am now your step-son,) and I am somewhat less than kind to thee; (for I hate thee in that you have mounted the throne to the injury of my natural right, or against my chance of election [†], and formed an incestuous alliance by marriage with my mother.)

Of all the commentators, *Malone* would have been entitled to the credit of rendering the true meaning here, (if any credit can be due where the meaning is so very obvious,) had he rendered it to the full extent, and less hesitatingly, for he thus concludes his remarks :— " Or, if we understand *kind* in its ancient sense, then the meaning will be—' I am more than thy kinsman, for I am thy step-son ;' being such, ' I am less near to thee than thy natural offspring,' and therefore not entitled to the appellation of *son*, which you have now given me." This smells of the Teutonic lore.

Just before closing the volume containing Hamlet, my eye caught the following passage, marked with a reference to notes of commentators. Hamlet, speaking of his deceased father, uses these words:

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[*] I quote from the recent edition of Shakespeare, under the revisal of Mr Boswell

[†] It is a disputed point among these commentators whether the succession to the Crown of Denmark was hereditary or elective.

> "He was a man, take him for all in all,
> I shall not look upon his like again."

Here "Mr Holt proposes to read, from an emendation of Sir Thomas Samwell, Baronet, of Upton,

> '*Eye* shall not look upon his like again,'

"and thinks it is more in the true spirit of Shakespeare than the other. So, in Stowe's Chronicle, 'In the greatest pomp that ever *eye* beheld.' Again, in Sandy's Travels, 'We went this day through the most pregnant and pleasant valley that ever *eye* beheld.' Again, in Sidney's Arcadia, 'as cruel a fight as *eye* did ever see.' "—*Steevens.*

This is abundantly ridiculous. "'Tis all my eye and Betty Martin," to display erudition and the want of common sense. Quotations such as the above might be multiplied *ad infinitum;* yet I opine, that, in the present instance, they do not serve their purpose. It is quite inconsistent with the character of Hamlet to force his adoption here of *eye* instead of *I*, and therefore *it cannot be* "more in the true spirit of Shakespeare!" Hamlet, subdued as he is, under all circumstances, by the deepest feelings of grief for the loss of his father, and of veneration for the memory of his talents and virtues, is far from being that illiberal and dogmatizing coxcomb which his speech, so altered, would warrant. It might have been perfectly possible, that, had Hamlet doubled or even tripled his years, he would not have witnessed, upon the throne of Denmark, another king, possessing the same inestimable qualities as his father in every relation of life. But it would be rather too bold an assertion, that, from the eye of posterity, the like qualities and virtues were shut out, and for ever entombed with "the majesty of buried Denmark." To this commentator I would apply what Lockier says of Dean Swift:—"In the coffee-house yesterday I received a letter, in which there was one word, which consisted but of one syllable, and that syllable of but one letter, and yet the fellow had contrived to have three false spellings in it*."

I proceed next to notice a passage in the first scene of Othello. Iago addressing Roderigo, says of Cassio:

> "A fellow almost damn'd, in a fair wife."

One would almost imagine that this licentious speech from the lips of Iago, uttered for the accomplishment of an unworthy purpose, hardly required any serious comment. Its effect, however, has been to set the geese a-cackling; and more than three pages of small-letter print are devoted to its analysis,—and a strange analysis it is!

Mr Tyrwhitt professes himself inclined to believe that the true reading here is

> "A fellow almost damn'd in a fair *life*;"

which meaning he illustrates by quoting a passage from the Merchant of Venice, to the point of the Gospel judgment against those who call their brothers "fools;" and from this he draws his inference, that Shakespeare, by the proposed substitution of *life* for wife, alludes to the judgment denounced in the Gospel against those of whom all men speak well; closing his remarks by an allusion to what is recorded in the *Biographia Britannica* of Archbishop Sheldon having paid a compliment to the nephew of Sir William Temple, in saying that "he had the curse of the Gospel, because all men spoke well of him." This explanation is certainly forced and far fetched; that "the devil can quote scripture for his purpose" may be true, for any thing I know; but I strongly suspect that Iago had no such Gospel allusion in his head.

Mr Mason admits this conjecture of Tyrwhitt to be ingenious, but he cannot allow it to be right, for the malicious Iago was more a master of his art than to bestow the highest commendation on Cassio, when he is at the same time labouring to depreciate him in the estimation of Roderigo.

On the other hand, Mr Ritson "has not the least doubt that Tyrwhitt has given us here Shakespeare's genuine word and meaning." But it would be alike weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, to follow him, Malone, Steevens, and Henley, through the whole of their lucubrations upon this "obscure passage," the sum and substance of which has no other view than to establish or deny whether Cassio was then actually married, or to be married,—whether or not Bianca is the *fair wife* alluded to,—whether or not she was a lady of reputation,—whether or not Cassio was even then acquainted with her. In the want of better information respecting all these important facts, we may, without any alteration of the text, or any gross violation of its meaning as it now stands, thus interpret the words of Iago:—"Cassio cannot long be a formidable obstruction to our views, in that the fellow is almost already *damned* as such, in a *fair wife*, and prone to the indulgence of an uxorious disposition. She holds, or will hold him in leading-strings, to a degree contemptible for manhood, and subversive of his competence for the duties of any situation requiring active and laborious exertion;" or that his "reputation is on the wane by his alliance, formed, or about to be formed, with a woman of questionable character." If the question whether Cassio was married, or only about to be married, must needs be agitated, it can have no other effect in either case upon the "*almost damned*" of Iago, than to determine whether such doom was the nearer to its being accomplished.—S.

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* *Eye* instead of *I*. Spence's Anecdotes by Singer, p. 67.

Moonlight.

WHAT see'st thou, silver crescent of the sky,
When, in thy growing beauty, thou dost sail
Bright, through yon blue unclouded canopy,
And when, ere twilight gathers in the vale,
Or sunny radiance leaves the mountain's brow,
Thy gentler beams their loveliest light bestow?

Thou see'st the village-dance, where light hearts meet
Upon the village green, and where the lute
Breathes forth in merry tunes its accents sweet,
Nor stops until the tabor's voice is mute,
And till the dancers in their mirth forget
The jangling music of the castanet.

Thou see'st the lover in his lady's bower,
When lip is press'd to lip, and eye meets eye,
And when the bliss of that enraptur'd hour
Is utter'd only in the burning sigh;
Ah! tell them not that youth is on the wing,
Blight not the hopes of their delicious spring.

Thou see'st the fisher loitering by the shore,
Thou see'st the school-boy wandering through the wood,
Thou see'st the peasant by his cottage door,
Thou see'st the poet in his solitude,
Musing, perchance, some high heroic lay—
Soft fall thy light where'er his footsteps stray!

But other scenes are thine, sweet star of night
When, in thy wane, the too victorious morn
Steals from thee all thy radiance, and with light
From orb more dazzling hastens to adorn
This lower world: Ah! then, fair planet, say
What see'st thou, as thou hold'st thy heavenly way?

Thou see'st the traveller, hap'ly doom'd to roam
In foreign lands, unfriended and alone,
An exile from his country and his home,
The sweets of friendship and of love unknown;
Now round his bark the whitening billows rise,
And now his path through Afric's desart lies.

Thou see'st pale Genius watching, from afar,
The first faint traces of the wakening day,
Or gazing sadly on yon fading star,
Whose little light must, like her own decay:
Ah! 'tis the vigil of the broken heart,
That fain would live, though treacherous hope depart.

Thou see'st the mother, wife, or sister stand
By the lorn sick-bed, where disease has found
Another victim, and with icy hand
The joyful current of the blood has bound,
And from the brow pluck'd off the festive wreath,
And, smiling, shown the thorns that lurk'd beneath.

Thou see'st the soldier on the tented field,
Snatching short slumber ere he wakes to die;
Thou see'st the wretch whose senses never yield
To gentle sleep, and in whose dim sunk eye
Thou read'st remorse and terror; this is he
Who finds too late that guilt is misery.

Thou see'st, fair planet, nought but human life,
Things which will be, and which have ever been;
A motley stage, that shows a constant strife
Betwixt the tragic and the comic scene;
Where now a sage, and now a fool appears;
To-day all smiles, to-morrow nought but tears.
G. H. B.

"PISCATORIA MALA," OR THE FISHER'S UNLUCKY DAY.

EVERY body knows how much the ancients were influenced by their lucky and unlucky days; and even within our own memory we have individuals who were either partial or staunch believers in such fatalities. Sailors are universally superstitious on this score, as also people of all professions into which risk or chance (events over which the skill, or strength, or prudence of man can have no influence) manifestly enter. The field-sportsman has his days, when, aim, and calculate, and shoot as he will, not a bird will fall,—when flints are chipped or exchanged, locks are examined, and opportunities are regretted in vain. Now he misses fire when the game is within shot, and again he misses the game when it either is, or comes to be considered beyond his reach. He scorns to shoot a hare in her seat, so he advances and absolutely pushes her up with his foot; but both barrels are emptied, and yet poor puss, altogether uninjured, and scarcely, if one may credit her motions, alarmed, seeks the brake or the hedge, quite at her ease. He is upon the very point of blowing the bill from a woodcock, or the head from a pheasant, when something (as we express it) *takes* his foot, and he comes down, with a skelp, flat upon the spongy clay, or marshy bog, leaving a very marked impression of his presence behind him. A bird is evidently winged, and quite disabled; but, with all his own address, and with all the sagacity of his best pointer, the brake still retains its inmate; there is no such a thing as "bagging" a single feather. At last, dispirited, fretted, and furious, he fires right and left, at all and sundry, crows, jays, hawks, and wood-pigeons, till, in the profusion of his dispensations, his best dog, which had been taking a slap, or mounting a dyke, is heard to complain loudly and grievously; and he returns home, jaded and excoriated, to pick out, at his leisure, the lead drops from his pointer's posteriors. Such are the miseries of an unlucky day's shooting; and every field-sportsman can multiply and vary these, *ad infinitum*, from the inexhaustible store of his own individual experience and observation. But what are all these annoyances, great and extremely teasing though they be, to those to which the true and devoted fisher is occasionally exposed? They are but as the vexatious bite of the gnat, when compared with the perforation of the gad-fly,—they are as the puncture of a pin, a leech, or a lancet, in comparison with tooth-pulling, cautery, or amputation. The fisher's lucky day is indeed one, not only to be enjoyed when present, but to be remembered when past,—it is that day on which his basket was burst by the load, and all his pockets were packed, and a long string of supernumeraries was brought home dangling, by a *barbed* twig, in his hand,—it is that day upon which he had the whole water to himself, and the breeze, and the cloud, and the temperature, and the very fly with which he fished were all suitable and accommodated to each other,—when the small fry were driven, as it were, from the market, and the "old boys" with the brown noses, yellow sides, and largely spotted and marled backs, were afloat, and abroad, and on the out-look; and when there was neither springing nor plunging to be seen or to be heard, either in stream or pool, but all was conducted in silence and secrecy. And the hook just suddenly disappeared, and the line just stopped and sunk, and the very first pull was as sure as fate, and as fixed as the barb in the jaws of Leviathan. There are days, when, with all possible inadvertency and rashness, no loss can possibly occur,—when a sudden and uncalculated pull will only immediately make sure of the trout, without breaking the line or bursting the rod, and when you may safely play a two-pounder till both you and he tire, without running any risk from the delay, or from river obstructions and mischances. And what a delightful sensation the playing of a large, of an uncommonly large, of a *prodigiously big* trout, inspires through all your soul and framework! There! there is your chance! a little farther on, now a little more to the opposite side, and immediately under that overhanging bush, and over the very thickest, and darkest, and most troubled part of the stream;—*there!* see! try it once more, where the foam is wheeled and whirled, as in a turning-loom, into the size and form of a Highland bonnet, and where large and short-lived bells are sailing "a-down" majestically;—there's your chance—throw lightly, accurately, and transversely;—now *home* with your throw, in a downward sweep, so as to sink your hook about half an inch into the water. "Habet," "he has it," as the Romans said of the transfixed gladiator; and with one sudden and forceful regardless swing, he has taken to his dark and long-frequented hold. Never mind him; he is not quite at ease in his dwelling, for see how your rod vibrates, and your line trembles; he is now shaking his head, and looking exceedingly knowing and wise, like a surgeon over his patient; he is endeavouring, by mere strength of fin and muscle, to persuade himself that he must be asleep—that all this pulling and tugging at his jaw is mere fancy work, and that he may act the stoic, as he has long reigned the monarch of the flood, and take things in a dignified and "sang froid" manner. But this deception cannot be of long continuance, for that downwards tug and upwards pull will convince him that he may no longer trifle with the evil;—so out he comes, in the finest style imaginable, and has almost crossed the stream and landed himself at your feet, before you have had time either to retreat from his advance or to wind up the now superfluous reach of line. Never mind,—this is all a feint, for he has no intention of yielding so soon. The shallow water has brought him to himself, and he has just had time to wheel round, and to recover self-command, whilst his dorsal fin and broad tail are absolutely exposed above the surface of the flood. "Dum vitant stulti vitia in contraria currunt;" so fares it with him, out of the deep gullet into the shallow stream, and out of the shallow stream into the deep gullet; in neither situation can he find rest or safety, for whilst the weight and pressure of the deep water upon the transverse line considerably incommodes him in the gullet, the want of scope and of depth is equally teasing and dangerous amidst the shallows. "Medio tutissimus," says he, and away into the middle of the river he dashes majestically, the line all the while cutting its way over his head, like a shepherd's knife passing from stem to stern of a dinner kebboch. But things are strangely altered now; for, in that very theatre of his domain, where he pursued either his sport or his prey at his will, he is now incapable of retaining even a temporary possession,—he plies every fin, and he exerts every nerve, and he lies lazy, and all but motionless, on the very bed of the river; but, "hæret faucibus lethale ferrum," rest, or even a stationary position of any long continuance, is out of the question;—he shoots upwards with an instantaneous spring, and seems as if he were intentioned to catch flies amidst the clouds, for he has actually risen fourteen inches above the surface of the stream. The time, however, is past, mentioned by the poet, when,

> "Piscium et summa genus hæret ulmo,
> Nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis."

The law of gravitation acting in concert with fishing management, has now brought him down again from his aerial ascent, and he plunges, and rolls, and twists, and curvets away in one spot, till he makes the water boil over, and on all sides of him. He seems at this instant as if he had already yielded up the contest, and were playing away in all the passivity of culinary usefulness, like a sheep-head in some seathing cauldron; still, however, he scorns to be overcome by mere brutal force, and he tries at once your skill, your tackle, and your patience, by many sudden and contrarious excursions. Now, you have to follow him at the rate of twelve knots per hour, adown the stream—again he re-ascends, though with reduced velocity, yet with a varying and zig-zag uncertainty. "Quid opus est pluris," it is your "lucky day," and you drag him, after fifteen minutes of the most exquisite agitation conceivable, quietly to the bank, floating at intervals, on his side, and opening and shutting his jaws like an Elder yawning during sermon-time. He lies as quiet as a lamb, till you raise him fairly out of the water, and bearing him to a secure distance from the river, lay him softly out upon the green turf, and survey his size, spots, and proportion, with the delight of a miser contemplating his gold. A few vigorous courvettes, and turnings from side to side, and from end to end, point out to you the necessity of putting an end to his amusements, and your basket feels heavier by several pounds, upon this addition to your numbers.

Such is a specimen, and a specimen merely, of the blessings and delights which await a true and determined fisher, upon one of his "fortunate or lucky days,"—upon one of those days which, in his estimation, more than compensate for a whole week's unsuccessful effort: great as the discomfort and misery undoubtedly is which the angler suffers on "unlucky occasions," it is more, far more than compensated, by a single day of success such as I have described. We all know that the extreme of delight is more than a match for the opposite extreme of feeling. When the Roman matron heard that her only son had fallen in the battle of Cannæ, she merely fainted from extreme sorrow; but when she learned that the first report was false, and that her son was actually standing safe and sound in her presence, she died *outright!* As Burns says, though our distresses and disappointments in life be numerous and vexatious, yet

> "An hour of good fellowship souders
> it a';"

and by a parity of reasoning are the fisher's miseries, which I am about to narrate, more than out-balanced by the delight I have already hinted at.

Well! it is evidently a fishing morning, for the mist has taken to the hills, and the wind is soft and westerly, and the burns and rivulets have had time to discharge, into the larger streams, the muddy and overflowing waters of the late flood. You have dreamed all night of fishing, because preparation in the way of dressing hooks, and arranging flies, had been made on the foregoing evening, and you awaken early, in the midst of a most fascinating sport. An early breakfast is obtained, and, in spite of remonstrance, duty, and inconvenience, you are resolved, come what will, not to lose so admirable a day for the amusement. So off you set, in an immense haste, and at an ever-accelerating rate of walking, towards your favourite mountain streams. You are all alive and buoyant with hope, and indeed absolute certainty. The day is one amongst ten thousand, and you hear, even from the sough of the lins and cataracts, that the water is in excellent trim. But you begin to bethink you of that important book which contains all your store of tackle, and find, to your indescribable consternation, that, instead of gracing the bottom of your basket, it is lying in a certain drawer of a certain table, where your own hands had carefully lodged it the night before. Think of the man who advanced into Waterloo without his musket;—think of the parson who found himself in the pulpit without his sermon;—

think of the Prime Minister who found a certain question come on unexpectedly, in the absence of his voters;—think of the merchant who was half-seas-over without recollecting the necessary invoice of his freight;—think of Tantalus who was up to the lips in water, without the power of drinking;—think of Sisyphus, who found the stone recoil at the very instant when his labour appeared to be over;—think of Proserpine dragged back to Paudy and to Pluto, in "ipsis faucibus Orci;"—think of the master when he found the "ferule" burst to pieces in his hand, with which he meant to chastise folly or stupidity;—think of the boy whose hand was immediately over the back of the brooding partridge, but which suddenly sliped away from under his grasp;—think of the author who expected that his works would go through many editions, but who found that the very first edition was altogether unsaleable;—think of the editor who expected a good and sensible article from a tried and sensible correspondent, but who got nothing, after all, but a "rhapsody on fishing;"—think, I say, on one, or on all of these particular cases, and situations, and causes of misery and disappointment, and you will thus be able to approximate, for you can never reach the fisher's consternation and anguish on the occasion mentioned! But there is no help, save one, and that is, indeed, a direful alternative, being nothing less than the retracing of his steps for four long miles, and the putting himself in actual possession of the precious epository in question. There are, indeed, hooks upon the line which is attached to the rod; but then what is one pair to the exigencies of a whole day's fishing? These hooks may be lost at the very first throw, and then what resource is left but absolute and downright despair. The road, accordingly, is painfully and hurriedly retraced,—the drawer is searched, but the hooks have travelled! In fact, a boy of ten years of age has been dismissed after his father, by a nearer road, with the necessary implements. Worse and worse. The boy is by this time at the water side, and the whole day may be lost before he be found. However, there is nothing like perseverance, so off the fisher sets anew, and in the wake of the hook-bearer, and for once he is fortunate enough to find his son dabbling with a pair of his best hooks attached to a hazel switch, in the midst of a linn-pool. No time is now to be lost; the weather is still favourable, and as twelve has passed, the sky is not likely to clear up, and the sun to break through, for at least sixteen hours to come. To it the fisher sets with might and with main; but, notwithstanding all the favourable appearances, he finds that he comes but little speed. This seems unintelligible, till the boy comes running up with information, that two men with a poke-net are down below upon the water. Was there ever such mischance! and to lose so much time, too, in trying to solicit trouts where the poles and meshes had so lately been! The thing was intolerably vexatious,—so, another and a more-retired stream is resorted to, at the expense of half-an-hour's walking. In this, for a while, Fortune seems at last to have relented, for the trouts are taking *gloriously*, and the basket is filling apace. But, at a sudden turn upon the winding stream, the whole onward banks are discovered to be covered with sheep, which are busy nibbling their food, *down* to, and even *into* the very waters of the burn. All fishing, therefore, in this direction, is at a close; so a still further and more distant rivulet is resorted to. Just, however, as the fisherman is beginning to unfold his lines, the sun bursts out, in four o'clock heat and splendour, making all the gullets and pools to dance and to sparkle in his light. Confusion worse confounded. This crowns the whole; a "poke-net" may be avoided—sheep, too, may be left to graze where the shepherd has driven them; but who can veil the sun, or pluck him down from his altitude? Who can interpose the dark and gloomy shade over glen, and vale, and stream, and pool, and eddy? The case is completely helpless, so "bait" is resorted to where fly would fail; and, with the greatest labour and difficulty, a decentish fishing is at last obtained. Night, however, is coming on apace, and the distance from home is now considerable. Preparations are now making for travel, both by father and son, when the hook is suddenly fastened upon a stone, or turf, at the bottom of a deep gullet, and immediately under the bank. After many movements of the rod, right and left, up and down, and in every possible direction, there is no alternative left but to break the line, or to lean squat over the bank, and by inserting an arm deep into the water, to endeavour to disengage the hook. This method is accordingly resorted to; and whilst the father, with his head considerable lower down than his heels, and inclining towards the stream, is in the act of disengagement, an exclamation is suddenly heard from the boy, at some distance below, "Ay, father, come here! come here! there's plenty o' trouts here, and they're a' dead too, an' easily catched." In short, whilst the father had been engaged in endeavouring to attain one object, he had incautiously neglected another; and the lid not being properly secured, the fish, whilst he was bending downwards, had shifted towards the mouth of the basket, and had dropt, unperceived by him, into the flood. This had occasioned the appearances which the boy had marked, and over which he was unconsciously rejoicing with all his voice and activity. This was indeed crowning the work. A few, and a few only, of the six or seven dozen, were recovered, and at a great expence of wading and searching, from the depths and secret recesses of the pool and stream; and our fisher, who, in fact, was no other than the writer of this doleful narrative, returned home, fully resolved never to fish again upon the 29th of May, this evidently being the

"Fisher's unlucky day."

PISCATOR.

ON THE CLAIMS SET UP FOR LEVYING SEAT-RENTS IN LANDWARD AND CITY CHURCHES.

The claim for seat-rents now set up, and in many parishes acted upon, is inconsistent with every notion we can form of an Established Church. Our idea of an Established Church is, that religious instruction, *free of expense*, is provided for all ranks and classes in the community;—that an ample fund is set aside for that purpose by the State;—and that Heritors, in the eye of the law, are neither more nor less than *Trustees* on that fund, under the control of the Court of Teinds.

Looking back to the Acts and Commissions of Parliament for the plantation of kirks and valuation of teinds, we find there every thing provided for the support of the National Religion. Not only is provision made for the Ministers' stipends, manses, and glebes, and for building, upholding, and repairing churches, but for every thing connected with the due performance of divine worship. Nothing is omitted: bells, books, communion-tables, and communion-elements—even the Bible and the Psalm-book are provided for the Minister, as well as his Precentor, and the other officers that are necessary,—that so "*all* the people, universally, throughout the whole kingdom, may have occasion to participate the benefit of the word *."

This fund was established to give religious instruction *gratis*,—to the poor as well as to the rich,—to those who possessed, as well to those who had no land; and it was intended to relieve every one from contributing a farthing for the support of the National Religion. Hence it is, that not a man in Scotland pays a penny for the support of the Established Church. What Heritors pay for that purpose is not their own,—it is out of the fund which the nation has fixed on their lands: this fund is not, and never was theirs; and whether they hold their lands by purchase or inheritance, neither they nor their ancestors ever paid a shilling for it. To pretend, therefore, to *levy* rents from those seats in churches which, by law, they are bound to build out of this fund, is not only oppressive, but illegal,—it is making gain of godliness, gathering where *they* have not strewed, reaping where they have not sown, and turning the house of God into a place of commerce.

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* See Preamble to the several Acts and Commissions, especially those of 1617, 1621, and 1707.

The Jewish rulers, when corrupted with the love of gain, sold seats in the Temple, to the money-changers; but He who was mildness and benevolence itself, when he saw it, made "a scourge of small cords, and drove them out of the Temple, and poured out the changers' money, and overthrew the tables, and said unto them, Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an house of merchandize."

This is the spirit that pervades our ecclesiastical constitution with respect to levying seat-rents. The Church "can neither be fued nor set in tack;" and being a thing "*sacred*," it is, by our law, justly termed "*nullius*," the property of no one,—because "the common use of the Church," says Erskine, "belongs to all the parishioners."

Accordingly, by the Acts and Commissions of Parliament above alluded to, it was provided that new churches should be "erected in those parishes where the bounds were large, or the dwelling in the roums of the parish so remote from the kirk, who, for the great distance of the place, or for the intersection of waters betwixt their roums and the kirks, could not attend church, or have access to it, and to repair thither at the ordinary times appointed for divine worship," so as to "enjoy the comfort and the exercise thereof."

These Acts and Commissions are the charters of the Scottish people, entitling them to full and ample church-accommodation—and to that accommodation, too, *free* of all expense. This is doctrine, we know, very unpalatable to the Heritors and Magistracy of some parts of our kingdom; but that it is sound constitutional doctrine, we shall prove to demonstration, if there be any meaning in words and deeds.

The misconceptions and misrepresentations on this subject would astonish, were it not that we are well aware how much interest blinds even the wise. The evil arises from Heritors in landward parishes conceiving that parish churches are *their* own property, and that they have a right to do with them what they like: viewing them in this light, they imagine that they can demand rent for the seats they have provided, and that, if that rent be refused, they have a right to nail up the whole seats of the church, if they so please, and thus prevent any parishioner from occupying them, leaving to the clergyman bare walls and empty benches to preach to!

The absurdity of this is manifest, when it is considered, that, by numerous late decisions in the Court of Session, confirmed in the House of Lords, Heritors are bound and obliged to build a church sufficiently large to accommodate *two-thirds*, at least, of the examinable persons above twelve years of age. The object of this is, that the parishioners, to that amount, at least, shall enjoy religious instruction. But can this object of Government be attained if Heritors have a right to shut up the seats, and render the parish church a desert, till they get rents sufficiently high to please them? If this were the case, where would be the use of Ministers? and would not the proclamation of our present most gracious Sovereign, which requires and commands "all his loving subjects, of what degree or quality soever, decently and reverently to attend the worship of God on every Lord's day, on pain of his highest displeasure, and of being proceeded against with the utmost rigour that may be by law," be a cruel mockery and insult*?

If Heritors are entitled to nail up their seats, or to refuse sufficient church-accommodation *gratis* to the people, can the people give obedience to this His Majesty's most gracious and pious Proclamation? If, without rent, they cannot enter into the church and occupy it, is it not exactly the same to them, in effect, as if there were no church in the parish at all? Heritors say they build the church,—they provide the seats,—they keep both in repair and in good order,—and that therefore they have a right to be remunerated for all this expense. There is a gross and dangerous fallacy in this representation. Out of their own proper funds, the Heritors pay not a shilling for building, seating, repairing, and upholding the parish kirk, or any thing connected with the Established Religion. They are bound to build, repair, and uphold the manse and its offices,—the school-house and its *forms*, &c. are also provided by them; yet, did it ever enter into the heads of Heritors to call on the Minister and Schoolmaster for rent, or charge each scholar so much yearly for his school-form? And yet, we maintain, they are as legally entitled to ask rent from the Minister and Schoolmaster as from the parishioners, for seats in the church. If the one be legal, the other is legal: but both are illegal; and the exaction is as oppressive and unjust as it is injurious to the interest of the people and of religion.

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* The King's Proclamation for the encouragement of piety, &c., 12th of February 1820.

In saying this, we mean to impute no wicked intention or illegal *design* to such Heritors. Their sin, we believe, is, in most cases, the sin of ignorance, arising entirely from a misconception of the nature of the fund which they hold, *as Trustees*, for the maintenance of the National Religion. They have been taught, that, because the Ministers' stipends, with the repairs of the church, &c. &c. &c. come through their hands, and are levied from them, that therefore the Ministers' stipends, and the church, is their *absolute* property. This is a common error; and as it is founded altogether on a fallacy, we hasten to remove the delusion, because upon it the whole plea of levying rents from church-seats depends.

There is no one, we maintain, be he who or what he may, that pays a farthing for the support of the Clergy of the National Church, or for building and upholding her fabrics. This is an aphorism which cannot be controverted. "The Heritors pay nothing; the farmer and his tenants pay nothing; the Dissenters, or sectarians, pay nothing; even Ministers of the Church of Scotland themselves pay nothing; nay, farther, no class in the community pays any thing, in the sense which the expression bears in the mouth of those who use it, towards the expense attending the discharge of the ecclesiastical functions ordained by the State," or for building and endowing churches.

To see how all this happens, suppose—what was actually the case, as shall be shown by and bye—that all the tithes and land in the kingdom were held by and of the King;—that he fixed in the land a fund for the support of Religion and her Ministers;—and that this fund, incorporated with their estates, and now inherent in them as a life-rent annuity, is the national provision for securing, on a permanent foundation, the religious and moral instruction of the parishioners of the several parishes in which that land lay. In this view, the fund thus set apart has no relation to any other religious sect than to the Church of Scotland; it can be appropriated to no other use; and, being gratuitously received by the landowner, from the Sovereign, the paying its produce to the Church can be no burden on him or his *real* personal property;—and as it was no burden on him at *first*, it can be no burden on his successors; for, whether they hold the land by inheritance or purchase, they have paid nothing for this fund. Being made unalienable, it has, in the lapse of time, been neither bought nor sold; and, therefore, as nothing was paid for this fund by Heritor, or landowner, for him, therefore, to retain the annual fruits of it would not be *honesty*, but *robbery!*

That the Teinds—the fund for the support of the National Religion—cost the possessors of land nothing, is a doctrine well founded in law. The present Lord President of the Court of Session, when giving his opinion as a Judge, in 1808, on the question of tithes, said: "From the very earliest periods to which we can trace back our history, the tithes were the property of the State, reserved by the State, and by the State appropriated, or at least applied as a fund for the purpose of maintaining the Clergy." "Let us consider," continues his Lordship, "the situation of an Heritor in the light of a purchaser of land." "Did any such pay one farthing as the price of the tithes? Certainly not. They always are, and always have been *deducted* from the rental in calculating the price of the estate. What is taken for the maintenance of the Clergy is not, therefore, taken out of the pocket of the Heritor; for merely as a proprietor of land, he can have no right to the tithes, either by PURCHASE OR INHERITANCE."

The conclusion, from all this, is evident. If the proprietor has no right to the tithes, to retain them from those who have a right to them would be injustice; whilst the giving them over to those for whom the State designed them, is parting with nothing that is properly the Heritor's own.

The same reasoning and conclusion hold as to Heritors building and upholding churches. The decision of the whole Bench, on the 22d of June 1787, in the case of the Minister of Dingwall, *v.* Heritors of that parish, established this doctrine. That decision says, "when it becomes necessary to build a new church, the Heritors of the parish are bound to provide one sufficient for the accommodation of the parishioners *capable* * of attending divine worship, and that *this is a burden under which they acquired and hold their estates.*"

From all this, it clearly appears, that there is a fund vested in the lands of Heritors, which they never purchased or paid any thing for; and that this fund is not only available for paying Ministers' stipends, but for building churches, when and where necessary, in order to accommodate *all* the parishioners capable of attending divine worship.

Where, then, we ask, is the evidence that Heritors pay any thing for the support of the Established Religion out of their own proper funds? Does not the very reverse appear, and that, too, from our highest legal authorities? And if the building of churches, and fitting up of seats therein, come from no *proper* funds of their own, but from the national fund vested in their lands, as public Trustees, where is the justice of their claim, to be remunerated by levying rents from the seats? Such a procedure would put two kinds of funds into their hands; *first*, the national fund; and, *secondly*, the fund drawn from the industry of the poor for these seats, by which they would not only be exonerated from paying anything, but enabled to enrich themselves both ways.

To this reasoning it is not easy to persuade Heritors to listen. It is against their interest, and therefore they are slow to believe,—they would much rather hear the doctrine, that they are entitled to levy rents from all the seats in the church, and thus, by raising *six and eight hundred pounds* per annum, get quit of the burthen of the Established Church altogether. Indeed, this is just what the irreligious, and what all kinds of Dissenters plead for; and their reasoning, at first sight, is exceedingly specious. What right, say they, have we to be compelled to defray any proportion of the expences of a church-establishment, which we not only dislike, but detest, and against which we have lifted the standard of revolt and hostility?

But as this plea springs from misconception of the nature of church-property vested in their lands, and as we are anxious to reconcile them, through just views, to the present state of things, we shall take the liberty to beg their attention to the following considerations: When an estate, or any other property, is sold to A, with a life-rent upon it payable to B, has that life-rent *annuity* any relation to the religious opinions of A and B? Does it alter the nature of the sale, though A, the purchaser, be a Roman Catholic, and B, the life-renter, a Mahomedan or a Jew? Is not the life-rent annuity a civil fund, vested in that estate for B's behoof, and payable to him, though the estate should pass into a dozen hands, having as many different creeds? No doubt, at the end of *forty*, or *fifty*, or *sixty* years, if the annuitant should live so long, the succesors of A might think it a hardship to be kept so long from enjoying the *whole* rents of the estate; and they might feel this the more if the annuitant was a Jew, or a Catholic, or a Pagan, or one in active hostility against them; but would any, or all of these things, warrant A's successors from withholding B's annuity, and taking away, by force, or fraud, if you will, his liferent? We suspect no one will answer in the affirmative, that they have such a right;—and if so, no one will venture to affirm, that any landowner has a right, whatever his religious opinions be, to withhold his proportion of the funds in his hands towards supporting the Established Church.

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* Accommodation to ALL the parishioners *capable* of attending divine worship was the doctrine of the Court from the Reformation till this time. On a reclaiming petition, the Court, for the *first time*, limited it to two-thirds of the examinable persons above twelve years of age; thus doing, inadvertently and unintentionally, the greatest injury to religion. The strongest impressions are made when young. At the age of *eight* years, Clergymen are enjoined to catechise and examine children; and if they are able to be catechised, they are also able to go to church.

These funds have *no relation* to *his creed*. They were not vested in his hands, payable only so long as he or his successors continue attached to, and members of the Establishment: they were a *civil*, not a *religious* burden on his lands. They had an entire and an undivided relation to the Church of Scotland and its functionaries, and to no other person or society into whatever hand the lands might come; whether Pagan or Jew, Dissenter or Churchman, the possessor was bound, by his author's charter, to pay that proportion out of this fund to the "functionaries" appointed by the State for the discharge of the ecclesiastical duties required by the National Church.

A person, therefore, who would refuse to defray from this fund the expences of the Establishment, merely because he disliked it, would act in violation of the tenure by which he acquired and held his estate; and hence it has always been a source of astonishment to us how QUAKERS, a moral and religious people, governed by the rules of equity, justice, and fairness, should ever, for one moment, allow themselves to be distrained for tithes or Ministers' stipends, when they never bought the tithes, and when the fund vested in their lands was *bona fide* vested there by the State, for the support of the National Religion, and for which they paid nothing. The moral, social, and religious principles of this most respectable body, if the above facts were considered as they ought, will, we are inclined to think, correct their mistaken notions of this matter, and not, henceforth, suffer them to throw away, annually, so much money on account of distress, which ought to be employed for more laudable and praiseworthy purposes.

We cannot illustrate our position as to this fund better, than by a reference to the late petition from Lower Canada to the King. By an Act of George III., one *seventh-part* of all the land of Lower Canada is set apart for ever, for the support of the *Protestant* Clergy there. Suppose, now, that, in the course of a century or two, this *seventh-part* becomes so merged and incorporated with the other *sixth*, that it cannot be distinguished from the rest;—suppose, too, that only a *part* or *portion* of this *seventh-part* has been paid to the Clergy, and that the remainder has been retained by the proprietors of the different estates in the parish, and allowed by them to become a part of their annual income,—would it, after supposing all this, be reasonable for these proprietors to refuse the proportion they had hitherto paid, or even the whole *seventh-part*, if necessary, because they were not now Protestants, but had, in the lapse of time, become Roman Catholics, or Infidels, or Atheists? or supposing themselves still liable to build and uphold Protestant places of worship out of this *seventh*, would they be permitted to remunerate themselves by levying seat-rents from the Protestant worshippers?

Such an idea is absurd:—Dr Franklin exposes it finely, in a letter originally addressed to the Editor of the London Packet, which, while it shows us his sentiments upon this point, exhibits the integrity of the Civil Magistrate in America. "The Presbyterians," says the Doctor, "went from England to establish a new country for themselves, at their own expence, where they might enjoy the free exercise of religion in their own way. When they had purchased the territory of the natives, they granted lands out in townships, requiring for it neither purchase-money nor quit-rent; but this condition only to be complied with, that the freeholders should for ever support a Gospel Minister (meaning, probably, one of their own persuasion) and a Free School within the township. Thus, what is commonly called Presbyterianism, became the established religion of the country. All went on well in this way, while the same religious opinions were general; the support of the Ministers and school being raised by a proportionate tax on the lands; but in process of time, some becoming Quakers, some Baptists, and, of late years, some turning to the Church of England, objections were made to the payment of a tax appropriated to the support of a Church they disapproved and had forsaken.

"The Civil Magistrate, however, continued to collect and apply the tax according to the original laws which remained in force; and he did it more freely, as thinking it just and equitable that the holders of land should pay what was contracted to be paid when they were granted, and what had been considered by all subsequent purchasers as a perpetual incumbrance on the estate, and bought, therefore, at a proportionably cheaper rate: a payment which it was thought no *honest* man ought to avoid under pretence of having changed his religion; and this, I suppose, is one of the best grounds for demanding tithes of the Dissenters of England*."

This is exactly to the point. Every part of this letter bears, in principle, upon the fund set apart for the support of Presbytery in Scotland. By the *Decrees Arbitral* of Charles I., the *one-fifth* of the *nett* or clear rental of all the land in Scotland was set aside as the fund for the support of the Presbyterian Clergy of that Church; and, therefore, while this fund is taken to pay the Clergy, or to build churches, and nothing more, (as assuredly no more will be given by Heritors,) it is as just and equitable that the parishioners should have their sittings free in the church, as that from it the Ministers should have their stipends. The fund was given for the *free* exercise of religious worship to *all classes;* and, therefore, all classes should have their own: a fact which we think no *honest* man will deny them, when he knows that he holds his lands on this tenure.

We have often wondered what Parliament would say, if, after having established a fund for redeeming, if possible, from ignorance, vice, and wretchedness, the inhabitants of Ireland, they were told that it was abused and perverted to their own use and aggrandisement, by the Commissioners or Trustees appointed to manage it,—that a century ago, *free* schools were established throughout the whole country, endowed magnificently from this fund, and every thing liberally provided to give an excellent education to the children of the several districts,—that all things went on well for half a century, but that, afterwards, corruption and mismanagement crept in silently upon the system; the Commissioners, that they might appropriate a large share of its revenues, *first* limiting the scholars to *two-thirds* of the children in the districts, and *then* gradually introducing wages, till every scholar was charged from *eight* to *twelve* guineas a-year. Suppose this conduct all reported to Ministry, or to Parliament, would they, or could they believe it? Would they, on being assured of its reality, calmly suffer such attempts to defeat the object for which these schools were originally founded; and which, instead of diffusing knowledge and good morals throughout the youth of Ireland, destroyed the very means which the Legislature had appointed for the improvement and amelioration of the Irish peasantry,—rendering the said free-schools inaccessible to the poor, by the amount of their fees, and thus producing a positive *exclusion* of all but the children of the wealthy *?

The case is perfectly analogous to that we are considering. To civilize and instruct the poor, to enlighten them with knowledge, and to make them a moral people, that so they may add to the energies of Government, the Scotch Parliament, as we have seen, founded and endowed churches. It set aside an ample fund for their support. It called upon all, without distinction, to attend them, without money and without price. Every thing was provided free. For above two hundred years, all went on well; till at last innovations crept in. The jurisdiction of the Ministers and Kirk-Session was broken in upon, first, as to the allotment of the church-seats. The next step was limiting the accommodation for the whole parishioners to *two-thirds* of the examinable persons under twelve years of age. Next came the division of the church by Sheriffs, according to the valued rent of each Heritor, which gave them the idea that that part of the church was *absolutely* and exclusively their own property; and then followed, of course, the idea of *letting* their seats, as they pleased, either by *public* ROUP, in the church, or by *private* bargain!

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* See Dr Franklin's posthumous works lately published.

* Whatever Parliament may "believe," the case so shrewdly "supposed" by the author of this paper is unhappily a real one, as is testified by Captain Rock, (see his Memoirs,) *cum multis aliis.*—Ed.

Innovations, once begun, proceed not with a stealthy pace; they move on with rapidity, and generally carry to destruction every thing valuable along with them. From what cause we pretend not to divine,—whether from a desire to save the land-owners, or from a design (which could not be) to drive the people from the Establishment, and to fill the houses of Dissenters with those who were deprived of all opportunity of attending divine service in the parish churches,—or whether from none of these causes at all, but from some other best known to themselves, one thing is certain, that the Stewarton case came on, and was decided on a principle, which, if acted upon, must have ruined, in a short time, the Church of Scotland, and left her with only a shred and remnant of the population! Had this decision remained unaltered, her influence over the people would have been lost; and though the Legislature might still have continued to pay their stipends, like the Magistrates of America, because destined for that purpose, yet her glory would have been shorn; her hands must have then hung down; and in the day of trial and of need, which, in revolving periods, come unexpectedly, the STATE would have called on her in vain to rouse the slumbering energies of her people, and to animate them to the noble daring to be *free* from foreign invasion and from foreign chains.

The services of the Church of Scotland to her country are many; her praises are in all lands; yet a conspiracy seems formed against her by the spirit of avarice, both in country and in town. The levying of seat-rents are driving multitudes to the Dissenters. "The lower orders attached to the Establishment, and anxious to remain with it, are compelled, many of them, to take seats in the churches of the Dissenters, the number of whose churches have, in consequence, increased nearly in the proportion of four to one, within a very short space of time," both in Edinburgh and in Glasgow, and other large towns in Scotland! * Nay, more; we know persons in the country, who, either as farmers or small land-owners, let their seats in the parish church at 12s., 18s., and 20s. a-sitter, and who go to the Dissenters and rent seats for 3s. and 4s. a-year; putting the difference in their pockets, while they deprive the parochial poor of their Sunday-collections, and thus support Secession from the rents of the parochial church!!!

The evils of the whole system of letting seats are lamentable and crying; and if not put an end to, will leave none in our churches but the wealthy who are able to pay high rents, effectually excluding the poor, the manufacturer, and mechanic, from having the Gospel preached unto them, at least in the Church of Scotland. It is such an innovation upon "the whole spirit and intention of a religious establishment" in landward parishes, and such "*a tax on the public exercises of religious worship,*" that it is impossible it can long be submitted to by an enlightened and intelligent community.

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* See State of the Question respecting Seat-Rents in Edinburgh between the Kirk-Sessions and Magistrates. 1824. Printed at Edinburgh.

Free seats, as well as the *free* exercise of religious worship, are the *birth-right* of Scotsmen; and that birth-right cannot be tamely surrendered to those who hold the national funds in their hands for the express purpose of giving *gratuitous* accommodation to all ranks in this land. Reform in other matters may be necessary; but in this it is imperatively called for. Religion lies at the very foundation of society. It is the first thing which claims attention in the framing and executing of laws; and, if Plutarch is to be credited, is so essential, that "you may as easily build a city without ground, as preserve order among the citizens without a belief of the Deity." Hence it is justly styled by Plato "the bulwark of Government,—the bond of society,—and the firmest support of Legislation."

Introduce it into a parish, and place the parishioners within the influence of a man of talents and piety, "to whom, from his situation, they are willing to look up for example and instruction," and he will, "imperceptibly, and almost inevitably, produce that civility and decency of outward deportment, which never fails to accompany, and not seldom to generate, well-regulated moral feelings. The personal demeanour of the labourers, the appearance and clothing of their children, the state of their cottages and gardens, enable those who are at all conversant with the economy of a parochial district, to detect, without further inquiry, the presence of a clergyman who feels an interest in promoting the comfort and improving the habits of his people." "Whenever," on the other hand, "we meet," says an accurate observer of human nature, "with a group of rude, unwashed, uncombed, and squalid children, loitering at the door of a neglected and cheerless cottage, occupied by careless, discontented, and sour-looking labourers, we instantly recognise a parish deprived of the advantages which result from a faithful and active ministry."

On "Sunday," instead of seeing the "labourer proceeding with his wife and children, in trim and well-preserved suits, to his parish church, (where he cannot, he knows, get his head in,) you will discover the cottagers dozing away the fumes of a Saturday-night's intemperance," or walking along the roads in crowds, dirty, and with their working-clothes on!

"If," adds our observer, "our parish churches (filled with faithful and conscientious Ministers) have been represented as so many reservoirs of religious, moral, and literary information, which diffuse their salutary waters over the district in which they stand,—as pebbles thrown into a stagnant lake, at regular distances, form circles, which, gradually extending themselves till they meet, produce at length a gentle undulation of the whole surface, and preserve, while they purify from corruption, the element on which they act;" if such be their operation, where seats are *free*, and the accommodation ample, can these good effects take place, when, either on account of the smallness of the churches, or the extravagance of their seat-rents, not one-sixth or one-tenth of the population can be accommodated?

To prevent men, therefore, from attending divine service, whether it be by not furnishing them with ample church accommodation, or by the high prices of seats, is to become a partaker with other men in their sins, and to do what in us lies to undermine the basis on which the whole order and happiness of civil society is built. It is spreading ignorance and vice throughout the land,—teaching "the false swearer to take the name of God in vain,"—directing "the midnight robber to his neighbour's house,—and delivering into the hands of the assassin a dagger to shed innocent blood."

If such be the necessary effects of excluding the population, *in the country*, from attending public ordinances, these must be still more aggravated in CITIES and large towns, where the vast congregated mass of human beings, from all quarters, and in every stage of moral discipline, is left unprovided, on Sundays, with religious instruction.—Complaints are sometimes heard, that Magistrates have *not funds* for building churches, and endowing them. Now, in our humble apprehension, their funds are as ample and as extensive as their powers; and if they will select for their churches men of unquestionable talent and piety, intelligence and prudence, gentlemanly manners and extensive erudition, and consult, at the same time, the several congregations in the choice of their Pastor, when they need one, they will find that the churches, with very *small* rents, will endow themselves, and amply reward the services and labours of their Clergymen, whilst they will keep the population together.

Royal Burghs, in so far as their territorial property extends, are under the same laws of Teinds as landward parishes. For the order and welfare of the community, they are bound to build churches to hold the population;—the *fifth* of the rental is liable for this. Where a parish consists of Burgh and landward, the rule for defraying the expenses of building, or repairing the churches, was, that land-owners paid their proportion according to their *valued* rents, and the feuars, or Burgh proprietors of houses, according to their *real* rents. This was the rule in the cases of Crieff, Campbeltown, St. Andrews, and Forfar, before 1791; but in a later case, that of Peterhead, this rule was set aside as inept; and the House of Lords, reversing the decision of the Court of Session, which proceeded on the above cases, ordered the expense of building the church of Peterhead to be laid on the whole proprietors, whether of land or houses, according to the *real* rent of each.

Applying this rule to Glasgow, how ample are her funds! According to Mr Cleland's Statistical Account, the rental of Glasgow, in the years 1822 and 1823, was £.264,120 Sterling. The *fifth* of this is £.52,824 Sterling. The stipends of the *nine* Ministers, at £.400 each, is £.3600 a-year, being a mere fraction of this £.52,824, which may be considered the *legal* fund, in that city, for the support of the Established Religion.

It is very true, things have been ordered otherwise in Burghs, from time immemorial. The method followed out till about 1710, is stated by Pardovan: He says, "some seats are built and repaired at the general charge of the parish, in which *all* have a common interest;—and there are others which particular Heritors have built for their own use, with consent of the Kirk-Session, or which they have a prescribed right unto, by forty years possession. In several Burghs-Royal within this kingdom, the disposal of all the church seats, at least upon the bounds allotted to them, for their inhabitants, by the Kirk-Session, is thereafter ordered and parcelled out by the Town Council, and burdened with certain yearly sums for a Minister's stipend; and where the seats are disposed upon to Burgesses without that burden, and it be found, that, without it, there cannot be a competent stipend to the Ministers; the dispositions and rights so made, may, no doubt, be reduced on that head; for it was never the intention of the Church Session, who gave these rights, to authorise an absolute alienation of seats, to the obstructing and preventing funds for maintaining the public preaching of God's word *."

With respect to Burghs, three things are stated here; 1*st*, That the disposal of the seats, in the first instance, was in the Kirk-Session †; 2*d*, That that portion of them, given over for the use of the inhabitants, was parcelled to them by the Town Council, and burdened with a yearly rent; and, 3*d*, That there were seats disposed to the Burgesses without that burden; in other words, Burgesses paid no seat-rents, and were liable to none, except when a competent stipend could not otherwise be found.

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* Pardovan, Book II. Tit. xiii. § 7.

† "The seats of the church," says Forbes, "can only be disposed of by the Kirk-Session, in favour of the parishioners, according to their rank. There are other seats which particular Heritors have built for their own use, *with consent of the Kirk-Session*—of these the Ministers and Session cannot dispose," &c.—*Forbes*, pp. 210 211. This right of Jurisdiction was set aside by the Court of Session in 1739; and, ever since, all has gone wrong.

Applying this to the case of Edinburgh, it is clear that the Burgesses and inhabitants there are not liable to pay rents for church-seats. The burden was imposed for payment of the Ministers' stipends, and now, when their stipends depend, *not on the seats*, but upon other funds, it is obvious as sunshine, that the operation of this law ceases, in so far, at least, as Edinburgh is concerned; and if so, it is altogether illegal for the Magistrates to levy seat-rents from the citizens. In an able pamphlet "respecting the seat-rents of the churches of the city of Edinburgh, in the question betwixt the Kirk-Sessions and the Magistrates, &c.," the principle, that the Magistrates have a right to exact rent from the sitters, till the original expense of building the church, and all subsequent repairs, have been paid up, is conceded. Now, this principle we cannot admit. The city churches, being built and upheld for the general good of the city, ought to be built and upheld at the general expense,—on the same principle that our Courts, Judges, and other officers, are upheld and paid by the State. If any body do not like our Courts of Justice, &c., and would rather chuse arbiters of their own to settle their differences, let them,—we challenge neither their judgment, nor condemn their choice; but does this *free* them from supporting such institutions, so useful and beneficial to the country? So it is with an Established Church and Established Parochial Schools. In innumerable places of the land, no churches or school-houses could be built, and no Ministers and Schoolmasters could be supported, by reason of the poverty of the people; while, in other parts of the country, the people are wealthy, and can provide teachers for themselves: but does this exempt them from contributing to the general instruction of the nation, and thereby promoting religion and morality among all classes? What would become of the Highlands of Scotland, and many other places, were it not for parochial churches and parochial schools? Would not the people be sitting in gross darkness, and ignorant of their truest happiness? The outcry of Dissenters against the Established Church, while they are enjoying substantially its direct benefits, in the security of life, property, and character, and in the general influence of knowledge and morality, which she diffuses throughout all ranks in the land, reminds us of the conduct of that moral and amiable class of people, the Quakers, who refuse to support war, and to contribute to the upholding of our fleets and our armies, though, by their deeds of valour, the enemy is kept from their gates, and they are left, amidst the quiet enjoyment of their fortunes, to hear only of wars and rumours of wars at a distance.

The truth is, the principle of contributing to the public good, where our interest is not direct, and where even the thing goes against our individual creed, is an every-day occurrence. The religious or irreligious opinions of the poor do not restrain the hand of charity. The assessment for the Police is not grudged, though our houses and our persons are not attacked; because, in the general protection of the city, our safety is secured. We contribute annually, through the public funds, sums of no small extent, for the education of the Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland; in which grant, as members of the Church of Scotland, we, in our religious capacity, have no interest, and from which we can be supposed to derive no benefit; and yet these sums are the joint contribution of all the Protestant classes of the community. We contribute, too, for the support of the Presbyterian Dissenters in Ireland, and give annually to their Clergy large sums; yet neither the Church of Scotland nor the Church of England have ever made any invidious objections to all this; but, whenever any contribution is called for to support the Establishment, all the various classes of Dissenters are in arms, though bound to contribute from their lands, as we have seen, as much for the erection of churches in the Establishment, as for the tithes, and the poor-rates, and other public burdens.

Taking it, therefore, as the duty of all religious classes in a burgh or city, whatever their different creeds and persuasions may be, to contribute to the support of the Established Churches in Royal Burghs, we would have the burden, as it ought, legally laid upon the *feus*, whenever churches are to be repaired, or a new church built; and the expenses being thus defrayed in common, let the churches too be common, and free to the inhabitants. Do this, and place in them, as hinted above, men of learning and ability, and instead of *empty* PEWS, you will have them filled, even to overflowing: and again, give to Ministers that just and legitimate influence over the public mind, in matters of religion, which, through a different system, may unhappily be lost, and which may deprive society and the State of those energies that tend to promote good order and the best interests of the community.

We have only farther to observe, that Magistrates, in levying seat-rents from the members of the Establishment, are taxing them *trebly* for supplying the revenues of the city, while they tax the other classes of the citizens only *once!* This is quite evident. 1*st*, Those who sit in city churches pay all the local taxes, as well as others; 2*d*, To these they add their collections also on Sunday; and, 3*d*, The price of their seats yearly. Now, just according to the extent of their collections and seat-rents annually, to that extent are all the other citizens exempted, or eased of the common good. From the tables before us it appears that the amount of the seat-rents of the eleven city-churches in Edinburgh, from Martinmas 1822 to Martinmas 1823, was £.6,359, 2s.; and taking, on a low average, the collections from the same at £.2000 yearly, the two sums will be £.8,359; which sums come wholly out of the pockets of the members of the Establishment, and, being applied to general purposes, just relieve the rest of the citizens to that extent. We can conceive few things more grievous and oppressive than this; for it is, in reality, making the seats in the city-churches a source of revenue, applicable to the general purposes of the Burgh, to the relief of Dissenters, and of all others who attend no church.

In fairness, therefore, we contend that Magistrates have no such power by the constitution of our church, and still less by the original paction, in Edinburgh, of levying seat-rents. According to Forbes, "the disposal of all the church seats," (in Edinburgh,) is ordered by the Town Council, and "the rents appropriated as a *partial* fund for payment of the Ministers' stipends *." But the Ministers' stipends are now paid from other funds; and, therefore, as the *cause* has ceased, so should the *effects*. To levy rents for a *specific* purpose which no longer exists, is truly absurd, though just of a piece with many other transactions of *close* burghs.

Under this impression, we conclude with the following summary principles:

1*st*, That to let seats in landward parishes is inconsistent with the first principles of a religious establishment, because, to whatever expense Heritors are put, they are relieved from that expense by the national fund, which, as *Trustees* for behoof of the parishioners, they hold in their hands, for the *special* purpose of building and upholding churches, wherein the parishioners may enjoy the benefit of the word and sacrament.

2*d*, That to call on church members to pay seat-rents, is to reduce them to a level with Dissenters, and to enable the Heritors to derive a *double* remuneration for the expense of erecting churches; a remuneration, *first*, from the national fund in their lands, and a remuneration from the seat-rents!—thus creating to themselves *one* source, at least, of positive and extensive yearly gain, and to which they are not entitled.

3*d*, That whilst the Acts and Commissions of Parliament command churches to be erected and endowed, that *all* may have the FREE exercise of religion administered to them, the Court of Session, (Skirving & Young *against* Vernor, June 21, 1796,) have found, that all tenants and occupiers of the land are universally entitled, as such, to suitable accommodation in parish churches. The idea that Heritors are to be relieved, to a certain extent, by their tenants, of the expense of building or repairing their parish church, is one, we are bold to say, that has no existence in the Constitution; and as to a seat in the church being carried in the lease, though not mentioned there, and paid for in the rent given for the whole possession, such a thing never entered into the mind of any farmer we have heard of, when taking his farm, and is wholly inconsistent with the principle that pervades the decision of the Court, in the case above quoted.

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* Forbes, p. 210, § 7.

The opinion of the present Dean of Faculty is very different. He says, that "every Heritor is *bound* to accommodate his tenants;" that "the landlord of the ground, on which the work (public manufactory) is erected, *must* supply the tenant of the work with accommodation in the same proportion as his other tenants;" that "feuars are entitled, in their *own* right, to accommodation in the distribution of the area of a new church;" and, he adds, that "if the feus are not perpetual, but for a period of ninety-nine years only, he is inclined to think the feuars ought to be treated as tenants."

The present Professor of Law in the University of Glasgow also says, "I apprehend that the whole area belongs to the Heritors, but *under an implied obligation*, as was found in a case, in Fac. Coll., 21st June 1796, Skirving *against* Vernor, that their WHOLE tenants and cottars shall be conveniently accommodated with seats."

Now, that Heritors should hold their land under an implied obligation to accommodate their whole tenantry and cottars with seats, and yet carry the rent of the said seats to their lease, appears to us such gross inconsistency, that we are astonished any lawyer should sport such an opinion. Would not this *tacit* relief be still a tax on religion, and turning a "*res sacra*," into merchandise, and making *gain* of godliness?

4th, By the laws of the land, Magistrates of Burghs are in the same situation as Heritors in the country. The only difference is, that the funds of the one are in *land*, and the funds of the other in the "*common good.*" But as Government would not suffer Heritors to allow a parochial church to go to ruin, and thus deprive the people of religious worship; so neither would Government suffer Magistrates to leave their Burghs without sufficient church-accommodation, to the injury of the morals of the citizens, and the endangering the peace and good order of the city.

Indeed, so well understood is this law in England, that there parochial churches, both in country and in town, with the exception of a few Chapels-of-Ease, and others built by public aid, received recently from Parliament, are *free* to all and every one in the parish.

Mr Brougham, lately, in Glasgow, pronounced a fine, but just eulogium on the people and Clergy of Scotland: "I consider," said he, "Scotland among the most interesting portions of the civilized globe, advancing in the career of continued improvement, and in a spirit of opposition to every remaining abuse. The Scots are a people, moral, pious, well-educated. But what would they have been now, had they not succeeded in the struggle which they waged for centuries for that ecclesiastical establishment to which they owe all that distinguishes them so advantageously at this day! I have seen a priesthood of pastors who realize the wish of the Prophet, to be kept equally apart from the temptations of poverty, and the seductions of overgrown wealth; who laid the foundation-stone of her improvement, and, by their piety and zeal, and faithful labours, have reared the noble fabric, the most splendid, for moral beauty, in the whole earth."

This is no mean panegyric. But if this "*noble fabric*" is to stand, in all its beauty and strength, the people must remain within her walls, and abide under her wings. The strength of a church lies in the number, fidelity, and intelligence of her adherents. Attach and increase these, and the State becomes strong. Diminish, scatter, or divide them, and she becomes weak. From that moment the end and design of her establishment is lost, and, having no influence among the people, she is "cast like a noisome weed away," to be trampled on and despised.

MRS GRAHAM'S VOYAGE TO BRAZIL[*].

We have not been so well informed as we could have desired, respecting the interesting struggles of which South America, both Spanish and Portuguese, has long been the scene. But light is now breaking in upon us from various quarters. The travellers who have of late visited those countries, have freely dispensed their information to the public, and have enabled us to estimate, with tolerable accuracy, the resources and the views of the two parties who are now struggling for the ascendancy. Captain Hall's work, of which we gave an account in a former Number, is full of the most interesting information; it is as entertaining as Anson's voyage, and far more instructive. The present work, though not containing, perhaps, the same valuable information, gives, however, very clear and satisfactory accounts of the state of Brazil. The writer, Mrs Graham, is already known to the public by her former work on India, in which she has given good specimens of her capacity for observation, and for lively delineations of scenery and manners. Having accompanied her husband, Captain Graham of the Doris frigate, to Brazil and Chili, she has thrown together her observations on the former country, to which the present work entirely relates; giving an entertaining description of the state of political sentiment among the people,—of their manners, the state of improvement, and various other interesting particulars, collected as the vessel touched at the different ports, and in the course of a residence of some months at Rio Janeiro, where, mixing freely in general society, she had good opportunities of observation. She has accordingly composed a very interesting work, of which her own private history forms a part. Her husband died after leaving Rio Janeiro, and when the vessel was on her passage round Cape Horn. This event is briefly and delicately mentioned, but in a manner sufficiently touching. The writer has evidently no wish to intrude her private sorrows upon the reader; yet the manner in which the melancholy event is related, is calculated to excite an emotion of tender interest in her fate.

The Doris touched at Pernambuco, Bahia, and Rio Janeiro, at the time these places were in a political ferment, the country being then in the crisis of its fate. Mrs Graham describes the universal sentiment of the people to be for independence,—their hatred of the tyranny of Portugal, and their resentment of their recent ill-treatment by the Portuguese Cortes, to be violent, and to pervade all classes. The Prince, Don Pedro, declared Emperor of Brazil, according to Mrs Graham, and according to his own decided acts, sincerely sympathizes in all those sentiments of the people, and really appears to be a constitutional King, anxious to rule justly, and to reform the inveterate corruptions which, in Brazil, had long pervaded every branch of the public management,—and even extend his inquiring eye into many to private institutions, such as hospitals and other charitable establishments, where every species of abuse prevailed. This was, unquestionably, extremely praiseworthy, and much more so in one who had been trained up in the school of Portuguese despotism. Nor were his exertions less conspicuous or earnest in the cause of Brazilian independence. When he assumed the reins of government, every thing was in confusion,—the finances in the greatest disorder,—the treasury empty,—credit at its lowest ebb,—the provinces disorganized;—and to add to all these evils, the country was threatened by Portuguese troops, with subjection to its former yoke, under the mother country. There was neither army nor navy, and, what was worse, there was no money to pay them; but in the midst of all these difficulties, this patriotic prince (for so he is represented by Mrs Graham, who had good opportunities of knowing his character,) was not discouraged; but, with vigour, set about the task of reformation, himself an example of most rigid economy, reducing the expences on his own account within £.20,000; and by infusing the same spirit into all around him, quickly restoring order in the finances, and improving the revenue to double its amount, during his father's lazy and despotic administration. He raised troops, and the patriotic spirit diffused among the people soon filled the ranks of the militia; by the great exertions, as well as by his own merited popularity, he overcame all resistance to his measures, and at last completely freed the country from its Portuguese enemies, by transporting them all to Europe, and preventing fresh troops from landing. The country being thus delivered from internal enemies, was left at liberty to perfect its institutions, and to go on quietly in its course to independence. The greatest resistance was made to the revolution at Bahia; but the inhabitants of the country taking up arms, pressed it closely on the land side, while, being vigorously attacked by Lord Cochrane's fleet, it was at last withdrawn from the power of Portugal, and brought into the general confederacy of the other provinces. The province of Maranham was also reduced by Lord Cochrane. Brazil, thus united into one great empire, and ruled by a Constitutional Government, presents a most animating spectacle; and being rid, at the same time, of the chains of monopoly and tyranny, will, we hope, run a brilliant course of prosperity and political improvement. Nothing can be more grateful than to see these countries, so long the seats of every thing hateful in the form of bigotry, despotism, and the most odious commercial monopolies, now taking the lead as free and independent states,—rising in importance in the scale of nations,—and instead of lying inactive and dormant under the leaden weight of a tyrannical domination, the enemy of all improvement, cultivating literature, science, and the arts, and all those manly virtues which follow in their train, and which awakening the moral energies of man, enable him to rear up, in all its splendour, the edifice of a free and improved community.

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[*] Journal of a Voyage to Brazil, and Residence there, during part of the years 1821, 22, and 23. By Maria Graham. London: Printed for Longman, Hust, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, Paternoster-row; and J. Murray, Albemarle-Street. 1824.

Mrs Graham has prefaced her journal with a long introduction, containing a history of Brazil from its first occupation by Europeans, which is both unnecessary and tedious. We all know the history of those past transactions; and if we want further information, we know where to find it; so that there is no necessity for encumbering every new work on Brazil with an account of its past history.

The Doris sailed from England in 1821, and arrived at Madeira after a short voyage. Here the good effects of the revolution were discovered in the greater freedom of the inhabitants, and the greater prosperity of trade. It is remarkable how rigidly all the petty colonies, both of Portugal and Spain, were made subservient to the interests of the mother country, and broken down under the oppressive weight of monopoly. In Madeira, the sons of the best families were dragged away as conscripts, to recruit the armies of Portugal in Europe. All manufactures, even of the coarsest articles, were prohibited; the very torches, made of twisted grass and rosin, indispensable in the mountain roads after dark, were all sent from Lisbon; and every species of cultivation, but that of the grape, was discouraged. The consequence was, that all classes joined heart and hand in the revolution. It is singular what an indispensable accompaniment of freedom the diffusion of knowledge is reckoned: formerly there was no printing-press in Madeira, but the promoters of the revolution immediately sent for one, and a newspaper was published.

The ship arrived about the 22d of September at Pernambuco, while the town was in a complete ferment, and in a state of siege from the patriots. This did not, however, deter our fair traveller from going ashore into the town, where every thing wore the aspect of war. At the end of every street was a light gun, and at the heads of the bridges two, with lighted matches by them. There were also numerous guards stationed at different points; and the shopkeepers, who were all zealous in defence of the town, as supposing it would be plundered, and whose shops were shut, were all under arms. Here Mrs Graham was sickened with first sight of a slave-market, which she describes in the following terms:

> We had hardly gone fifty paces into Recife, when we were absolutely sickened by the first sight of a slave-market. It was the first time either the boys or I had been in a slave-country; and, however strong and poignant the feelings may be at home, when imagination pictures slavery, they are nothing compared to the staggering sight of a slave-market. It was thinly stocked, owing to the circumstances of the town; which caused most of the owners of new slaves to keep them closely shut up in the depôts. Yet about fifty young creatures, boys and girls, with all the appearance of disease and famine, consequent upon scanty food and long confinement in unwholesome places, were sitting and lying about among the filthiest animals in the streets. The sight sent us home to the ship with the heart-ache.

Mrs Graham and her husband dined with the Portuguese Governor of Pernambuco, M. de Rego, who had served along with the Duke of Wellington, with great credit, in the Peninsula. They were very politely received, and kindly entertained, and in the drawing-room, which was a handsome, comfortable apartment, furnished with blue satin damask, they had excellent music; Madame de Rego had an admirable voice, and there were several good singers, and players on the piano, so that they passed a more pleasant evening than they had expected in Pernambuco, especially in a state of siege. A compromise having taken place between the Governor of Brazil and the patriots, all the occupations of peace, which had been suspended by the war, were resumed with new vigour, and the roads were seen crowded with negroes, and others bringing loads of produce to market. There are in Pernambuco, including Olinda, 70,000 inhabitants, of which not above one-third are white. The same base distinctions prevail here as in all communities where there is an intermixture of black blood; a Portuguese would rather ally his family in marriage with the meanest European clerk, than with any native Brazilian, however wealthy. These odious preferences have their origin in the unjust degradation of the many, by the few; but when the foundation on which they rest is withdrawn, the superstructure will naturally moulder away, and the road to honour being opened to all, by an equality of political rights, society will be moulded into one harmonious mass, where every man will be rated, not by the caprice and unjust prejudices of others, but by his own merit. Colour, the imprint of Nature, will no longer be raised up as an insuperable bar to merit; there will be fair play for all classes; on the wide arena of free competition, the great prizes of society will be held out to all, and every man will naturally rise to the level of his capacity or worth.

Mrs Graham left Pernambuco on the 16th of October, firmly persuaded that this part of Brazil will never again tamely submit to Portugal, and that if the independent cause gained ground under the firm and prudent administration of De Rego, no other Governor would have the least chance of repressing it. Brazil, increasing in wealth and population, and also, though slowly, in intelligence, will no longer submit to be merely a taxable province of Portugal; and having now tasted the sweets of independence, it will not be possible to wrest the cup from her hands.

Bahia, before which the Doris arrived on the 17th of October, has a magnificent appearance from the sea, crowning, as it does, the ridge, and extending along the declivity of a very high and steep hill, with the spaces between the white houses clothed with all the rich vegetation of a tropical climate. But the lower town (for it is divided into upper and lower) is as disagreeable as filth, and narrow and dark streets, can make it. The following is the decription of what Mrs Graham saw on her first landing:

> The street into which we proceeded through the arsenal gate, forms, at this place, the breadth of the whole lower town of Bahia, and is, without any exception, the filthiest place I ever was in. It is extremely narrow, yet all the working artificers bring their benches and tools into the street: in the interstices between

them, along the walls, are fruit-sellers, venders of sausages, black-puddings, fried fish, oil and sugar-cakes, negroes plaiting hats or mats, caderas, (a kind of sedan chair,) with their bearers, dogs, pigs, and poultry, without partition or distinction; and as the gutter runs in the middle of the street, every thing is thrown there from the different stalls, as well as from the windows; and there the animals live and feed! In this street are the warehouses and counting-houses of the merchants, both native and foreign. The buildings are high, but neither so handsome nor so airy as those of Pernambuco.

Mrs Graham gives a very indifferent account of the manners and domestic habits of the Brazilians. On making calls at several houses, she found them disgustingly dirty; the women dressed after the most slovenly, unbecoming, and indecent fashion; with hair black, ill-combed and dishevelled, or *en papillote*, and the whole person having an unwashed appearance. Education is at a very low ebb; and those who rise above the common level are flushed with all the pertness and conceit of new acquirements. They read Voltaire and other French writers, imbibe all their irreligion, and are forward to shew it as a mark of their superior acquirements. The police of the city is also in a most wretched state, and nightly murders occur frequently;—they are calculated to amount to about 200 in a year. Owing to the narrowness, as well as darkness of the streets, the murderer almost always contrives to escape. The civil institutions of society seem to be in an equally low state. There is no adequate protection for life or property; no tribunals, apparently, to which an easy appeal can be made, or an easy redress afforded for injuries to either. The master of police, by a singular confusion of ideas on these matters, is the supreme judge in criminal cases; and there is no law to determine the limits of his power, or to restrict it. He is in this manner a sort of military despot, and can enter any private house with his gang, on receiving information, which may be private and malicious, against the owner. If the master, in this case, escapes imprisonment, it is well, but the house rarely escapes pillage. Persons accused before this formidable officer may be imprisoned for years without the possibility of redress. This shews to what a low ebb the civil policy of the country has been brought, under the long reign of despotism and ignorance; and what a necessity there was for the present revolution, which, it is to be hoped, will, among its other good effects, lead to a thorough reformation of those abuses, and spread through the country a taste for the blessings of a well-regulated liberty.

The state of the military force, for the defence of the town, is respectable, the zeal of all ranks for independence having recruited the ranks of the militia,—for the people have everywhere come forward to fight for their newly-acquired freedom. There are, in the city of Bahia, of which the population amounts to 100,000, six corps of militia, one of gentlemen cavalry, one of flying artillery, two regiments of whites, almost all trades-people, one of mulattoes, one of free blacks, amounting altogether to 4000 men. There is, besides, the country militia, amounting to 11,000, many of whom are well trained, and altogether would constitute a formidable defence against any invading force. Every man, by the law, is a soldier, and bound to take arms in defence of the country; and the zeal of the people co-operating with the law, an efficient force is thus always ready to take the field.

Society here, according to Mrs Graham, is but in a low state. Knowledge and refinement are wanting to impart to social intercourse that charm which it possesses in Europe. The English merchants residing at Bahia are intent on commerce, and know nothing beyond the price of sugars and cottons. Evening parties are most common, and all classes are given to deep gambling. This passion has the worst effects. It gives the last coarse finish to society, and excludes all more refined enjoyments. Music and dancing are sometimes resorted to; but, on the whole, Mrs Graham's picture of Bahia is by no means an engaging one.

The revenue is derived from a land-tax of one-tenth of the produce, and from a tax on provisions, on imports and exports, and harbour dues. The taxes on provisions, such as beef, fish, vegetables, &c., are farmed out; and thus a bad tax is rendered worse, by the mode of collecting it. The public markets must be thus subject to the tax-gatherer's visits, and it is easy to see what a drawback this will be on these transactions. In short, there is a want of order and skill in every department of the public management. The slave-trade flourishes here without any check. Within the year, no less than seventy-six slave-ships were fitted out for the coast of Africa; and it is extremely difficult to put down the trade, the system of false papers has come to such perfection. A slave-owner reckons himself fortunate if one cargo in three arrives safe; and eight or nine successful voyages are sufficient to make a fortune. The horrors of the middle passage are well known. Mrs Graham gives, from a statement that appeared in the Bahia newspapers, an account of the casualties in five slave-ships, from which it appears, that out of 1574 slaves, about 374, or more than one in five, died in the passage. From the account of such mortality, the sufferings of all may be easily imagined. These blacks, when they are landed, depend, of course, on the temper of their master for good or bad treatment. When they are purchased by cultivators, and sent to live and work on their sugar farms, their situation is frequently comfortable and happy, and they enjoy, in their little huts, a few of which were visited by Mrs Graham, something like the blessings of freedom, as well as the family ties of domestic life. This, however, is a rare chance. They may be purchased by a master who hires out their services as porters, labourers, &c., and who may treat them with great cruelty;—and for this there is no remedy.

While at Bahia, a man belonging to one of the British vessels was murdered when on shore. He happened to be standing at the door of a drinking-house, where a quarrel had taken place between some sailors and one of the natives, who, drawing out a knife, rushed out of the house, and seeing the British sailor in his way, and imagining he wished to stop him, or belonged to the party with whom he had quarrelled, he stabbed him to the heart. The corporal of marines, who was present, instantly seized him, and was severely wounded in the affray. Such is the wretched state of the police, that similar acts of atrocity are very common. They shew also a very depraved state of morals.

The following is a sketch of the general appearance of Bahia:

> I walked through the greater part of the town. The lower part extends much farther than I could see the day I landed; it contains a few churches, one of which, belonging to the monastery of *A concepçaõ*, is very handsome, but the smell within is disgusting; the flooring is laid in squares with stone, and within each square there is a panelling of wood of about nine feet by six; under each panel is a vault, into which the dead are thrown naked, until they reach a certain number, when, with a little quicklime thrown in, the wood is fastened down, and then another square is opened, and so on in rotation. From that church, passing the arsenal gate, we went along the low street, and found it widen considerably at three quarters of a mile beyond: there are the markets, which seem to be admirably supplied, especially with fish. There also is the slave-market, a sight I have not yet learned to see without shame and indignation: beyond are a set of arcades, where goldsmiths, jewellers, and haberdashers, display their small wares, and there are the best-looking shops; but there is a want of neatness, of that art of making things look well, that invites a buyer in England and France. One bookseller's shop, where books are extravagantly dear, exists in the low town, and one other in the ascent to the upper.

At Bahia they shewed a great jealousy of foreigners, and would not allow any of the English to enter into their public buildings. The theatre is handsome, and very commodious. The actors were bad, and the singers little better; but the orchestra was respectable. Mrs Graham met one evening at the English Consul's a large party of Portuguese and English; and in the well-dressed women whom she saw there, she had great difficulty in recognising the slatterns she had observed on the morning before. The ladies were dressed after the French fashion: corset, picture, garniture—all was proper, and even elegant; and there was a great display of jewels. The English women, however, bore away the prize of beauty and grace; for the elegant clothes worn by the Portuguese did not sit easy on them, not being accustomed habitually to wear them. The Portuguese men, Mrs Graham remarks, have a mean look, and never appear to have received any education beyond what is necessary for the counting-house; and their whole time is spent between trade and gambling. There was a bolder spirit of republicanism at Bahia than at Rio Janeiro; the Journals spoke out more plainly; and the desire for independence, and the resolution to possess it, appeared to be universal.

Mrs Graham arrived at Rio Janeiro in the middle of December, and she gives the following fine description of the bay of Rio Janeiro:

> Nothing that I have ever seen is comparable in beauty to this bay. Naples, the Firth of Forth, Bombay harbour, and Trincomalee, each of which I thought perfect in their beauty, all must yield to this, which surpasses each in its different way. Lofty mountains, rocks of clustered columns, luxuriant wood, bright flowery islands, green banks, all mixed with white buildings,—each little eminence crowned with its church or fort,—ships at anchor or in motion,—and innumerable boats flitting about in such a delicious climate, combine to render Rio de Janeiro the most enchanting scene that imagination can conceive.

At Rio Janeiro, as an extraordinary instance of the gross stupidity, negligence, or corruption, which prevailed in the public management, a monopoly of butcher-meat was established; and this most important article of provision could only be supplied by one butcher, of whom any individual who wished to kill for himself was bound previously to ask leave, and to pay for the indulgence. From this fact we may guess how the public interest would be sacrificed to the base ends of interested individuals. Such an abuse could not exist for a moment in any country with the least pretensions, not merely to a free Government, but to any sort of political improvement. It argues a total destitution of any thing like common sense, or a regard for justice. The consequence of this odious monopoly was, that the butcher-meat was bad, but Mrs Graham says it was cheap. She means, of course, that it would have been cheap if it had been good; but meat so bad, that it can hardly be used for soup, must be dear at any price. One of the first effects of a change of government was the reformation of this abuse; and thus we find, that whenever reformation begins, it is the signal for the disappearance of all those old abuses and corruptions which seemed so congenial to the old despotism—which was, in fact, the pestilential air they breathed, and which gave them all their nourishment and life. All other articles, which were not objects of monopoly, such as vegetables, poultry, and fruit, were good. Pork was excellent, the hogs being fed principally on mandioc and maise, and on the sugar-cane. Fish was not so plentiful as might have been expected; but oysters, prawns, and crabs, were as good as in any part of the world; and, on the whole, Rio Janeiro is considered by Mrs Graham a good place to live in. They have excellent wheaten-bread, made of American flour. The great article of food is the mandioc meal, or farinha, which is made into cakes, and used universally at the tables of the rich; and by the poor also in every form, such as porridge, brose, bread, &c.

The city of Rio Janeiro much more resembles a European city than Pernambuco or Bahia. The houses are three or four stories high, and some of them handsome. The streets are narrow. There are two very handsome squares; and, since the opening of the free-trade, new and wide streets are spreading out in every direction. There is, in the city, an air of bustle and activity quite refreshing to European eyes, though the Portuguese regularly take their siesta after dinner. The negroes look cheerful and happy; they are in full employment, and good pay, and are as little like slaves as possible, except when the slave-market is passed; on either side of which are magazines, or warehouses of new slaves, where these wretched creatures are exposed to all the miseries of scanty diet, brutal examinations, and the lash liberally administered at the caprice of their tyrants. The country round is luxuriant and beautiful, and is studded with villas in every variety of picturesque situations. Gardens of plantains, oranges, and other fruits, surround the country houses. Brazil is particularly rich in creeping-flowers and shrubs; and these are mingled with the orange and lemon blossoms, and the jassmine and rose from the east, till the whole forms one thicket of beauty and fragrance. The botanical gardens were visited by Mrs Graham. These were destined by the King for the cultivation of the oriental spices and fruits; and, above all, the tea-plant, which was brought from China with several Chinese families accustomed to its culture. It throve extremely well; but the plants cost such expense that they were afterwards abandoned by the New Government of Brazil, the only unwise act which they appear to have committed. These plants might, in their first culture, have cost some expense; but when the great advantage of naturalizing the tea-plant is taken into consideration, this expense was not worth putting in the balance with the wealth that would have accrued to the country from this source. It is much to be regretted that this experiment of cultivating the tea-plant in Brazil should have been given up, when, with a little perseverance, it had every prospect of success.

We have the following moving description of the slave-market at Rio Janeiro:—

> I have this day seen the Val Longo; it is the slave-market of Rio. Almost every house in this very long street is a depot for slaves. On passing by the doors this evening, I saw in most of them long benches placed near the walls, on which rows of young creatures were sitting, their heads shaved, their bodies emaciated, and the marks of recent itch upon their skins. In some places, the poor creatures were lying on mats, evidently too sick to sit up. At one house, the half-doors were shut, and a group of boys and girls, apparently not above fifteen years old, and some much under, were leaning over the hatches, and gazing into the street with wondering faces. They were evidently quite new negroes. As I approached them, it appears that something about me attracted their attention; they touched one another, to be sure that all saw me, and then chattered in their own African dialect with great eagerness. I went and stood near them, and though certainly more disposed to weep, I forced myself to smile to them, and look cheerfully, and kissed my hand to them; with all which they seemed delighted, and jumped about and danced, as if returning my civilities.

The importation of slaves is a great trade at Rio Janeiro. It is prosecuted with much ardour; and it appears, from accounts furnished to Mrs Graham, that the numbers brought from the coast of Africa, into this port, in 1821, were 21,199; and in 1822, 24,934 slaves. The difficulty of preventing this trade is great. Not only are the Europeans deeply interested in its continuance, but slave-stealing is the principal trade of central Africa. Many of the most powerful nations of the interior derive all their wealth from this source, and they eagerly conspire with the foreign traders on the coast to perpetuate this odious traffic. The British have drawn upon themselves, by their known hostility to this system of violence and cruelty, the hatred both of the Europeans and the Africans, who profit by it. The murder of one of the sailors who landed from the Doris was traced to this cause, and there is little doubt, that to the same cause may be traced the war that is now begun with the Ashantees, so fatally for the British troops. Where so many interests concur to perpetuate this abuse, it is not easy, by any system of maritime vigilance, to put an entire stop to it.

Mrs Graham, after sailing from Rio Janeiro, doubling Cape Horn, and residing some time in Chili, returned to Rio Janeiro along with Lord Cochrane. It was in this voyage that she lost her husband, of which circumstance we have a very affecting account. She noticed, on her return, a decided improvement in the manners of the Brazilians, which they had, no doubt, contracted from the continued residence of the court among them. We have, in this second journal, an account of the political transactions in Brazil, and of its final separation from the mother country. In these the new Emperor Don Pedro uniformly took the lead, and conducted matters with great steadiness and propriety, though frequently placed in rather a critical situation. By his conduct, accordingly, he had made himself exceedingly popular; and at the theatre, where Mrs Graham frequently saw him, he was received with the most unbounded acclamations from all classes. Here the popular spirit, in favour of independence, was also strongly manifested, and broke through all controul. Nothing went down but patriotic songs, and independence or death became the favourite sentiment. Don Pedro, now declared Emperor, far from discouraging this decided expression of the public sentiment, heard it with approbation; and when he was recalled to Portugal by the Cortes, firmly disobeyed their illegal mandate, and evinced his determination to stand or fall with his newly-acquired kingdom. He also received Lord Cochrane with the highest honour and distinction, applauded his bravery and his victories, and rewarded his achievements. In short, there was no pledge that he did not give of his attachment to the interests of Brazil, and of his resolution to preside over its destinies, and to lead the way to freedom and independence. At the same time, such conduct is not very natural in a hereditary prince, trained up in the school of despotism, and accustomed to consider Brazil as merely a magnificent appendage to his hereditary possessions. How he should so suddenly fall in love with freedom is rather strange; and how he should so willingly consent to reign over Brazil as a separate kingdom, when he has the prospect of succeeding to it and the crown of Portugal at the same time. That he should agree to dismember his hereditary possessions is singular enough; it is so contrary to all the prejudices of hereditary monarchs, that we can scarce believe our eyes when we see a Portuguese monarch the friend of the people. Is it possible, after all, that his whole conduct may be a tissue of the most refined duplicity, and that he is still retaining Brazil with a view of more conveniently reducing it under the yoke of Portugal? If this were the case, the conduct of Don Pedro would exhibit a tissue of hypocrisy to which there is nothing parallel in history. He has gone such lengths,—he has brought the whole details of his life, and a thousand little circumstances, to concur so entirely with all his public professions, that we can scarcely believe him in his heart a traitor. It has been surmised that the French are still intriguing to foment disturbances in Brazil, and to raise up a Portuguese party, that the country may be recovered; of this party, that Don Pedro the Emperor, belying all his professions, is really the head; and when it makes its appearance, that he will then assert his rights, and boldly overpowering all opposition by the sword, will again declare Brazil a dependency of Portugal. We can scarcely believe that such an act of unmatched perfidy will be attempted by Don Pedro, or that, so young, he should have been such an adept in deceit, as completely to cover from the view of all mankind his secret records. It is impossible, also, that he can conceal from himself the danger of such an enterprize. The Brazilians are, to a man, set on independence and freedom. Their new constitution guarantees to them these blessings; namely, personal and religious freedom,—trial by jury,—the liberty of the press, &c. Now, they have already had experience of these blessings. They have tasted of the sweets of liberty; and it would be not only a most unjust, but a most hazardous experiment, to attempt to replunge them in to the gulph from which they are just emerged. They are all armed, it must be observed. The militia is formed of citizens trained to the use of arms, and ready to defend their newly-acquired freedom with their blood. A desperate and very uncertain contest would, therefore, be the consequence of any unconstitutional attempts of the sovereign; and the question is, whether Don Pedro, who seems to be of the most amiable dispositions in private life, and attached to his wife and family, may not rather chuse to reign peaceably as a constitutional sovereign, and to enjoy all the legitimate splendour which justly belongs to him, than to run any desperate risks in pursuit of arbitrary power.

Mrs Graham gives an amusing enough account of the domestic manners and amusements of the Brazilians. In their entertainments, they are very magnificent; their houses are splendidly furnished, and they wear diamonds, and other precious stones in profusion. At the theatre, one lady made a display of diamonds worth about £.150,000. Mrs Graham gives the following, among other proofs, of the inconveniencies of slavery. Being at a splendid ball, she observes:—

> I took the liberty of remarking to one of the ladies, the extreme youth of some of the children who accompanied their mothers this evening; and saying, that in England we should consider it injurious to them in all respects. She asked me what we did with them. I told her that some of them would be in bed, and others with their nurses and governesses. She said we were happy in that; but that here there were no such persons, and that the children would be left to the care and example of the slaves, whose manners were so depraved, and practices so immoral, that it must be the destruction of the children; and that those who loved their children must keep them under their own eyes, where, if they were brought too forward in company, they at least could learn no ill. I love to collect these proofs of the evils of slavery—even here where it exists in a milder form than in most countries. I left the dancers busily engaged at twelve o'clock, and I heard that they continued the ball until three.

Mrs Graham, during her residence at Rio Janeiro, was introduced to the Emperor and Empress, of whose personal virtues and agreeable manners she speaks in the highest terms. She appears to have risen into high favour, as she received the appointment of governess to the young Princess, and left Brazil with a view of returning to fulfil this duty to her charge. She went to court on the Emperor's birth-day, and gives the following account of the ceremony:—

> There was little form, and no stiffness. Her Imperial Majesty conversed easily with every body, only telling us all to speak Portuguese, which of course we did. She talked a good deal to me about English authors, and especially of the Scotch novels, and very kindly helped me in my Portuguese, which, though I now understand, I have few opportunities of speaking to cultivated persons. If I have been pleased with her before, I was charmed with her now. When the Emperor had received the public bodies, he came and led the Empress into the great receiving room, and there, both of them standing on the upper step of the throne, they had their hands kissed by naval, military, and civil officers, and private men; thousands, I should think, thus passed. It was curious, but it pleased me, to see some negro officers take the small white hand of the Empress in their clumsy black hands, and apply their pouting African lips to so delicate a skin; but they looked up to *Nosso Emperador*, and to her, with a reverence that seemed to me a promise of faith *from* them, a bond of kindness *to* them. The Emperor was dressed in a very rich military uniform, the Empress in a white dress embroidered with gold, a corresponding cap with feathers tipped with green; and her diamonds were superb, her head-tire and ear-rings having in them opals such as I suppose the world does not contain, and the brilliants surrounding the Emperor's picture, which she wears, the largest I have seen.

On the whole, we think it is evident from this work, that the independence of Brazil stands on the solid basis of popular opinion. It does not by any means seem probable that it will ever return under its former yoke; and though there have been some late surmises and reports, as if France were intriguing in that quarter to forward the schemes of the Holy Alliance, yet, unless a large military force were sent, we are convinced that nothing else would avail. If Don Pedro, the Emperor, were attempting to re-impose the yoke of Portugal on the country, he would risk his crown and his head; he would kindle up a flame that would consume royalty altogether. Where the people are unwilling to go into the schemes of their rulers, they must be forced. But the Brazilian Emperor has not the means of forcing them, even if he were inclined; and there is no Portuguese force that could accomplish such a service; —while foreign aid, on the one side, would call forth foreign aid on the other, since Great Britain would not allow France to interfere in the affairs of Brazil. If any thing of this sort were attempted, she would throw her own weight into the opposite scale; and in this case little would be gained for the interests of the Holy Alliance. In short, the banner of freedom and independence waves over the whole continent of South America, and we do not see the least chance of any unfavourable revolution in the affairs of this vast country.

SKETCHES OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

No. I.

The first General Assembly of the Reformed Church of Scotland was held in Edinburgh on the 20th of December 1560. The place of meeting is not specified, but the names of the members are recorded; and in a roll of more than forty, only six are styled Ministers. These are, John Knox for Edinburgh, Christopher Goodman for St. Andrew's, John Row for Perth, David Lindsay for Leith, William Harlaw for the West Kirk, beside Edinburgh, and William Christison for Dundee. The others are styled Commissioners for particular churches, or for the churches in particular districts.

The first business of the Assembly was to provide for the more regular and extensive dispensation of the ordinances of religion; and the several Ministers and Commissioners gave in the names of those persons within their respective bounds whom they reckoned best qualified for preaching the word, administering the sacraments, and reading the common prayers. In the First Book of Discipline, drawn up about this time by the Reformers, it was laid down that, "to the churches where no Ministers can be had presentlie, must be appointed the most apt men that distinctlie can read the Common Prayers and the Scriptures." By the common prayers we are to understand, the prayers in the Book of Common Order which was drawn up for the use of the English Church at Geneva, and which seems to have been adopted by the Scottish Reformers as a kind of directory for public worship. It was required, that in every "notable town," one day in the week, beside Sunday, be appointed for sermon and prayers. The reader was not only to read publicly the scriptures and common prayers, but also to instruct the children of the parish. And if, from reading, he attained to the gift of exhorting, he might at length, by consent of the Church, be regularly admitted to the ministry. From the books of Assignation of Stipends, it would appear, that, soon after the establishment of the Reformation, many parishes had not only a Minister, but also an exhorter and a reader. In this First Assembly, however, more than thirty persons are reckoned apt and able to minister, while only eight or nine are named as qualified to be readers. While the Assembly proceeded in their own right to make these arrangements for the edification of the Church, they seem to have acknowledged the legal privileges of patrons; for mention is made in this first session, of Mr John Ramsay being presented by Sir John Borthwick "as Minister for the kirk of Aberdour and Torrie."

The second session of this Assembly was held on the 21st of December. A question being proposed concerning the lawfulness of marriage within the degrees of consanguinity, forbidden by the Canon law, it was found, "That be the law of God marriage may be solemnized betwixt parties in the second, third, and fourth degrees of affinitie and consanguinitie, and such others as are not prohibite expresslie be the word; and therefore it was thought good that the estates sould interpone their authoritie and approve the same by law."

The only other resolution which is recorded, as passed in this Session, is one which in the eyes of many will need some apology. It was ordered, "That the parishioners of Restalrig repaire to Leith kirk, and that the kirk of Restalrig be razed and utterlie destroyed, being a monument of idolatrie."

Restalrig is enumerated by Keith, in the Appendix to his History, page 257, as a deanery, with a considerable revenue. But, perhaps, the "idolatrie" which provoked this sentence of the Assembly, will be best seen by the following extract from a manuscript entitled "Ane perfecte Inventor of all the soumes doted to pious uses since the dayes of King James the First."

> "Charter of erection of the kirk of Restalrig, making therein a dean and

eight prebendaries, and two singing bairns.—The Dean to have for sustentation the parsonage of Laswade, with the ten-pound land in the parish of Stoabrok, called Kirkgill, for a glebe, with a manse and yard lying beside the said college. He must sustain the college with fuel, windows, books, lights, chalices, and other ornaments, and two boys to the quoir of the parish kirk of Laswade. The first prebendary shall have twenty pounds yearly out of the king's work in Leith, with a chalmer, a yard, and a singing-school, and shall sustain two boys to sing, light the candles, and sweep the kirk, to whom the Dean shall also pay yearly eight pounds. The second prebendary shall be called Sacristan,—shall have the sixth of the parsonage of St. Mary of Rosay, in Bute, with four pounds from the Dean, with a chalmer and yard, to attend daily in the kirk, keep the jewels, ornaments, books, chalices, and keys, and four times a-year to account to the Dean and chapter; to wash the ornaments of the altar at his own charges, and to keep two boys to ring bells, light candles, and sweep the kirk. The other prebendaries to be called prebendaries of Bute, and to have each a sixth part of what remains of the said parsonage. The eighth prebendary to be called prebendary of the Isle of Bridnam, to have eight pounds of the king's work in Leith, five merks of some tenement in the Canongate, and all oblations at the altar and relics of St. Bridnam.

10*th October* 1515.

It would appear, too, that the Deans of Restalrig were very active in opposing the Reformation. When it was argued in Parliament (1543) whether the scriptures might be commonly used in the vulgar tongue, N. Hay, Dean of Restalrig, is mentioned by Calderwood (Large MS. Vol. I.) as the principal speaker against the proposal. And in 1560, John Sinclair, Dean of Restalrig, is enumerated as one of the most zealous of the French or Popish faction. What effect these things may have had in prompting this resolution of the Assembly, and to what extent this resolution was accomplished, it may now be difficult to ascertain. The sentence of the Assembly seems only to affect the building, and it is known that the legal dissolution of the deanery did not take place till 1592. In that year, the Parliament ratified the division of it into the parsonage of Laswade and the parsonage of Dalkeith. Mr George Ramsay, who had some time before been promoted to the deanery, retained the parsonage of Laswade, and was to receive the vicarage of the same, if it should become vacant in his lifetime. Mr Archibald Simson was continued parson of Dalkeith.

The Assembly, it would appear, adjourned from the 21st to the 27th of December, at least there is no record of any proceedings on the intervening days. In his account of the proceedings of the third session, Calderwood (Large MS. Vol. I. p. 618.) mentions, that "the petition of weights and measures was referred to the Parliament." This matter is not alluded to in the Register or Buik of the Universal Kirk. It is probable, however, that the prayer of this petition was for equalizing the different weights and measures in use throughout the land. This was a subject upon which the Parliament had already made several enactments, which do not seem to have been very strictly observed or enforced. So early as 1503, it was "statute and ordanit, that all measours and wechts, baith pynt, quart, firlot, pec, elwand, stane, and pund, be of ane quantite and mesor, quhilk sal be ordanit in Edinburgh be our Soverane Lord and his Chamberlane and consale, and that ilk burgh cum and fech their mesours selit and maid, and keip the samyne."

In the Parliament which met at Edinburgh, June 1555, this Statute is recited, and a committee named to see that its provisions be carried into effect. Some delay, however, seems to have taken place in the matter, for a similar Act was passed in the Parliament of 1563. Whether the petition alluded to was connected with this matter, or how far the reference of the Assembly might influence the deliberations of Parliament, it is impossible to determine.

In this Session, it was appointed that the election of Ministers, Elders, and Deacons, be made publicly in the church, premonition being given upon the Lord's-day preceding. It was also appointed that parties offending should make public confession of their sin.

In the First Book of Discipline, the Reformers had laid down a plan for distributing the patrimony of the church in supporting the clergy, the schools, and the poor. But the plan was scouted by the Parliament as a "devout imagination." In this Assembly, however, a resolution was passed, which shewed that in the midst of the privation and hardship which they endured themselves, the Reformers were not unmindful of the wants of others. It was ordained, "that such as had borne office in the Popish Church, if their conversation was honest, sould be supported with the almes of the kirk as other poore." This liberal resolution, passed immediately upon the conclusion of a long and violent struggle, is highly creditable to the charity of the Reformers.

The only other measure which was adopted in this Assembly was, "that an earnest supplication sould be made to the States in Parliament, and the Lords of Secreit Councell." The form was not drawn up, but the principal heads of the supplication were:

"That none be put in judicial offices but such as profess the Reformed Religion; and that all Ministers of the word of God be removed from such offices according to the civil law:

"That order be taken for the confirmation of Testaments, that pupils and orphans be not defrauded:

"That punishment be inflicted upon idolaters and the maintainers of idolatry; and more especially upon the persons named as causing mass to be said, or supporting the sayers of it."

This Assembly was continued to the 15th of January following, and it was appointed that one Commissioner at least should be sent from every kirk. It was also appointed that the several Commissioners should bring with them "a row of the whole tithes, lands, annuels, profits, and emoluments of the parish kirk nixt adjacent to them, and of the names of the tacksmen, and what dutye they payed for their tack." All the Commissioners who were present, promised either to come to Edinburgh at the foresaid day, or to cause others to be sent from their kirks.

THE GREEK REVOLUTION*.

THERE is no event in modern history calculated to impart such unmingled delight to the mind as the Greek Revolution. At any time, indeed, the spectacle of an oppressed people, struggling with their tyrants, would excite the liveliest sympathy in every generous mind. But there are associations of a peculiar kind connected with the very name of Greece, which inspire a sort of sacred interest in her cause. The poet truly and finely remarks:—

"On the youthful mind th' impression cast,
Of ancient glory, shall for ever last."

The light of this ancient glory still shines with undiminished lustre across the gloom of barbarism, and the ancient history of Greece has been resorted to for lessons of policy and heroic exertion by succeeding generations. It is from this ample source that mankind have drawn precedents of taste, literature, and patriotism,—it is here that the first rude sketch of freedom was drawn,—it is here that the power of the people was first tried as an instrument of Government; and though we, the moderns, have improved this dangerous machinery, and rendered it more safe and manageable by devising proper checks and correctives, it is from Greece that we have drawn our first lessons. Greece is the fountain from which has flowed European arts and science;—it is the original source of that light which is now spread over the world; and the country, however it may have been trodden down by barbarians, has a claim on the warmest sympathies of all civilized nations. Too long has this fine people been the prey of

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* The Greek Revolution; its Origin and Progress: together with some remarks on the Religion, National Character, &c. in Greece. By Edward Blaquiere, Esq., author of "An Historical Review of the Spanish Revolution," &c. London: Printed for G. & W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-Lane. 1824.

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infidel tyrants. But they are now breaking their chains; it is now the ebbing tide of barbarism; the night of ignorance is fast passing away, and we behold the day-star of freedom arise with mild and steady lustre. And is not this a prospect to warm the heart, whether of the freeman who burns with admiration of the ancient republics, or of the scholar who sighs over the departed glory of this classical land? The Greek Revolution is the triumph of liberty over despotism, of science over ignorance, of humanity and morals over cruelty and depravity of every sort. It is not like any ordinary revolution, in which there can be two parties among the civilized inhabitants of the world. It is not like a common dispute between Kings and people about the boundaries of their respective rights. The point in dispute here is, whether a set of wretched miscreant barbarians, because they form the Government, forsooth,—in other words, because they have the power, shall be permitted to despoil and murder, at their discretion, their Greek subjects. There is no analogy, we ought to be well aware, between a Turkish and a European despotism. Absolute power in Europe is modified by the enlightened spirit in which it is administered. An absolute Monarch in Europe sees and feels that he has no interest in useless oppression. He does not accordingly lay about him his plundering hands to rob individuals, because he knows of other and better means, for draining all that he wants from his subjects. But the barbarian tyrant cannot exercise even this forethought; and accordingly he robs and murders, indiscriminately, all that comes in his way. It was under such a despotism that the Greeks have long groaned; and it was to defend their lives and properties from such tyrants that they at last took up arms. We must wish such a cause success. We see, daily, men executed as felons for acts of far less atrocity than the Turks were in the habit of committing against the Greeks, and we consent to the justice of the sentence. But what would we think, or how would we feel, if this baser part of society were, by some unheard-of revolution, to gain the ascendancy, and if we were no longer to have the gallows as a barrier against their excesses. Such a condition, and such an unnatural overthrow of social order, would, however, only be an exact counterpart to the state of the Greeks, under the degrading bondage of the Turks.

The object of the present work is to give an account of the origin and progress of the Greek Revolution. The author, Mr Blaquiere, is well known for his zeal in that cause; and the present narrative is composed from materials collected on the spot, from eye-witnesses of the events described. Such a work is peculiarly necessary at present, as we are but imperfectly informed as to the resources of the Greeks and their prospects of success, and as the decaying zeal of the public requires to be enlivened on the subject. There could not be a more proper instrument for this purpose, than the present plain and unpretending narrative, which sets before us the conduct and patriotic exertions of the Greeks; their unbounded hatred of their oppressors; their great bravery, perseverance, and patience, under privations; and their brilliant and successful exploits in war, by which they have hitherto destroyed all the Turkish hordes that have penetrated into their difficult country; and by which they have now before them the brilliant prize—long contested for, and at length nearly won—of glory, freedom, and independence. This narrative is calculated to cheer and encourage the friends of the Greeks. It shews of what stubborn materials they are made; that nothing can subdue their spirit, and that calmly and soberly they are resolved to conquer or die. To this issue the contest has now indeed come; it is really a war of extermination. The Turks and the Greeks cannot exist together; one or other must be destroyed; and, of the two, the Greeks will, in all likelihood, be the survivers, to inhabit and embellish the land of their forefathers.

Mr Blaquiere commences with a justification of the Greek insurrection, which we think needless; and he, besides, places their case on the narrow ground of a treaty, said to have been concluded between them and the Turks previous to the taking of Constantinople, and broken by the Turks. Now we would set all these specialties aside, and justify the Greeks on the broad ground of national right. There is no tie which bound the Greeks to submit to the oppressions of the Turks, and they violated no tie, therefore, when they rose up in defence of their lives and properties. Force was the only principle in operation between the two parties; and the one party had as good a right to it, if he thought he could benefit by it, as the other. Resistance had long ceased to be a question of morality; it was merely a question of prudence. The two parties stood clearly in the relation of decided and inveterate enemies, with all the rights belonging to that character, and it required, therefore, no breach of treaty to justify the proceedings of the Greeks.

Various causes, it appears, had paved the way for the emancipation of the Greeks. Among these the progress of knowledge among them may be cited as the chief. Within the last thirty years, the intellectual improvement of this people has been rapid. All classes have evinced an eager desire to become acquainted with the ancient literature of their country, as well as with the extended science of the moderns. The rising generation have sought knowledge in the most celebrated foreign seminaries, and, returning to their native country, have spread improvement among their brethren. Schools have also sprung up for the instruction of those at home, and one certain effect of this universal spirit of improvement has been an increased impatience of Turkish oppression, and an increased desire to cast off the hated yoke. The diffusion of knowledge among the Greeks naturally gave a keener edge to their sense of degradation; it rendered them more inflammable—more liable to kindle into an explosion, from the least spark of oppression; and the Turks, with their characteristic ignorance and brutality, were perfectly unprepared for the threatening storm. They descried no symptom of danger from the progress of knowledge, which was daily sapping the foundations of their power, and converting the Greeks from a herd of passive slaves, into a high-spirited race, with all the feelings of indignant freemen burning in their hearts. With knowledge, the Greeks, many of them inhabiting the islands scattered throughout the Ægean Sea, acquired commerce and naval power, and became the chief carriers of the Turkish trade.

With a view to casting off the Turkish yoke, extensive combinations had been long formed; and the insurrections under Czerni George, and Ipsilanti, in Wallachia and Servia, were the first branches of the conspiracy. These, however, were crushed, and the Turks, goaded on by revenge, proceeded to massacre, by wholesale, their disaffected subjects. The murder of the Greek Archbishop at Constantinople is a specimen of the ferocity with which they every where proceeded against the defenceless Greeks, about 30,000 of whom they murdered in cold blood in different parts. Their plan was, to disarm them throughout their whole empire, after which, they would be completely in their power. The quelling of the insurrections in Servia and Wallachia, and the dreadful severities which followed, tended greatly to discourage the Greeks in their secret plans, and it is likely that they would not have risen, had they not been goaded on by their oppressors, who plainly shewed them, that they must either conquer or be exterminated. The Greeks were in this manner driven at length into open resistance. It is well known that their country is exceedingly favourable to defensive war, being every where intersected by lofty ranges of mountains, through which the road winds by the narrowest defiles, at which a small body of resolute men may stop a whole army. Some of these passes, it is scarcely necessary to mention, have been among the most renowned scenes of ancient glory. Deep and impetuous rivers also occur, to impede the passage of an army; there is no country better adapted for irregular warfare, or more unfavourable to the regular manœuvring of solid masses of men. The peninsula of the Peloponnesus, or the Morea, is one stupendous assemblage of mountains, girt round by a rich border of low land; the roads are of the worst description, difficult even to the natives, though remarkable for swiftness and agility, and altogether impracticable for the operations of a regular army. Another important obstacle to an invading army, is the difficulty of procuring provisions or forage, and the facility with which the natives can remove every article of subsistence, and drive their cattle to the hills. Such was the field of action in which Greece was now to make a last struggle for her independence; and had the country been of a different nature, and more accessible, the Greeks, however heroic their efforts, must have sunk under the weight of the Turkish attack.

The insurrection first broke out at Patras, in the Morea, on the shore of the gulf of Lepanto, in consequence of a demand from the Turkish Governor, that the Greeks should deliver up their arms. This they flatly refused to do, and the Governor, turning his cannon against the town, easily made himself master of it. But the Archbishop of Germanos descending from the mountains at the head of 4000 peasants, retook it next day, and forced the Turks into the citadel. This event was the signal of a general rising throughout the peninsula, and among the islands, where numerous vessels were fitted out to cruize against the Turkish traders, many of which, richly laden, fell into their hands. The Turks throughout the Morea fled into the fortified towns, which they held, in the hopes of receiving timely succours. Some of the Agas surrendered to the Greeks, not being able to secure a retreat to any of the fortresses. Lala, which was garrisoned by a colony of soldiers, gave the Greeks a great deal of trouble. A very severe action was fought between these Laliots and Count Metaxa, who was attacked by them on an eminence near the town, where he had taken post, and where he was entrenched. The Turks, who were far superior in numbers, repeatedly advanced to the charge, with their cavalry, and were as often repulsed by the fire of grape and musketry, and at last forced to retire with the loss of 300 men. The fruit of this victory was the possession of the town of Lala. The whole Morea was now a scene of continual skirmishes, in the course of which many of its populous towns and villages were destroyed. The Greeks, newly emerged from bondage, could hardly yet look their oppressors in the face, and this want of courage, which appeared in one or two instances, lost them some important advantages. But they became gradually more inured to war; and they were reinforced and encouraged by the hardy highland population of Laconia, who, though much addicted to plundering, and to lawless habits, gave on every occasion the most shining examples of intrepidity. By the middle of May, the Peloponnesus, with the exception of a few fortified points, was wholly in possession of the Greeks, and the new Government, composed of Archons and Bishops, was established in the heart of the country. They had a strong army blockading the important town of Tripolizza, which now became the great object of contention. The Seraskier, Chourschid Pasha, who was blockading the citadel of Yanina, into which the rebel Ali Pasha had retired, alarmed by the progress of the insurrection throughout the Morea, resolved, at whatever sacrifice, to attempt the relief of the Turkish troops shut up in the different towns. He accordingly dispatched about 2000 Albanian cavalry, who marched on Tripolizza. The Greeks, full of consternation at his approach, raised the siege of the different towns as he advanced, so that the Turkish garrisons were enabled to provision them anew from the surrounding country. Advancing to Tripolizza, he laid the neighbouring country under contribution, collected supplies from all quarters, and destroyed several Christian villages. The Greeks, who had taken post on the adjacent heights, after some hesitation, resolved to hazard an action. They were accordingly attacked on the post by the Kiaya, (the Pasha's lieutenant,) in person, with his whole disposable force. But the Ottoman cavalry, formidable on the plain, were embarrassed on the narrow and rocky ground, which was the field of battle, and being thrown into disorder by the Greek fire, their defeat was completed by a vigorous attack of the Mainotes on their flank, and they re-entered the city in total rout. This victory giving the Greeks the command of the open country, they resumed their tedious operation of watching all the fortresses. Having no artillery, nor adequate supplies of ammunition, they could resort to no more effectual method of reducing them.

While these events were passing in the Peloponnesus, the insurrection continued to gain ground in the northern parts of Greece, though with less vigour, and with fewer striking events. In Acarnania and Ætolia, there were no Turkish troops to impede the progress of the revolution, except a few at Lepanto; and at Phocis, Attica, and Bœotia, the peasants assembled in arms upon the mountains, but struck no blow worthy of being mentioned. In Macedonia, the insurrection was begun with great success; but being carried on with little concert, was in the end mastered by the Turks, who massacred the Greek inhabitants in great numbers, and forced their leaders to fly for their lives. At sea, the Greeks were decidedly victorious, blockading all the Turkish ports, and the attempt of the Ottomans to wrest from them their maritime superiority, only prepared the way for greater glories. Two vessels of the line were fitted out against the Greeks, and proceeded as far as Lesbos. This squadron was attacked by the Greek fire-vessels, so dexterously, that one of them fell on board the bows of the Turkish 74, while the ignorant Mussulmen stood on deck with muskets, prepared to repel what they conceived to be an attempt to board, being deceived by several effigies the Greeks had dressed up in different parts of the vessel. The ship was burnt to the water's edge, and of a crew of 800, scarcely one escaped the vigilance of the Greek boats.

While the Greek patriots were thus fairly engaged in the work of regeneration, they were joined by several distinguished adherents from other countries; among others, by Demetrius Ipsilanti, the brother of the well-known Ipsilanti, who began the insurrection which failed in Servia: he was accompanied by a younger brother of Prince Cantacuzene, and some other Greeks belonging to families settled in the north of Europe. This latter, though born of a Greek family, was in all respects a Russian, but full of spirit and activity, with a good share of military skill. Early in August, Prince Mavrocordato, whose talents and great character soon procured him authority among all classes, arrived from Marseilles in a Greek vessel loaded with military stores, which he disembarked at Messolunghi. Kyriaconti, brother to the Bey of Maina, was a great accession, on account of his courage and enterprise; and his eldest son, who afterwards died in the field, was a young man of great promise. Among those who joined the Greek cause at this time, the chief Colocotroni also deserves particular notice. He had never submitted to the Ottoman power; but in his native and inaccessible mountains of Arcadia, he had always carried on a petty warfare against the Turks. He was, accordingly, though bold and enterprizing, a mere leader of banditti. He despised tactics and discipline, and was nothing more than a useful partizan in that irregular warfare which was his delight. The strong fortresses of Malvasia and Novarin surrendered to the patriots in August; and it was here that the Greeks violated the articles of capitulation, on which these fortresses were surrendered, and massacred the Turkish garrison, though their safe-conduct formed one of the articles of agreement. Mr Blaquiere urges the provocations they had received as an apology for these excesses; and there is no doubt that, towards them, every tie of humanity and good faith was broken by their enemies. Still these considerations do not justify the massacre of men surrendered into their hands, under the faith or solemn contract guaranteeing their safety; and it is matter of deep regret, that the Greek cause should be stained by such atrocities.

In the progress of the war, the strength of the contending armies was collected at Tripolizza, where the Turks, with the inhabitants, amounting altogether to 20,000, were blockaded by the Greek forces, amounting to about 5000 ill-armed and not very well-disciplined troops. The Greeks occupied the adjacent heights; and as the Turkish cavalry were gradually ruined for want of forage, they proceeded to occupy the plain, and to draw the blockade closer, by posting themselves in the hamlets round the town. The place is modern, irregularly constructed with crooked and narrow streets; it is surrounded by a wall of masonry, nine feet high, and six feet thick, furnished with a double row of ill-contrived loop-holes. There are demi-towers on the wall, where cannon were placed, many of them honeycombed, and mounted on loose blocks of wood. The town is, besides, commanded from a rocky eminence near it. The besiegers also lay under great disadvantages. Their troops would not submit to any regular discipline; their artillery was in the worst possible state; they had only four cannon, two mortars, and three or four light brass field-pieces. They wanted ammunition, fascines, and every thing necessary for a siege; the soldiers would not work with the spade or pick-axe in the entrenchments; and though not deficient in zeal, would do nothing except in their own way. The Greeks were here joined by Mr Gordon of Cairness, who came in a vessel loaded with cannon, arms, and ammunition; and whose presence was a great accession to the Greek cause. Some French and Italian officers were also brought to the camp by Prince Mavrocordato; but their skill was greatly impeded by the distraction of counsels which prevailed among the Greek leaders, some of whom could not be made to understand the advantages of European discipline and science. It may be easily imagined, that in these circumstances the siege proceeded slowly. Many skirmishes took place, and some serious and well-contested actions, in which blood flowed profusely. The besieged suffered all the extremities of famine; and negociations commenced for the surrender of the place, which were protracted, however, by the Turks, in the hope of being relieved, when the following accident happened, which sealed the fate of this unfortunate place. It is described by Mr Blaquiere in the following terms:—

> On Friday, the 5th of October, a capitulation is said to have been verbally agreed upon, but scarcely was it concluded when a fortuitous circumstance rendered the compact of no avail, and brought on a terrible catastrophe. A few Greek soldiers having approached the gate of Argos, entered into conversation with the Turkish sentinels, and began as usual to barter fruit. The Turks were imprudent enough to assist them in mounting the wall, with a large basket of grapes, in exchange for which they gave their arms; but no sooner had the Greeks gained the summit, than they hurled down the unguarded Mahometans: opened the gate, the only one that was walled up, to their comrades, and displayed the standard of the Cross above it. When this emblem was perceived from the camp, it acted like an electric shock; the whole Christian army instantly rushed from all sides to the assault, and the disorder once begun could not be stopped, for the Turks immediately opened a brisk fire of cannon and small arms upon them from the citadel and ramparts. The principal Greek officers, who certainly could not have restrained their men, were drawn away by the torrent: Colocotroni was one of the last to hear what was passing, and as he would not deign to follow the steps of any other captain, he determined to force a passage for himself, so that his troops suffered severely. After the gates were broken down and the walls scaled, a furious struggle was maintained in the streets and houses; but the Peloponnesians, flushed with victory, and spurred on by vengeance were irresistible, and before sunset all opposition was quelled in the blood of the unfortunate Moslems. The citadel, where a large body of Turks had taken refuge, having held out till the following evening, surrendered at discretion.

No quarter was of course either given or taken in this terrible onset, and about 6000 Turks are said to have perished in this assault. The Greeks have been exposed to much severe invective on account of this massacre; yet when the circumstances are duly considered, however horrible and however deeply to be regretted, we do not see that any other result could possibly be expected. Let us consider for a moment the situation of the two parties, engaged as they had long been in desperate competition for the same object, their minds heated with mutual contention, the Greeks in particular long the passive victims of Turkish cruelty, and now all at once seeing their enemies at their feet, after a long and doubtful assault; could we in these circumstances look for a temperate use of victory? Need we wonder that the sword was deeply bathed in the blood of the fallen enemy? We may regret these things; but they need not surprise any one who looks to the past history of mankind. In the wars, to be sure, between civilized states, those atrocities cannot take place, because both parties equally abhor them. But the Turkish barbarians have neither refinement nor humanity. They put to death, indiscriminately, every Greek who falls into their power; they are the authors of those cruelties; and it is not surely to be wondered at, nor need the Greeks be so violently condemned for having retaliated part of their unutterable cruelties on their own heads—for having commended the poisoned chalice of their own cruelty and injustice to their own lips.

Great exertions had been made by the Turks for the relief of Tripolizza; and in the month of August four Pashas had advanced with 5000 men from Thessaly and Macedonia, with a view of forcing a passage through the defiles of Thermopolæ, and uniting with the Ottoman troops at Thebes and Athens, to enter the Morea and attack the besieging army of the Greeks. They were met, however, by a small Greek corps, advantageously posted in the defiles of the high road leading to Livadia, and after a well-fought action, in which the Greeks gave way at first, and were with difficulty rallied, they were totally defeated. After this action the Turks did not attempt to make good their advance. Their fleet, however, which was now on the south shore of the Morea, coasted along, provisioning the different fortresses, which were blockaded, and levelling and burning such of the towns as were occupied by the Greeks. They were watched, though ineffectually, by Ipsilanti's corps, and they at last directed their attack against the small commercial town of Galaxidi, on the northern shore of the Gulph of Lepanto, which they battered with all the power of their artillery, the brave inhabitants resisting desperately under the most fearful odds. Ipsilanti's army was looking on from the opposite shore of the gulph; they heard the heavy firing, which at length suddenly ceased, when, as our author remarks, "a mingled cloud of flame and black smoke, ascending to heaven, told but too severely the fate of Galaxidi." The Algerines, landing from the fleet for the sake of plunder, pillaged and set fire to the town; and "its blazing ruins," our author mentions, "continued for two or three successive nights, to shed a lurid and melancholy light over the waters of Lepanto." To counterbalance this misfortune, the Greeks took several fortified places, such as Anta, on the 5th of December, after a desperate struggle, and Corinth on the 27th of February. They were also continuing the blockade of the other fortified places, such as Patras, Napoli di Romania, &c. with great perseverance, and with every hope of success; they had summoned a congress to assemble at Epidaurus,, and were proceeding to organize both their civil and military affairs, when they were menaced by a new and formidable invasion by the Chourschid Pasha of Albania, with an army of 30,000 men. This great army advanced towards Corinth in the beginning of July; and by the 20th its numerous squadrons of cavalry, supported by masses of infantry, were deploying in the plains, and had advanced to within three miles of Argos. Universal consternation now seized all classes. The Greek congress fled to the islands. There was nothing to oppose this force. Colocotroni, who had suddenly broken up from Patras, which he was blockading, and was now present in this important theatre of action, had only 2000 troops under him, part of which he sent to Corinth to occupy the passes into the Morea, and with the other part he joined Ipsilanti at Argos, who had not above 300 men under him. The second division of the Turkish army advanced under Mahmoud, amounting to 10,000 infantry and cavalry; and, to the surprise of every one, this formidable force entered the fortress of Napoli di Romania, where it loitered three days doing nothing but consuming the scanty stock of forage and provisions. The Greeks were in the meantime extremely active. They strengthened their position among the mountains at Lerna; and, by the continual influx of recruits, their force soon amounted to 8000. Here they watched the favourable moment which they foresaw would arrive, when the Turks, pressed with famine, (the Greeks having driven every thing out of their reach,) would be forced to attempt a retreat under the most disadvantageous circumstances. This long-looked-for signal was at last given, and we have the following account, from Mr Blaquiere, of the interesting operations which followed:

> The whole camp was instantly on the alert, and no sooner were the camels laden with the baggage, than the infidel army set forward in great disorder. Minutely informed of what was passing on the plain, by their out-posts, the chiefs at Lerna had already sent off detachments by a mountain path-way, so as to overtake the enemy's columns as they entered the defiles between Corinth and Mycene. Colocotroni himself advanced with the main body the moment he perceived that the Turks were in motion; while a part of the troops employed before Napoli advanced on their right flank. These movements were so well contrived and executed, that the enemy, whose rear-guard had suffered severely on the first day's march, was attacked with such impetuosity on the second, that not less than five thousand were destroyed in the course of a few hours. And had it not been that many of the Greek soldiery paid more attention to the loaded camels than to the fugitives, the loss of the Turks would have been much greater. The fate of the advanced guard was little better than that of their companions. On reaching the defiles near Corinth they were met by the Mainotes, dispatched from Lerna, under Nikitas, and attacked so furiously that above twelve hundred of them perished in the first onset. Many more were killed in trying to force the passes. A great quantity of baggage, and a number of horses, fell into the hands of the Greeks. These memorable successes occurred between the 4th and 7th of August.

After mentioning that on the 18th the Pasha, having collected the remains of his force, made a movement in order to draw the Greeks into an ambuscade, which, however, failed, and ended in his own defeat, the writer proceeds:

> A still more bloody affair took place on the following day. Determined to regain the position they had abandoned, the Turkish troops were headed by Hadji Ali, second in command to Machmout; this officer, one of the bravest of the Ottoman army, was killed while encouraging his men. In the above desperate effort, the enemy lost nearly two thousand men, together with a large quantity of baggage, and several hundred horses.

The Greeks had not the means of prosecuting this victory so effectually as could have been desired. Its results were nevertheless of great importance, as it gave so decisive a blow to the Ottoman power, while it inspired the Greeks with a corresponding degree of confidence. It led also to the surrender of the fortresses of Napoli di Romania, and Patras, and gave an establishment and a solidity to the Greek cause, which it never had before. In Western Greece, namely in Epirus, there were also some interesting operations, though not of equal importance with those already noticed. Here the Greek cause was endangered by the treachery of Gogo, who had a command in the army. By the suggestions of this Turkish emissary, the troops were led into a most unequal encounter with the enemy, and in the midst of the battle, when the infidels had been repulsed, he basely deserted a village where he was posted, and thus laid bare the position of the Greeks, who, after a desperate conflict, were overwhelmed by superior numbers. Prodigies of valour were, however, performed, and many brave officers here gave the last proof of their devotion to the cause of freedom. Prince Mavrocordato, who was advancing when he heard of this disaster, now turned his whole attention to collect the scattered troops; and it was owing merely to the inactivity of the enemy, that the whole of Western Greece was not overrun. The situation of the Greeks was now, however, sufficiently critical; and their difficulties were aggravated by the desertion of another leader of great wealth and influence in the country. But the Greek leaders seemed to kindle into greater energy with each fresh emergency, and Prince Mavrocordato was still the great bulwark of their cause. A corps of 13,000 men was rapidly advancing, and this gallant leader resolved, with what troops he could collect, to make a last stand for the independence of Greece in the town of Messolunghi. The wretched fortifications of this place were accordingly put into some sort of repair; the few cannon were rendered serviceable; and here a brave handful of Greeks held out against 14,000 Turks. They at last received reinforcements, made several successful sorties, and finally repulsed the Turks with great slaughter, in a general assault, after which, they were assailed on all sides by the armed peasantry, and by fresh bands of Greeks, so that of the force which entered Acarnania, scarcely one half were enabled to make a safe retreat.

No way discouraged by their former ill success, the Turks commenced the campaign of 1823 with new and well-appointed armies. This fresh invasion, however, experienced the same fate as all their former attempts. Numbers on one side were opposed by courage and skill on the other. The Greeks excelled in turning to account the natural defences of the country, which gave infinite scope to the tactics of irregular war. In Western Greece, a large body of Turks was defeated in a night attack, conducted with singular talent and courage, and resorted to as the only resource against overwhelming odds. The campaign concluded with the capture of Corinth, and the repulse of the Turks from Anatolica. Our author concludes his narrative of these interesting events, with the following summary:

> Such was the end of the third campaign, and such the fate of the formidable armies collected by the Pashas of Scutari and Thessaly. Each of the four divisions which entered Livadia and Epirus was defeated and dispersed, in little more than four months after it took the field, by a few detached corps: and unaided Greece was once more saved from the horrors to which she would have been exposed had the enemy triumphed. For it is well known, that the Turkish leaders had orders to carry fire and sword before them, so that the Greeks were fully aware that in this, as in every former campaign, they had no alternative between victory and extermination.

The Greeks have thus, by their own unaided efforts, amid every difficulty and privation, achieved their independence. There is now little probability that the Turkish hordes will succeed in any new attempt on their independence. Two or three armies have been already sent to perish amid the mountains of this difficult country; the resources of the barbarians are exhausted, those of Greece, on the other hand, are on the increase; while the most invaluable of all resources, namely, confidence, discipline, and experience, have been acquired in the late contests. The volume concludes with remarks on the character of the Greeks, and the resources of the country, which are great, and have hitherto been in the hands of the Turks. About nineteen-twentieths of the soil belonged to Turkish proprietors; and the Greeks were banished into the mountains, to make way, in the fruitful vallies, for their barbarian lords. With an industrious and improving population, we may easily see how rich a country Greece is destined to become—what an acquisition it will be to the civilized world—what a large addition its improved resources will throw into the circle of commercial exchange—what a lustre will be cast on modern times, by the resurrection of Greece, after its deathlike sleep of ages, into the light of knowledge and freedom! How gratifying to the lover of liberty, to the enthusiast of learning, to see this classical country again become the depository of arts, literature, and science; and how perverted must the minds of those be, who could for a moment dream of interrupting the long era of prosperity which is just dawning on this fine country! We are at a loss to conceive what feeling could possibly be gratified by the success of the barbarous hordes of Turks, in desolating the country, in massacring the inhabitants, or in selling them for slaves. The enlightened Greeks have been too long the sport of these infidel tyrants; and to see them again brought under their accursed yoke, would, we should suppose, only excite throughout Christendom one common and deep feeling of degradation and sorrow.

Solomon and the Queen of Sheba,

A RABBINICAL STORY.

> Art lives on Nature's alms, is weak and poor;
> Nature herself has unexhausted store;
> Wallows in wealth, and runs a turning maze,
> That no vulgar eye can trace.—*Cowley.*

WHEN David's son ascended Israel's throne,
In matchless plenitude of pomp he shone;
Supreme in pow'r, the trumpet tongue of fame
To distant regions bore the Monarch's name:
To him wealth floated on the stormy wave,
And mighty kings rich gifts and homage gave;
Ophir and Tyre their treasur'd gold supplied,
And Egypt's fruitful plains a youthful bride.
But his were gifts which crowns could ne'er impart,
For Heaven bestow'd an understanding heart,
Still more for wisdom than for pow'r renown'd,
A mighty monarch and a sage profound.
Jerus'lem saw the splendid temple rise,
To Him whose throne is fix'd above the skies;
And heard the pious founder's humble prayer,
That God would graciously inhabit there;
All who in Salem Heaven's vicegerent saw,
Stood in his presence with a sacred awe;
Blest, could they lend the fondly list'ning ear,
The words of wisdom from his lips to hear;
Even infidels, who came but to admire,
In silent reverence, felt devotion's fire;
And strangers came from many a distant clime,
To gaze upon magnificence sublime.

From the far distant south came Sheba's Queen,
In youthful beauty and majestic mien;
From east to west none could with her compare,
No train so splendid, and no face so fair;
The humblest menial in her rich array
In burnish'd gold and glowing purple gay:
Her camels, conscious of their precious load,
Rear'd high their lofty necks, and proudly trode;
Some groan'd beneath a load of golden ore,
And others burden'd with a richer store
Of fragrant spices, from her sunny vales,
Diffusing odours on the evening gales;
While distant far, these sweets on ether borne,
Reach'd Salem, wafted on the breeze of morn,
Till Israel's sons and daughters throng'd to share
The perfume floating on the ambient air,
Rich as the fragrance of the Phœnix' nest,
And thought themselves in Araby the Blest.
She came, and dazzled every gazer's eye—
Was by the King receiv'd with triumph high;
Her treasur'd gold and aromatics sweet,
With due respect, were scatter'd at his feet:
Nor gold nor spices met the Monarch's view,
For Sheba's Queen his whole attention drew;
While on her cheek a softer blush repos'd
Than Pharaoh's daughter's face had e'er disclos'd;
Her eye more brilliant than the brightest gem
That graced the youthful Hebrew's diadem.

The King regard and high respect express'd,
In fond attendance on his royal guest;
Led her around the sacred temple fair,
Shew'd her the wonderful, the rich, and rare;
Set in display his boundless treasur'd store
Of worldly wealth, and philosophic lore;
Set fair before the royal stranger's view
All he possess'd, and told her all he knew:
Talk'd of a First, an Universal Cause,
His works, and attributes, and Nature's laws;
Of suns and stars, that run their constant race,
And circling spheres that roll in boundless space;
Of times and seasons, elemental storms,
Of Nature's works, in all their varied forms;
Of animals, that walk, or swim, or fly,
That scour the plain, or cleave the floods or sky,
From the fierce lion, ranging for his prey,
To insects sporting in the summer ray;

From huge leviathan that foams the deep,
To periwinkles on the shore that creep,—
From the proud eagle to the twittering wren,
All seem'd familiar to his piercing ken.
He next the vegetable world display'd,
What plants requir'd the sun, and what the shade;
What grew spontaneous in a sterile soil,
And what were rear'd by constant care and toil;
Tree, plant, and flow'r, to him alike were known,
Their names, their natures, and their virtues shewn;
How some were nutritive, delicious food,
And some salubrious, purify the blood;
While others kill, inflicting mortal pain,
Lock up the sense, or stupify the brain:—
Of all, his penetrating skill could say,
If in the root or flow'r the virtue lay:
From lofty Lebanon with cedars tall,
To humble hyssop on the mould'ring wall.

The Queen delighted, listen'd to the sage,
While he with ease expounded Nature's page;
Such graceful elegance adorn'd his tongue,
That on her ears the sounds symphonious rung;
Nor less delighted was the King, to hear
Her praises titillate his royal ear;
For true or false, the softly plausive strain
From beauty's lips is seldom pour'd in vain.

Again the King his eloquence renew'd,
And Nature through her secret paths pursued:
With fluent tongue he dwelt with fond delight,
On treasur'd stores, deep buried from the sight;
On richest ores, that in earth's bosom lie,
Or precious stones, so pleasing to the eye;
What mingling shades were in the agate seen,
The yellow topaz, and the emerald green;
How rubies blaze and bright carbuncles shine,
And diamonds ripen in the darksome mine;
Of coral reefs, beneath the deep that dwell,
And precious pearls within a puny shell;
How central fires earth's firm foundations shake,
Till rocks are shiver'd and the mountains quake;
Through wide creation's ample field he ran,
Up to her noblest work and wonder—man:
What wond'rous wisdom, and what skill divine,
Could bones and muscles, veins and nerves combine;
Some to accelerate, and some controul,
Yet all unite in one harmonious whole,
Best suited strength and motion to supply,
While all agree, and none their aid deny;
What varied features mark the human face,—
What countless forms of dignity and grace!

While thus he spoke, the philosophic sage
Had still preserved the gravity of age;
But now, his eyes were fix'd on Sheba's Queen,
And softer feelings mark'd his youthful mien;
For though with more than mortal wisdom blest,
Still human passions glow'd within his breast;
And female beauty strikes the dullest sense
With some magnetic, secret influence;
And when, with outward loveliness, we find
The nobler graces of capacious mind,
We feel an impulse which must be obey'd,
And willing homage to the fair is paid.
Such were the royal stranger's mind and face,
Both ornamented with peculiar grace;
Nor could the King a sister Queen behold
In beauty's bloom, and still his heart be cold:
In tones and accents suited to his theme,
His language flowing in a copious stream,
From man, he talk'd of woman's softer charms,
The latent fire, that every bosom warms,
The potent light'ning of a sparkling eye,
Or magic influence of a heaving sigh,
And how the witchery of a dimpling smile
Can oft the bosom of its peace beguile:
"Yet," cried the sage, "if these alone inspire,
The flame at best is but a transient fire;
But when the sweetness of a seraph face
Gives nameless charms to intellectual grace,
Resistless is the pow'r which these impart,
To win the soul, and fix the roving heart;
Man thinks not then of pageantry and pow'r;
Far richer pleasures wing the passing hour;
The hero's heart forgets its martial glow,
The conqueror plucks the laurel from his brow;

Even kings, in crowns and sceptres find no charms ;
Their heaven of bliss is Love and Woman's arms !"

Thus spoke the King, expression in his eye
Which seem'd to say, " You are as wise as I !"
The Queen, delighted, mark'd the Monarch's glance,
Her blushes thank'd him for his complaisance :
Though flattery often had fatigued her ear,
She deem'd the King in compliment sincere ;
And from the wisest of the sons of men
She could have listen'd to the tale again ;
For praise, when delicate, and well refin'd,
Comes welcome to the high or humble mind ;
And Sheba's Queen had yielded to its pow'r,
Her rank forgot in that delightful hour ;
Whate'er the dignity that crowns impart,
She blush'd to feel the woman at her heart ;
With conscious modesty and rising pride,
The latent feelings of that heart to hide,
She turn'd the converse now, to those whom fate
Had placed as rulers o'er a mighty state.
Here Salem's King again in wisdom shone,
Taught how to serve the State, and guard the throne ;
The readiest way to climb to sovereign rule,
And who the fittest for a monarch's tool ;
How best to sway the " open, bold, and brave,"
And check or dupe the sly, ambitious knave ;
Talk'd of confederacies and friendly leagues,
Of diplomatic skill and court intrigues ;
How best to cultivate the useful arts,
And reign by love within the subjects' hearts ;
Diffuse content, and happiness increase,
And give the State security and peace.

Such was the knowledge from the King she drew,
Each word an oracle, still wise and new.
Day after day she listen'd and admir'd,
Though still delighted, yet her pride was fir'd,
And much she wish'd to make the monarch halt,
And see his royal wisdom once at fault.

The human heart is apt to mope and pine,
When others with superior lustre shine :
To dazzle, does not always give delight,
For suns will scorch when too intensely bright ;
The summer sky is loveliest to the view,
With light clouds floating o'er the ether blue :
Man is a being of imperfect sight,
Who cannot always see, or judge aright ;
And should one justly full perfection claim,
He were a man in nothing but the name :
Some weakness still we love, and wish to find,
To speak the owner of congenial kind ;
Perpetual wisdom will the wisest tire,
And they may envy what they must admire.
So thought and felt fair Sheba's beauteous Queen,
Her admiration changing to chagrin ;
All her desire, a stumbling-block to fling,
To check the triumph of this sapient King.

By day she mused, at night she could not rest,
Deep plung'd in thought, a sleepless couch she press'd.
" This Solomon," she said, " profoundly wise,
Howe'er he may his self-esteem disguise,
Must think of Sheba's Queen with secret scorn,
Himself unmatch'd by man of woman born :
Avails it aught, that he may deem me fair ?
Not Pharaoh's daughter may with me compare ;
Though I can see, that when I deign to smile,
He looks with wistful fondness all the while ;
Were I a wanton, to employ my charms,
I might perhaps decoy him to my arms,
And he would treat me like some simple flower,
A toy, a gew-gaw, for an idle hour !
At best, this were but outward beauty priz'd,
Each mental charm neglected or despised,
Till Wisdom wak'd, when his first thought would be
To scorn himself for losing time with me !
I would nonplus, and not seduce the mind,
That, highly-gifted, soars above its kind ;
I would convince the royal Hebrew's soul,
That knowledge, wit, and wisdom have a goal ;
That something mocks his search, remains conceal'd,
That Nature yet has mysteries unreveal'd ;

And though he leave the common herd behind,
His piercing glance must still its limits find."

While thus revolving thoughts allied to pain,
A thousand fancies floating in her brain,
She chanced one morn to meet a Jewess fair,
With roses blushing in her braided hair;
At evening tide again she met the maid,
And still she saw the roses undecay'd;
The Queen approach'd to take a nearer view,—
They were the work of art—to Nature true.
A sudden thought now struck the Royal Dame,
Diffusing gladness through her glowing frame;
She found the Hebrew maiden had the art,
The seeming stamp of Nature to impart;
Bud, leaf, and flower, beneath her plastic hand,
Seem'd wet with dew, and ready to expand.
The Queen delighted, now engag'd the fair,
A bouquet, rich and ample, to prepare;
With native charms to stamp each flowret's breast,
And Nature's seal on every part impress'd;
Gave gold with liberal hand, and promis'd more,
When fully fram'd the artificial store.
Each day she went the growing work to view,
While keen impatience with her wonder grew;
For beauties sprung beneath the maiden's hand,
As if produced by necromancer's wand.

'Tis done—the Queen is ravish'd with delight,
All seems so lovely to her raptur'd sight;
For ne'er was counterfeit so neatly done,
A nobler triumph Art had never won.
Here, drooping lilies wet with morning dew,
There, rose-buds seem'd expanding to the view;
The purple grapes hung clustering on the vine,
Pea-flowers round spicy-pinks their tendrils twine;
The richest blooms that Salem's gardens knew,
The meanest wild-flowers in the fields that grew;
The leaf, the swelling-bud, the flower full blown,
By imitative art correctly shewn;
All richly scented with such rare perfume
As breathes around, where sweets commingling bloom;
They almost still deceiv'd the wondering Queen,
Who every day had the deception seen:
But all was fram'd with such peculiar care,
That not a wild, nor garden flower was there,
Which Nature to the climate had denied,
Or was not in its season's fairest pride.

The Jewess next, at morn, must range the fields,
And cull the fairest flowers the garden yields,
From Nature's lap a floral group to frame,
To match the first, another and the same:
Now, swelling buds and blushing flowers are seen,
'Midst leaves that glow in Nature's loveliest green
Arrang'd alike, in order stand the pair,
Twin-sisters seeming, exquisitely fair.
They to the Queen are secretly convey'd,
And in her royal chamber both display'd;
In crystal vases blooming side by side,
Their blushing beauties glow in rival pride.

Now enters Solomon with brow serene,
While thus to him, spoke Sheba's beauteous Queen:
" Most sapient Monarch! see, before you stand,
These blooming flowers, the work of Nature's hand,
Their rival sisters, though produced by Art,
As richly glow and equal sweets impart;
Approach them not, but mark their beauties well,
And which is Nature's work, great Sovereign, tell."

Such was the beauty of each rival bloom,
So sweet the fragrance floating round the room,
Both seem'd so lovely in each native grace,
The royal eye could no distinction trace;
He mark'd a rose-bud wet with morning dew,
But found it glittering on its fellow too;
A fly was resting on a lily's bell,
While in its rival's bosom seem'd to dwell
A similar tenant of the lower sky,
Its form as perfect to the gazer's eye;
He knew, that when the clasping tendrils twine,
Some to the right, and some the left incline;

And therefore hop'd, in that to find a flaw,
Some pea or woodbine scorning Nature's law;
This had not 'scaped the Hebrew maiden's view,
And every tendril turn'd to Nature true.
The Monarch's bosom writh'd in wounded pride,
His wisdom never so severely tried:
"Shall I," he thought, "deceiv'd by female art,
Permit this heathen stranger to depart,
In Sheba's court to boast, with glistening eyes,
How she defeated Solomon the Wise?
What boots my wisdom, power, or boasted fame,
If woman can my knowledge put to shame?
Even now, exulting in her artful wile,
I mark the scorn that mingles in her smile;
I see proud triumph sparkling in her eye!"
And Israel's sapient Monarch heav'd a sigh.

To shun her glance, he turn'd in pensive mood,
And, deeply musing, at the window stood;
By fragrance lur'd, the tenants of the hive
For entrance at the casement vainly strive;
He throws it wide—the thrifty insects come
And lightly wing their way with joyous hum;
'Midst Nature's sweets the busy people ply,
But pass the work of Art neglectful by;
One seems to linger on the daisy's crest,
Another banquets on the wild-rose' breast;
Some rove where spicy woodbines intertwine
With mottled pinks, or odorous jessamine:
From flower to flower 'midst countless sweets they fly,
While yellow treasure loads each little thigh;
With chymic skill their toil they still pursue,
And, buzzing, gather rich nectareous dew.
In vain the counterfeits their bloom display,
They glow as richly and they smile as gay;
Within their breasts no bee is heard to sing,
No petal waves beneath its fluttering wing.

"Behold, fair Queen!" the sapient Monarch cried,
With gentle smile, but secret conscious pride;
"These humble insects can the knowledge teach,
Which seems too high for human skill to reach!
See Nature's sweets alone by them are priz'd,
The works of Art neglected and despis'd:
And Sheba's Queen, so lovely and so fair,
May haply learn a moral lesson there;
From these may see, how vain the charms of Art,
Compar'd with Nature, to attract the heart.
Cosmetics, essences, and paints may grace,
And give a gaudier lustre to the face;
To soothe her pride, or lure to love, the fair
With costly gems may deck her flowing hair,
With practis'd glances she may roll the eye,
Or haply heave the sentimental sigh;
Perhaps may smile, with sly coquettish leer,
A giddy wanton, or a prude severe;
With constant care, displaying studied charms,
To lure some headless lover to her arms;
But Prudence still will shun the wiles of Art,
And Wisdom scorn to woo a worthless heart;
For chaste Simplicity, a bashful maid,
Is still in Nature's loveliness array'd;
The blush of Modesty in sweetness glows,
Like twilight smiling on the budding rose;
The spotless lily, in the dews of morn,
Is Innocence, whose bosom knows no thorn:
These are the charms that blossom in the shade,
The amaranthine flowers, that never fade;
They love inspire, and lasting bliss impart,
Like Nature still triumphing over Art."

While thus the sage, a kindling blush was seen
To mantle on the cheek of Sheba's Queen;
For he the mystery she propos'd explor'd,
And thus, had higher still in wisdom soar'd;
Besides, had pour'd a lesson on her ear
Of manly truth, which Queens but seldom hear;
Nor was his generosity confin'd
To moral maxims, to improve her mind;
His royal bounty sooth'd the stranger's heart,
Till fondly lingering, she was loth to part;
And when to Sheba's court return'd again,
She thought of Solomon, the wisest, best of men!

TOUR IN GERMANY[*].

This is the best book of Travels which has appeared since the publication of Forsyth's "Italy," and is filled with a great deal of interesting, and not a little new information respecting places and countries, where a less acute and intelligent observer would have gleaned nothing that had not been already forestalled and repeated in every possible form of style and letter-press. After wading through the sickening and execrable trash, yclept "Tours," "Travels," "Journals," *aut quocunque alio nomine gaudent,* and which generally contain little more than a posting itinerary, and the bills of fare at the regular stages; it is truly delightful to encounter a work of this sort, stored with the results of patient and accurate observation, conveyed in a clear, vigorous, and occasionally sarcastic style, and totally free from the sins which so easily beset the gentlemen who "take walk and make book." The author, whoever he be, is evidently a man of taste and learning; the former of which he displays without affectation, and the latter without pedantry. He has an eye for the beauties of Nature, which he brings full before the view by his skilful and graphic descriptions, and he has somehow contrived to criticise the works of art, without having recourse to that bloated and bastard jargon of connoisseurship,—

That Babylonish dialect
Which would-be amateurs affect,—

and than which it is barely possible to conceive any kind of nonsense more perfectly silly and disgusting. But the chief merit of his work consists in the pictures which he has given of the state of society and manners, as affected by existing political institutions, in the different states in which he sojourned, and in the very precise and satisfactory information it contains respecting the literature and literary men of Germany. In both these respects it is extremely interesting, as the extracts we are about to give will abundantly show; and the opinions of the author are entitled to the more respect, as he is evidently possessed of the qualifications necessary for the successful execution of his task. We shall, therefore, without farther preamble, introduce him to the acquaintance of our readers,—in the full and honest conviction that the specimens we shall produce will amply justify the opinion we have been led to pronounce.

The author proceeding from Paris to Strasburgh, of which he gives us a good description, enters Baden, and proceeds to Manheim, recently so famous as the place of Kotzebue's residence, and, ultimately, of his assassination by the fanatic Sandt.

I found the murderer, who had been executed shortly before, still the subject of general conversation. Though his deed, besides its moral turpitude, has done Germany much political mischief, the public feeling seemed to treat his memory with much indulgence. Most people, except the students, were liberal enough to acknowledge that Sandt had done wrong in committing assassination, but they did not at all regard him with disrespect, much less with the abhorrence due to a murderer. The ladies were implacable in their resentment at his execution. They could easily forgive the necessity of cutting off his head, but they could not pardon the barbarity of cutting off, to prepare him for the block, the long dark locks which curled down over his shoulders, after the academical fashion. People found many things in his conduct and situation which conspired to make them regard him as an object of pity, sometimes of admiration, rather than of blame. Nobody regrets Kotzebue. To deny him, as many have done, all claims to talent and literary merit, argues sheer ignorance or stupidity; but his talent could not redeem the imprudence of his conduct, and no man ever possessed in greater perfection the art of making enemies wherever he was placed. Every body believed, too, that Sand, however frightfully erroneous his ideas might be, acted from what he took to be a principle of public duty, and not to gratify any private interest. This feeling, joined to the patience and resolution with which he bore up under fourteen months of grievous bodily suffering, the kindliness of temper which he manifested towards every one else, and the intrepidity with which he submitted to the punishment of his crime, naturally procured him in Germany much sympathy and indulgence. Such palliating feelings towards the perpetrator of such a deed are, no doubt, abundantly dangerous. If they pass the boundary by a single hair's-breadth, they become downright defenders of assassination, yet one cannot entirely rid himself of them. It is one of the greatest mischiefs of such an example, that it seduces weak heads and heated fancies into a ruinous coquetry with principles which make every man his neighbour's executioner. Still, it would be untrue, to say that it was only his brother students who regarded Sand with these indulgent eyes. To them, of course, he appeared a martyr in a common cause. "I would not have told him to do it," said a student of Heidelberg to me, "but I would cheerfully have shaken hands with him after he did it." Even in the more grave and orderly classes of society, although his crime was never justified or applauded, I could seldom trace any inclination to speak of him with much rigour. When the executioner had struck, the crowd rushed upon the scaffold, every one anxious to pick up a few scattered hairs, or dip a ribbon, a handkerchief, or a scrap of paper, in his blood. Splinters were chipped from the reeking block, and worn in medallions as his hair was in rings, false and revered as the reliques of a saint. To the students of Heidelberg was ascribed the attempt to sow with Forget-me-not the field on which he was beheaded; and which they have baptized by the name of Sand's Ascension-Meadow. Though punished as an homicide, he was laid in consecrated ground; and, till measures were taken by the police to prevent it, fresh flowers and branches of weeping-willow were nightly strewed, by unknown hands, on the murderer's grave.

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[*] A Tour in Germany, and some of the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire, in the years 1820, 1821, and 1822. Printed for Archibald Constable & Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, & Co. London. 1824.

From Manheim, the author goes to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, presently the seat of the Germanic Diet, a body ostensibly instituted in imitation of Napoleon's celebrated Confederation of the Rhine, but in reality, good for nothing except repressing every symptom of public spirit and free discussion in Germany, and which, by the weight of the leaden despotism it exercises, it has nearly succeeded in extinguishing. Of this Amphictyonic Council, the author gives the following account:—

As a recompence for having lost the elections and coronations of the emperors, Frankfort was made the seat of the Germanic Diet, and would boast of being the seat of government of the whole Germanic body, if the Diet were a government. But, except that the presence of the deputies and foreign ministers increases the number of dinners and carriages in Frankfort, the Germans maintain, that the confederation, in which they have been bound, serves no one purpose of a government, but is merely a clumsy and expensive instrument, to enable Austria and Prussia to govern all Germany. The thing looks well enough on paper, they say, for the votes appear to be distributed according to the population of the different states; but in its working it manifests only the dictatorial preponderance of powers which they will not acknowledge to be German in point of interest, and only partially German even in point of territory. One-third of the votes, in the ordinary meetings, belong to Austria, Prussia, England, Denmark, and the Netherlands. The small powers, who form the majority with half and quarter votes, or, as in one case, with the sixth part of a vote, are entirely dependent on these greater states. These greater states, though possessing territories in Germany, are essentially foreign in their strength and interests, and, enjoying an irresistible influence in the Diet, they have handed over the government of Germany to Austria and Prussia; while Prussia, again, seems to have thrown herself into the arms of Russia, and Austria has been for centuries the bigotted opponent of every thing which might tend to render Germany independent of the house of Hapsburgh. The Emperor Francis did well not to labour after the restoration of the empire; for, instead of remaining the limited and elective head of a disjointed monarchy, he has become the hereditary dictator of a submissive confederation; instead of negotiating at Ratisbonne, he can command at Frankfort. Thus the Germanic Diet is essentially the representative, not of German, but of foreign interests, guided by potentates who claim a voice in its measures in virtue of a portion of their territories, and then throw in upon its deliberations the whole weight of their preponderating political and military influence, to guard their own foreign interests, and effectuate schemes of policy, which have no relation to the union, or independence, or welfare of Germany.

The confederation provides, to be sure, a public treasury and a common army for the defence of the country, but of what use are a treasury and army which stand at the disposal of foreign influence? Moreover, it does not leave the states which compose it even political independence among themselves, and the quiet administration of their internal concerns. It seems to be the right of a sovereign prince to give his subjects as popular institutions as he may think proper; but the sovereign princes of Germany must previously obtain, through the medium of the Diet, the permission of the courts of Vienna and Berlin. On this body they are dependent for the degree in which they shall descend from the old arbitrary prerogative; for the confederation, while it thus lops off the most unquestionable rights of sovereign states, has formally declared, with ridiculous inconsistency, that it can contain only sovereign princes—and all the world knows what a sovereign prince means in the language of Vienna. Freedom of discussion among themselves, and the power of communicating their deliberations to those for whom they legislate, seem to be inseparable from the useful existence of a legislative body; but, by the provisions of the confederation, this eternal minor placed under the tutelage of foreign powers, the Diet is bound to take care, that neither the discussions in such assemblies themselves, where they exist by sufferance, nor their publication through the press, shall endanger the tranquillity of Germany,—and all the world knows by what standard Prince Metternich measures public tranquillity.

Even in the states where representative governments have been established, the confederation deprives them of all power in the most important questions that can be put to a nation, those of peace and war; for it has expressly provided, that no constitution shall be allowed to impede a prince, who belongs to the confederation, in the performance of the duties which the Diet may think proper to impose upon him. Whether Bavaria or Wirtemberg, for example, shall go to war, is not in every case a question for her own king and parliament, but for the Prussian and Austrian envoys at Frankfort. If the powers which, though essentially foreign, are preponderating, find it useful to employ the money and arms of the Germanic body, the constitution at home is virtually suspended. The Diet is despotic in legislative, and executive, and judicial authority; and, if any part of the territory included in the confederation be attacked, the whole body is *ipso facto* in a state of war. France quarrels with Austria and the Netherlands; she attacks the former in Italy, and the latter in the duchy of Luxembourg, which is a part of the confederation; the whole Germanic body must fly to arms, for the territory of the confederation is attacked. Although Bavaria, for instance, should have no more interest in the quarrel than his Majesty of Otaheite, she must submit to the misery and extravagance of war, as if an enemy stood on the banks of her own Iser. In vain may her parliament resolve for peace, and refuse to vote either men or money; it is the duty of their king to go to war for the inviolability of this ricketty and heterogeneous confederation. The decision belongs, not to the monarch and representatives of the Bavarian people, but to the diplomatists of Frankfort; and if the former be backward, a hundred thousand Austrians can speedily supply the place of tax-gatherers and recruiting-officers.

These are the sentiments which are heard every where in Germany; and, making every allowance for national partialities, there certainly is a great deal of truth in them. The Germanic confederation has nothing equal in it; it is ruled by foreigners, for even the votes of Hanover obey the ministry of England. Weimar, whose liberal institutions and free press had been guaranteed by this very diet, was compelled to violate it, and submit to a censorship, at the will of a congress of ministers, whom Germany can justly call foreign, assembled at Carlsbad. If I observed rightly, the preponderance of Austria is peculiarly grating to the powers more properly German. They know that Austria is the very last among them which can pretend to be reckoned a pure German state; the greatest part of her population does not even speak the language; they are at least her equals in military fame, and have far outstripped her in all the arts of peace. It is not wonderful they should feel degraded at seeing their common country subjected to the domination of a power in which they find so little to love or respect. If you wish to know the politics of the confederation, say the Germans, you must inquire, not at Frankfort, but at Vienna or Berlin. One thing is certain, viz. that the southern states, which have adopted popular institutions, must hang together in good and evil report. It is only in a determined spirit of union, and in the honest support of Hanover, that Bavaria, and Wirtemberg, and Baden, can be safe.

The "delenda est Carthago" of Cato was much less necessary in Rome, than "cavenda est Austria" is in Munich, and Stuttgard, and Hanover.

The Diet is held to be utterly impotent even in its most important duty, the preservation of that equality among its own members, without which a confederation is one of the most intolerable forms of oppression. The King of Prussia chose to lay taxes, as was alleged, on the subjects of his neighbour the Duke of Anhalt Cöthen, both of them members of the confederation. The little duke brought his action before the Diet against the great king. All Germany was on tiptoe expectation to see how the supreme government would discharge its duty. The supreme government was much averse to show the nakedness of its impotency in a dispute where all was strength on the one side, and all weakness on the other, and contrived to have the case settled out of court, a phrase by no means out of place, for the form and nomenclature of proceeding in the supreme executive government of Germany would be intelligible only in the Court of Chancery, or, still more, in the Scottish Court of Session. Nothing is managed without whole reams of petitions, and answers, and replies, and duplies. A growler of Berlin was asked, "What is the Diet about?" "Of course, examining the stationer's accounts," was the reply.

At Weimar,—the German Athens, and, till the Holy Allies overshadowed it with their dark and malignant wings, the only spot in Europe where the press was, in the broadest sense of the term, free, and where men might think as they pleased, and publish what they thought, without the intervention of censors, or the terror of *ex-officio* informations,—our author finds almost every thing to his wish,—the people contented and happy,—the Grand Duke the most popular prince in Europe, and deserving to be so,—and an assemblage of literary men, such as no other small state of Germany can boast. It has been the great ambition of the Princes of this House to attract to their little capital whatever was most brilliant in native genius,—and they have succeeded. While the treasures of more weighty potentates were insufficient to meet the necessity of their political relations, the confined revenues of these Princes have afforded leisure and independence to the men who were gaining for Germany its intellectual reputation, and whom they cherished as friends and companions, secure against the mortifications to which genius is so often exposed from the pride of patronage. "Schiller," as our author well remarks, "would not have endured the caprices of Frederick for a day; and Göthe would have pined at the court of an emperor who could tell the teachers of a public seminary, 'I want no learned men,—I need no learned men.'" It was here that Wieland, the Patriarch of the tribe, and the nucleus round which the daily increasing body of light collected, ended his days in comfort and tranquillity.

All who remember him speak of him with rapture, and it is easy to conceive that the author of Oberon and of Agathon, and the translator of Cicero's Letters, must have been a delightful combination of acuteness and wit—no ordinary powers of original thinking, united to a fancy rich, elegant, and playful. To the very close of his very long life, he continued to be the pride of the old, and the delight of the young. Much less a man of the world than Göthe, he commanded equal respect and greater attachment. Göthe has been accused of a too jealous sensibility about his literary character, and a constantly-sustained *authorial* dignity, which have exposed him to the imputation of being vain and proud. Wieland gave himself no anxiety about his reputation; except when the pen was in his hand, he forgot there were such things in the world as books and authors, and strove only to render himself an agreeable companion. The young people of the court were never happier than when, on a summer evening, they could gather round "Father Wieland" in the shades of Tiefurth, or the garden of his own little country residence. Writers of books sometimes misunderstood the man, and talked of him as a trifler, because he did not always look like a folio; Wieland smiled at their absurdities. Göthe, too, got into a passion with people whose visits he had permitted, and who then put him into their books, not altogether in the eulogistic style which he expects, and, moreover, deserves; but, instead of treating such things with indifference, he made himself more inaccessible, and assumed a statelier dignity.

Of the great national dramatic poet of Germany, the author thus speaks:—

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No German poet deserves better to be known than Schiller, yet his most successful efforts are least generally known among us. His merits are by no means confined to the drama; whoever is not acquainted with Schiller's Lyrical Poems, is ignorant of many of his most peculiar and inimitable productions. In the ballad, he aimed at the utmost simplicity of feeling, and narrative, and diction. It would scarcely be too much to say, that, in this style, his "Knight Toggenburg" has no equal; in German it certainly has none.

Even in the drama, most English readers judge of Schiller only from the Robbers, a boyish production, which gave, indeed, distinct promise of the fruit that was to come, but is no more a sample of Schiller, than Titus Andronicus would be of Shakespeare. It is impossible to form any idea of the German dramatist without knowing his Don Carlos, Mary Stuart, the Bride of Messina, and, higher than them all, Wallenstein. It was an unworthy tribute to living genius, to select Göthe's Iphigenia for the opening of the new theatre in Berlin; for, high and multifarious as Göthe's merits are, Schiller will always remain the great national dramatic poet of Germany. Before his time, her tragic muse had seldom risen above damning mediocrity; and ages will probably elapse before another appear to raise her to the same honours. Whenever a tragedy of Schiller was to be performed, I never found an empty theatre in any corner of Germany. Moreover, on such occasions, the theatre is not crowded with the usual regular play-going loungers, who spend a couple of hours in a box because they have nothing else to do; the audience consists chiefly of respectable citizens, who feel much more truly what nature and passion are, than the ribboned aristocracy of Berlin or Vienna. Schiller nursed his genius by studying Shakespeare; and it is wonderful how little an Englishman regrets Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden, when Madame Schröder, at Vienna, plays Lady Macbeth in Schiller's translation. We cannot be surprised that Shakespeare is admired; but at least we owe our gratitude to those who have introduced him to a people more able to appreciate his excellence than any other except ourselves; and that, too, in a dress which, from the affinity of the languages, when in the hands of such men as Wieland and Schiller, Schlegel and Voss, impairs so little the original form. Instead of sneering at the German drama, we should be inclined in its favour, by the fact, that it is the drama of a people which worships at the altar of our unequalled dramatist with as heart-felt devotion as any believer among ourselves. Shakespeare would seem to have been bestowed upon us, at once to maintain the supremacy of our country, and to teach us humility by the reflection, that it was given to no other, even among ourselves, to follow his course;—a comet hung in our sky, to be gazed on, and wondered at by us in common with the rest of the world, but as far beyond our reach, though blazing in our zenith, as to those who only caught his more distant rays.

This is followed by an account of Göthe, which cannot fail to prove interesting.

Of the Weimar sages and poets Göthe alone survives. One after another, he has sung the dirge over Herder, and Wieland, and Schiller: "his tuneful brethren all are fled;" but, lonely as he now is in the world of genius, it could be less justly said of him than of any other man, that he,

> neglected and oppressed,
> Wished to be with them and at rest;

for no living author, at least of Germany, can boast of so long and brilliant a career. At once a man of genius and a man of the world, Göthe has made his way as an accomplished courtier, no less than as a great poet. He has spent in Weimar more than one half of his prolific life, the object of enthusiastic admiration to his countrymen; honoured by Sovereigns, to whom his muse has never been deficient in respect; the friend of his prince, who esteems him the first man on earth; and caressed by all the ladies of Germany, to whose reasonable service he has devoted himself from his youth upwards. It is only necessary to know what Göthe still is in his easy and friendly moments, to conceive how justly the universal voice describes him as having been in person, manners, and talent, a captivating man. He is now seventy-four years old, yet his tall imposing form is but little bent by years; the lofty open brow retains all its dignity, and even the eye has not lost much of its fire. The effects of age are chiefly perceptible in an occasional indistinctness of articulation. Much has been said of the jealousy with which he guards his literary reputation, and the haughty reserve with which this jealousy is alleged to surround his intercourse. Those who felt it so must either have been persons whose own reputation rendered him cautious in their presence, or whose doubtful intentions laid him under still more unpleasant restraints; for he sometimes shuts his door, and often his mouth, from the dread of being improperly put into books. His conversation is unaffected, gentlemanly, and entertaining: in the neatness and point of his expressions, no less than in his works, the first German classic, in regard of language, is easily recognized. He has said somewhere, that he considered himself to have acquired only one talent, that of writing German. He manifests no love of display, and least of all in his favourite studies. It is not uncommon, indeed, to hear people say, that they did not find in Göthe's conversation any striking proof of the genius which animates his writings; but this is as it should be. There are few more intolerable personages than those who, having once acquired a reputation for cleverness, think themselves bound never to open their mouths without saying something they take to be smart or uncommon.

The approach of age, and certain untoward circumstances which wounded his vanity, have, at length, driven Göthe into retirement. He spends the winter in Weimar, but no man is less seen. Buried among his books and engravings, making himself master of everything worth reading in German, English, French, and Italian, he has said adieu to worldly pleasures and gaieties, and even to much of the usual intercourse of society. Not long ago, he attended a concert, given at court, in honour of a birth-day. He was late: when he entered the room the music instantly ceased; all forgot court and princes to gather round Göthe, and the Grand Duke himself advanced to lead up his old friend.

At Jena, where he generally spends the summer and autumn, he mixes more with the world; and he occasionally indulges in a month's recreation at Töplitz or Carlsbad, where, among princes and nobles, he is still the great object of public curiosity. Among the erudite professors of Jena, there are more than one who do not seem to entertain much respect for him, and have written and done mortifying things against him. One of the few clouds, for example, which have passed over the sky of his literary life, was an article in the Edinburgh Review, some years ago, on his memoirs of himself. It vexed him exceedingly; but the most vexatious thing of all was, that one of his enemies at Jena immediately translated it into German, and circulated it with malicious industry.

Göthe stands pre-eminent above all his countrymen in versatility and universality of genius. There are few departments which he has not attempted, and in many he has gained the first honours. There is no mode of the lyre through which he has not run, song, epigram, ode, elegy, ballad, opera, comedy, tragedy, the lofty epic, and that anomalous production of the German Parnassus, the civil epic, *(Bürgerliche Epos)* which, forsaking the deeds of heroes and the fates of nations, sings in sounding hexameters the simple lives and loves of citizens and farmers. Yet the muses have been far from monopolizing the talents of this indefatigable man; as they were the first love, so they are still the favourites of his genius; but he has coquetted with numberless rivals, and mineralogy, criticism on the fine arts, biography and topography, sentimental and philosophical novels, optics and comparative anatomy, have all employed his pen. His lucubrations in the sciences have not commanded either notice or admiration; to write well on every thing, it is not enough to take an interest in every thing. It is in the fine arts, in poetry as an artist, in painting and sculpture as a critic, that Göthe justifies the fame which he has been accumulating for nearly fifty years; for his productions in this department contain an assemblage of dissimilar excellencies which none of his countrymen can produce, though individually they might be equalled or surpassed. Faust alone, a poem, which only a German can thoroughly feel or understand, is manifestly the production of a genius, quite at home in every thing with which poetry deals, and master of all the styles which poetry can adopt. Tasso deserves the name of a drama, only because it is in dialogue, and it becomes intolerably tiresome when declaimed by actors; but it is from beginning to end a stream of the richest and purest poetry. It is an old story, that his first celebrated work, Werther, turned the heads of all Germany; young men held themselves bound to fall in love with the wives of their friends, and then blow out their own brains; it is averred, that consummatives of this sort actually took place. The public admiration of the young author, who could paint with such force, was still warm, when he gave them that most spirited sketch, Götz of Berlichingen with the Iron Hand, a picture of the feudal manners of their forefathers. The reading and writing world immediately threw themselves into this new channel, and German presses and German stages groaned beneath the knights, the abbots, the battles, and the banquets of the fifteenth century. Like every man of original genius, he had novelty in his favour; and, like every successful adventurer in what is new, he was followed by a host of worthless imitators and insipid mannerists.

The regular novels of Göthe are of a very questionable sort. The vivacity of his imagination and fineness of feeling supply good individual pictures and acute remarks; but they cannot be praised either for incident or character. They are often stained, too, with the degradation to which he unfortunately reduces love, where liking and vice follow fast upon each other. "The Apprenticeship of William Meister," for instance, is a very readable book, in so far as it contains a great deal of acute and eloquent criticism; but who would purchase the criticism, even of Göthe, at the expence of the licentiousness of incident and pruriency of description, with which the book teems? He now devotes himself chiefly to philosophical and critical disquisitions on the fine arts.

It is scarcely possible for a man who has written so much, not to have written much that is mediocre. Göthe, having long since reached that point of reputation at which the name of an author is identified, in the eyes of his countrymen, with the excellence of his work, has been frequently overrated, and men are not awanting who augur that the best of his fame is past. But he can well afford to make many allowances for the excesses into which popular enthusiasm, like popular dislike, is so easily misled; for there will always remain an abundance of original, and varied, and powerful genius, to unite his name for ever with the literature of his country. He himself said truly of Schiller, that where the present age had been deficient, posterity would be profuse; and the prophecy is already receiving its fulfilment. To Göthe the present has been lavish, and the future will not be unjust. From his youth, he has been the favourite of fortune and fame; he has reached the brink of the grave, hailed by the voice of his country as the foremost of her great, the patriarch of her literature, and the model of her genius. In his old age, wrapped up in the seclusion of Weimar, so becoming his years and so congenial to his habits, he hears no sounds but those of eulogy and affection. Like an eastern potentate, or a jealous deity, he looks abroad from his retirement on the intellectual world which he has formed by his precept or his example; he pronounces the oracular doom, or sends forth a revelation, and men wait on him to venerate and obey. Princes are proud to be his companions; less elevated men approach him with awe, as a higher spirit: and when Göthe shall follow the kindred minds whom he has seen pass away before him, Weimar will have lost the last pillar of her fame, and in the literature of Germany there will be a vacant throne.

Our author next visits Jena, which is only a short distance from Weimar; and after retailing some popular anecdotes of the celebrated battle, which humbled the Prussian monarchy to the dust, he proceeds to give an account of the mode of education pursued at that notorious University, and of the character and habits of the young men who frequent it, with a few short but interesting notices of the more distinguished Professors. The radical defect by which the system of education in all the German Universities is more or less vitiated, and which leads to much of the insubordination by which they are disgraced, consists in not restricting, with sufficient rigour, each Professor to a particular department. By the constitution of these bodies, any Professor may, in fact, teach any branch he pleases; he is indeed compelled to give one or more public lectures on the subject which he ostensibly professes; but then he may give private lectures on any, or all of the departments of human knowledge. This, with their small salaries, leads to a scramble for pupils; the Professors wish to stand well with the young men; and, as will always happen among thoughtless lads, he is the greatest favourite who is the least severe, and who is disposed to hold the reins of discipline with the most accommodating hand. Hence naturally arise all the irregularity and absurdity by which these seminaries have so long been disgraced, and which have not only justified the summary interference of the governments, but rendered it in many instances imperatively necessary. The practice of *renowning*, as it is called, or in other words, of doing any thing extravagant, outré, and wicked, provided always it will attract notice, and such associations as the *Landsmannschaft* and the *Burschenschaft*, could not exist a single day, (notwithstanding all the means of concealment to which the young men have recourse,) if the Professors were sternly kept each to his appropriate department, and a proper and uncompromising system of Academical discipline adopted and enforced. This is proved by the comparative good order which has always existed at Göttingen, though more numerously attended than either Jena, or any other of the German Universities, and which, though defective in the point above alluded to, (of suffering the Professors to interfere with one another's departments,) has been very properly compelled by the Government to tighten the reins of authority, and to preserve some sort of decorum and subordination. It is no less ridiculous than extraordinary, that a parcel of raw and beardless youths should be suffered to lord it over their masters by their violence and impudence,—to fight duels,—renown,—besot themselves with beer and tobacco,—wander through the streets at all hours of the night, singing licentious or traitorous songs,—insult the peaceable citizens,—and, in short, commit any wild freak which they may take into their crazy noddles, merely because such is their sovereign will and pleasure; and it is the very *ne plus ultra* of all folly and extravagance, to hear of such striplings setting themselves forth as the apostles of liberty, and denominating themselves the patterns of all human virtue, and the political regenerators of their country. Pretty regenerators! Admirable patterns of virtue!—of which, by the way, we may form a pretty accurate conception from the circumstance, that a Foundling Hospital is, in every town where a University is established, an institution of the first necessity.

On leaving Jena, our author visits Leipsig, the great book-mart of Germany. We do not know how Meinherr Brockhaus will relish the following exposé of the mysteries of *The Trade.*

> As Frankfort monopolizes the trade in wine, so Leipzig monopolizes the trade in books. It is here that every German author (and in no country are authors so numerous) wishes to produce the children of his brain, and that, too, only during the Easter fair. He will submit to any degree of exertion, that his work may be ready for publication by that important season, when the whole brotherhood is in labour, from the Rhine to the Vistula. Whatever the period of gestation may be, the time when he shall come to the birth is fixed by the Almanack. If the auspicious moment pass away, he willingly bears his burden twelve months longer, till the next advent of the Bibliopolical Lucina. This periodical littering at Leipzig does not at all arise, as is sometimes supposed, from all or most of the books being printed there; Leipzig has only its own proportion of printers and publishers. It arises from the manner in which this branch of trade is carried on in Germany. Every bookseller of any eminence, throughout the Confederation, has an agent or commissioner in Leipzig. If he wishes to procure works which have been published by another, he does not address himself directly to the publisher, but to his own commissioner in Leipzig. This is not all, for the latter, whether he be ordered to transmit to another books published by his principal, or to procure for his principal books published by another, instead of dealing directly with the person from whom he is to purchase, or to whom he is to sell, treats only with his Leipzig agent. The order is received by the publisher, and the books by the purchaser at third hand. The whole book-trade of Germany thus centres in Leipzig. Wherever books may be printed, it is there they must be bought; it is there that the trade is supplied. Such an arrangement, though it employ four persons in every sale instead of two, is plainly an advantageous arrangement for Leipzig; but the very fact, that it has subsisted two hundred years, and still flourishes, seems to prove that it is likewise found to be beneficial to the trade in general. Abuses in public institutions may endure for centuries; but inconvenient arrangements in trade, which affect the credit side of a man's balance-sheet at the end of the year, are seldom so long-lived. German booksellers, moreover, are not less attentive to profit than any other honest men in an honest business. They even reckon among the advantages of this system, the saving which it enables them to make in the article of carriage. If a bookseller in Berlin has ordered books from Vienna, Strasburg, Munich, Stuttgard, and a dozen other places, they are all deposited with his Leipzig agent, who then forwards them in one mass much more cheaply than if each portion had been sent separately and directly to Berlin.
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> Till the middle of the sixteenth century, publishers, in the proper sense of the word, were unknown. John Otto, born at Nürnberg in 1510, is said to be the earliest on record who made bargains for copy-right, without being himself a printer. Some years afterwards, two regular dealers in the same department

settled in Leipzig, where the university, already in high fame, had produced a demand for books, from the moment the art of printing wandered up from the Rhine. Before the end of the century, the book-fair was established. It prospered so rapidly, that, in 1600, the Easter catalogue, which has been annually continued ever since, was printed for the first time. It now presents every year, in a thick octavo volume, a collection of new books and new editions, to which there is no parallel in Europe. The writing public is out of all proportion too large for the reading public of Germany. At the fair, all the brethren of the trade flock together in Leipzig, not only from every part of Germany, but from every European country where German books are sold, to settle accounts, and examine the harvest of the year. The number always amounts to several hundreds, and they have built an exchange for themselves.

Yet a German publisher has less chance of making great profits, and a German author has fewer prospects of turning his manuscript to good account, than the same classes of persons in any other country that knows the value of intellectual labour. There is a pest called *Nachdrückerei*, or Reprinting, which gnaws on the vitals of the poor author, and paralyzes the most enterprising publisher. Each State of the Confederation has its own law of copy-right; and an author is secured against piracy only in the state where he prints. But he writes for all, for they all speak the same language. If the book be worth any thing, it is immediately reprinted in some neighbouring state, and, as the reprinter pays nothing for copy-right, he can obviously afford to undersell the original publisher. Wirtemberg, though she can boast of possessing in Cotta one of the most honourable and enterprising publishers of Germany, is peculiarly notorious as a nest for these birds of prey. There are various well-known booksellers who scarcely drive any other branch of trade. So soon as a book appears which promises to sell well, they put forth a cheaper edition, which drives the legitimate one from the market, and nothing remains for the publisher but to buy off the rascally pirate with any sum which his rapacity may demand. The worst of it is, that authors of reputation are precisely those to whom this system is most fatal. The reprinter meddles with nothing except what he already knows will find buyers. The rights of unsaleable books are scrupulously observed; the honest publisher is never disturbed in his losing speculations; but, when he has been fortunate enough to become master of a work of genius or utility, the piratical publisher is instantly in his way. All the states do not deserve to be equally involved in this censure. Prussia, I believe, has shown herself liberal in protecting every German publisher. Some of the utterly insignificant states are among the most troublesome, for reprinting can be carried on in a small just as well as in a great one. The bookseller who published Reinhardt's Sermons was attacked by a reprint, which was announced as about to appear at Reutlingen, in Wirtemberg. The pirate demanded fourteen thousand florins, nearly twelve hundred pounds, to give up his design. The publisher thought that so exorbitant a demand justified him in applying to the Government, but all he could gain was the limitation of the sum to a thousand pounds.

Such a system almost annihilates the value of literary labour. No publisher can pay a high price for a manuscript, by which, if it turn out ill, he is sure to be a loser, and by which, if it turn out well, it is far from certain that he will be a gainer. From the value which he might otherwise be inclined to set on the copyright, he must always deduct the sum which it probably will be necessary to expend in buying off reprinters, or he must calculate that value on the supposition of a very limited circulation. At what rate would Mr Murray pay Lord Byron, or Mr Constable take the manuscript of the Scottish Novels, if the statute protected the one only in the county of Middlesex, and the other only in the county of Edinburgh? Hence it is that German authors, though the most industrious, are likewise the worst remunerated of the writing tribe. I have heard it said, that Göthe has received for some of his works about a louis d'or a sheet, and it is certain that he has made much money by them; but I have often likewise heard the statement questioned as incredible. Bürger, in his humorous epistle to Gökingk, estimates poetry at a pound per sheet; law and medicine at five shillings.

The unpleasing exterior of ordinary German printing, the coarse watery paper, and worn-out types, must be referred, in some measure, to the same cause. The publisher, or the author who publishes on his own account, naturally risks as little capital as possible in the hazardous speculation. Besides, it is his interest to diminish the temptation to reprint, by making his own edition as cheap as may be. The system has shown its effects, too, in keeping up the frequency of publication by subscription, even among authors of the most settled and popular reputation. Klopstock, after the Messiah had fixed his fame, published in this way. There has been no more successful publisher than Cotta, and no German writer has been so well repaid as Göthe; yet the last Täbingen edition of Göthe himself is adorned with a long list of subscribers. What would we think of Byron, or Campbell, or Scott, or Moore, publishing a new poem by subscription?

Mr Brockhaus is allowed to be the most efficient publisher in Leipzig, and consequently among the first in Germany. He is a writer, too, for, on miscellaneous, particularly political topics, he frequently supplies his own manuscript. He is supposed to have made a fortune by one work on which he ventured, the *Conversations-Lexicon*, a very compendious Encyclopædia. The greatest fault of the book is a want of due selection; personages of eternal name, and topics of immutable interest, are contracted or omitted, to make way for men and matters that only enjoy a local and passing notoriety. Even a Britannica, with a Supplement, should not waste its pages on short-lived topics, and only the *quinta pars nectaris* of human knowledge and biography should be admitted into an Encyclopædia of ten octavo volumes. The book, however, has had a very extensive circulation, and often forms the whole library of a person in the middling classes. It would have proved still more lucrative, had the writers, among whom are many of the most popular names of Germany, shown greater deference to the political creeds of the leading courts. The numerous political articles, not merely on subjects of general discussion, but on recent events, important and unimportant, are all on the liberal side of the question; moderate, indeed, argumentative, and respectful, but still pointing at the propriety of political changes. The book was admitted into the Russian dominions only in the form of an *editio castigata*; from this tree of knowledge were carefully shaken all the fruits which might enable the nations to distinguish between good and evil before it was allowed to be transplanted beyond the Vistula. Even in this ameliorated state, it began to be regarded as, at least, lurid, if not downright poisonous, and ultimately was prohibited altogether.

Brockhaus is, by way of eminence, the liberal publisher of Germany. He shuns no responsibility, and stands in constant communication with all the popular journalists and pamphleteers. His *Zeitgenosse*, or, The Contemporary, was a journal entirely devoted to politics. It frequently contained translations of leading political articles from the Edinburgh Review; and these, again, were sometimes reprinted and circulated as pamphlets. The *Hermes* is of the same general character, a quarterly publication, which apes in form, as well as matter, one of our most celebrated journals. In 1821, his weekly journal, *The Conversationes-Wochenblatt*, was prohibited in Berlin, and shortly afterwards, it was thought necessary to erect a separate department of the Censorship for the sole purpose of examining and licensing Brockhaus's publications. The prohibition was speedily removed, and I believe (but I had left Berlin before it happened) that likewise the separate censorial establishment was of brief duration. Brockhaus has brought himself out of all political embarrassments, with great agility and good fortune, and still rails on at despots and reprinters.

In the gay and elegant capital of Saxony, where men who please to live, live to please, our author is of course enraptured with the paternal government of the King, the frank and engaging manners of the people, and, above all, the treasures of the picture-gallery, on which no French spoliator was permitted to fasten his ravenous fangs. Leaving this part of his work, however, for the special consideration of the Dilletante Society, (if it still exist *in rerum naturâ,*) our taste leads us to prefer an extract illustrative of the manner in which criminal justice is administered in that country. The abuses engendered, under a despotic government, in a matter where the interests of the great body of the people are so directly and vitally concerned, were never before placed in a stronger light.

Having heard a professor of Jena rail, in his lecture, at the mal-administration of English prisons, in a style which I suspected no German was entitled to use, who looked nearer home, I took occasion to visit one of the prisons of Dresden. It was crowded with accused as well as condemned, and seemed to have all the usual defects of ill-regulated gaols, both as to the health and moral welfare of its inmates. They were deposited in small dark cells, each of which contained three prisoners; a few boards, across which a coarse mat was thrown, supplied the place of a bed, and the cells were overheated. Many of the prisoners were persons whose guilt had not yet been ascertained; but, possible as their innocence might be, it was to some the sixth, the eighth, even the twelfth month of this demoralizing confinement. One young man, whom the gaoler allowed to be a respectable person, had been pining for months, without knowing, as he said, why he was there. The allegation might be of very doubtful truth, but the procrastinated suffering, without any definite point of termination, was certain. Till the judge shall find time to condemn them to the highway, or dismiss them as innocent, they must languish on in these corrupting triumvirates, in dungeons, compared with which the cell they would be removed to, if condemned to die, is a comfortable abode. I could easily believe the assurance of the gaoler, that they uniformly leave the prison worse than they entered it.

Such arrangements, under a system of criminal law like that which prevails all over Germany, are hideous; because it is a system which sets no determinate limit to the duration of this previous confinement. The length of imprisonment of an accused person depends, not on the law, but on the judge, or those who are above the judge. The law having once got the man into gaol, does not seem to trouble itself any farther about him. There are instances, and recent ones, too, of persons being dismissed as innocent, after a five years' preparatory imprisonment. People, to be sure, shake their heads at such things, with "aye, it was very hard on the poor man, but the court could no sooner arrive at the certainty of his guilt or innocence." No doubt, it is better, as they allege, that a man should be unjustly imprisoned five years, than unjustly hanged at the end of the first; but they cannot see that, if there was no good ground for hanging him at the end of the first, neither could there be any for keeping him in gaol during the other four. They insist on the necessity of discovering the truth. Where there are suspicious circumstances, though they acknowledge it would be wrong to convict the man, they maintain it would be equally wrong to liberate him, and therefore fairly conclude that he must remain in prison "till the truth comes out." To get at the certain truth is a very excellent thing; but it is a very terrible thing, that a man must languish in prison during a period indefinite by law, till his judges discover with certainty whether he should ever have been there or not. The secrecy in which all judicial proceedings are wrapt up, at once diminishes the apparent number of such melancholy abuses, and prevents the public mind from being much affected by those which become partially known.

All this leads to another practice, which, however it may be disguised, is nothing else than the torture. It is a rule, in all capital offences, not to inflict the punishment, however clear the evidence may be, without a confession by the culprit himself. High treason, I believe, is a practical exception. In it the head must go off, whether the mouth opens or not. In all other capital crimes, though there should not be a hook to hang a doubt upon, yet, if the culprit deny, he is only condemned to, perhaps, perpetual imprisonment. There is no getting rid of the dilemma, that, in the opinion of the man's judges, his guilt is either clearly proved, or it is not. If it be clearly proved, then the whole punishment, if not, then no punishment at all should be inflicted; otherwise suspicions are visited as crimes, and a man is treated as a criminal, because it is doubtful whether he be one or not. If his judges think that his denial proceeds merely from obstinacy, he is consigned to a dungeon, against whose horrors, to judge from the one I was shown, innocence itself could not long hold out; for death on the scaffold would be a far easier and more immediate liberation, than the mortality which creeps over every limb in such a cell. It is a cold, damp, subterraneous hole; the roof is so low, that the large drops of moisture distilling from above must trickle immediately on the miserable inmate; its dimensions are so confined, that a man could not stretch out his limbs at full length. Its only furniture is wet straw, scantily strewed on the wet ground. There is not the smallest opening or cranny to admit either light or air; a prisoner could not even discern the crust of bread and jug of water allotted to support life in a place where insensibility would be a blessing. I am not describing any relique of antiquated barbarity; the cell is still in most efficient operation. About four years ago, it was inhabited by a woman convicted of murder. As she still denied the crime, her judges, who had no pretence for doubt, sent her to this dungeon to extort a confession. At the end of a fortnight, her obstinacy gave way; when she had just strength enough left to totter to the scaffold, she confessed the murder exactly as it had been proved against her.

Such a practice is revolting to all good feeling, even when viewed as a punishment; when used before condemnation, to extort a confession, in what imaginable point does it differ from the torture? Really we could almost be tempted to believe, that it is not without some view to future utility, that, in a more roomy apartment adjoining this infamous dungeon, all the regular-approved instruments of torture, from the wheel to the pincers, are still religiously preserved. A number of iron hooks are fixed in the ceiling; a corresponding block of wood runs across the floor, filled with sharp pieces of iron pointing upwards; in a corner were mouldering the ropes by which prisoners used to be suspended by the wrists from the hooks, with their feet resting on the iron points below. At the side of the wheel is a pit of exquisitely cold water. The benches and table of the judges still retain their place, as well as the old-fashioned iron candlestick, which, even at mid-day, furnished the only light that rendered visible the darkness of this "cell of guilt and misery." Fortunately, the dust has now settled thick upon them, never, let us hope, to be disturbed.

The worst of all is, that this species of torture (for, considering what sort of imprisonment it is, and for what purpose it is inflicted, I can give it no other name,) is just of that kind which works most surely on the least corrupted. To the master-spirits of villany, and long-tried servants of iniquity, a dark, damp hole, wet straw, and bread and water, are much less appalling than to the novice in their trade, or to the innocent man, against whom fortuitous circumstances have directed suspicion. How many men have burdened themselves with crimes which they never committed, to escape torture which they never deserved! What a melancholy catalogue might be collected out of the times when the torture was still inflicted by the executioner! And, alas! very recent experience robs us of the satisfaction of believing they have disappeared, now that Germany has substituted for the rack so excruciating a confinement. A lamentable instance happened in Dresden while I was there, (1821.) Kügelchen, the most celebrated German painter of his day, had been murdered and robbed in the neighbourhood of the city. A soldier, of the name of Fischer, was apprehended on suspicion. After a long investigation, his judges found reason to be clearly satisfied of his guilt; but still, as he did not confess, he was sent to the dungeon, to conquer his obstinacy. He stood it out for some months, but at last acknowledged the murder. He had not yet been broken on the wheel, when circumstances came out which pointed suspicion against another soldier, named Kalkofen, as having been at least an accomplice in the deed. The result of the new inquiry was, the clearest proof of Fischer's total innocence. Kalkofen voluntarily confessed, not only that he was the murderer of Kügelchen, but that he had committed likewise a similar crime, which had occurred some months before, and the perpetrator of which had not hitherto been discovered. The miscreant was executed, and the very same judges who had subjected the unhappy Fischer to such a confinement, to extort a confession, now liberated him, cleared from every suspicion. As the natural consequence of such durance in such an abode, he had to be carried from the prison to the hospital. He said, that he made his false confession, merely to be released, even by hastening his execution, from this pining torture which preys equally on the body and the mind. This is the most frightful side of their criminal justice. It may be allowed, that there are few instances of the innocent actually suffering on the scaffold; such examples are rare in all countries: though it is clear that, in Germany, the guiltless must often owe his escape to accident, while the law has done every thing in its power to condemn him. But even of those who have at length been recognized as innocent, and restored to character and society, how many, like poor Fischer, have carried with them, from their prison, the seeds of disease, which have ultimately conducted them to the grave as certainly as the gibbet or the wheel!

The only thing particularly calling for notice in the account of Hanover, is the University of Göttingen, the greatest living ornament of which, now that Heyné is dead, is Professor Blumenbach.

Europe has placed Blumenbach at the head of her physiologists; but, with all his profound learning, he is in every thing the reverse of the dull, plodding, cumbersome solidity, which we have learned to consider as inseparable from a German *savant*,—a most ignorant and unfounded prejudice. Göthe is the greatest poet, Wolff the greatest philologist, and Blumenbach the greatest natural historian of Germany; yet it would be difficult to find three more jocular and entertaining men. Blumenbach has not an atom of academical pedantry or learned obscurity; his conversation is a series of shrewd and mirthful remarks on any thing that comes uppermost, and such, likewise, I have heard it said, is sometimes his lecture. Were it not for the chaos of skulls, skeletons, mummies, and other materials of his art, with which he is surrounded, you would not easily discover, unless you brought him purposely on the subject, that he had studied natural history. He sits among all sorts of odd things, which an ordinary person would call lumber, and which even many of those who drive his own science could not make much of; for it is one of Blumenbach's excellencies, that he contrives to make use of every thing, and to find proofs and illustrations where no other person would think of looking for them. By the side of a drawing which represented some Botocuda Indians, with faces like baboons, cudgelling each other, hung a portrait of the beautiful Agnes of Mansfeld. A South-American skull, the lowest degree of human conformation, grinned at a Grecian skull, which the professor reckons the perfection of crania. Here stood a whole mummy from the Canary Islands, there half a one from the Brazils, with long strings through its nose, and covered with gaudy feathers, like Papageno in the Magic Flute. Here is stuck a negro's head, there lies a Venus, and yonder reclines, in a corner, a contemplative skeleton with folded hands. Yet it is only necessary to hear the most passing remarks of the Professor, as you stumble after him through this apparent confusion, to observe how clearly all that may be learned from it is arranged in his head, in his own scientific combinations. The only thing that presented external order, was a very complete collection of skulls, showing the fact, by no means a new one, that there is a gradual progression in the form of the skull, from apes, up to the most generally received models of human beauty. "Do you see these horns?" said he, searching among a heap of oddities, and drawing forth three horns; "they were once worn by a woman. She happened to fall and break her head; from the wound sprouted this long horn; it continued to grow for thirty years, and then she cast it; it dropped off. In its place came a second one; but it did not grow so long, and dropped off too. Then this third one, all on the same spot; but the poor woman died while the third was growing, and I had it cut from the corpse." They were literary three genuine horns. The last two are short, thick, and nearly straight; but the first is about ten inches long, and completely twisted, like the horn of a ram. It is round and rough, of a brownish colour, and fully half an inch in diameter towards the root. All three are hollow, at least at the base. The termination is blunt and rounded. Other instances of the same thing have been known, but always in women; and Blumenbach says it has been ascertained by chemical analysis, that such horns have a greater affinity, in their composition, with the horns of the rhinoceros, than with those of any other animal.

From Hanover our author proceeds to Brunswick, of which we meet with nothing new,—and thence to Berlin, which is fully described. Here he finds the King very popular, and indulges his chivalrous propensities in gathering every anecdote of the late Queen that fell in his way, and in fervent execrations against the unmanly and unjustifiable calumnies circulated by the late Emperor of France, and his creatures. Louisa appears to have been no less distinguished by her virtues than by her personal beauty and accomplishments; she was greatly beloved by the people, who cherish her memory with the most affectionate attachment; but she was better qualified to shine in the domestic circle, of which she was the ornament, than to figure as a Queen. At the same time, it ought to be mentioned, that after the disastrous battle of Auerstadt, and the virtual subversion of the monarchy, she seems to have been the only person about the court who, gathering "resolution from despair," tried to rally the public spirit, and boldly predicted that the power by which the country was oppressed would not last. Accordingly, when the fortune of war turned the tide of victory once more in favour of the allies, and hurled back upon France the vengeance she had so often inflicted, her name became a watchword with the infuriated soldiery, and on the occasion of any new victory, their exclamation of unavailing regret was, "SHE has not lived to see it!" As to Frederick William himself, he appears to be a good enough sort of man, living on an easy and familiar footing with his people, and ready to indulge them in any thing except a free press and a representative constitution, for neither of which, if we may believe our author, have they any inordinate desires.

Our author gives an amusing detail of the circumstances which led to the establishment of the University of Berlin, the great ornament of which is Wolff:

Wolff himself is the best known of its members, a most erudite, and friendly, and entertaining person; full of Greek, but still fuller of good humour and jocularity, and overflowing with remark and anecdote, the result of a long life spent in constant communication with all the great characters, not merely of Germany, but of many foreign countries. Notwithstanding his learning and fame, no man can be farther removed from pedantry and pride, and, like Blumenbach, he hates nothing so much as erudite dulness. You cannot converse with him half an hour, without finding out that he is a clever and entertaining man; but you may converse with him for months without finding out that he is, if not the first, assuredly among the first scholars of his day. The first work he published was a translation of the Fatal Curiosity, to which he prefixed a Dissertation on the Drama, written in English. It was published anonymously, and the German reviewers took it into their heads, that it must be the production of some English language master, who wished to give a specimen of his acquirements in both tongues. Accordingly, they found the English part of the book to be excellently well written, and declared that the German part betrayed at once the pen of a foreigner, who had but an imperfect acquaintance with the language! He once proposed to execute a translation of Homer, in which not only word should be rendered for word, but foot for foot, and caesura for caesura. A few specimens of it have been printed in the third volume of his Analecta. He began with the Odyssey, translated about an hundred lines, and finding the labour too great, and the gain too small, freed himself by demanding eighteen rix-dollars for every verse, a price which he knew well nobody could pay. One verse cost him too weeks. He succeeded best when travelling, and boasts of having translated a whole line and a half during a journey to Hamburgh, an effect of motion which he first learned from Klopstock. He is best known among scholars by the Prolegomena to his Homer, which have placed him at the head of classical sceptics. The doctrines maintained in this celebrated Introduction were far from being altogether new; but Wolff was the first who gave them a connected and systematic form, and propped them with an extent of erudition, and an acuteness of remark, which the orthodox believers in the antiquity, purity, and unity of the Homeric poems will not easily get over. The doctrines of the new sect, however, have not yet made great progress. "If twenty persons understand them in Germany," says the Professor himself, "probably twenty one understand them in England; but I am quite sure, that in less than two hundred years, every body will understand them, and believe them, too." He avers, that the English bishops are to blame for the little progress his creed has made in this country, although Wood's Essay was the first important statement of its general tenor. The matter stands thus: Certain German theologians, adopting principles which, in regard to Homer, Wolff has rendered it difficult to controvert, have applied them to the sacred records, (of the Old Testament,) and arrived at the same conclusions. Believing themselves to have proved that the art of writing was unknown at the time when many of these books were penned, and that they descended from one generation to another only through the medium of oral tradition, they infer, that such a traditionary preservation is irreconcileable, from its very nature, with the continued authenticity and purity of the text. "Your bishops," says Wolff, "know this; they are sharp enough to see the consequences which must follow, if the principles be once admitted, and therefore they proscribe my prolegomena." Yet the prolegomena have been reprinted in one of the university editions (I think the Oxford) of Ernesti's Homer!

But the most important, as well as the most interesting information, contained in this part of the work, is that which relates to the administration of Prince Hardenberg, which has certainly been productive of incalculable benefit to Prussia. It is truly astonishing what prodigious innovations are sometimes effected by the determined enemies of all change. Let the reader attend to what follows:

> He received Prussia stripped of half its extent, its honours blighted, its finances ruined, its resources at once exhausted by foreign contributions, and depressed by ancient relations among the different classes of society, which custom had consecrated, and selfishness was vehement to defend. He has left it to his King, enlarged in extent, and restored to its fame; with a well-ordered system of finance, not more defective or extravagant than the struggle for the redemption of the kingdom rendered necessary; and, above all, he has left it freed from those restraints which bound up the capacities of its industry, and were the sources at once of personal degradation and national poverty. Nor ought it to be forgotten that, while Hardenberg had often to contend,

in the course of these reforms, now with the jealousies of town corporations, and now with the united influence and prejudices of the aristocracy, he stood in the difficult situation of a foreigner in the kingdom which he governed, unsupported by family descent or hereditary influence. His power rested on the personal confidence of the King in his talents and honesty, and the confidence which all of the people, who ever thought on such matters, reposed in the general spirit of his policy.

It was on agriculture that Prussia had chiefly to rely, and the relations between the peasantry who laboured and the proprietors, chiefly of the nobility, who owned it, were of a most depressing nature. The most venturous of all Hardenberg's measures was, that by which he entirely new-modelled the system, and did nothing less than create a new order of independent landed proprietors. The *Erbunterthänigkeit*, or hereditary subjection of the peasantry to the proprietors of the estates on which they were born, had been already abolished by Stein: Next were removed the absurd restrictions which had so long operated, with accumulating force, to diminish the productiveness of land, by fettering the proprietor, not merely in the disposal, but even in the mode of cultivating his estate. Then came forth, in 1810, a royal edict, effecting, by a single stroke of the pen, a greater and more decisive change than has resulted from any modern legislative act, and one on which a more popular form of government would scarcely have ventured. It enacted, that all the peasantry of the kingdom should in future be free hereditary proprietors of the lands which hitherto they had held only as hereditary tenants, on condition that they gave up to the landlord a fixed proportion of them. The peasantry formed two classes. The first consisted of those who enjoyed what may be termed a hereditary lease, that is, who held lands to which the landlord was bound, on the death of the tenant in possession, to admit his successor, or, at least, some near relation. The right of the landlord was thus greatly inferior to that of unlimited property; he had not his choice of a tenant; the lease was likely to remain in the same family as long as the estate in his own; and, in general, he had not the power of increasing the rent, which had been originally fixed, centuries, perhaps, before, whether it consisted in produce or services. These peasants, on giving up *one-third* of their farms to the landlord, became unlimited proprietors of the remainder. The second class consisted of peasants whose title endured only for life, or a fixed term of years. In this case, the landlord was not bound to continue the lease, on its termination, to the former tenant, or any of his descendants; but still he was far from being unlimited proprietor; he was bound to replace the former tenant with a person of the same rank; he was prohibited to take the lands into his own possession, or cultivate them with his own capital. His right, however, was clearly more absolute than in the former case, and it is difficult to see what claim the tenant could set up beyond the endurance of his lease. That such restrictions rendered the estate less valuable to the proprietor, may have been a very good reason for abolishing them entirely, but seems to be no reason at all for taking a portion of the lands from him who had every right to them, to give it to him who had no right whatever, but that of possession under his temporary lease. But this class of peasants, too, (and they are supposed to have been by far the more numerous,) on giving up *one-half* of their farms, became absolute proprietors of the remainder. The half thus taken from the landlords, appears just to have been a price exacted from them for the more valuable enjoyment of the other;—as if the government had said to them, Give up to our disposal a certain portion of your estates, and we shall so sweep away those old restrictions which render them unproductive to you, that what remains will speedily be as valuable as the whole was before.

It cannot be denied, therefore, that this famous edict, especially in the latter of the two cases, was a very stern interference with the rights of private property; nor is it wonderful that those against whom it was directed should have sternly opposed it; but the minister was sterner still. He found the finances ruined, and the treasury attacked by demands, which required that the treasury should be filled; he saw the imperious necessity of rendering agriculture more productive; and though it may doubted, whether the same end might not have been gained by new-modelling the relations between the parties, as landlord and tenant, instead of stripping the former to create a new race of proprietors, there is no doubt at all as to the success of the measure, in increasing the productiveness of the soil. Even those of the aristocracy, who have waged war most bitterly against Hardenberg's reforms, allow that, in regard to agriculture, this law has produced incredible good. "It must be confessed," says one of them, "that, in ten years, it has carried "us forward a whole century;"—

the best of all experimental proofs how injurious the old relations between the proprietors and labourers of the soil must have been to the prosperity of the country.

The direct operation of this measure necessarily was to make a great deal of property change hands; but this effect was farther increased by its indirect operation. The law appeared at a moment when the greater part of the estates of the nobility were burdened with debts, and the proprietors were now deprived of their rentals. They indeed had land thrown back upon their hands; but this only multiplied their embarrassments. In the hands of their boors, the soil had been productive to them; now that it was in their own, they had neither skill nor capital to carry on its profitable cultivation, and new loans only added to the interest which already threatened to consume its probable fruits. The consequence of all this was, that, besides the portion of land secured in free property to the peasantry, much of the remainder came into the market, and the purchasers were generally persons who had acquired wealth by trade or manufactures. The sale of the royal domains, to supply the necessities of the state, operated powerfully in the same way. These domains always formed a most important item in the revenue of a German prince, and one which was totally independent of any controul, even that of the imperfectly constituted estates. In Prussia, they were estimated to yield annually nearly half a million Sterling, even in the hands of farmers, and, under the changes which have so rapidly augmented the value of the soil all over the kingdom, they would soon have become much more profitable. But, while compelled to tax severely the property of his subjects, the king refused to spare his own; and, in 1811, an edict was issued, authorizing the sale of the royal domains at twenty-five years' purchase of the estimated rental. These, too, passed into the hands of purchasers not connected with the aristocracy; for the aristocracy, so far from being able to purchase the estates of others, were selling their own estates to pay their debts. The party opposed to Hardenberg has not ceased to lament that the crown should thus have been shorn of its native and independent glories; "for it ought to be powerful," say they, "by its own revenues and possessions." Our principles of government teach us a different doctrine.

Beneficial as the economical effects of this division of property may have been, its political results are no less important. It has created a new class of citizens, and these the most valuable of all citizens; every trace, not merely of subjection, but of restraint, has been removed from the industrious, but poor and degraded peasants, and they have at once been converted into independent landed proprietors, resembling much the *petits proprietaires* created by the French Revolution. In Pomerania, for example, the estates of the nobility were calculated to contain 260 square miles; those of free proprietors, not noble, only five miles. Of the former, about 100 were *Bauernhöfe*, in the hands of the peasantry; and by the operation of the law, 60 of these would still remain the property of the boors who cultivated them. Thus there is now twelve times as much landed property, in this province, belonging to persons who are not noble, as there was before the appearance of this edict. The race of boors is not extinct; for the provisions of the law are not imperative, if both parties prefer remaining in their old relation; but this is a preference which, on the part of the peasant, at least, is not to be expected. Care has been taken that no new relations of the same kind shall be formed. A proprietor might settle his agricultural servants upon his grounds, giving them land instead of wages, and binding them to hereditary service; this would just have been the seed of a new race of boors to toil under the old personal services. Probably the thing had been attempted; for, in 1811, an edict appeared, which, while it allows the proprietor to pay his servants in whole or in part with the use of land, limits the duration of such a contract to twelve years. It prohibits him absolutely from giving these families land *heritably*, on condition of service; if a single acre is to be given in property, it must either be a proper sale, or a fixed rent must be stipulated in money or produce. Hardenberg was resolved that his measures should be complete.

Wholesale reforms of this description could only take place in an absolute monarchy, where property and life are at the mercy of the Prince or his Minister; but every thing in the shape of good, which mankind receive, from whatever hand, and for whatever purpose, tends directly to improve their condition, and to prepare their minds for asserting those rights, which none were so ready to concede as the Holy Allies, in the hour of their need, and which, however long resisted, must inevitably be recognized at last. Sluggish as they naturally are, the Germans will yet rouse themselves from their lethargy, and demand the fulfilment of those pledges so solemnly made, so dishonourably broken; they will not always be content to sit in darkness, with the yoke of oppression on their necks: liberal principles, notwithstanding the formidable apparatus devised for shackling the press, are daily gaining ground, and making converts; a spirit is at work among men, which no laws can reach, no despotism long resist; the hour of regeneration *must* come. "No people of the continent," says our author, "better deserves political liberty than the Germans; for none will wait for it more patiently, receive it more thankfully, or use it with greater moderation." But even the proverbial patience of Germans may be exhausted: the Holy Allies have indeed resolved that the world shall stand still; but it will move notwithstanding, and carry the Germans along with it.

Passing over the author's account of Silesia, through which he journeyed, we enter the Austrian capital along with him; and here the first thing which attracts his notice, is the universal taste for music. We have the following account of Beethoven, the most celebrated living composer in Vienna, and, in certain departments, the foremost of his day:

> His powers of harmony are prodigious. Though not an old man, he is lost to society, in consequence of his extreme deafness, which has rendered him almost unsocial. The neglect of his person which he exhibits gives him a somewhat wild appearance. His features are strong and prominent; his eye is full of rude energy; his hair, which neither comb nor scissors seem to have visited for years, overshadows his broad brow in a quantity and confusion to which only the snakes round a Gorgon's head offer a parallel. His general behaviour does not ill accord with the unpromising exterior. Except when he is among his chosen friends, kindliness or affability are not his characteristics. The total loss of hearing has deprived him of all the pleasure which society can give, and perhaps soured his temper. He used to frequent a particular cellar, where he spent the evening in a corner beyond the reach of all the chattering and disputation of a public room, drinking wine and beer, eating cheese and red herrings, and studying the newspapers. One evening a person took a seat near him whose countenance did not please him. He looked hard at the stranger, and spat on the floor as if he had seen a toad; then glanced at the newspaper, then again at the intruder, and spat again, his hair bristling gradually into more shaggy ferocity, till he closed the alternation of spitting and staring, by fairly exclaiming, "What a scoundrelly phiz!" and rushing out of the room. Even among his oldest friends he must be humoured like a wayward child. He has always a small paper book with him, and what conversation takes place is carried on in writing. In this, too, although it is not lined, he instantly jots down any musical idea which strikes him. These notes would be utterly unintelligible even to another musician, for they have thus no comparative value; he alone has in his own mind the thread by which he brings out of this labyrinth of dotes and circles the richest and most astounding harmonies. The moment he is seated at the piano, he is evidently unconscious that there is any thing in existence but himself and his instrument; and, considering how very deaf he is, it seems impossible that he should hear all he plays. Accordingly, when playing very *piano*, he often does not bring out a single note. He hears it himself in the "mind's ear." While his eye and the almost imperceptible motion of his fingers, show that he is following out the strain in his own soul through all its dying gradations, the instrument is actually as dumb as the musician is deaf.
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> I have heard him play, but to bring him so far required some management, so great is his horror of being any thing like exhibited. Had he been plainly asked to do the company that favour, he would have flatly refused; he had to be cheated into it. Every person left the room, except Beethoven and the master of the house, one of his most intimate acquaintances. These two carried on a conversation in the paper-book about bank stock. The gentleman, as if by chance, struck the keys of the open piano, beside which they were sitting, gradually began to run over one of Beethoven's own compositions, made a thousand errors, and speedily blundered one passage so thoroughly, that the composer condescended to stretch out his hand and put him right. It was enough; the hand was on the piano; his companion immediately left him, on some pretext, and joined the rest of the company, who, in the next room, from which they could see and hear every thing, were patiently waising the issue of this tiresome

conjuration. Beethoven, left alone, seated himself at the piano. At first he only struck now and then a few hurried and interrupted notes, as if afraid of being detected in a crime; but gradually he forgot every thing else, and ran on during half an hour in a phantasy, in a style extremely varied, and marked, above all, by the most abrupt transitions. The amateurs were enraptured; to the uninitiated it was more interesting, to observe how the music of the man's soul passed over his countenance. He seems to feel the bold, the commanding, and the impetuous, more than what is soothing or gentle. The muscles of the face swell, and its veins start out; the wild eye rolls doubly wild; the mouth quivers, and Beethoven looks like a wizard, overpowered by the demons whom he himself has called up.

The manners of the Viennese are just as bad as it is possible for a despotic Government to desire them to be:

There cannot be a more dissolute city, —one where female virtue is less prized, and, therefore, less frequent. A total want of principle, the love of pleasure, and the love of finery, are so universally diffused, that wives and daughters, in not only what we would call comfortable, but even affluent circumstances, do not shrink from increasing the means of their extravagance by forgetting their duty. They sacrifice themselves, not so much from inclination, as from interest. You will probably find in Naples or Rome as many faithless wives, who are so from a temporary and variable liking, as in Vienna; but you will not find so many who throw away their honour from the love of gain. The advantage seems to be on the side of the Italian. Worthless as both are, even a passing liking is something less degrading than the mere infamous calculation of pounds, shillings, and pence, without even the excuse of poverty. The girls of the lower classes grow up to licentiousness; the rage for dress and luxury is no less strong among them than among their superiors; and though it certainly looks like a harsh judgment, it is not too much to say, as a general truth, that, from the time they are capable of feeling this love of show and easy living, they consider their person as the fund that is to supply the means of its gratification. It is not seduction; it is just a matter of sale; nor are mothers ashamed to be the brokers of their daughters.

The quantity of licentiousness is commonly smallest in the middle class of a people. It is not so in Vienna, at least among the men. To hear the nonchalance with which a party of respectable merchants or shopkeepers speak of their amours, you would think them dissolute bachelors; yet they are husbands and fathers, and, provided all circumstances of public scandal be avoided, it never enters their heads that their conduct has any thing improper in it. Every one, male and female, bears most Christianly with every other. All this leads to a strange mixture of society, particularly on public occasions. In a Baden redoute, it is nothing uncommon to see worthless women elbowing the Archduchesses of Austria. Here walks the Empress, and there a couple of genteel frail ones from Vienna. It is perfectly true that it is a ball-room, and the ticket costs only eighteen-pence; and, as worthy women say, how can we prevent them from coming, when they pay their money? But thither virtuous women do go, knowing perfectly well beforehand the sort of society with which they will infallibly be mixed up. The gentlemen do not seem to lay themselves under much restraint. I have seen noblemen, in the presence of the court, flutter for a while round the more distinguished of these creatures, and then return to flutter round the maids of honour. It is in vain that their Imperial Majesties are spotless in their life and conversation; it does not go beyond themselves; the public mind is vitiated through and through; they are surrounded by a mass of corruption, much too dense to be penetrated by the light of any single example. A wealthy foreigner, generally resident in Vienna, the companion of princes and ministers, used to drive his mistress into the Prater before the admiring and envious eyes of all the world. The girl had what in this country would be called the impudence to invite most of the ministers and corps diplomatique to a ball; and they had what in this country would be called the forgetfulness of character to go. Prince Metternich being asked by a foreign minister whether he intended to go, archly answered, "Why, I would rather like to see the thing; but, you know, it might hurt one's character here!" When it was proposed to Joseph II. to build licensed brothels, the Emperor said, "The walls would cost me nothing, but the expense of roofing would be ruinous, for it would just be necessary to put a roof over the whole city." The hospitals and private sick-rooms of Vienna teem with proofs how mercifully Providence acted, when it placed the quicksilver mines of Idria in a province destined to form part of an empire of which Vienna was to be the capital.

This is truly a frightful picture, and yet we have suppressed one of its worst features. Let the advocates of despotism look to this, its natural and proper fruit. Absolute Governments find it their interest to encourage licentiousness of manners, because it debases and destroys all the higher and more untractable elements of human nature, and, in proportion as it incapacitates men for either acquiring or enjoying freedom, it fits them for the yoke of slavery. Over such a people it would appear a mere superfluity of jealousy, to establish any very vigilant and powerful system of police. The Government thinks and acts very differently.

The author is very warm in his eulogium on the personal character of the Emperor; but this is a poor compensation for the miseries he has been so instrumental in inflicting on Europe. The fact seems to be, that he is a poor dozing bigot in matters of religion, and that, in political affairs, he is neither more nor less than a puppet, which Metternich can play off in his pleasure. Like every other man, who has lived fifty years and upwards, he must, taciturn as he constitutionally is, have spoken a good deal in his time; but the only words of his which will ever be remembered and handed down to posterity, are those he employed when he declared that "he wanted no learned men, needed no learned men, and desired only subjects obedient to his sovereign will." He tries, it seems, like his holy brother of Prussia, to make himself popular by mixing familiarly with the people, and by holding weekly levees, where the middling and lower classes may present themselves, and freely state their grievances. Now, as to this condescension and familiarity, it is, no doubt, very good in its way, and very political and wise, as it may tend to blind the unthinking mob to some of the more hideous and revolting deformities of the iron despotism under which they are kept in a state of degradation; and with regard to the levees just alluded to, our author well remarks, that "wherever a monarch must interfere personally to do justice, it is a proof, either that the laws are at variance with justice, or that those who administer them are scoundrels."

But we must here take leave of these interesting and instructive volumes, which require only to be known, in order to be read and admired. Their claims to public favour are numerous and powerful, and much as has been previously written on the countries to which they refer, these claims are such, that we are confident they will not be preferred in vain. The author has a lurking affection for Kings and Queens, not much in unison with the principles and spirit of the present age, and a certain aptitude to discover in them virtues to which they are evidently strangers; but, in general, he is sufficiently impartial, and delights to render what he conceives to be justice to men even of the most opposite principles, both in religion and politics. We could wish, also, that he had avoided a certain affectation of point and smartness, upon some occasions where simplicity would have been more graceful and appropriate; this, however, is only the excess of a quality, which infuses animation into the dryest details of the dryest subject, and imparts to his Tour a considerable portion of that intense interest which we feel in perusing a well-written novel or romance. In a word, he is a *rara avis* among the mob of modern Tourists.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Mr John Nicholson, son of the late Mr W. Nicholson, is preparing for early publication, a Library for Practical Mechanics, consisting of full and correct descriptions of all machinery now used in the Manufactories of the British empire. The whole will be illustrated with nearly 300 engravings, and be sold at a moderate price, for the use of Mechanics' Institutes.

Mr Dupuis, late his Britannic Majesty's envoy and consul at Ashantee, is about to publish a Journal of his Residence in that Kingdom, which is expected to throw considerable light on the origin and causes of the present war. It will comprise also his notes and researches relative to the Gold Coast, and the interior of Western Africa, chiefly collected from Arabic manuscripts, and information communicated by the Moslems of Guinea.

Early in June will be published, the Works of Vicesimus Knox, D. D. in seven volumes, octavo, with an engraved portrait.

In the press, Woodland Echoes, by W. Taylor, or a Description of the Sylvan Charms of Marlow, with poetical sketches of the scenery and objects in that highly-picturesque vale, through which the Thames flows from Medmenham Abbey to Cliefden, with notes historical and topographical, and other Poems.

Mr Loudon, the author of the popular "Encyclopedia of Gardening," is about to follow up that work by an Encyclopedia of Agriculture, or the theory and practice of the valuation transfer, improvement, and management, of landed property: and the cultivation and economy of the animal and vegetable productions of agriculture, including all the latest improvements, a general history of agriculture in all countries, and a statistical view of its present state, with suggestions for its future progress in the British isles.

Mr. Farey, jun. engineer, is about to publish a Treatise on the Steam Engine, historical, practical, and descriptive.

Illustrations, Critical, Historical, Biographical, and Miscellaneous, of Novels by the Author of "Waverley," are publishing by subscription, by the Rev. R. Warner; and will be delivered to the subscribers in September next, in three volumes, of a similar size with the novels.

In the press, No. I. of a quarterly publication, entitled the Philomathic Journal, to be conducted by the members of the Philomathic Institution.

W. Buchanan, Esq. has in forwardness at press, Memoirs of Painting, in two volumes, octavo; containing a chronological history of the different collections of Pictures of importance which have been brought to Great Britain since the French Revolution.

In a few days will be published, in a pocket volume, Letters between Amelia in London and her mother in the Country, from the pen of the late W. Combe, Esq., Author of the "Three Tours of Doctor Syntax."

The Principles of Medical Science and Practice, deduced from the phenomena observed in health and in disease, by H. Shute, M. D. is in the press.

Speedily will be published, Elements of Vocal Science, being a Philosophical Enquiry into some of the principles of Singing, with a prefatory essay on the objects of musical acquirements; by R. M. Bacon, Esq.

Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts, and Opinions, collected and preserved by Miss L. M. Hawkins, are shortly expected.

Speedily will be published, Five Years' Residence in the Canadas, including a Tour through the United States of America in 1823, by E. A. Talbot, Esq. of the Talbot Settlement, Upper Canada.

An Excursion through the United States and Canada, during the years 1822 and 23, by an English gentleman, is printing.

Mr H. Nicholas has in the press a small work for the use of antiquaries, historians, and the legal profession, containing Tables that show exactly the year of our Lord corresponding with the year of the reign of each monarch, an alphabetical and chronological calendar of saints' days and other festivals on which ancient records are dated, &c.

The Sisters of Narsfield, a tale for young women, by the author of "the Stories of Old Daniell," &c. is in the press.

A Short History of the Horse, and progress of Horse Knowledge, by B. Clark, F.L.S. &c., is in the press.

The Author of "Conversations on Botany" is about to produce Conversations on Geography and Astronomy, illustrated with plates, wood-cuts, &c.

In the press, and will be published early in June, a Key to the Science of Botany, comprising a familiar and pleasing conversation between a mother and her daughter, with plates, either plain or coloured, by Mrs Selwyn.

Mr T. L. Busby's first number of the Costume of the City of London, dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty, will be be published in a few days.

In the press, Alterations made in the London Pharmacopœia in 1823 fully stated, with introductory remarks and schemes, illustrative of all the formulæ influenced by chemical action.

Lieut. Morgan has in the press, the Emigrant's Note-Book, with Recollections of Upper and Lower Canada during the late war.

An Essay on the Beneficial Direction of Rural Expenditure, is announced by R. A. Slaney, Esq.

A work is in the press, called the Relapse, or True and False Morality.

Helon's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem is preparing for publication, consisting of a picture of Judaism in the century which preceded the Advent of the Messiah, translated from the German of F. Strauss, with notes and illustrations by the translator.

Shortly will be published, a second edition, and greatly improved, of the Young Naturalist, a tale, calculated for the amusement and instruction of young people, by A. C. Mant.

In the press, and speedily will appear, in two volumes, embellished with numerous engravings on wood, Typographia, or the Printers' Instructor, by J. Johnson, Printer; dedicated, by permission, to the Roxburghe Club.

A little work, illustrative of the sentiments of the two parties in the Church of England, is in the press, entitled the Two Rectors, in ten papers, containing the Mail-coach, the Bookseller's Shop, Social Intercourse, the Missionary, Patriotism, Amusements, the Keeper's Lodge, the Repentant Criminal, the Church Service, the Departure, neatly printed in duodecimo.

The Slave, a poem, is in the press.

Mr Maugham, author of the "Pupil's Pharmacopœia," is printing, uniformly with the small edition of the Pharm. Lond. an Appendix to the latter work, comprising a concise history of the Materia Medica, as well as of the preparations contained therein, with a brief notice of their doses, virtues, and uses.

Mr White, Lieut. in the United States Navy, has in the press, a Voyage to Cochin China.

Mr Rhodes is printing a second edition of Peak Scenery, or the Derbyshire Tourist, which will contain a revision of the quarto copies, with a preliminary chapter, a series of road sketches for the use of travellers, and a map of the country, with the routes of the different excursions.

EDINBURGH.

Preparing for publication, in a neat pocket volume, a British Flora; or Description of the Plants indigenous to Britain. To which is prefixed, arranged in the form of a Dictionary, an Explanation of the Terms used in Botany. By James Macfadyen, Lecturer on Natural History.

The Satire "Glasgow," by G. L. Amargo, Esq. will appear early in Autumn.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

EUROPE.

France.—The only intelligence from this country of any importance relates to the plan of the Finance Minister for reducing the interest of the National Debt. This measure, which had been carried by a large majority in the Chamber of Deputies, was on the 5th instant rejected by the Peers, on a division in which the ministry were left in a minority of 105 to 130. Some ascribe this result to the personal interest of the Peers in the five per cent. Stock, while others impute it to the influence of the clergy, who, as they were likely to be the greatest sufferers by the law, became, of course, its most strenuous opposers.

Netherlands.—A treaty has been concluded between the King of the Netherlands and Great Britain, for regulating the trade and intercourse of their colonies in the east.—The two parties engage not to impose any hurtful restrictions on each other's trade; but to allow a free commercial intercourse, on payment of such reasonable duties as may be agreed on.

Spain.—The long-expected amnesty, or act of grace, was issued by Ferdinand on the 1st of May, but the advantages hoped from it have been so far from meeting with fulfilment, that it might be termed a list of proscriptions rather than any thing else.

The following are the description of persons still designated for punishment:

"1. The Chiefs of the military insurrection of the Isle of Leon.

"2. The Members of the Cortes who proclaimed the dethronement of the King at Seville.

"3. The Chiefs of military insurrections in different parts of Spain, at Madrid, &c.

"4. The assassins of Vinueza, the Judges of Elio, and the authors of the massacres in the prisons of Grenada."

The exceptions are ranged into fourteen classes, and all of them are so indefinite, that the Government may, with the utmost facility, under their sanction, harass, with vexatious trials, at least, every man who shared in the revolution, and did not desert it; and not only may this be done, but the fifth article ordains, that "the respective authorities shall proceed to the examination of the conduct of such individual, as may have given evident proofs of their adherence to the Constitutional regime; and if their present conduct shall be found to be that of faithful subjects, they shall not be disquieted in any sort. But, on the other hand, if by actions, writings, or speeches, they are likely to trouble the public peace, they must be judged and visited with all the severity which is announced for the guilty in the preceding exceptions."—This way of punishing men for crimes which they *may* commit, is certainly the most effectual one for preventing the commission; but it is monstrous to call the edict which enjoins it "an act of grace." The "general pardon," too, is only granted "with the exception of corporeal and pecuniary penalties," which include, we should suppose, every species of punishment short of perpetual imprisonment or death; and yet all these items of despotic command are what this amnesty calls "the benefits of grace, civil liberty, and personal security!" This document would have told us enough of the miserable state of that country where such measures are resorted to, even if the details of its misery were not daily reaching us. Thousands who have hitherto supposed themselves exempt from the necessity of asking the King's forgiveness, find, with astonishment and alarm, that the application has not been waited for, and that they are included in the proscribing exceptions. From Madrid alone, (the smallest capital in Europe,) seven thousand families are said to have emigrated since the 1st of January. Fear is the first impulse excited in the public mind by the commencement of a persecution; and in the present case, the suggestions of fear have been powerfully reinforced by the presence of the French garrison. The influence of panic is, however, as transient as that of all other popular emotions, and a dreadful reprisal may be expected when the reign of fear shall have expired, and when the French troops shall have been removed. Daily quarrels arise between the royalist soldiers and their foreign auxiliaries, on account of the violences of the former being of such a character as to call for interference. At the feast of St Isidore, (the 5th,) an affray took place between a French corps and the regiment of Quesada, in which several lives were lost on both sides.—The royalist volunteers are by no means satisfied with the exceptions of the amnesty, numerous as they are; but steps have been taken to keep them in order. A committee, formed from ex-members of the Inquisition, is sitting day and night to make out a catalogue of prohibited books; and an order has been issued for all persons who were formerly employed under the French administration, and who are now without occupation, to quit Spain without delay.

A member of the late militia was put to death on the morning of the 13th for having said, "that his sword was rusty—but that he would only wash away its rust in the blood of the King."

In aggravation of the ills under which the country is already suffering, apprehensions are entertained of calamities of a different description. Symptoms of the yellow fever have appeared at Valencia, and the drought is such throughout the country that the harvest of this year, it is feared, will be next to nothing. Accordingly the price of grain has nearly doubled, and there is no saying where the rise may stop, especially if speculators should interfere. The distress of the people is at the height, for however abstemious they may be, they still require some little food, which they cannot procure, being destitute of every kind of resource.

Recent advices from Bayonne state, that intelligence had arrived there from Madrid of some serious commotions which occurred in that capital on the 23d, in consequence of the scarcity of bread. The bakers' shops were broken open and pillaged; and it was found necessary to protect them by a strong military guard. The people reproached the French troops with being the cause of their distress, and it is stated that great animosity prevails between the latter and the Spanish soldiers.

PORTUGAL.—The capital of this country was thrown into the greatest consternation in the early part of May, by a struggle between two Court parties, the one headed by the Queen and her son Don Miguel, and the other by the King. The object of the latter appears to have been the deposition of the former, and the establishment of a more arbitrary system of Government. With this view, the Prince, under pretence of having discovered a plot against the House of Braganza, gained over the troops, of which he was Generalissimo, and was crowding the prisons of Lisbon with victims, when the foreign ministers interfered, and insisted on seeing the King, whom the conspirators had confined and surrounded with a guard. His Majesty, on recovering his freedom, issued a proclamation, directing that summary proceedings should be adopted throughout the kingdom towards the guilty, that their punishment might speedily take place, while, on the other hand, he pardoned all that had been done by his son, upon the ground that the urgency of the case would not allow of his previously consulting with his Majesty or his Ministers. From the tenor of this proclamation, it was suspected that his Majesty was still held in restraint by the party of the Queen, and this his subsequent conduct soon proved. On pretence of going to mass, he contrived to escape the snares spread against him throughout his Court, by seeking an asylum on board the Windsor Castle, a British ship of war lying in the Tagus. This course was resorted to on the 9th May, and, it appears, by the advice and the earnest recommendation of the whole of the diplomatic body. Thence, on the same day, he issued a proclamation, in which is given the following account of the events which had taken place since the breaking out of the conspiracy:—"On the morning of the 30th April, all the troops of the capital appeared under arms, and my son was seen to leave the Royal Palace to place himself at their head, and to order, without any authority of mine, the arbitrary arrest of an immense number of individuals of all classes, invested with the chief powers of the State, in whom are comprised my own ministers and servants of my household. The palace which I inhabit was soon surrounded with an armed force, or rather was transformed into a prison, and all access to my Royal person was barred during several hours. Then were observed proceedings so violent, that in the latter days they amounted nearly to open rebellion; while all the representatives of the Sovereigns of Europe thought it their duty to protest formally against the violation of my Royal authority."—The proclamation goes on to state, that instructions were given, in a decree of the 3d of May, to the Judges, to proceed legally against the accused, in the hopes that good order might be restored, but, "on the contrary, the arrests continued, as likewise the orders issued in the name of my son, and signed for the most part by obscure individuals, who have no share in the government.—Finding no means," the King continues, a little farther on, "of making known my Royal will, because I was surrounded by the factious persons who deceived my son, and who had deprived me of my liberty, I formed the resolution to go on board a British line-of-battle ship, at anchor in this port, (where I have been followed by the representatives of the Sovereigns of Europe,) in order that I might frankly make known to my loyal subjects my situation, and call them, if necessary, to my defence." The King resumes the authority of Generalissimo of the armies, and dismisses the Infant from the station of Commander-in-Chief. By a decree and a letter to his son, both of the same date as the proclamation, he confirms the pardon formerly granted to Don Miguel, and orders him to attend him instantly on board the Windsor Castle. It may seem singular, that a faction which had gone such lengths should be so promptly quelled by these measures; but it is stated that the Prince yielded to the commands of his father, and has been "recommended to pass some time in travelling for his improvement," that those by whose counsels he had acted fled, and that the Queen was prohibited from again appearing at Court, and is to pass the rest of her days in a convent. Orders for the instant liberation of all who had been arrested were transmitted to the Intendant of Police and the Governor of the Fort of Peniche, on the 10th. The King went on shore on the 15th, and great rejoicings took place in consequence. Don Miguel took his departure in the Perola, a Portuguese frigate, on the 14th, for Brest. The Perola was accompanied by the English frigate Lively, Captain Elliot, and the French brig Zebra. He will travel under the title of the Duke of Beja, and is attended by his Chamberlain, the Conde de Rio Major. The Queen has hitherto evaded, under the pretext of illness, compliance with the orders for her retirement to the Convent of Estrella.

The King, on his birth-day, distributed various honours and rewards to those individuals who had supported his cause during these events. All the Foreign Ambassadors have received marks of royal favour, but especially the English Minister, Sir Edward Thornton, who, besides having a Portuguese title, gets also a domain of the crown for three lives. Captain Dashwood, the Commander of the Windsor Castle, is made Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword, with the insignia in diamonds. Other English officers are also distinguished by his Majesty; and five hundred dollars were ordered to be distributed among the crews of the Windsor Castle and the Lively.

GREECE.—The inhabitants of this country have sustained a grievous loss in the death of their friend and champion, Lord Byron, who expired at Missolonghi on the 19th of April, after an illness of 10 days, caused by a cold attended with inflammation.

The following is a translation of the proclamation which was issued on the occasion by the Greek Authorities at Missolonghi, to the grief of its inhabitants, who were arrested in the celebration of their Easter festivities:—

Provisional Government of Greece.

"The present days of festivity are converted into bitter days of lamentation for all—

"Lord Noel Byron departed this life to-day, about eleven o'clock in the evening, in consequence of a rheumatic, inflammatory fever, which had lasted for ten days.

"During the time of his illness, your general anxiety evinced the profound sorrow that pervaded your hearts. All classes, without distinction of sex or age, oppressed by grief, entirely forgot the days of Easter.

"The death of this illustrious personage is certainly a most calamitous event for all Greece, and still more lamentable for this city, to which he was eminently partial, of which he became a citizen, and of the dangers of which he was determined personally to partake, when circumstances should require it.

"His munificent donations to this community are before the eyes of every one, and no one amongst us ever ceased, or ever will cease, to consider him, with the purest and most grateful sentiments, our benefactor.

"Until the dispositions of the National Government regarding this calamitous event be known, by virtue of the decree of the Legislature, No. 314, of date the 15th October,

"IT IS ORDAINED,

"1. To-morrow, by sun-rise, thirty-seven minute-guns shall be fired from the batteries of this town, equal to the number of years of the deceased personage.

"2. All public offices, including all Courts of Justice, shall be shut for three following days.

"3. All shops, except those for provisions and medicines, shall also be kept shut; and all sorts of musical instruments, all dances customary in these days, all sorts of festivity and merriment in the public taverns, and every other sort of public amusement, shall cease during the above-named period.

"4. A general mourning shall take place for twenty-one dsys.

"5. Funeral ceremonies shall be performed in all the churches.

"A. MAUROCORDATO.
"GIORGIO PRAIDA, (Secretary.)

"Missolonghi, 17th April 1824."

Accounts from Corfu of the 23d April state, that the affairs of Greece wore a promising aspect. The Turks have wholly failed in raising an Albanian force. The whole Turkish force in that quarter does not exceed 1500 men, occupying Arta and Prevesa. Accounts from Constantinople, by the way of Odessa, come down to the beginning of April. Great preparations were in process of being made against the Greeks, so great that they are regarded as the last stake of the Porte. The approaching will be the fourth campaign, and it is calculated more severe and sanguinary than any preceding one. Turkey, it is said, has not resources for a fifth.

AFRICA.

MEXICO.—According to the American papers, the inhabitants of this extensive country seem to be making steady progress in consolidating their independence. The new constitution, which was decreed on the 31st of January, is republican, after the model of the United States. There will be a President, or first Magistrate, chosen by the people, and he will be controlled by representative assemblies, chosen in the same manner. The different intendencies or provinces of Mexico will thus be formed into a federal union under one head. There cannot possibly be a fairer scheme of government; and the example of the United States shews also, that, with proper materials, it may be reduced to practice. This favourable state of things, however, runs some hazard of being shortly disturbed; since the late Emperor of Mexico, who had been for some months residing in England, lately sailed from Southampton in an armed vessel, provided with money and warlike stores, with a view of again asserting his claim to the sovereignty. He gave out on his departure that he had been strongly invited to return, by a numerous party there, who were ready to assist him in recovering his abdicated throne, and which, he was assured, was the only means that remained for settling the internal distractions of the country. How far these representations are true, the event will soon prove; but in the meantime we have letters from Mexico of the 8th March, in which the expectation is distinctly expressed, that the Ex-Emperor Iturbide meditated returning to that country, and the existing Government is declared to be perfectly aware of his movements. Intelligence had then just arrived of his leaving Leghorn for England, which was well known to be preparatory to his present undertaking. A vigilant look-out had been directed to be kept at all the ports, in order to secure him on his landing.

PERU.—By way of Janeiro very satisfactory accounts have been received of the state of the Independent cause in Peru.—According to advices from Panama, of the 22d of March, Generals Canterac and La Serna, the commanders of the Spanish forces in Peru, had made propositions to the Peruvian authorities, to put an end to the war, which had been transmitted to General Bolivar, who had, in consequence, deputed Count de Donas to wait upon the Royalist Chiefs, and to confer on this important subject. It was supposed that Commissioners would be named immediately to bring the matter to an amicable issue.

PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT.

House of Commons.—*March* 9, and 10.—No business of any public importance.

11.—On the motion of Mr S. Wortley for the second reading of the Game Laws Amendment Bill, some discussion took place, after which the House divided, and the second reading was carried by a majority of 68.

The Report of the Mutiny Bill was received after a short discussion, in the course of which it was positively stated, by Colonel Dawkins and Sir H. Hardinge, that only one instance of corporal punishment had occurred in the regiments of Guards, that had been stationed in the Barracks at Charing Cross, in the course of a year. The gallant Officers also satisfactorily explained the disposal of the pay of the men when under confinement.

12.—The business on Friday evening was of a miscellaneous nature. The Scots Juries Bill was read a second time, and committed for Friday next.—Petitions were presented against the Tay Salmon-Fishery Bill.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to a question from Lord A. Hamilton, stated it to be his intention that the Stamp Duties on law proceedings should cease after a certain period, and that the alteration would extend to Scotland.—In answer to a question from Mr Bernal, whether it was his intention to propose any reduction in the Duty on Publicans' Licences, the Right Hon. Gentleman said, he hoped it would be in his power to propose some reduction on the present duty, though he could not yet say to what amount.

The House then went into a Committee on the Annual Duties Bill, when Colonel Davies proposed that the duty on Brandy should be reduced 1s. 10½d. The Chancellor of the Exchequer admitted that the duty on Brandy was too high, but contended that this was not the moment to reduce it, as that could not be done without also reducing the duties on British Spirits. On the recommendation of Mr Hume, the motion of the gallant Colonel was withdrawn.

In a Committe of Supply, various sums were granted for the Civil and Military Establishments in the Colonies. Mr Hume insisted strongly upon the principle, that, wherever it was possible, each colony should pay the expence of its own civil establishment at least: yet larger sums were proposed to be levied on the people of this country for the internal government of the Bahamas, of Dominica, of the Canadas, and of other colonies. Ministers admitted the general principle, but disputed with Mr Hume its application to some particular cases. They promised, however, if possible, to reduce the expenses of most of these establishments in future years. Divisions took place on two of the proposed grants, one of which gave the sum of £.15,532 to the Church Society for the propagation of the Gospel in the colonies. This was opposed, partly on the ground that the colonies should provide for their own religious instruction, and partly, because it was unfair to impose a tax on the Irish Catholic, the Scotch Presbyterian, and the English Dissenter, in order to support the clergymen of the Church of England in the colonies. Both grants, however, were carried.

15.—Mr Maberly repeated his motion of last session, for the repeal of the Beer Tax, and the substitution of an increased Malt Duty. He was replied to by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and, on a division, his motion was rejected by a majority of 130 to 26.

Mr Hume then renewed his efforts to procure the abolition of military flogging. The motion was opposed by Sir H. Vivian, who asserted (while he lamented the fact) that flogging was indispensable to the discipline of the army. Mr Hume's motion was rejected by a majority of 127 to 47. —In a conversation which followed, it was explained that the property of dispensing with the declaration against the transgression of the regulation in the purchase and sale of Commissions, is under consideration by the Commander-in-Chief.

16.—The great question of the amelioration of the West-India Slave population was this evening brought before the House of Commons by Mr Canning, and before the House of Lords by Lord Bathurst. The following are the proposition of Ministers; but they only apply to the conquered colonies, where the power of the Crown is not fettered by any Legislative Assembly. These are Trinidad, Demerara, and St. Lucie.

1. The use of the whip, so indecent and so shocking, is to be utterly abolished in regard to female slaves. 2. The whip is no longer borne by the driver in the field; to be no longer employed as a *summary* punishment of the male negroes;

to be wholly laid aside as a *stimulus to labour*, and resorted only as a chastisement for misbehaviour, deliberately proved and recorded. 3. Ample provision is to be made for the religious instruction of the negroes, by the appointment of two bishops, with regular clergy under them. 4. Marriage is to be encouraged, families never to be separated, and the property of the slave is to be protected by a positive law. 5. Banks are to be established, in which the slave may deposit his earnings; the money so placed to be sacred, in all cases, from the master's grasp. 6. The testimony of slaves, under certain limitations depending on personal character, is to be received in all civil cases, except when the master's immediate interests are concerned, and in all criminal cases, except when the life of a white person is involved. 7. The slave who has acquired a certain sum of money is to have the power of purchasing his own manumission, or that of his wife or child; and thus the father may become, as it is fit he should, the instrument of liberty to his offspring.

18.—Lord J. Russel brought forward his motion respecting the occupation of Spain by France. He admitted that, in the present posture of public affairs, this country ought not to court a war; but he contended that Ministers may, without injustice, and without danger of provoking hostilities, interpose to forbid an invasion of South America, by Spain, so long as Spain remains under the dominion of France. Sir Robert Wilson supported the Noble Lord's proposition in a very temperate speech. He imputed the overthrow of the Spanish Constitution to the declaration of neutrality made by this country, which, he said, operated instantaneously to remove the fears of the French Government, and to chill the hopes of the Spaniards. He drew a favourable picture of the valour and devotion of the Spanish Constitutionalists, and concluded his speech by a modest recital (in his own vindication) of the services by which he had earned the honours which the Continental Sovereigns had latterly withdrawn from him. Mr Littleton opposed the motion; he complimented the last speaker on his gallantry, and moved an amendment expressive of approbation of the measures of Ministers. Mr Gooch seconded the amendment. Mr Canning commenced by replying to the arguments of Lord J. Russell and Sir R. Wilson, speaking with the utmost kindness of the latter. He maintained that the continuance of the French army in Spain was not desireable nor desired by the French Government, but that it was necessary to save the people of Spain from mutual destruction; in conclusion, he animadverted, in a very happy vein of pleasantry, upon the romantic expeditions of Sir R. Wilson and Lord Nugent, styling the noble adventurer "an enormous breach—of neutrality." Mr Littleton's amendment was carried without a division.

19.—The Committee sat on the Scots Juries Bill, the farther consideration of the Report on which was ordered for the 2d of April.—After some miscellaneous business, the House went into a Committee of Supply on the Irish Estimates, which were ultimately all agreed to.

22.—A great number of Petitions, upon various subjects, were presented. Among others, was one from certain persons in Ireland (noblemen and others), praying to be incorporated as a joint stock company, for the purpose of draining and reclaiming three millions of acres of bogs in that kingdom; and another for the incorporation of a national Irish mining Company.

A Petition was presented from persons engaged in the Wine trade, praying for a reduction of the duties upon Foreign Wines; upon which the Chancellor of the Exchequer observed, that how much soever he might disapprove of the excessive rate of the duties upon Wine, he could at present hold out no prospect of a repeal or reduction of them.

Bills were brought in for building a bridge *over*, and excavating a tunnel *under* the River Thames, at a short distance below the Tower.

The other business of the night related for the most part to the expected operation of Mr Robinson's new financial plan upon the Linen, Wool, and Silk trades, with respect to each of which many petitions were presented. With respect to the first, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated his last determination to be, that they should be diminished annually by one-tenth of their amount, and that the reduction should commence on the 25th of January 1825. On the subject of the Wool-duty he announced, that instead of making the reduction of the duty immediately, he should propose to adopt the opinion expressed by the Manufacturers at the time when the measure was first announced,—namely, that the reduction should take place at two different periods. One part, amounting to three-pence, to be taken off on the 10th of September next, and the remaining duty of two-pence on the 10th of December following. Under these circumstances he should not return any duty.

The House then went into a Committee on the Silk Duties Bill, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer extended the allowances for Silks on hands to such pieces as had *been cut only to exhibit patterns.* After this concession, which was received with much gratitude by the advocates for the trade, Mr Baring moved that the repeal of the prohibition of Foreign Manufactured Silks should be postponed till the year 1829 instead of the year 1826, and contended, as before, that it would lead to the ruin of the Silk Manufacturers. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to the Hon. Gentleman, read two letters, one from the Committee of the Silk Manufacturers of Derby, and the other from that of the Manchester Manufacturers, expressive of the alarm they felt at the opposition shown to the measure in Parliament, and earnestly praying that he would strenuously urge his proposition. The Right Hon. Gentleman, therefore, maintained that the proposed measures were generally viewed by the Silk Manufacturers in a very different light from that which had been represented. The Hon. Member for Taunton withdrew his amendment, and all the Chancellor of the Exchequer's propositions were then agreed to.

23.—Mr Peel moved for leave to bring in a Bill to continue the Alien Act Bill. The Right Hon. Secretary having explained the provisions of the Bill, and stated that it was intended to exempt from its operation all those who have resided seven years in this country, defended the measure by its conformity to ancient usage, which he proved by a reference to the reigns of Henry the Fourth, Elizabeth, and all the Princes of the House of Stuart; by the mildness of its operation, to which he said the fact, that in ten years only seventeen persons had been expelled by its authority, bore sufficient testimony; and, lastly, by the security which the House enjoyed in its own vigilant superintendence, that the powers conferred by the Act should not be abused. Mr Hobhouse opposed the motion in a speech of great length, in the course of which he declared his wish that foreigners might be permitted to use this country as the place of their conspiracies against their own Government; and argued that the Bill ought to be suffered to expire, as an intimation to the despots of the Continent of the feelings excited in this country by their conduct. Mr Hobhouse taunted Mr Wynn with inconsistency, in voting now for a measure which he had strenuously opposed in 1816; and quoted a ridiculous phrase ascribed to the Rt. Hon. Gentleman upon that occasion, viz.—"That he would oppose the Bill with physical force and bodily resistance." In conclusion, Mr Hobhouse moved a series of resolutions to the effect that the Alien Act was a "disgrace of the statute-book," and "a badge of servility connecting the British Government with the league impiously miscalled the Holy Alliance." Mr Wynn explained the sense in which he had used the phrase imputed to him, as different from what the Hon. Member had assumed. He also tried to reconcile his conflicting votes. Sir James Macintosh opposed the motion in an admirable speech. He treated the act throughout as investing the executive with absolute power, in respect to those who were the objects of it; and answered all the arguments, drawn from the mildness with which this power had been exercised, by a reference to the admitted truth, that despotism was ever most dangerous when it was most gentle. Mr W. Lamb deprecated the use of the harsh epithets which had been applied to the Continental Monarchs. Lord John Russell animadverted, with some sharpness, upon the excessive delicacy of the last Speaker. His Lordship opposed the motion, as did Mr C. Hutchinson (whose language was extremely violent,) Mr Warre, and Lord Althorpe. Mr Peel replied shortly, contenting himself with convicting Mr Hobhouse of some Irish figures of style; and the Resolutions were rejected by a majority of 131 to 70.

A second debate followed upon the original motion: in the course of which Mr Hume, having urged Mr Canning, obtained from him an expression of his hope that, at a future day, the act might be suffered to expire. A second division took place on the original motion, which was carried by a majority of 129 to 69.

25.—Sir James Macintosh withdrew his motion upon the subject of our relations with South America. He explained that he did so, because the explanation of Ministers had been satisfactory; and because he was unwilling to let it go to Europe, that any one in this country distrusted these explanations. He added, that he had heard, from good authority, that a great power on the continent had declined taking any part in the proposed Congress on South American affairs.

After some other business had been disposed of, Sir J. Newport moved for the appointment of a Commission to inquire into the best mode of educating the poor in Ireland. The proposition was warmly supported by Mr Goulburn, Mr J. Smith, Mr Peel, and Mr Brownlow, who all agreed in the necessity of proceeding upon a basis of the most perfect liberality, uniting the children of Catholics and Protestants promiscuously in the same course of education. The motion was unanimously agreed to.

26.—The Bill which makes the Slave Trade piracy, was passed, after having received from Sir James Mackintosh the tribute of praise to which a measure so important to the interests of justice and humanity was duly entitled.

In a Committee on the Customs Acts, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed a Resolution, which was adopted, for making the reduction of the duty on the importation of Foreign Wool gradual, and laying one on the exportation of British Long Wool, to meet the wishes of the Manufacturers, who feared that if English Long Wools were exported, other nations would be able to rival us in certain branches of commerce, which at present they had not the means of doing. According to this new arrangement, it is settled, that on the 10th of September, the duty shall be reduced three-pence, and on the 10th of December, two-pence, leaving only a duty of one penny upon Foreign Wool. The exported Long Wool of British growth to be subject to an *ad valorem* duty on the raw material of 16 per cent.

29.—Mr Plunkett, by the desire of the Irish Government, fathered the Bill introduced by Sir John Newport, to allow the celebration of the funeral rites of Catholics in the Protestant churchyards of Ireland. After explaining the exact state of the law as it had hitherto stood, he showed that it had never been executed, because it was in direct opposition with the feelings and habits of the people, and that the present measure would make that law, which, by the forbearance of the Protestant Minister, was already law in fact. The Bill was then read a second time, *nemine contradicente*, and ordered to be committed next day.

In answer to a question from Mr Hume, Mr Wynn stated, that a Treaty had been signed with the Plenipotentiaries of the King of the Netherlands, by his Right Hon. Friend the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and himself, by which this country would cede Bencoolen, and receive, in return, all the Dutch settlements on the Continent of India, and on the Peninsula of Malacca, and the abandonment of all claims on the part of the King of the Netherlands, or that of his Allies, to the island of Sincapore.

On the proposition for a grant of £.4847 to the British Museum, Mr G. Bennett arraigned the conduct of the Trustees, using, as his ground of accusation, an article which appeared in a late number of *The Edinburgh Review*. Sir Charles Long shortly replied, negativing in detail the statements advanced by the Reviewer. In the course of the conversation that followed, Mr Croker very properly suggested, that as a new catalogue would be required, in consequence of his Majesty's munificent and patriotic gift, it should be printed in a cheaper form than hitherto, the present one costing eight or nine guineas. The grant was agreed to.

A discussion then arose upon Mr Hume's opposition to the grant for the Education of the Irish poor, on the ground, that the conduct of the Kildare-Street Society had excited a jealousy on the part of the Catholics, which deterred them from placing their children at the schools under the patronage of this institution. Mr L. Foster vindicated the Society. Mr North (in a maiden speech) gave a lively and gratifying picture of the benefits conferred, and those likely to be conferred upon the Irish peasantry, by the Society in question; and professed himself warmly favourable to the association of Protestant and Catholic children in the same schools, and trusted that nothing would be done to interfere with the progress of the Kildare-Street Association. The Hon. Member was frequently interrupted by the cheers of the House, and sat down amidst a tumult of applause. The grant then passed without opposition.

30.—Mr Dawson (of Londonderry) and Mr Brownlow (of Armagh) in presenting petitions from different Freemason Lodges in Ireland, praying to be exempted from the operation of the bill of last Session against secret societies, took occasion to express their warm disapprobation of the Orange processions in the sister kingdom. Mr Abercromby professed his sincere satisfaction at the explicit avowal made by the hon. members, and identifying the obnoxious *processions* with the Orange *institution*, contended that the only effectual mode of putting down the processions was for the Government to withhold its favour from all persons connected with the Orange societies.

Lord A. Hamilton then moved to refer to a Committee of the whole House the different Reports of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the Courts of Justice in Scotland. The Noble Lord introduced his motion with a long detail of the various reforms suggested by the Reports in question; which, he said, had been either imperfectly adopted by Government, or not at all. The Lord Advocate replied at great length, answering specifically to the several items of Lord A. Hamilton's charge. In the course of his speech, he announced an intention of placing the office of Justice of Peace as far as possible on the same footing on which it stands in this country. Lord A. Hamilton, Mr Abercromby, Mr Kennedy, &c., entirely approved of this arrangement, which, they thought, ought to be undertaken immediately. The Lord Advocate, however, declared his resolution to consult first the public feeling in Scotland. Lord A. Hamilton, in consequence, called for a division upon his original motion, when the numbers were —For the motion 76, Against it 124.

Leave was then granted to bring in a Bill for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the state of the Salmon Fisheries in Scotland.

BRITISH CHRONICLE.

APRIL.

Circuit Intelligence.—*Stirling, April* 8, 9.—Sentence of imprisonment for twelve months was pronounced in a case of theft, and a verdict of not proven in one of assault and robbery, brought in; after which, William Campbell was charged with breaking into two several counting-rooms in Stirling, and stealing a quantity of bills, promissory notes, receipts, &c. and with being habit and repute a common thief. The details of the crime and its discovery are uninteresting. The evidence was so clear, that the Jury returned a *viva voce* verdict. While Lord Meadowbank was charging the Jury, the prisoner exhibited a spectacle truly appalling, from agitation and horror at his impending fate. He screamed aloud for mercy, and so completely was his mind taken up with dire forebodings of his doom, that he seemed to have little idea of the stage to which his trial had reached, for even at this period the feelings of all around were harrowed with uninterrupted cries for mercy, either to the Bench, the Depute Advocate, or the Jury. His wailings consisted chiefly of broken sentences—such as, "Oh, mercy, mercy!"—"Oh, Gentlemen of the Jury, will you have mercy!"—"Oh, your Lordship, favour show on me!" Even after the Jury had returned their verdict, and the clerk was recording the same, he cried out, "Oh, restrict my libel!—Oh, let me suffer anything, but do not bring me to an untimely end!" and then dropt on his knees, calling aloud to the Bench for mercy. He was sentenced to be executed on the 14th of May. The prisoner's father was in Court during the whole trial, and on receiving his sentence, he turned round to recognize his father, who was at some distance behind, and seeing him approach towards him, he raised his hands, and in looks of anguish exclaimed, "Oh, my puir father!" On going to his cell, despair had taken complete possession of his mind; his lamentations then, and throughout the whole night and next morning, were so loud and incessant as to attract the passengers on the street. He has since, however, become more composed. The prisoner is about nineteen years of age.

Glasgow, April.—The Court opened here on the 12th, and sat till the 15th. On the first day one man for horse-stealing was sentenced to twelve months in Bridewell. Another for falsehood, fraud, forgery, and wilful imposition, and a woman for housebreaking, were found guilty in terms of their own confession, and sentenced to transportation for fourteen years. The sentence of the first was not passed till yesterday. After a moment's consultation, the Jury returned a verdict of Not Proven in a case in which a woman was charged with uttering a forged note. One man accused of theft, another of rape, and two of hamesucken, were outlawed for not appearing. One case of assault was deserted after the examination of three witnesses. On the 2d, 3d, and 4th days, two prisoners received sentence of death, four of transportation for life, ten of transportation for fourteen and two for seven years, one of imprisonment for twelve, one for nine, and two for six months. There were thirteen cases in which the diets were deserted, sentences of outlawry pronounced, or verdicts of acquittal, or not proven, given. One person accused of robbery was recommitted on a new warrant, on account of irrelevancy in the indictment, and one case of breach of trust, embezzlement, &c. certified to the High Court of Justiciary. In one of the cases in which sentence of death was awarded, the crime was that of uttering forged notes, and the prisoner was arraigned along with his daughter. His guilt, of course, was established by ample evidence. In addressing the prisoner, Lord Meadowbank remarked, that the days of his life were now numbered—his race of iniquity was at an end—he must die by the hands of the common executioner. He stood in a predicament to which he had never seen a parallel in all his experience. He stood his trial with his own daughter, whom it was his duty as a parent to have instructed in the ways of integrity, and there could be no doubt that he had urged her to a course of life the very reverse. The name of the unhappy man is William M'Teague. The other prisoner, John M'Crevie, was convicted for housebreaking, theft, and stouthrief. The sentence against both is to be carried into execution on the 19th of May.

Inverary, *April* 20, 21.—One of the prisoners brought to trial was sentenced to transportation for fourteen, and another for seven years; the crime of the former was administering medicine to a female for the purpose of procuring abortion, that of the latter culpable homicide. One man accused of theft was recommitted on a new warrant, one charged with wilful fire-raising was dismissed *simpliciter* after the examination of several witnesses, and one tried for assault was dismissed with an admonition, the Jury having returned a verdict of Not Proven. Sentences of outlawry were given against four persons, two charged with assault, and two with murder, the latter having been arraigned along with the prisoner found guilty of culpable homicide.

Ayr, *April* 10.—One man and two boys were sentenced to tranportation for fourteen, and another prisoner for seven years; four (two of them women, for concealment of pregnancy) to imprisonment for six months.

Dumfries.—The Court sat here from the 15th to the 17th.—Four prisoners for theft were sentenced to transportation for different terms of fourteen and seven years, and one to twelve months imprisonment; five were found guilty of assaults, and ordered to be imprisoned from one to twelve months. Patrick Miller M'Clatchie, charged with fabricating a cautionary obligation, purporting to be signed in the handwriting of Robert Thresie, Esq. writer in Dumfries, and uttering a bill for £.20 Sterling, purporting to have been drawn by an unknown individual of the name of George Workman, and to which he forged the signature of William Thomson, senior, Sheriff-clerk of Dumfries-shire. The prisoner pleaded Guilty, and the Public Prosecutor having restricted the libel to an arbitrary punishment, the Judge mitigated the punishment to transportation for fourteen years. His Lordship addressed the pannel in very feeling and suitable terms, and gave him much sound advice, as to the regulation of his future conduct.—John Hood, accused of setting fire to the work-shop of Mr Beck, coachmaker, Dumfries, on the 24th of September last, by which malicious act the building, wood, and part of the materials it contained, were greatly damaged, and must have been totally consumed, but for the promptitude and perseverance of the neighbours. Hood pleaded Guilty, and the libel being restricted, he was sentenced to transportation for life. When the criminal business was finished, the Lord Justice Clerk addressed the Sheriffs, stating that he was sorry to observe, that crime seemed to be on the increase in this formerly peaceable district of the country. His Lordship pointedly called the attention of the Magistracy to the disgraceful practice of allowing spirits to be sold at toll-bars. He also adverted to the want of accommodation in the prison, for the proper classification of the criminals. Prisons should not be converted into palaces, but they ought to be healthful, and afford means for separating the less guilty from the more hardened offender.

Jedburgh, *April* 20.—One man was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for theft, one for having gone, armed with a gun, into Mr Hay's plantations near Dunse Castle, with intent to kill game, to four months' imprisonment; and in a case of housebreaking and theft, one of two prisoners was sentenced to transportation for seven years, and the other to twelve months of hard labour in the House of Correction, Castle of Jedburgh.

Perth.—The Court met here on the 20th April, when Elizabeth Louden or Robertson, pleaded guilty to uttering several one-pound forged notes, and was sentenced to seven years' transportation. The prisoner entreated their Lordships to permit her to take along with her her little daughter, who appeared at the bar, to the country to which she might be sent. Lord Hermand said it was not their prerogative to order such an arrangement, but had no doubt a proper representation to the Crown would procure for the pannel her request. James Donelly Fairley, and William Wood, were convicted of two separate acts of theft and housebreaking, committed at the Star Inn, Mylnfields, and Mains of Foulis, Perthshire, and sentenced to be hanged at Perth on the 4th of June. Fairley's countenance became visibly changed, but Wood manifested the most callous indifference. Fairley rose and entreated his Lordship to recommend them to his Majesty's mercy; to which Lord Pitmilly replied, that he certainly would be much out of the line of his duty were he to hold out any hopes. He neither could nor would make any such application; and although they applied through any other channel, his Majesty would first inquire at their Judges the nature of the case, and the proceedings of this day might make them aware what their report must be. These two men were convicted principally upon the evidence of an accomplice. Robert Sim was charged with assault with intent to murder; the criminal letters bore "That upon Sunday, the 21st of December 1823, the said Robert Sim did, within a plantation in the parish of Inverkeillor, county of Forfar, assault Agnes Mill, and with a razor did inflict a deep wound in her throat, and did throw her upon the ground and attempt to pour a quantity of vitriol from a phial down her throat, and did throw the same upon her face and breast, whereby she was severely burnt, and did kick and beat her and drag her along the ground until she became insensible." On being asked what he had to say to the charge, he replied, "Guilty, my Lord—I am sorry for it, and refer myself to the mercy of your Lordship." Lord Pitmilly sentenced the prisoner to transportation beyond seas for fourteen years, and to be publicly whipt through the streets of Arbroath on the 8th of May next. On the same, and the following day, many other cases were tried. Five persons were sentenced to seven years transportation; one to imprisonment for twelve, and one for five months; one for one month; the diets were deserted, and new warrants issued against seven prisoners, three of whom, for housebreaking and theft, are to be tried before the High Court of Justiciary; in one case the diet was deserted, and in another sentence of outlawry pronounced; two prisoners were dismissed simpliciter, and three with admonitions.

Aberdeen, April 22.—The Court opened with the trial of Janet Brown, the widow of a private in the Scots Greys, for procuring, under counterfeit certificates, pension from a regimental fund, to which her husband was entitled while alive. She had had the art to procure the signatures of two Justices to these certificates; and upon transmitting them to the regiment, had, in order to conceal the imposition, at the same time addressed letters in her husband's name, making inquiries after "the news of the regiment," and the health of various acquaintances. She pled guilty, and was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment in Bridewell. Afterwards, sentence of transportation for fourteen years was given against a woman, who was indicted for theft under eight different names, and for seven years against a man for theft by breaking open lockfast places. Imprisonment for twelve months was awarded in a case of theft and prison-breaking, and for three, in another of asault. Two prisoners (for theft) were committed on a new warrant, the diet against them having been deserted *pro loco et tempore*, in consequence of the absence of a material witness; one, charged with wilful fire-raising, was dismissed after the examination of several witnesses; and another, accused of assault, with intent to ravish, was assoilzied simpliciter.

Inverness, May 3.—The Circuit Court of Justiciary sat here to-day. One man accused of forgery was, on account of weakness of mind, remitted back to jail. One person for ship-breaking was transported for seven years; two for shopbreaking fourteen years, and another for the same period for housebreaking; two persons were dismissed in consequence of informality in their indictments; and another at the instance of the Advocate-Depute, who said he believed him innocent. A woman, also, who had been accused of concealment of pregnancy, was dismissed from the bar. A person for forging a name to a bill was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment; and in the case of two sheep-stealers, one was outlawed, and the other imprisoned for six months.

Liability of Ship-owners for sailors' wages.—An appeal case was decided at the Perth circuit by Lord Hermand, of some local interest, and of considerable importance, as affecting the interest of individuals in the relation of master and servant. A sailor, named Boyd, had been for some time in the service of Mr David Ramsay, merchant in Perth, as mate of a vessel belonging to him. Boyd raised an action before the Town Court for a balance of wages as due him by Mr Ramsay. After three years litigation, the Magistrates decerned in terms of the libel. Mr Ramsay appealed on these grounds: 1st, That at the end of each voyage he gave the sailing-master money to pay all the seamen's wages. 2d, That it having been the custom for the sailing-master to engage the crew, and pay them their wages in full at the end of each voyage, and Boyd having accepted of partial payments to account of wages from him for a period of nearly six months, without informing the owner; he had therefore connived at the sailing-master's applying the money to his own purposes, and of course forfeited all claim against the owner. Lord Hermand affirmed the Magistrates' interlocutor, with costs; stating, that if a master put money into the hands of one servant to pay another, it was the duty of the master to see that the money was applied to the purposes for which it was given.

20.—*Holyrood Palace.*—We are happy to hear that Government have granted £.4000 a-year, for six years, to be expended on the repair of the royal palace of Holyroodhouse. The operations, it is said, are soon to commence.

24.—*Navigation.*—As an instance of the astonishing quickness of communication with the most distant parts of the globe which is possible, in the present improved state of navigation, we mention, that a gentleman in Leith received a letter on the 15th curt. from the Captain of the brig Hawies of Sydney, New South Wales, dated at Lord Auckland's or Bristow's Islands, in the South Seas, in latitude 50. 33. longitude 166. 40., (nearly the antipodes of London,) on 12th January 1824. It was put on board of the schooner Henry, of and bound for New York, and therefore travelled the immense distance caused by the circuitous voyage to New York, and thence found its way to Leith, in the incredibly short space of four months.

Oil Gas Company.—This day the foundation-stone of the Edinburgh Oil Gas Light Company's Works at Tanfield (to the westward of Canonmills bridge) was laid by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Chairman, in presence of the Committee of Management, and a considerable number of spectators. A medallion of the worthy Baronet was deposited in the cavity of the stone. A brass plate, with an appropriate inscription, was placed over the cavity, and the whole properly secured.

29.—*Port of Leith.*—Early yesterday morning the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Admiral of Leith, and Bailie Allan of Edinburgh, accompanied by the Magistrates of Leith and the other members of the Harbour Committee, inspected the projected line of the new pier, which it is proposed to carry from the present stone pier to the Martello Tower. The morning fortunately proved fine, and the tide favoured their riding alongst the wear that was formed six years ago, and by which nearly two feet of water is gained as far as it reaches. From the praiseworthy zeal thus manifested by the liberal and enlightened rulers of our city to promote the convenience and comfort of the public, we may hope soon to witness the completion of this indispensable improvement upon the entrance of our port, which is not only calculated to increase the depth of water several feet, and thereby benefit the revenue of the city, but will also enable passengers to land at any time of tide, and thus render the dangerous practice of landing in small boats no longer necessary.

31.—*General Assembly.*—This day the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland closed its sittings, and was dissolved in the usual form by his Majesty's Commissioner, the Right Honourable the Earl of Morton. The only business which came before the Assembly this year possessing a more than ordinary degree of interest, was an appeal of Principal Macfarlane of Glasgow and others against a sentence of the synod of Glasgow and Ayr, of the 15th of October last, affirming a sentence of the Presbytery of Glasgow, of the 19th of July preceding, by which the Presbytery refused to sustain a presentation, granted by his Majesty, to the Rev. Principal, to be Minister of the High Church of Glasgow, on the ground that the clerical charge was incompatible with the office of Principal of the College; and that the duties of the latter necessarily precluded the Reverend Doctor from attending sufficiently to those of the former.

The case of the appellants was defended by Mr Patrick Robertson, advocate, who contended that the Presbytery had acted illegally in refusing the presentation of Dr Macfarlane, and that the Assembly must consider the question altogether in its judicial, and not in its legislative capacity. There was no law in existence which could justify the refusal of the Presbytery to induct his client into the charge of Minister of the High Church; and the Assembly could not make him the victim of an *ex post facto* law. The Presbytery and Synod were defended by Mr H. Cockburn, advocate, and by the Rev. Drs. Chalmers & M'Gill, who argued, that the Presbytery were entitled to consider the compatibility of the presentee; that there was no law which could fetter the Assembly in considering the justice and expediency of the case. For although, by the act of 1817, (said the Rev. Dr Chalmers,) the Assembly had set a seal on its discretion as to country pluralities,—it was a perverse inference to draw from this, that it had set a seal on its discretion as to town pluralities. By the act of 1817, in no one instance could country pluralities be now allowed;

but town pluralities might or might not be allowed, according to the discretion and judgment of the church.

After parties were withdrawn, the Rev. Mr Finlay of Perth moved that the Assembly should affirm the sentence of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, which was seconded by Mr James Moncrieff, Advocate. The Rev. Mr Yorstoun of Hoddam moved to reverse the sentence of the Synod, and to instruct the Presbytery to proceed to the settlement of Dr Macfarlane, in his clerical charge, with all convenient speed. This motion was seconded by the Rev. Dr Inglis; and the vote being put, there appeared for

Reverse	165
Affirm	80
Majority	85

This case occupied the attention of the Assembly from 11 o'clock in the forenoon of Tuesday the 25th, till half-past 11 at night, during all which time the place of meeting was crowded to excess, and the public galleries had to be cleared in order to make room for the Members and other Reverend Gentlemen.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. ECCLESIASTICAL.

April 22.—Rev. Robert Paton ordained Minister of Straiton.

May 5.—Mr Thos. Hill presented to the Church and Parish of Ballantrae.

— Mr John M'Gregor ordained Minister of the Relief Congregation, Stranraer.

6.—Mr James Wemyss ordained Minister of Orwall.

12.—United Associate Congregation of Lochgelly gave a call to Mr Joseph Scott to be their Minister.

— Rev. Wm. Drayton Carter chosen Minister of the Episcopal Chapel of St. John, Greenock.

II. MILITARY.

	Capt. Edwards, 75 F. Maj. in the Army	13 May 1824.
	—— Aveline, East-India Company's Service, Adj. at Royal Military Seminary at Addiscombe, Local Rank of Capt. while so employed, vice Lester, res.	do.
	Lieut. Ritherdon, of do. Acting Adj. at do. Local Rank of Lieut. while so employed	do.
7 Dr. Gds.	Cornet Brett, Lieut. by purch. vice Nicolls, prom.	24 April
	E. R. Butler, Cornet	do.
3 Dr.	T. Richardson, Cornet by purch. vice M'Lauchlin, ret.	29 do.
4	Major Brown, from 8 Dr. Maj. vice Onslow, h. p. 42 F. rec. diff.	13 May
8	Bt. Maj. Brown, Maj. by purch. vice Sir H. Floyd, prom.	6 do.
	Lieut. Paterson, Capt.	do.
	Cornet Parlby, Lieut.	do.
	J. T. Lord Brudnell, Cornet	do.
	Bt. Lieut. Col. Lord G. W. Russell, from h. p. 42 F. Maj. vice Brown, 4 Dr.	13 do.
15	Cornet Rose, Lieut. by purch. vice Joliffe, 29 F.	22 April
	E. A. Percival, Cornet	do.
16	Cornet Penn, from 17 Dr. Cornet, vice Brett, h. p. 24 Dr.	do.
17	Lieut. Bond, Capt. by purch. vice M'Neale, ret.	6 May
	Cornet Lewis, Lieut.	do.
17 Dr.	Hon. G. W. Edwardes, Cornet	6 May
	Cornet Barron, from h. p. 24 Dr. Cornet, vice Penn, 16 Dr.	22 April
Gren. Gds.	Assist. Surg. Harrison, Surg. vice Curtis, dead	
	H. S. Elmslie, Assist. Surg.	do.
4 F.	Quart. Mast. Serj. Bayne, Quart. Mast. vice Kelly, dead	5 March
12	Assist. Surg. O'Halloran, from 64 F. Surg. vice Price, dead	29 April
15	Capt. Gowdie, from h. p. 19 Dr. Capt. vice Fox, 95 F.	6 May
20 F.	Lieut. Day, from h. p. W. I. R. Lieut. vice Warren, cancelled,	22 April 1824.
28	Ens. Campbell, Lieut. vice Semple, 38 F.	28 do.
	Ensign Browne, from 44 F. Ens.	do.
29	Capt. Stanus, Maj. by purch. vice Tod, ret.	22 do.
	Lieut. Sir W. G. H. Jolliffe, Bt. from 15 Dr. Capt.	do.
32	—— Birtwhistle, Capt. by purch. vice Belcher, ret.	13 May
	Ensign Ives, Lieut.	do.
	J. Markham, Ens.	do.
36	Ensign Roberts, Adj. vice M'Pherson, res. Adj. only	do.
38	Lieut. Matthews, Capt. vice Read, dead	23 Oct. 1823.
	—— Semple, from 28 F. Capt. vice Willshire, prom.	24 do.
	Ensign Grimes, Lieut.	25 do.
	E. Bagot, Ensign	do.
44	Bt. Major Brugh, Maj. vice Nixon, dead	7 Nov.
	Lieut. Connor, Capt.	do.
	Ensign Ogilvy, Lieut.	do.
	2d Lieut. M'Crea, from Ceylon Reg. Ensign vice Browne, 28 F.	28 April 1824.
	Gent. Cadet J. D. De Wend, from Mil. Coll. Ensign vice Ogilvy	29 do.
	Ensign Langmead, from 76 F. Lieut. vice Wood, removed from the Service	25 do.
46	—— Hutchinson, Lieut. vice Law, dead	25 Oct. 1823.
	G. Woodburn, Ensign	29 April 1824
51	V. Joham, Ens. by purch. vice Rice, cancelled	6 May
59	Lieut. Chadwick, Capt. by purch. vice Clutterbuck, ret.	29 April
	Ensign Coote, Lieut.	do.
	J. A. Barron, Ens.	do.
60	Assist. Surg. Melvin, Surg. vice Faries, dead	10 Dec. 1823.
64	Hosp. Assist. Chambers, Assist. Surg. vice O'Halloran, 12 F.	29 April 1824
78	T. M. Wilson, Ensign by purch. vice Hamilton, prom.	15 do.
91	Gent. Cadet J. Hughes, from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign vice Campbell, dead	29 do.
92	Capt. Spinks, from 4 F. Maj. by purch. vice Lieut. Col. Fulton, ret.	13 May
95	—— Fox, from 15 F. Capt. vice Bt. Major Mitchell, h. p.	6 do.
96	Lieut. Furlong, from h. p. 43 F. Paymaster	22 April
2 W. I. R.	Capt. Smith, from h. p. 60 F. vice Welman, cancelled	do.
Ceylon R.	G. Pickard, 2d Lieut. vice M'Crea, 44 F.	29 do.

African Col. C. } Assist. Surg. Stewart, from 11 F. Surg. 29 April 1824.

Hosp. Assist. Fergusson, Assist. Surg. do.

———— Picton, Assist. Surg. do.

1 R.V.B. Capt. Welman, from h. p. 3 Gar. Bn. Capt. vice Leach, ret. list. 29 April

—— Le Guay, from h. p. 95 F. Gar. Bn. vice M'Arthur, ret. list. 13 May

Lieut. Quill, from h. p. 15 F. Lieut. vice Blood, ret. list. 29 April

Unattached.

Major Sir H. Floyd, Bart. from 8 Dr. Lieut. Col. of Infantry by purch. vice Gen. Dowdesdale, ret. 6 May 1824

Lieut. Douglas, from Gren. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice Maclauchlan, Royal Engineers, ret. 13 do.

Garrison.

Lieut. Clarke, 77 F. Town Adj. in the Island of Malta 29 April 1824.

Ordnance Department.—Royal Artillery.

2d Capt. Patten, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Close, h. p. 23 April 1824

1st Lieut. Miller, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Richardes, h. p. 12 May.

Royal Engineers.

Col. Mulcaster, from h. p. Col. vice D'Arcy, ret. 15 April 1824.

Capt. Henryson, from h. p. Capt. vice Maclauchlan, h. p. 13 May

Royal Sappers and Miners.

2d Capt. H. D. Jones, Adj. vice Reid, ret. 22 April 1824.

Hospital Staff.

Dep. Inspect. Baxter, Inspect. by Brevet 10 Dec. 1823.

Phycian Calvert, do. 25 Nov. 1818.

———— M'Mullen, do. do.

Assist. Surg. Barry, from h. p. Assist. Surg. 6 May 1824.

Exchanges.

Lieut. Col. Gordon, from 5 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Col. Wallace, h. p. Unattached.

———— Cross, from 36 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Col. Hewett, h. p. Unnattached.

Major Gardiner, from 14 F. with Bt. Lieut. Col. Campbell, h. p. West-India Rangers.

Capt. Marquis of Tichfield, from 2 Life Gds. with Capt. Lord G. Bentinck, h. p. West-India Rangers.

—— North, from 6 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Kington, h. p.

—— Bennet, from 7 Dr. Gds. with Capt. Gowdie, 15 F.

—— M'Neill, from 17 Dr. with Capt. Locke, 2 W. I. R.

—— Swinton, from 17 F. with Capt. Rotton, 20 F.

—— Half-hide, from 17 F. with Capt. Caulfield, 44 F.

Lieut. Jervis, from 6 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Ramus, h. p. 24 F.

—— Leathes, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Wathen, h. p. 8. Dr.

—— Nicholson, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Greenland, h. p. 8 Dr.

—— Lord Wallscourt, from 98 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Barrett, h. p. 52 F.

—— Blake, from African Colonial Corps, with Lieut. Sword, h. p. 91 F.

—— Forster, 63 F. with Lieut. Shenley, h. p. Rifle Brig.

Lieut. & Adj. Flood, from 74 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Ramsden, h. p. 4 F.

Cornet Lett, from 12 Dr. with Ensign Hon. R. Petre, 58 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

General Dowdesdale, late of 60 F.
Lieut. Col. Todd, 29 F.
———— Fulton, 92 F.
Major M'Neale, 17 Dr.
Capt. Belcher, 32 F.
—— Clutterbuck, 59 F.
—— Maclauchlan, Royal Engineers.
Cornet M'Lachlan, 3 Dr.

Appointments Cancelled.

Capt. Welman, 2 W. I. R.
Lieut. Warren, 20 F.
Ensign Rice, 51 F.

Removed from the Service.

Lieut. Wood, 44 F.

Dismissed.

Staff Assist. Surg. M'Loughlin.

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. T. Marshall, East-India Company's Service 20 May 1824.

Colonel Marquis of Lothian, K. T. Edinburgh Militia

Lieut. Colonel Hall, h. p. 65 F. Clifton 13 do.

Major Waldron, 27 F.

—— Tomkins, Limerick Militia, Carnarvon, North Wales 13 April

—— Barberie, late of Barrack Department

Capt. Rylance, 43 F. supposed lost at sea 31 Dec. 1823.

—— Goddard, Depute-Barrack Master General, Nova Scotia 29 Feb. 1824.

—— Parker, h. p. 94 F.

—— Nosworthy, h. p. 2 West-India Rangers, lost on passage from Sierra Leone Aug. 1823.

—— Connor, h. p. New Brunswick Fencibles

Lieut. Lorimer, 1 F. Limerick 13 May 1824.

—— Taggart, late 5 Vet. Bn. Jersey 18 April

—— Maclean, late 12 do. Cork 1 do.

—— M'Donald, h. p. 7 Dr. Edinburgh 23 March

—— Matthews, h. p. 23 F.

—— Keough h. p. 25 F. Ireland.

—— Yelverton, h. p. 32 F. Kirk-Michael, Isle of Man 24 April

—— Howard, h. p. 33 F. Chalfont, St. Giles's, Bucks 1 Jan.

—— Wishart, h. p. 42 F. Upper Canada

—— Stewart, h. p. 82 F. Hampton 28 Feb.

—— Armstrong, h. p. Irish Artillery, Liverpool 3 April

—— Strong, Light Horse Volunteers, London 2 May

Ensign Oates, h. p. 38 F. 14 Jan.

—— Sutherland, h. p. 132 F. 26 April

Paymast. Nosworthy, h. p. 2 W. I. R. Abergele, Denbighshire 13 May

———— Burley, Brecon, Militia 15 April

Quart. Mast. Ensign Kelly, 4 F. Antigua 5 March

Surg. Murphy, Louth Militia April

—— Ambrose, h. p. Royal Artillery, South Mayo Militia, Ireland 17 do.

Assist. Surg. Cochrane, h. p. York Rangers, Lambeth 29 Feb.

Erratum in List of Deaths in April Army List.

For 1st Lieut. Henry Sandham, Royal Art. dead Read, 1st Lieut. Christopher Knight Saunders Royal Art. dead.

CORN MARKETS.

Edinburgh.

1824.	Wheat.				Barley.		Oats.		Pease.		Quar. Loaf.	Potat. p.peck	1824.	Oatmeal.		B.& P.Mea	
	Bls.	Prices.		Av.pr.										Bls.	Peck.	Bls.	Peck.
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	d.	s. d.			s. d.		s. d.
May 19	681	28 6	37 6	34 6	26 0	30 0	18 0	24 6	19 0	23 0	10	0 10	May 18	362	1 6	88	1 3
25	681	30 0	37 0	34 4	28 0	30 0	18 0	27 0	20 0	24 0	10	1 0	25	346	1 6	92	1 3
June 2	555	31 6	42 0	35 4	—	28 0	18 0	30 0	20 0	24 0	10	1 0	June 1	370	1 7	79	1 3
9	556	26 0	42 0	34 9	28 0	28 6	20 0	29 0	21 0	26 0	10	1 0	8	470	1 7	93	1 3
16	774	27 0	48 6	34 6	—	27 0	20 0	27 0	20 0	26 0	10	1 0	15	300	1 7	91	1 3

Glasgow.

1824.	Wheat, 240 lbs.						Oats, 264 lbs.				Barley, 320 lbs.				Bns. & Pse.		Oatmeal 140 lbs.		Flour, 280 lbs.	
	Dantzic.		For. red.		British.		Irish.		British.		English.		Scots.		Stirl. Meas.					
	s.	s.	s.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s.	s. d.
May 20	—	—	—	—	30 0	38 0	19 0	24 0	25 0	27 0	31 0	32 0	25 0	29 0	22 0	26 0	20 0	22 0	53	56 0
27	—	—	—	—	30 0	38 0	21 0	25 6	25 0	27 0	31 0	32 0	27 0	29 0	22 0	26 0	21 0	23 0	53	56 0
June 3	—	—	—	—	30 0	38 0	21 0	26 0	24 0	29 0	31 0	33 0	27 0	29 0	22 6	26 0	21 0	24 0	53	56 0
10	—	—	—	—	30 0	38 0	21 0	26 0	24 0	29 0	31 0	33 0	27 0	29 0	23 6	26 0	21 0	24 0	53	56 0
17	—	—	—	—	30 0	37 0	21 0	26 0	25 0	29 0	31 0	33 0	27 0	29 0	23 0	26 6	21 0	24 0	53	56 0

Haddington.

1824.	Wheat.				Barley.		Oats.		Pease.		Beans.	
	Bolls.	Prices.		Av. pr.								
		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
May 21	627	20 6	36 0	32 0	23 0	30 0	19 0	25 6	20	24 6	20 0	24 6
28	547	26 6	36 0	34 1	25 0	33 0	21 0	27 0	21	26 0	21 0	26 0
June 4	458	26 0	38 6	34 6	26 0	33 0	22 0	28 0	21	27 0	21 0	27 0
11	572	30 0	38 0	34 4	24 0	31 0	21 0	27 0	21	27 0	21 0	27 0
18	477	27 0	36 6	32 7	25 0	31 0	22 0	26 6	21	26 0	21 0	26 0

Dalkeith.

1824.	Oatmeal.		
	Per Boll.		Pr. Peck
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
May 17	20 6	21 3	1 5
24	20 0	22 0	1 6
31	25 6	24 9	1 7
June 7	23 6	24 6	1 7
14	22 6	24 0	1 6½

London.

1824.	Wheat, per. qr.		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.				Beans.				Pease.				Flour, 280 lb.				Quar. Loaf.
							Fd & Pol		Potat.		Pigeon.		Tick.		Boiling.		Grey.		Fine.		2d.		
	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s. d.
May 17	42	78	38	42	30	39	21	29	24	33	42	48	35	42	41	43	36	39	55	60	50	55	— 10
24	42	78	38	42	30	40	23	30	26	34	42	48	35	42	41	43	36	39	55	60	50	55	— 10
31	42	78	38	42	30	39	21	29	25	33	42	48	35	42	41	43	36	39	55	60	50	55	— 10
June 7	42	76	38	42	30	38	21	29	25	33	42	48	35	42	41	43	38	40	55	60	50	55	— 10
14	42	76	38	42	30	38	21	29	25	33	42	48	35	44	41	44	38	40	55	60	50	55	— 10

Liverpool.

1824.	Wheat. 70 lb.		Oats. 45 lb.		Barley. 60 lb.		Rye, per qr.		Beans, per qr.		Pease, per qr.		Flour.						Oatm. 240 lb.			
													Eng. 240 lb.		Irish.		Amer. 196 lb.		Engl.		Scots.	
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.
May 18	4 9	11 3	3 7	3 10	4 6	5 6	40	44	40	46	34	48	46	52	44	50	22	25	30	36	32	34
25	4 9	11 3	3 7	3 11	4 6	5 6	40	44	40	46	34	48	46	54	44	52	22	25	30	36	32	34
June 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8	4 0	10 4	3 8	3 11	4 6	5 6	40	44	40	46	34	48	44	54	44	52	22	25	30	36	32	34
15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

England & Wales.

1824.	Wht.	Rye.	Barley	Oats.	Beans.	Pease.	Oatm.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
May 8	65 3	39 7	34 8	24 2	38 1	37 4	—
15	62 5	44 9	34 10	24 2	38 3	37 0	—
22	63 0	41 5	33 6	25 3	37 7	37 1	—
29	63 10	41 2	33 2	26 4	38 5	38 2	—
June 5	63 8	42 6	33 2	26 4	38 5	38 0	—

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Caltonhill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock forenoon and four o'clock afternoon.—The second Observation, in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

1824.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.	1824.	Ther.	Baro.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	Weather.
May 1	M.44½ A. 54	29.440 .598	M.59 A. 59	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	May 17	M.35 A. 52	29.528 .590	M.56 A. 55	W.	Dull foren. sunsh. aft.
2	M.50 A. 57	.760 .729	M.59 A. 60	W.	Ditto.	18	M.38½ A. 48	.552 .540	M.53 A. 52	Cble.	Sh. rain mn. sh. hail aft.
3	M.39 A. 49	.634 .402	M.56 A. 50	NE.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	19	M.31 A. 41	.520 .460	M.50 A. 48	Cble.	Frost morn. day cble.
4	M.34½ A. 42	.307 .360	M.48 A. 48	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.	20	M.26 A. 41	.425 .539	M.48 A. 47	Cble.	Frost. morn. day shrs.hail.
5	M.36 A. 49	.495 .519	M.53 A. 55	W.	Ditto.	21	M.31 A. 42	.632 .742	M.48 A. 50	NW.	Morn. frost. day dull.
6	M.32 A. 46	.575 .575	M.54 A. 54	NE.	Ditto.	22	M.34 A. 46	.730 .672	M.52 A. 54	W.	Ditto.
7	M.39 A. 46	.646 .640	M.55 A. 56	Cble.	Foren. suns. aftern. dull.	23	M.42 A. 53	.625 .656	M.57 A. 56	Cble.	Foren. suns. sh. rain aft.
8	M.41 A. 50	.998 .998	M.56 A. 55	Cble.	Morn. dull. day sunsh.	24	M.45 A. 57	.734 .848	M.58 A. 58	Cble.	Fair, mild, rather dull.
9	M.37 A. 47	.999 .958	M.54 A. 56	Cble.	Day sunsh. even. foggy.	25	M.44 A. 58	.960 .940	M.63 A. 62	Cble.	Fair, with sunsh. warm.
10	M.44 A. 58	.830 .882	M.61 A. 56	Cble.	Foren. suns. dull aftern.	26	M.43 A. 59	30.180 .260	M.63 A. 64	Cble.	Foren. suns. dull aftern.
11	M.37 A. 44	.946 .798	M.54 A. 49	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.	27	M.43 A. 59	.345 .330	M.64 A. 66	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
12	M.36 A. 45	.820 .760	M.56 A. 51	E.	Shower of rain noon.	28	M.43 A. 57	.308 .180	M.65 A. 62	Cble.	Fair, warm. rather dull.
13	M.31 A. 46	.744 .684	M.55 A. 52	E.	Night frost, day sunsh.	29	M.40½ A. 47	29.999 .837	M 59 A. 59	Cble.	Very foggy.
14	M.32 A. 41	.632 .623	M.50 A. 49	NE.	Dull and cold.	30	M.42 A. 53	.725 .580	M.61 A. 60	Cble.	Fair, with suns. warm.
15	M.34 A. 45	.580 .622	M.50 A. 50	NE.	Night frost, day dull. cld.	31	M.42 A.52	.571 .693	M.59 A.56	SE.	Foggy, mild, sh. rain. aft.
16	M.34½ A.46	.753 .650	M.51 A. 56	NE.	Ditto.						

Average of rain .534 inches.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The effects of long-protracted drought begin to be severely felt by the crops. There has not been a single drop of rain since the date of our last, and at that period the soil was unusually dry. The mean temperature for the last ten days in May was 55°, but here we must correct a typographical error in our last report, where 57° is marked in place of 51° as the mean temperature in the early part of May. The temperature for the last two weeks was something more than 57°, and had the soil not been so very dry, vegetation would have made considerable progress. As it is, the prospect of a luxuriant crop is no way flattering. On rich retensive soils, wheat looks well, and will soon shew the ear. On light lands it comes in the ear on a slender stack, with sickly foliage. It is now too evident that wheat will not be a bulky crop. Oats are much stinted in growth. Barley has come up irregularly, and where late sown, on stubborn soils, it has not yet appeared at all. Both these species of grain would improve much by rain. Beans on stiff soils shew a short and puny plant. Pease are also much in want of rain. Pastures are exceeding bare, and hay will be a light crop. Potatoes shew the rows, and from the present dry state of the soil, a kindly mould would be produced by rains before horse-hoeing. Few turnips are as yet sown, but the ground is for the most part ready for receiving the seed. The dry weather is favourable for cleaning fallow lands, but to reduce clay fallows to any thing like a small mould is at present impracticable. There has been little alteration in the corn-market these six weeks past. Oats are still in request, and prices are looking up; in other species of grain, prices are nearly stationary. The scanty pasture has rendered the sale of cattle extremely dull. Horses are still in request, and prices have not declined.

Perthshire, 11*th June* 1824.

Course of Exchange, London, June 5.——Amsterdam, 12 : 4. Ditto at sight, 12 : 1. Rotterdam, 12 : 5. Antwerp, 12 : 6. Hamburgh, 37 : 7. Altona, 37 : 8, Paris, 3 days sight, 25 : 45. Ditto at sight, 25 : 75. Bourdeaux, 25 : 75. Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 156. Madrid, 37. Cadiz, 36. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 43¾. Lisbon, 50½. Oporto, 50¼. Rio Janeiro, 48½. Dublin, 9½—Cork, 9½ ⅌ cent.

Prices of Bullion, ⅌ oz.—Portugal Gold in coin, £.0„0„0.—Foreign Gold in bars, £.3„17„6.—New Doubloons, £.3„14„9.—New Dollars, £.0„4„9½.—Silver in bars, Standard, £.0„4„11¾.

Premiums of Insurance at Lloyd's.—Guernsey or Jersey, 10s. 6d.—Cork or Dublin, 10s. 6d. *a* 12s. 6d.—Belfast, 10s. 6d. *a* 12s. 6d.—Hambro', 7s. 6d. *a* 10s. 6d.—Madeira, 20s.—Jamaica, 30s.—Greenland, out and home, 6 gs. *a* 8 gs.

Weekly Prices of the Public Funds, from May 19, *to June* 16, 1824.

	May 19.	May 26.	June 2.	June 9.	June 16.
Bank Stock	236½	231	233½	238	—
3 ⅌ cent. reduced	95¼	94¼	94⅝	94⅛	94
3 ⅌ cent. consols	96⅛	95⅛	—	—	—
3½ ⅌ cent. do	101⅝	101	101	101⅛	101
4 ⅌ cent. do	—	100⅝	100½	101	101
Ditto New do	108	107⅞	107⅛	—	—
India Stock	298	—	294½	—	—
—— Bonds	77	76	71	73	78
Exchequer bills, (£.1000)	36	30	29	37	33
Consols for account	96⅛	95¾	95⅜	95⅝	95
French 5 ⅌ cents	104 f.25c.	103fr.75c.	103 f.—c.	104fr.—c.	103fr.25c.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, announced between the 20th of April and the 20th of May 1824: extracted from the London Gazette.

Barker, J. Butler's-alley, Little Moorefields, silk-manufacturer.
Barnet, C. Barlow-mews, Bruton-street, horse-dealer.
Bath, W. Copenhagen-house, Islington, victualler.
Bentley, J. Leeds, stuff-merchant.
Bens, J. T. Temple-place, Blackfriar's-road, wine-merchant.
Bochsa, N. C. Bryanstone-street, teacher of music.
Bowes, J. Battersea, carpenter.
Broady, W. Old Jewry, woollen-warehouseman.
Brown, T. Chelmarsh, Shropshire, farmer.
Butt, W. P. Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, grocer.
Clark, W. H. and R. Clement, High Holborn, linen-drapers.
Cooke, T. Banbury, mealman.
Corbet, B. O. Friday-street, linen-draper.
Corfield, C. W. Norwich, carrier.
Critchley, M. Crooklands, Westmoreland, coal-dealer.
Crole, D. Old Broad-street, stock-broker.
Crooke, H. Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
Dacre, G. H. Jerusalem Coffee-house, merchant.
Dale, T. Old Bell-Inn, Holborn, coach-master.
Davis, S. Davenport, grocer.
Davis, W. Lewisham, corn-dealer.
Dawe, J. Hellingtown-mills, Devonshire, miller.
Douthwaite, C. Pancras-lane, wine-merchant.
Durham, J. New Cut, Lambeth-marsh, oilman.
Eaton, G. Upper Thames-street, stationer.
Edy, E. L. Charing-cross, coffeehouse-keeper.
Ella, S. Noble-street, shoe-maker.
Emens, W. Barnsbury-row, Islington, stationer.
Featherstonehaugh, M. G. Bishopwearmouth, merchant.
Fisher, F. Austin-friars, merchant.
Flashborn, E. Wakefield, victualler.
Foster, J. Tring, Herts, victualler.
Gilbert, J. A. George-lane, Botolph-lane, merchant.
Graham, M. Union-street, glass-dealer.
Groves, L. Sheffield, saw-maker.
Gruncisen, C. Lower Cumming-street, Pentonville, merchant.
Harris, T. Egg-Buckland, and F. Harris, of Devonport, butchers.
Haselden, J. Grub-street, horse-dealer.
Heyden, W. Liverpool, coach-maker.
Hodson, J. Liverpool, timber-merchant.
Holgate, G. and T. Burnley, Lancashire, bankers.
Holbrook, J. Derby, grocer.
Jackman, W. Horsforth, Yorkshire, miller.
Jackson, W. High Holborn, victualler.
Jepson, J. Congleton, spirit-merchant.
Johnson, W. Worksop, Nottinghamshire, coal-dealer.
Keast, J. East Looe, Cornwall, scrivener.
Kennedy, H. Brighton, carpenter.
Kerby, O. T. Finch-lane, stock-broker.
Lansley, W. Andover, carpenter.
Manifold, J. Kendal, skinner.
Morgan, J. Bedford-street, Commercial-road, victualler.
Mortimer, R. Scholefield, Yorkshire, dyer.
Narraway, J. Bristol, fellmonger.
Nelson, J. Cheltenham, tea-dealer.
Palting, W. Old South-Sea House, merchant.
Petty, R. Manchester, joiner.
Plaw, J. New Kent-road, grocer.
Procter, J. Oxford-street, wine-merchant.
Ramsden, R. Wandsworth, coach-proprietor.
Ree, J. and Sanders, Cobb's-yard, Middlesex-street, Whitechapel, rag-merchants.
Rees, B. Haverfordwest, linen-draper.
Rhodes, J. Heywood, Lancashire, house-carpenter.
Roberts, T. A. Montford-place, Kennington-green, coal-merchant.
Roscow, H. Pendleton, Lancashire, brewer.
Rutt, N. Coleman-street, painter.
Sandison, W. Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, tailor.
Sargent, G. F. Marlborough-place, Great Peter-street, patent-leather dresser.
Sawtell, T. Somerton, Somersetshire, innkeeper.

Shackles, W. Hull, linen-draper.
Sintenis, W. F. Langbourne-chambers, merchant.
Sloggett, J. jun. Bath, hosier.
Smith, A. Beech-street, timber-merchant.
Smith, P. Petticoat-lane, spirit-merchant.
Smith, T. Kentish-town, bookseller.
Sudbury, W. Reading, coach-maker.
Tomkinson, S. Burslem, manufacturer of earthenware.
Townsend, R. and S. Nottingham, cutlers.
Twaddle, W. C. Hertford, draper.
Tweed, J. Derby-street, Rosemary-lane, cabinet-maker.
Wall, J. Brentford-butts, broker.
Welsby, W. Manchester, innkeeper.
Whitehouse, J. & W. N. Wolverhampton, factors.
Whiting, T. Oxford, mercer.
Wilo, J. Burslem, victualler.
Wilson, T. Little Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn fields, undertaker.
Wise, S. and C. Brinchley, Maidstone, paper-makers.
Wood, H. J. and J. Chandos-street, haberdashers.
Wreaks, J. Sheffield, saw-manufacturer.
Yates, J. C. Rosemary-lane, chinaman.
York, A. Birmingham, baker.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES and DIVIDENDS, announced May 1824; extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

SEQESTRATIONS.

Christie, Peter, grocer and spirit-dealer in Perth.
Coghill, Alex. merchant and fish-curer in Wick.
Haygarth, Thomas, furniture-dealer, and Commission-agent in Edinburgh.
Neilson, Michael, merchant in Glasgow.
Robertson, James, junior, merchant in Dysart.

DIVIDENDS.

Andrew, Thomas, late brewer in Linlithgow; by the trustee there.
Brown, William, cattle-dealer, Longbedholm; by the trustee at Tibbers, parish of Penpont.
Dove, James, merchant and ship-owner in Leith; by James Spence, accountant in Edinburgh.
Douglas, Alexander, sheep and cattle-dealer in Perthshire; by W. Wedderspoon, writer in Perth.

DIVIDENDS.

Fleming, John & Son, merchants in Langloan; by James Macewan, merchant in Glasgow.
Levack, George, merchant in Thurso; by the trustee there.
Mathie, William, & Co. late merchants in Greenock; by James Bog, accountant there.
Ouller, George & Peter, cattle-dealers in Maus; by William Bett, banker, Cupar-Angus.
Pollock, John, cotton-spinner in Glasgow; by William Sharpe, writer there.
Robertson, James, & Co. booksellers in Edinburgh; by James Marshall, accountant there.
Smith, William, innkeeper in Hamilton; by the trustee, 40, Dunlop Street, Glasgow.
Singer, Adam, merchant and grocer in Aberdeen; by Alexander Smith, junior, advocate there.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

1823. Dec. 31. At Madras, the Lady of Major Cadell, Assistant Adjutant-General, a son.

1824. March 2. At Jordanhill Estate, Trinidad, Mrs Francis Brown, a daughter.

4. In Liguanea, Jamaica, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Rose, a daughter.

April 19. At Wandsworth Common, the Lady of Alexander Gordon, Esq. a daughter.

22. At Westwood, near Southampton, the Lady of Rear-Admiral Otway, a son.

26. At Portrack, the Lady of Alexander Harley Maxwell, Esq. a son.

29. At Edinburgh, the Lady of George Fullarton Carnegie, Esq. a daughter.

— At Madeira, the Lady of Robert Wallas, Esq. a daughter.

May 2. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Jas. Greig, Esq. of Eccles, a son.

4. At Edinburgh, the Lady of William Shand, Esq. of Balmakewan, a son.

7. At Dovecot, Musselburgh, Mrs Home, a son.

8. At Serlby, Nottinghamshire, Viscountess Galway, a son.

9. At Inverness, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Fraser of Torbreck, a daughter.

— At Milton House, Edinburgh, Mrs Lee, a daughter.

10. At Lord Calthorpe's, Grosvenor Square, London, Lady Charlotte Calthorpe, wife of the Hon. Frederick Calthorpe, a daughter.

11. Mrs Alexander Douglas, Albany Street, Edinburgh, a son.

12. At No. 65, York Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of Dr John Campbell, a daughter.

14. At the College of Glasgow, the Lady of D. K. Sandford, Esq. a son.

15. At Elie, Fifeshire, the Lady of Captain Porteous, R. N. a son.

— At Forres, Caithness, the Lady of Alexander Cruikshank, Esq. of Keithock, a daughter.

16. At Bonnington Bank, Edinburgh, Mrs Wyld, a son.

— At York Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Dr Gillespie, a son.

— At London, Mrs Duff of Carnousie, a daughter.

17. At Dumbarton Castle, the Lady of T. Y. Lester, Esq. a son.

May 18. At No. 10, St John's Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Dr Poole, a daughter.

25. Mrs George Robertson, 28, Albany Street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

Lately. The Lady of Benjamin Digby, Esq. Mountjoy Square, Dublin, a son.

MARRIAGES.

1823. Nov. 12. At St John's Church, Masulipatam, Captain Kyd, of the Madras European regiment, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late George Ross, Esq. of Crookham, Newbury.

26. At the Royal Terrace, Edinburgh, John Lang, Esq. surgeon, Linlithgow, to Ellen, third daughter of the late Richard Younger, Esq. London.

— At Memus, in Forfarshire, William Wotherspoon, Esq. writer, Queen-Street, Edinburgh, to Miss Sally White, daughter of the late Captain John White, of Liverpool.

27. At Bellabeg, the Rev. Alexander Tulloch, minister of Kirkmichael, to Miss Stuart, Bellabeg.

— At Dublin, in St Mark's Church, James Brown, Esq. of Edinburgh, to Martha, daughter of the late George Hill, Esq. merchant Dublin.

29. At Dewar Place, Edinburgh, Lieutenant John Eddington, Royal Scots, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Captain Smollett Campbell, royal invalids.

30. At Edinburgh, John Tait, Esq. advocate, to Mary Amelia Sitwell, eldest daughter of the late Francis Sitwell of Barmoor, in the county of Northumberland, Esq.

1824. April 29. At South Bridge, near Aberdeen, William Simpson, Esq. advocate in Aberdeen, to Helen, third daughter of Patrick Still, Esq. South Bridge.

May 3. At Kirkaldy, H. Stopford Nixon, Esq. R. N. to Charlotte, third daughter of Walter Fergus, Esq. of Strathore.

4. At London, James John Fraser, Esq. Major in the 7th Hussars, to Charlotte Ann, only child of the late Daniel Craufurd, Esq.

— At London, Captain Francis J. Davies, of the Grenadier Guards, to Anna, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General Dunlop, M.P. of Dunlop, county of Ayr.

5. At George's Place, Leith Walk, Mr W. B.

Mackenzie, silk-mercer, Edinburgh, to Agnes Greig, second daughter of Mr Robert Anderson, merchant, Leith.

May 6. The Rev. John Peel, son of Sir Robert Peel, Bart. to Augusta, daughter of John Swinfen, of Swinfen House, in the county of Stafford, Esq.

— At Camberwell church, the Rev. William Swete, second son of the late Rev. John Swete, of Oxton House, Devonshire, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of David Gordon, Esq. of Abergeldie, N. B., and Dulwich Hill, Surrey.

7. At Mrs Keith's, Corstorphine Hill, James Wilson, Esq. to Miss Isabella Keith, youngest daughter of the late William Keith, Esq. of Corstorphine Hill.

8. At Pennyland, near Thurso, Robert Rose, Esq. writer in Thurso, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Alex. Paterson, Esq. Pennyland.

11. The Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-General Cockell, of Sandleford Lodge, Berkshire.

— At the parish church of Blackburn, James Hozier, Esq. advocate, younger of Newlands and Barrowfield, to Catharine Margaret, second daughter of William Feilden, Esq. of Fenniscolles, Lancashire.

12. At London, the Marquis of Exeter, to Miss Isabella Poyntz, daughter of W. S. Poyntz, Esq. of Grosvenor Place.

15. At London, John Cross Buchanan, of Auchintoshan, Esq. to Jean, eldest daughter of Andrew Wardrop, Esq. of the island of Madeira.

18. At Edinburgh, S. Callender, Esq. merchant, to Amelia, youngest daughter of the late Mr Archibald, wine-merchant, Leith.

— At Trull, Somersetshire, the Rev. David Smith Stone, only son of Webb Stone, Esq. of Comeytrowe House, near Taunton, to Isabella Ann, eldest daughter of the late Captain Thomas Elphinstone, R.N. of Belair House, in the county of Devon.

Lately. At the Isle of Wight, John George Campbell, Esq. of the 32d regiment, (nephew of the Duke of Argyll) to Ellen Flax, fourth daughter of Sir Fitz-William Barrington, Bart. of Barrington Hall, in the county of Essex, and Swainston, in the island.

DEATHS.

1823. Nov. 22. At Vellore, East Indies, Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Mackintosh, of Hilton, Inverness-shire, and in the service of the Hon. East-India Company.

1824. Jan. 2. At Madras, John Fraser Lane, Esq. Collector of Masulipatam, in the service of the Honourable the East-India Company.

March 4. At Orange Hill, Tobago, the Hon. Dr James S. Campbell, one of the members of his Majesty's Council there.

6. At Montreal, Canada, James Henderson, Esq. son of the late Dr Robert Henderson, physician, Dundee.

9. At Drumore, in the parish of Kirkmaiden, in the 105th year of his age, John King, officer of his Majesty's Customs. He was born in Edinburgh, and was three days under arms, when the citizens at Edinburgh armed for the defence of the town in the year 1745. He used to tell as a joke, that he had been three days a soldier, for which he had not yet got his pay.

April 5. At Burnfoot of Menmuir, Wm. Byres, in the 93d year of his age.

9. At Winchester, Andrew Crawford, sen. M. D.

14. At Cottartown of Logiealmond, Elspeth Robertson, in the 100dth year of her age. This venerable matron retained her health and faculties to the last. She had all the predilections of the olden time for the days of the Rebellion; and, until within a few days of her death, she would trip through the mazy dance with any maiden in the district, when John Dow's fiddle played up "The auld Stuarts back again." She was rather eccentric in her dress—always preferring the fashion of the days of Queen Anne. She has left a goodly host of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

— At the manse of Kildonan, the Rev. Alexander Sage, minister of that parish, in the 72d year of his age and 37th of his ministry.

April 16. In High Street, Wexford, aged 93, Cornelius Fitzpatrick, Esq.—Mr Fitzpatrick served in the army under George the Second, at the battle of Dettingen, and witnessed, on that memorable occasion, the remarkable step taken by Lord Stair, in depriving the impetuous Monarch of the command, and placing him under arrest till the day was decided.

20. At Chichester Palace, at a very advanced age, the Right Rev. Dr John Buckner, Bishop of Chichester.

21. At his Lordship's residence at Bath, Richard, Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, in the 87th year of his age.

— At Deptford, on board of his Majesty's ship Fury, Lieutenant Hume Johnston, R. N. son of Robert Johnston, Esq. of Hutton-Hall.

— At London, aged 33, Dunbar Douglas Muter, Esq. merchant, St Lucia, sixth son of the late Rev. Dr Robert Muter, minister of Kirkcudbright, and one of the Deans of the Chapel Royal.

— At Assapole, island of Mull, the Rev. Dugald Campbell, minister of Kilfinichen, in the 78th year of his age and 52d of his ministry.

23. At her house, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, Miss Keith of Ravelston.

— At Edinburgh, in the 86th year of her age, Mrs Rachel Thomson, relict of the late Mr John Douglas, hatter.

— At Florence, in the 28th year of his age, William Crosbie, Esq. his Majesty's Secretary of Legation at the Court of Tuscany.

24. At Stranraer, Hugh M'Kie, Esq. M.D.

25. At the new Hummums Hotel, London, Major-General Francis Stewart of Lismurdie, in the county of Banff, in his 60th year.

26. At Newton, in the parish of St Vigean's, Mrs Scott, of Newton, in the 59th year of her age.

27. At the seat of his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, at Richmond, the Most Noble the Marquis of Lothian.

— At Dechmont, William Wilson, Esq.

28. Thomas Scott, Esq. of the Retreat, Downham, Norfolk.

— At Stamford Hill, near London, Jean, wife of Captain John Gordon, R. A., and youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr Ogilvy of Old Aberdeen.

29. At his house, Lower Belgrave Place, London, George Yeats, Esq. of the Navy Office.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Henrietta Affleck, relict of Dr Alexander Murray, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh.

— Miss Hope Balfour, daughter of the late George Balfour, Esq. W. S.

30. At Torquay, Devonshire, Miss Euphemia Ballantine, daughter of the late Patrick Ballantine, Esq. of Orchard.

— At Edinburgh, Mr David Sime, clerk to the British Linen Company, Edinburgh, aged 71.

— At Gilmour Place, Edinburgh, the Rev. James Simpson, of the Associate Congregation, Potterrow.

May 1. At his residence in Argyllshire, John Macalister, Esq. of Cour, in the 82d year of his age.—The memory of this gentleman will be long cherished, and associated with the fondest recollections, by the rich as well as the poor of the neighbourhood where he so long lived universally honoured and respected.

2. At Dundee, Mr James Stewart, surgeon, aged 81.

— Mrs Agnes Hunter, spouse of Mr William Marshall, jeweller in Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Mary Buchanan, daughter of the late John Buchanan of Arnprior, Esq.

5. At London, the widow of the Right Hon. William Windham.

Lately. At his house in Soho Square, London, Richard Payne Knight, Esq. (who had long been distinguished in the literary circles of Europe,) suddenly, of an apoplectic affection. He had the reputation of being one of the most eminent Greek scholars of his day, and was deeply conversant in all matters of literary antiquity.

— At Clifton, suddenly, Lieut.-Colonel Samuel Hall, C. B., of his Majesty's 65th regiment.

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